

Natasha Romanoff One Shots

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Natasha Romanoff One Shots

by [ronancexists](#)

Summary

Just some one shots about Natasha/Black Widow, because she deserved so much better.

Notes

Hi everyone, ever since I watched Black Widow I've been dying to write about Natasha. So here's my go at it. I'll try to update weekly. I hope you all enjoy :)

How Endgame Should Have Ended

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Steve looked down and swallowed harshly. This is where his fellow Avenger, his best friend, had sacrificed herself for the Soul Stone to bring everyone back. He swallowed down the guilt. He should've been a better friend. She became the new head of the Avengers while he just skulked around and moped about their loss to Thanos. This was his chance to make things right. He knew what had to be done. As much as he loved Peggy, he couldn't ruin the life she had built for herself after he had become frozen. He couldn't ruin her life as a wife, a mother, and a grandmother. Steve sighed and looked at the last of the stones that was emitting a bright orange light in his hand.

“You know what has to be done Steven Rogers,” Red Skull told him.

“I do,” Steve replied. He took one last look at his desolate surroundings and dropped the Stone. He watched as it fell, fell, fell, before he was blinded by a white light. He shut his eyes, only opening them when he felt himself land in water. He quickly stood up and scanned his surroundings. He was in a beautiful forest and he had landed in the pond. It was filled with flowers blossoming from every bush, the leaves falling softly to the ground from the warm breeze. There were all types of animals milling around and enjoying themselves. Deer, foxes, skunks, birds, frogs, wolves, squirrels, owls, snakes, rabbits, mice, etc. His eyes then landed on a cabin, seeing two people there.

“Nat?” he breathed, not quite trusting his eyes.

A red and blonde head quickly turned, those oh so familiar green eyes filling with tears as she saw her best friend. “Steve,” she choked out, racing over and launching herself at him. She clung to him and she buried her face into his muscular chest, tears streaming down her face and soaking his shirt.

Steve didn't care. His arms engulfed her and he placed his head on top of hers, tears dripping into her hair as he closed his eyes. God he had missed her. He vowed in that moment that he was never going to let her do anything that stupid ever again. After what felt like hours but was only minutes, they pulled apart and smiled at each other through their tears. “Did it work? Is everyone back? Did we defeat him?” Natasha asked, searching Steve's eyes.

Steve chuckled wetly. Of course she would put everyone else above herself. It was one of the things he admired most about her, and one of the things that made her a true hero. “It worked. We did, and everyone was brought back.” His face changed when he remembered Tony.

“Steve, what is it?” she asked worriedly.

“I don't think this is the right place.”

“Steve, please just tell me. What happened?”

Steve brought a hand up to scratch the back of his neck before sighing in defeat. “When Bruce snapped, the Stones brought Thanos from 2014. He destroyed the compound and his army arrived. We were losing hope when Dr. Strange arrived with all of the people who had been dusted who fought with us in Wakanda and where Tony was in space. But the reason we were able to defeat Thanos was because of Tony. He managed to get the Stones away from Thanos and he snapped.”

Natasha’s eyes filled with tears again and she bowed her head as Steve continued. “The power from the Stones was too much for his body to handle. He sacrificed himself to save everyone by killing Thanos and his army. And who is that?”

“That's Gamora,” Natasha said, nodding her head to the second figure he had noticed on the porch of the cabin.

“She can't come with us,” Steve said.

“I know, and it's ok. We've talked about it, if anyone ever came to retrieve one of us. We decided it would be me since she's happy here.”

“Alright then,” he breathed out. “Ready to go home?”

Natasha rapidly nodded her head and clutched his arm as the bright light shone once more and brought them back to Vormir.

“Welcome back Natasha Romanoff,” Red Skull said.

Natasha glared at him as they got ready to go back. She suddenly felt this overwhelming, unbearable pain throughout her body. It felt like every part of herself was being ripped apart and sewn back together over and over again. She heard Steve’s panicked shout before everything went black.

Tony’s House, 2023

“Nat!” Steve exclaimed as he arrived back to his current time.

“Steve, Nat’s gone,” Bruce said.

“No no no, she was right there!”

“Cap,” Sam said, placing a hand on Steve’s shoulder.

“Well that was brutal,” Natasha commented as she appeared from the treeline.

They all stared at her, Sam and Bruce in shock and Steve with a relieved grin.

“How?” Sam whispered.

“A soul for a soul,” she said with a shrug.

Bruce ran over to her and picked her up in a gigantic hug, smushing her against his Hulk body. Natasha laughed but returned his hug with fondness, though her arms couldn't wrap around his waist fully, he was that huge.

"I've missed you," Natasha said once he put her down.

"I've missed you too," Bruce said with a rare and reserved smile.

"Good to have you back," Sam said.

Natasha smiled as he brought her in for a hug. "Is everyone else still here?"

"Yes, we just finished Tony's funeral."

Her smile dimmed down at that news. "Is this a bad time then?"

"No, this is the perfect time," Steve assured her as he slung an arm around her shoulders and began leading her to the house, Bruce and Sam following.

Natasha's eyes teared up again as they landed on her friends and family gathered in the yard.

"Auntie Nat?" Lila asked, tears filling her eyes.

"Hey kiddo," Natasha said, holding out her arms.

At Lila's exclamation, everyone looked over and stared at Natasha with astonishment and tears. After all, she was supposed to be dead.

Lila launched herself at her aunt, sobs wracking her body as she felt Natasha's arms wrap around her, holding her close. Natasha was also letting tears fall down her cheeks. Cooper ran over and joined the hug, her arms easily maneuvering so she was holding both kids.

"Nat," Clint whispered once she pulled away from his kids. Laura was holding Nathaniel and crying.

"Did you miss me Barton?" she asked hoarsely.

He laughed wetly and they collided in a tight embrace, Clint holding onto her as if she was his lifeline. "Nat, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. It should've been me, you should've let me go," he said.

"Hey," she said, pulling away so they made eye contact. "It's ok."

Clint shook his head.

"Yes it is, alright? It was my choice."

"It was a stupid choice," he argued.

"Oh my God, Nat. Is it really you?" Laura asked as she stopped next to her husband.

“It is.”

Laura hugged her tightly and shed a few tears before punching Natasha’s arm. “Never sacrifice yourself for this idiot again, ok?”

Natasha laughed and ignored Clint’s protest as she finally laid her eyes on Nathaniel Pietro Barton. “Hi big guy,” Natasha said with a bright smile.

“Are you Auntie Nat?” he asked.

Natasha nodded. “I am.”

“Mommy and Daddy told me stories about you. They said you were a hero. Is that true?”

“It is, and I’ll tell you what. As soon as I’m done saying hi to everyone, you can ask me as many questions as you want.”

Nathaniel smiled at her and Natasha’s heart melted and broke. She hadn’t gotten to know him as well as she would have liked before Thanos’ snap, making him and the rest of Clint’s family disappear. She told herself she would change that.

Next was Peter Parker, then Valkyrie, Thor, Bucky, Rhodey, T’Challa, Okoye, Shuri, and Stephen (Dr. Strange). Fury came up to her and pulled her in tightly. “Don’t you ever die on me again,” he muttered to her.

“But it’s so much fun scaring you, old man,” she had easily replied.

“Good to see you alive,” Carol greeted her with relieved tears and scooping her up off the ground in a tight hug. “I missed you,” she whispered once she put Natasha down. “And I love you. God Nat, I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” Natasha murmured before pressing their lips together, her hands snaking up around Carol’s neck. Carol’s wrapped themselves around Nat’s waist tightly, pulling her body so it was flush against her own.

“Never do that to me again,” Carol rasped when they finally pulled apart, her eyes scanning Natasha’s face as if to confirm it was real and not a figure of her imagination.

“I wouldn’t dream of it.”

Her girlfriend was glued to her side as Avenger after Guardian after hero approached her. When it came to Nebula, Natasha gave her a hug and whispered Gamora’s message to her. “I saw your sister, and she’s happy there. She wanted me to tell you that she’s proud of you and that she couldn’t ask for a better little sister.”

Nebula pulled away and gave Natasha a nod of thanks before leaving, most likely to mull over Gamora’s words where nobody could bother her. Rocket followed after greeting Natasha and thanking her for helping them defeat Thanos.

“Natasha,” Wanda said.

“Wanda,” she replied, bringing the other redhead in for a tight hug. “I missed you.”

“I was heartbroken when Steve told us,” Wanda admitted.

“Well I’m here now, and I don’t plan on leaving anytime soon. And if you ever want to talk about Vision or Tony, I’ll be here.”

The last two to come to her were Pepper and Morgan. “Oh Nat,” Pepper breathed out as they hugged, crying for the return of her friend and her broken heart.

“Steve told me what he did,” Natasha whispered, and Pepper broke down and clung to Nat even harder. They finally pulled away and Natasha knelt down so she was eye level with Morgan.

“Hi Morgan,” Nat said.

“Hi,” Morgan whispered.

“Can I have a hug?” Natasha asked gently.

Morgan nodded and wrapped her tiny arms around Nat’s neck. *I promise I’ll take care of her Tony, as if she was my own.*

A breeze ruffled Natasha’s loose strands of hair, whipping them in every direction, making her smile. Natasha let go of Morgan and stood up, smiling at her family. She wasn’t going to leave them ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Ok so I like the idea of this one shot, but idk how I feel about how I wrote it. Leave your thoughts?

Alternate Black Widow Post-Credit Scene

Chapter Notes

SPOILERS FOR BLACK WIDOW!! SO DON'T READ IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE MOVIE!! This is an alternate post-credit scene, and it's a sequel to the previous one shot.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Natasha was sitting on the bench swing on their porch, simply taking in everything she had missed. She and Carol had bought a house together in Ohio shortly after she had returned with Steve from Vormir. Natasha had decided to take a break from SHIELD, as did Carol. They wanted to have the chance to simply be with each other, to figure out if they even wanted to return to being heroes. They were in the process of unpacking with the help of Steve, Clint and his family, Bruce, Sam, Bucky, and Wanda.

“Mind if I join you?” her girlfriend asked.

Natasha shook her head and Carol sat down next to her, placing an arm over Natasha’s shoulders. Natasha leaned her head against Carol’s shoulder, snuggling closer. They sat in silence like that for a few moments before Yelena popped into Natasha’s head. Her sister had to know about her sacrifice by now.

“Carol, where is my grave?” Natasha asked, ignoring her girlfriend’s confused stare.

The reason her grave was in Ohio was because she left a message for her girlfriend and the Avengers, asking to be buried there. She knew it was the only place Yelena would come to visit her, and Ohio was the only place that had felt like an actual home to her other than the Avengers tower.

“Umm, through the forest there’s a little path that leads to a small graveyard. It’s covered by cherry blossom trees. Why?”

The question was lost to Natasha as she jumped out of her seat and took off, and Carol tried to follow her, but she was too fast and too slippery, even for her hero girlfriend.

Natasha slowed down and stopped when she arrived. She crossed her arms and heard then watched as a dog barked and ran right past her grave. Yelena appeared from the path seconds later and approached her grave. She stopped at it for a moment before she moved a few items around, rearranging them. Yelena then moved so she was facing the side of the grave and knelt, letting out their whistle with her forehead pressed against the headstone. Natasha smiled slightly before whistling back. Yelena’s head shot up at that, her eyes easily landing on Natasha, who nodded her head at her sister.

No words were needed as Natasha made her way down with a soft smile. She brought Yelena to her and pressed their foreheads together, Yelena easily returning the gesture while tears escaped her eyes. Natasha also shed some tears, clutching her sister tightly. She hadn't known if Yelena had been dusted or not, along with Melina and Alexei. It killed her, the not knowing, but now she had Yelena in her arms, she felt content, happy, and complete.

“Моя младшая сестра,” Natasha muttered to Yelena. (my little sister)

Like they've done it a thousand times, they easily transitioned from pressing their foreheads together into hugging, much like the day they took down the Red Room and freed the other Widows.

“Но как ты здесь?” (But how are you here?)

“The Avengers.”

Yelena's nose scrunched up as they finally pulled away and simply looked at each other. “So you got them back together after all.”

“It took Thanos to do it but yeah, we're back together.”

Yelena nodded then kicked her foot out and swept Natasha off her feet. Natasha was stunned for a moment before Yelena extended her hand to help her sister up. Natasha took it and stood up. She raised an eyebrow at Yelena as she righted herself.

“I think you deserved that for making me think you were dead,” Yelena said with her hands on her hips.

“I really was dead before my soul was exchanged with the Soul Stone.”

“Whatever,” Yelena scoffed.

“I missed you too,” Natasha said with a fond eye roll.

Yelena softened then and gave her sister a rare smile. “Melina and Alexei are fine. Melina has made major progress on replicating the antidote and freeing the other Widows.”

“That's amazing,” Natasha said with a smile. “Do they know about my...”

“Your death?”

Natasha nodded.

“I don't think so. If they do, I've got a way to contact them and let them know you're alive. Now, are you going to introduce me to the infamous Avengers or do I have to do it myself like I do with everything else?”

“Come on, I'll race you there,” Natasha said before sprinting off in the direction she came, laughing loudly and freely as she heard Yelena cursing before whistling to her dog and running to catch up with Natasha.

Yelena tackled her sister to the ground when they got there, pinning her down. “You cheated.”

Natasha easily flipped them over and smiled at Yelena. “No, I simply got a headstart like you did all the time when we were kids.”

Yelena rolled her eyes as Natasha got off of her and helped her back up.

“Nat, who is this?” Steve asked, ready to attack if need be.

“This is my sister, Yelena,” Nat said.

“Oh don’t look so shocked,” Yelena told him. “She had a life before the Red Room, you know.”

As Yelena was introduced to everyone who was at the house, Natasha couldn’t keep the smile off her face.

“You are the one my sister died for,” Yelena said with her arms crossed, glaring murderously at Clint when she finally reached him.

“I tried to stop her,” Clint protested.

“Well clearly you didn’t try hard enough since she died.”

Clint hung his head, feeling the shame and guilt rising up in him once more.

“Yelena,” Natasha said softly, placing a hand on her sister’s back, rubbing in small circles. “He’s right. I stopped him from falling.”

“But why? Why would you do something so stupid? You know how much I missed you when we were separated and you know how much it killed me to say goodbye to you that day.”

“Because you were dusted! Along with half of my other family! And I would do it all over again. You all are my family, and if my death meant there was the slightest chance I could bring you all back, I’d take it.” Natasha was no longer just speaking to Yelena, but everyone.

“Well it’s not happening again,” Steve stated firmly, everyone agreeing.

“You bet your ass it isn’t happening again,” Yelena said.

Carol gradually made her way over to her girlfriend and her sister when everyone had dispersed and headed back inside.

“Yelena, this is Carol Danvers. My girlfriend. Carol, this is my sister Yelena.”

Yelena looked unimpressed, scanning Carol up and down, assessing her. She finally held her hand out for Carol to shake. Carol took it and both women gripped the other’s tightly, as if testing their strength. Carol didn’t flinch or look away from Yelena’s intense stare. In fact,

she had to hide the smirk forming at the corner of her mouth, which Yelena took notice of. Perhaps this woman wasn't as weak as she had first thought.

Natasha sighed internally when she noticed they were competing. They would either become best friends or each other's worst enemy, because both women were incredibly stubborn, fierce, and protective. Add the love they had for her to the mix, who knew what would happen.

"You're living here together?" Yelena asked.

"We are," Natasha confirmed, sending a warning glance to both her girlfriend and her sister.

"We're still in the process of unpacking," Carol added.

"Well are you just going to stand there or are you going to give me a tour?"

Natasha had to suppress the urge to roll her eyes and simply gestured for her sister to follow. Yelena did, but not before stopping and whispering to Carol. "She seems happy with you, so I will only say this once. If she sheds one tear over something you did to her, I will make it my personal mission to break every bone in your body to pieces before I even consider killing you."

With that, Yelena left a stunned and slightly scared Carol behind as she caught up to Natasha, filling her in on everything she had missed with herself, Alexei, and Melina, as well as the Widows that they had managed to free.

Chapter End Notes

I was inspired to write this because of TikTok's I've seen of Black Widow alternate endings. Here is the link to one if you'd like to watch:

<https://vm.tiktok.com/ZMdsG7bqM/>

Thoughts?

Natasha x Reader! Daughter/Son (15 Years Old)

Chapter Notes

The Avengers don't know you exist and you get tired of being kept a secret and neglected, thinking that your mom doesn't love you because you're a secret and she doesn't have time for you anymore.

Y/N- Your Name

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You're leaving again?" You ask your mom, seeing her packing the duffel bag in her room. She only packs that one if she's going on a mission.

"I am," Natasha confirmed.

You sighed, blinking away the tears. This was her twentieth something mission in six weeks, and you were starting to feel the effects of her being gone so much. "For how long?"

"I don't know, we're playing it by ear."

"Who's we?"

"The Avengers," Natasha said as she zipped up her bag.

You scoffed. Your mom looked straight at you, her green eyes piercing through yours. "What was that?"

"A scoff."

Her eyes narrowed. "Y/N."

You rolled your eyes.

"Don't roll your eyes at me."

"Why not?"

"Because it's disrespectful."

"Like I give a shit!"

"Language!" Natasha scolded.

“I don’t give a shit Mom,” you growled, your eyes flaming with anger. “When was the last time you came home and watched a movie and ate popcorn with me?! When was the last time you helped me with my homework?! When was the last time you cooked me dinner?! When was the last time you asked me how school was going?! When was the last time you took me shopping for new clothes?! When was the last time you asked me about cute boys/girls?! When was the last time we had an actual conversation?! When was the last time you took care of me when I was sick?! When was the last time you gave me a kiss goodnight?! When was the last time you told me you loved me?! I can’t remember, can you?!” By the last two sentences, you were talking in a broken whisper, yet you were positively fuming.

You angrily wiped away the tears you hadn’t realized were making their way down your cheeks and stared at your mom, who was speechless, and you scoffed again. “Of course you can’t, because you’re never here. Well guess what Mom,” you spat the word out with venom. “I’m tired of being second to your work and to the Avengers, who in case you have forgotten, don’t know I exist. And to top it all off, you didn’t even remember that my birthday was last week, did you?”

Natasha was also crying at your outburst, but her eyes widened with horror at your last statement. How could she have forgotten her own child's birthday?

“No, you didn’t. Because I’m always going to be second, no matter how hard I try. So you know what Mom? I’m done fighting for your love, because it doesn’t exist anymore. Go on your fucking mission, and go pretend I don’t exist with the fucking Avengers.”

With that, you stormed out of your mom’s bedroom and the apartment. You hopped on your bike and began pedaling as fast as you could through the streets of New York. You didn’t know where you were going, but anywhere was better than the apartment at the moment. You found a coffee shop tucked in a corner of one of the streets, and you hastily parked your bike in front. You wiped your eyes as best as you could with your hoodie sleeve before heading inside. The bell signalled your arrival, and you heard someone tell you to take a seat anywhere. You found a secluded corner and plopped down, still sniffing every once in a while and wiping away stray tears.

“Are you alright kid?”

You looked up at the voice and almost screamed with frustration. How perfect was it that Steve fucking Rogers was at the same place as you the day you blow up at your mom for spending more time with them than you?

“Fuck off,” you said darkly.

You noticed his eyebrows shoot to his hairline in surprise, but you could care less.

“Hi, what can I get for you?”

You shot daggers at the waitress and her cheery mood, but nonetheless answered her. “I’ll take a hot chocolate with whipped cream and a chocolate chunk cookie.”

“That will be out for you in just a minute.”

You grunted as a reply, noting Captain America was still standing in front of your table. You looked him straight in the eyes as you plugged your earbuds in and pressed play on your music. You watched as he sighed and went back to his table with none other than Sam Wilson. “Just my luck,” you grumbled to yourself when you saw both of them make their way over to you.

Rogers slid in the booth seat across from you as Wilson pulled up a chair from another table and sat at the end.

“Are you ok?” Rogers repeated.

You caught a glimpse of your reflection on the metal container holding the napkins and winced. Your eyes were puffy and bloodshot, tear tracks stained your cheeks, and your hair was all messed up from the wind of your impromptu bike ride.

“Do I look ok?” you retorted while pulling out your earbuds, and Wilson had to stifle a chuckle.

“What’s your name?” Wilson asked.

“Why would I tell you?”

Before they could reply, the waitress returned with your hot chocolate and cookie.

“Put it on my tab,” Rogers said.

You raised an eyebrow, but didn’t protest. It meant you got to save money and he spent more, so it was a win-win for you, because you really weren’t in the mood to deal with any of the Avengers, considering.

“I’ll ask again. Are you ok?”

“Why wouldn’t I be? It’s not like I had a big ass fight with my mom or anything,” you muttered, but Rogers heard it due to his enhanced abilities.

“What happened?” Wilson asked. He may not have super hearing like Steve, but he could still make out what you said.

You ran the scenarios in your mind. You could play along and get them to leave faster, or stall and make them stay longer. As you were debating, you took a few sips of your hot cocoa and a bite of your cookie. “I blew up at her because she spends more time with her colleagues and at work than with me.”

They both gave you sympathetic looks, and you wanted to punch them off their faces. You didn’t need nor want any sympathy from anyone, especially from Avengers with whom your mom works.

“So this wasn’t planned, and that’s why you’re here by yourself looking like that?” questioned Rogers.

You took a few more sips of hot chocolate and popped a piece of cookie into your mouth. When you swallowed, you said, “No shithead, I came here by myself, looking like this, because I wanted to.”

Wilson laughed loudly at that, not only because of your response but because of the stunned Captain’s face. “I like you,” he declared.

“Thanks.” *Bird boy*, you added in your head. “Though I don’t need you to like me. I like me and that’s enough.”

You took another sip of your hot chocolate as Rogers and Wilson had a silent conversation. You finished off your cookie when they finally turned to you.

“Would you like to come back to the Avengers tower with us?” Rogers asked.

“No thanks,” you declared, gulping down the rest of your hot chocolate.

They were baffled. They couldn’t fathom why someone would turn down a chance to see the tower.

“Why not?” Wilson asked.

“Because I don’t want to,” you replied.

“Is it something we did?” Rogers inquired.

You sighed. You had to come up with something, and fast. Otherwise, they weren’t going to drop the subject. “No, I’m just not in a good mood and I feel like if I go there now, I won’t be able to enjoy myself,” you lied.

“Another time then,” Wilson stated.

You gave them a fake-ass smile (they somehow believed it was a genuine one) and agreed. You told them you’d see them around, then left them in the shop as you hopped on your bike and pedaled as far away from the two Avengers as possible. It was only when you left that they realized you hadn’t told them your name or given them a way to contact you.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? Also, I'm accepting requests now, so leave them in the comments and I'll try my best to get them done, but no smut! I've never written it and I never will because it will turn out shitty. And if y'all want a part 2, let me know!

Natasha x Reader! Daughter/Son (15 Years Old) Part 2

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, a few people have requested a part 2 to the previous one, so here it is! Please, if you have any requests, leave them in the comments.

Y/N- Your name

y/f/d/b- your favorite dog breed

y/p/n- your puppy name

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once you left Rogers and Wilson in the coffee shop, you headed towards Central Park. Biking through the park always helped to calm you down. It was one of the ways you were able to decompress. You pedaled through for about five minutes when you found a nice spot of shade under a tree. You set your bike down and sat down, leaning your back against the tree with one of your legs bent up as the other laid on the grass. The bark was prickling your skin through the fabric of your hoodie, but you didn't mind the sensation. It kept you somewhat grounded. You plugged your earbuds in once more and let the music fully relax you. You took a few deep breaths with your eyes closed, then opened them and took in who was surrounding you. A group of cyclists, a couple walking their dog, friends sitting at one of the benches and talking with the occasional laugh, and a family having a picnic.

Your eyes refused to leave the family. The dad was holding the youngest boy and girl, laughing at whatever story they were telling them while simultaneously trying to feed them broccoli. The mom had an arm wrapped around the older girl and boy as they were having a much more private and serious conversation. You saw the mom bring them in for a hug and they clutched her tightly, as if thanking her for loving them.

You tried to remember the last time your mom hugged you, but your mind was coming up empty. You blinked back the tears and watched as they began a game of tag, the mom sitting with their things and laughing at the dad and the children. You felt something nudge your foot, and you looked down to see a puppy, a y/f/d/b. You paused your music and pulled out your earbuds, staring the little dude straight in the eyes. It didn't seem to have a collar or tags, and you bit your lip, a silent "aww" leaving your lips as he plopped down and began chewing and tugging at your shoelace.

You reached forward and easily scooped the little guy up, cooing at him as you scratched him between the ears. He picked his head up and began licking your face. You laughed while gently pushing him away, your mood most definitely improved. "I wonder if you have an owner," you murmured as you continued to stroke his soft fur.

He tilted his head at you as if asking *What are you talking about?* before letting out a yawn and curling up in your lap, easily falling asleep. You took the chance to look around to see if someone was looking for him. You didn't see anyone running around or hear someone shouting any names, so you assumed he was a stray. You bit your lip, contemplating what to do. You couldn't leave him here, but you couldn't imagine leaving him at a shelter either. You looked down at the little guy, and you groaned. You couldn't believe you were considering keeping him, but it wasn't like your mom was ever home, so you doubted she would notice. Speaking of your mom, you noticed you had 14 missed calls from her and over 30 texts, but you could care less. After all, it's not like she did.

Natasha

Natasha was worried out of her mind. She had no clue where you were and you weren't picking up. She had froze after your outburst, and by the time she regained her senses to chase after you, you were long gone. She didn't know what to do. She knew she could track your phone, but that would make you even more pissed at her. Natasha ran a frustrated hand through her hair, cursing herself for getting into this situation. There was a reason she had been going on so many missions with the Avengers, one she was going to tell you after this one. She wanted to get as many missions done and out of the way as possible before she retired.

Before she had you, she never would have considered retirement until she couldn't walk without help. But when she had you, her priorities had changed, and quite rapidly. (It's a fic, let's just say the Red Room messed up her procedure somehow and because of it she was able to have kids). Suddenly, she had this little person who depended on her for everything and loved her unconditionally. She had never experienced something as wonderful or as precious, and she vowed that day that she would do whatever it took to protect you. As you got older, she knew you understood more and more how dangerous her job was and that one day, she might not come back. She couldn't stand the thought of losing you because of her old enemies or you losing her and being all alone. That's why she kept you a secret, but as you became more and more distant she realized how wrong that was.

The Avengers were people just as capable of protecting you as she was, and she knew that they knew she would kill them if they ever let anything happen to you. After her retirement she was going to introduce you to them. She was obviously still going to help them in whatever ways she could, but she wasn't going to be a part of the action or in the field anymore. But then you had exploded at her, and as much as your words stung, they were true. And that, that hurt Natasha deeper and harder than any physical wound ever could. She forgot your birthday, the day the most important thing to her was brought into this world. She would never forgive herself. But if you could forgive her, give her a chance to explain, maybe she could. You were the child of Natasha Romanoff, and she was determined to show you that you were wrong. She loved you more than anything, even if she didn't show it in the best of ways.

"Nat? Where are you? We're getting ready to leave now," Steve said when Natasha picked his call up.

"I'm not coming."

She heard guffaws of astonishment and confusion and realized Steve must have put her on speaker.

“What do you mean?” Wanda asked.

“I’ve got something more important to do,” she said as she left the apartment and began making her way to Central Park, which was where the tracking app she had installed said you were.

“What could be more important than taking down a HYDRA base?” Sam asked.

“My kid,” she said before hanging up, hearing Tony’s astonished shout of “Nat has a kid?!” before she did so.

You

You must’ve fallen asleep with the little guy, because you woke up to someone shaking your shoulders. You sleepily blinked your eyes, though they quickly opened when you saw your mom kneeling in front of you. “What do you want?” You grumbled, pulling your new puppy to your chest.

“I want to talk,” your mom said softly.

“Why? We’ve already established you don’t care,” you said, looking away from your mom.

You heard rather than saw your mom’s upset sigh.

“Sweetheart, please.”

You reluctantly looked at her when she used that nickname. She gave you a watery smile and brought you in for a hug, being careful not to smush your puppy. You stiffened for a moment before relaxing into your mom’s embrace. Silent tears were falling down your face as you buried your head into the crook of her neck. Her scent, vanilla with a hint of roses, made you feel safe, loved, and comforted, something you haven’t felt for weeks.

“I love you Y/N, so much. You’re my everything,” she whispered to you.

“I love you too,” you croaked out.

She pulled away and gave you a blinding smile, wiping away your tears. “моя любовь.” (my love)

“Yeah Mom?” you asked, still sniffing.

“Can I explain?”

You nodded. She moved so she was sitting next to you and pulled you in. You were leaning your head against her chest as she began running a hand through your hair and explaining.

“Y/N, the reason I’ve been on so many missions lately is because I’m getting ready to retire, from the field at least.”

Your head shot up at that as you looked at her in confusion. “You? Retire? Why?”

She chuckled at your reaction. “Because I love you, and I don’t want you to be alone if something happens to me.”

“I wouldn’t be alone if you’d introduce me to the Avengers,” you mumbled.

“That’s another thing. After this mission, I was going to introduce you to them. But then your outburst happened, and I didn’t get to go with them.”

“I’m sorry,” you mumbled, feeling your cheeks heat up.

“моя любовь, you have no reason to apologize. Everything you said was true and I deserved it.”

You were about to protest but your mom held a hand up. “I deserved it. You were right, I haven’t been spending much time with you and I’m so sorry I made you think I didn’t love you. But Y/N, that is so far from the truth. You’re my whole world, I love you so much sometimes I think I’m going to burst. I’m so sorry I missed your birthday, and I know it will take time for you to trust me again. Just know I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you.”

Your eyes welled up again and you put your puppy down before throwing your arms around her neck. She reciprocated the hug and pulled you even closer, closing her eyes as she relished the moment. She hadn’t realized how much she missed having you in her arms until you weren’t.

“I forgive you Mom,” you whispered.

She choked on a sob at that and pulled you even closer, if that was possible. You smiled at her when you pulled away as she brushed a stray lock of hair out of your eyes.

“Now, are you going to introduce me to this guy?”

You smiled as you picked the puppy up. He was simply laying in the grass but began wagging his tail and squirming with excitement as you picked him up. “This is y/p/n.”

“Well hello there y/p/n. It’s nice to meet you,” your mother cooed, and you giggled. You had never heard her speak in a baby voice and it was adorable.

Natasha smiled softly at you when you laughed at her. It warmed her heart, knowing she was the reason you were happy. She had missed this. She had missed you, and she promised she would never neglect you like that again.

“Can we keep him Mom? Please?” You jutted your lip out at her in a pout with pleading eyes, picking y/p/n up and making him look at her too.

“Of course we can,” she said, laughing when you squealed and started babbling to him in a baby voice, saying you were gonna take such good care of him and that he was the most adorable puppy in the world and that he was a good boy and that you loved him.

Bonus:

You took a deep breath, and your mom gave you an amused look. “There’s nothing to be worried about sweetheart. They’re going to love you, just like I do.”

“Thanks Mom,” you replied, but you weren’t nervous. Rather, you were interested, specifically to see how Sam and Steve were going to react when they saw you.

“Mr. Stark, Natasha and her guest have arrived,” FRIDAY said, signalling your arrival.

“Thank you FRIDAY,” Steve said.

You guys arrived in the main living area of the compound. Your mom placed an arm around your shoulders. “Everyone, this is Y/N Romanoff. Y/N, this is everyone.”

“Tony Stark. Genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist.”

You smiled and laughed, amused at the way he introduced himself. Everyone else waved or shook your hand while just saying their names. Steve and Sam were the last two.

“So this is the mom you got into a ‘big ass fight with?’” Sam asked with a large grin.

Your mom raised an eyebrow and looked at you while you ducked your head in embarrassment. You could feel your face heating up because of it.

“I can see now why you told me to ‘fuck off,’” Steve added, also grinning.

Your mom’s eyebrow rose even higher. “You know them?”

“They approached me at a coffee shop!” You defended.

“After you came storming in all angry and upset,” Sam said. “And it makes sense now why you turned down our offer to see the tower.”

“You told Steve to fuck off?” she asked, ignoring everything else that was just said.

You nodded your head sheepishly and your mom laughed. “You know, Steve doesn’t like that kind of talk.”

“You know what Romanoff?” he replied.

Your mom did that half smirk thing at him, and you laughed again. You all sat down to eat and they got to know you and you got to know them. Your mom was smiling at you whenever she got the chance, and you’d smile back. Natasha didn’t know how she got so lucky, first with the Avengers then with you, but she wouldn’t trade it for anything. And she promised she wouldn’t screw it up, for either of you.

Chapter End Notes

Requests?

Endgame: Carol Kept Hold of the Gauntlet

Chapter Notes

This idea was given to me by END by the comment on the first one shot. Here's another way Endgame could have happened, and I may have used a deleted scene from the movie, but to be fair, it was a pretty epic scene that they shouldn't have deleted. I hope you all enjoy, and if you have any requests, please don't be scared to leave them in the comments.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Carol sped through the battlefield, holding the gauntlet, she saw Thanos aiming for the van. Knowing she wasn't going to get there in time, she shot straight up into the air, avoiding the explosion of the van. She looked down at the battlefield, and she knew what she had to do.

She put the gauntlet on and moved so she was above Thanos. "You may be inevitable, but you certainly aren't immortal." With that, Carol summoned all of her strength, including her powers, and snapped. A white light covered the entire field as she was tossed from the blast to the ground. The last thing she saw was Thanos hanging his head down and turning to dust.

Natasha

As soon as Natasha saw her girlfriend shoot up into the air, she knew what was going to happen. She finished off the thing she was fighting and began racing across the field to Carol. She expertly avoided the chaos around her. When she was a few feet away, she heard her girlfriend.

"You may be inevitable, but you certainly aren't immortal."

Carol then snapped, and the field was covered by a bright light before the army began turning to dust. Natasha reached her girlfriend as she collided with the ground. She coughed from the dust of the impact and paid no mind to Thanos who was hanging his head in defeat and turning to dust. "Carol?" Natasha croaked, kneeling next to her girlfriend and clutching her body.

"Carol?"

Now realizing what was happening, the heroes began to move closer to Nat and Carol.

"Carol? Baby? Please, wake up," Natasha pleaded, tears beginning to stream.

Everyone remained silent, tears beginning to form on everyone's face.

“Please don't leave me. Carol, sweetheart, please. I need you. Don't leave me. I love you, you can't leave me,” Natasha whispered.

When there was no response, Natasha placed a tender and trembling kiss on Carol's forehead. She then put her head on her girlfriend's chest and clutched her body to her tightly as she began sobbing.

Tony swallowed harshly and took a knee. Carol had saved them, all of them. Seeing her husband, Pepper did the same. T'Challa followed, then Peter Quill, Nebula, Valkyrie, Scott, Steve, Stephen, and the rest of the heroes, one by one.

Natasha was still sobbing into her girlfriend's chest when she heard a cough. Her head shot up, and she began sobbing in relief when she saw Carol staring at her and trying to sit up. She hastily lifted herself off and helped Carol sit up. Seeing everyone kneeling, she spoke. “What are you all doing? Did someone die?”

Natasha laughed wetly before colliding into her girlfriend, pressing their lips together with such intensity Carol could feel nothing but her girlfriend. She tasted salt and realized Nat had been crying. “Babe, why are you crying?” she asked, holding Natasha's face in her hands and brushing the tears away softly.

Natasha clutched Carol's wrists and looked into those beautiful brown eyes, the ones filled with love and adoration for her. “Nothing, I'm just so happy you're alright.”

“Well of course I'm alright. I knew with my powers I would survive the blast. But now I'm sore all over. I would not recommend doing that on a daily basis.”

Natasha rolled her eyes at her girlfriend, but she was so happy she was alive that she couldn't bring herself to comment on it. Instead, she buried her face in the crook of Carol's neck, breathing in her musky scent.

Carol's arms wrapped themselves around Nat, holding her close.

“Let's get married,” Natasha mumbled.

Carol's breath hitched. “What did you say?” she asked in a near whisper.

Natasha pulled herself away and looked into her girlfriend's brown orbs, and spoke again, this time more confidently. “Let's get married.”

“Do you mean that?” Carol asked, searching Nat's face for any sign of deception.

“I do. If today has taught me anything, it's that life is short. Let's get married, buy that house we've been talking about, start a family.”

Carol beamed and shot into the air, twirling them around. She laughed as Natasha was shrieking and demanding to be put down. She flew them back to the ground and kept her arms around Natasha's waist. “We're getting married,” she said reverently, still beaming at Natasha.

“We’re getting married,” Natasha murmured, smiling softly at her fiancée, a look so full of joy and love that Carol marveled at how she got so lucky.

“I think a celebration is in order. Party at my place, 6 o’clock. Don’t be late,” Tony stated.

Pepper rolled her eyes at her husband as everyone chuckled.

“We deserve it,” said Nat.

So everyone showed up to Tony’s party. They celebrated their win while also mourning the losses of Clint, Loki, and Vision. Overall, it was one of the most fun and relaxed times everyone had during the past five years.

The next day

By Natasha’s insistence, Carol was in the lab being looked over by Dr. Cho. “Well, it appears you’ve got a few bruised ribs, five to be exact. My advice is to rest and stay away from strenuous activities.”

“How long will it take to recover? I’ve got powers and they allow me to heal slightly faster than a regular human.”

“For an average human, 4-6 weeks. But because of your powers, most likely 3-4.”

“Is that all Doc?”

“Yes, and may I say you are very lucky that that was all you sustained, even more so to be alive.”

“I’ll be sure to count my blessings.”

Dr. Cho shook her head but prescribed Carol some pain meds before dismissing her.

Natasha was pacing outside. When she saw her fiancée, she arched an expectant eyebrow. “Well?”

“I could’ve given you the same diagnosis. Just some bruised ribs,” Carol lamented.

Natasha gave Carol a stern look. Carol held her hands up in surrender. “Alright, jeez. She said no strenuous activities and to take it easy.”

“Which means I’ll have to be babysitting you, and if not me, then FRIDAY or Wanda.”

“Hey! I don’t need to be babysat.”

Natasha gave Carol the look, the one that says *Are you actually trying to argue with me?* “Are you being serious? Have you met you?”

“Hypocrite,” Carol muttered under her breath.

“You’re gonna pay for that,” Natasha warned before sashaying away.

Carol swore under her breath and moved to catch up with her fiancé, thinking of ways to make it up to her. Natasha smirked, knowing that holding this over Carol's head would drive her crazy. And oh, how she loved to drive her lover crazy.

Chapter End Notes

Requests?

Natasha is Down! I Repeat, Nat is Down!

Chapter Notes

I know, it's crazy, two updates in one week! I just didn't want to wait to share this. This was inspired by MoreThanJustSurviving on the second one shot. I also just love writing about Carol and Yelena with Natasha, so there's that. Enjoy!

P.S. It's also a sequel to the previous one shot which may have to do with why I couldn't wait to share it. It takes place a few weeks after the previous one shot.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Nat, you got eyes on the prize?” Steve asked through the comms.

Natasha silently took down three guards before confirming her position to Steve.

“Good. Remember, just get the information. In and out, plain and simple.”

“I’ve got it, Rogers,” Natasha huffed as she plugged in her flashdrive, courtesy of SHIELD, and began hacking into the HYDRA databases.

“Any time now Nat,” Clint hollered through the comms, sounding a bit out of breath.

“We’re fine over here. Get the information and get out. Easy as pie,” Tony said.

Natasha growled and muted everyone on her side of the comms. She wouldn’t be able to get anything done with everyone chatting in her ears. She took a deep breath and focused, diving into HYDRA’s files and downloading all of their information onto her drive. She then deleted it off of theirs and smirked to herself. Natasha turned the comms back on and said, “I’ve got everything. Let’s get out of here.”

“FRIDAY, let’s give them hell,” Tony stated.

Natasha left the room, only to be confronted by at least 12 HYDRA guards. “Are we gonna do this the easy way or the hard way?”

One of them rushed towards her and threw a punch that she easily caught. She twisted his arm around to his back and proceeded to knock the guy out with a well placed punch to the chin.

“The hard way it is,” she said. She began fighting off the others while trying to avoid getting shot. When she took down the last guard, she started to walk to the exit only to notice a trail of blood and pain shooting through her stomach. She collapsed against the wall and slid to

the floor. She held her hands to her stomach to try and stench the blood flow. So much for not getting shot.

“Nat, where are you? We need to leave now!” Clint yelled.

Natasha was too weak to respond. She could feel her body slackening, and she knew she was going to lose consciousness soon.

“Romanoff, status?!” Steve asked.

She tried to fight off the darkness, but it was too powerful, and a few seconds later, she gave in.

The Avengers

“FRIDAY, scan the building for Agent Romanoff,” Tony instructed his AI.

“Scanning for Agent Romanoff.” After a few seconds, FRIDAY spoke up. “Agent Romanoff is on the first floor of the building, near the south exit. She appears to be unconscious and has a gunshot wound to her abdomen. It is bleeding profusely and requires immediate medical attention.”

“Shit!” Steve shouted.

“Language!” Tony scolded, though it didn’t sound as teasing as it usually did.

“Tony, Bruce, can one of you get to her?! You heard FRIDAY, she needs medical!” Clint stated.

“I’m already here,” Tony said, stepping out of the suit and rushing to Natasha’s side. “She’s down, I repeat, Nat is down! Like completely down! Shit, shit, shit! FRIDAY, activate emergency medical protocol!”

“Activating emergency medical protocol,” the AI replied.

Tony’s suit held out the necessary medical equipment to patch the wound until he could get her to the Quinjet.

“Is she going to be alright?!” Wanda asked.

“Natasha hurt!” Hulk exclaimed.

“Stark, is Nat alright?!” Sam questioned.

“FRIDAY initiated emergency medical protocol. I’m taping it up as best as I can now until we get to the Quinjet. Then I can get her started on some meds and prepped for surgery when we get to the compound. And done. FRIDAY, get us out of here.”

Tony stepped back into his suit and cradled Nat in his arms. “Yes boss.”

Tony shot out of the building and to the Quinjet. FRIDAY flipped his helmet off for him when he landed on the jet and placed Nat on the cot. He was quickly joined by the rest of the team (after they blew the place to smithereens) but he paid them no mind as he was trying to keep Nat alive. Bruce quickly joined him and they began conversing with one another.

“Clint, get us back to base. She needs surgery, now,” Bruce stated.

Clint quickly got into the pilot’s seat and they were off to base, Sam as his copilot.

“Yelena and Carol will not be happy that Natasha is injured,” said Bucky.

Everyone’s expression was grim and slightly scared. No, the fiery blondes would certainly not be happy.

Avengers Base

“What the hell happened?!” Fury demanded as Natasha was wheeled off the Quinjet and straight to surgery.

“She was shot fighting HYDRA agents,” Steve explained.

“You are explaining this to them,” Fury said, giving the team a look.

“Later, I want to be there when they’re operating,” Bruce said, brushing past Fury.

“I’m with Doctor Green over there,” Tony stated, hastily following Banner.

The rest of the Avengers agreed and followed, anxiety and worry radiating off of each of them for their friend.

Carol and Yelena

The two blondes were laying on the padded floor of the training room, panting and staring each other down before they cracked into smiles.

“Nice match,” Carol said.

“You weren’t too bad yourself,” Yelena replied.

They laid in silence for a few more moments when Yelena spoke up. “Will you answer me honestly?”

“Depends on the question,” Carol stated as she got up and went to her bag, grabbing herself a face towel to wipe the sweat off.

Yelena joined her and tossed her a water bottle from the mini-fridge. Carol nodded her head in thanks and proceeded to drink more than half. Yelena took a few sips as well after she sat down on the metal bench. “Do you truly love my sister?”

“More than anything in the world.”

“And you want to have a life with her?”

“I can’t imagine it with anyone else.”

Yelena looked at Carol from the corner of her eye, contemplating. “Has she told you anything about the Red Room?”

“Are you talking about the graduation ceremony?”

Yelena nodded. Carol turned so she was staring Yelena straight in the eyes. “Yes, and we’ve both expressed our desire to have children. We’ve discussed adopting, but only after we get married and settle down. Doing anything right now would be extremely dangerous because of who we are and what we do.”

Yelena opened her mouth to respond, but was cut off by the sirens of a code blue. “Shit, are they back?!” Yelena asked, hopping onto her feet and racing down the hall, Carol hot on her heels.

“Apparently,” Carol shot back breathily.

They reached the medical wing and scanned the waiting room for Natasha. When neither of them saw her, they stalked up to Tony and Steve.

“Where the hell is Nat?” Carol growled, her eyes beginning to glow from her powers because of the intensity of her emotions.

“She got shot. She’s in surgery now,” Steve said softly.

Both women had identical emotions playing across their features. Shock, anger, worry, but the most prominent, fear.

“Who let her get shot?!” Yelena eyeballed everyone in the room. They all avoided her gaze.

“Nobody let anything happen. Natasha was heading to the exit when she was ambushed. She fought them off and only realized that she was shot after the fact,” Tony explained.

“Is she going to be alright?” Carol asked.

Nobody answered.

“You heard her! Is my sister going to be alright?!”

Silence.

Yelena glared murderously at each and every one of them except for Carol before storming out of the room.

“I’ll go talk to her. Nat better be alright or there will be hell to pay,” Carol fumed.

Carol found Yelena in Natasha's room, sitting on the bed and looking through what appeared to be a photo album.

"You know, we made a promise when we were little," Yelena offered without looking up from the album.

Carol sat next to her on the bed as she continued. "We promised each other that we would always be there for each other, no matter what."

A single tear fell onto Yelena's cheek and she angrily flicked it away. "I wasn't there for her, and now, I might never get to be there for her again."

Carol stared at Yelena for a moment longer before nudging her shoulder with her own. "Hey, Nat wouldn't want you to think like that. She's way too strong to let something like a bullet stop her."

Yelena snorted. "Yes, she is quite stubborn, isn't she?"

"Reminds me of someone else I know."

"Thank you. Natasha is lucky to have someone like you."

"I know she is. Just like I'm lucky to have her. Now, what do you say we go back and wait for her?"

Natasha

Natasha's eyes began to flutter open. When they landed on the bright white ceiling, she groaned softly and closed them again. After a few moments, they fluttered open again and this time, she forced them to stay open. She looked around and surmised she was in the hospital of the tower. She looked at her bedside and smiled softly. Carol was on her left, holding her hand while her head was on the bed. Yelena was on her right, curled up in what had to be an uncomfortable position on the visitor's chair. They both had blankets thrown over them, most likely from Steve. She heard a noise and looked up to see Bruce entering her room. "Hey, you're awake. How are you feeling?"

Natasha shushed him, signalling to the two women who were asleep in her room. She then lifted her right hand and pressed it against her stomach, inhaling sharply at the pain that shot through her body. "I'm a little sore, but I'll survive. Have they been here the whole time?" Natasha inquired in a whisper.

"They refused to leave your side. Snapped at anyone who told them to get some rest in their rooms, take a shower, or eat."

Natasha chuckled softly. That certainly sounded like something they would do. "How long was I out for?"

"After the surgery we gave you some pretty strong meds so you could relax so your body could heal. You've been out for about three days."

Natasha nodded her head thoughtfully.

“Do you want me to tell the others you’re awake? We’ve all been pretty worried.”

Natasha looked at the clock and took notice of the time. It was almost 4 AM, though she doubted anyone got much sleep while she was out.

“Quietly, and everyone except for Thor, Peter, and Tony. Knowing them, they’ll make a big fuss and I don’t want to wake Yelena or Carol.”

Bruce nodded and asked FRIDAY to alert everyone except for Thor, Peter, and Tony, quietly, that Natasha was awake. It only took seconds for Scott to appear.

“Nat, it’s good to see you awake and alive. How are you feeling?”

“I’m doing fine Scott, thanks.”

“Do you want me to get you anything?”

“Actually, some water would be great,” Natasha admitted.

Scott poured her a cup and she thanked him before taking a few tentative sips.

“I’d best be going now. It was good to see you awake Nat.”

“Thanks Lang.”

He nodded before shrinking back to his ant size. Next to appear were Wanda and Steve. They must have been training, based on the workout clothes.

“Nat, thank God you’re alright,” Steve said, shooting her a relieved smile.

Wanda was holding back her happy tears and settled for giving Nat a watery smile.

“Wanda, come here,” Natasha beckoned softly.

Wanda made her way over to Nat’s bedside. Natasha held out her hand, and when Wanda took it, she gave it a squeeze. “I’m fine, I promise.”

Wanda nodded her head rapidly and didn’t bother trying to hide her tears.

“Wanda, I’m here, I’m fine, I’m alive. Ok?”

“Ok,” Wanda said hoarsely.

After that was Bucky, then Sam, Rhodey, Maria, and Fury. When everyone was finished, she told all of them to take care of themselves properly since she was fine. Natasha even told FRIDAY not to let anyone in later until they had showered, eaten, and gotten a few hours of rest. Knowing the AI would comply, Natasha fell back asleep.

She woke up again around 9 AM, and she saw Carol and Yelena were still asleep. They must've really worn themselves out worrying about her. She only had to wait a few minutes for Carol to stir. "Hey there sleepyhead."

Carol shot up at her fiancée's teasing voice, and seeing her awake and smirking eased away all of her fear. "How long have you been awake?"

"I woke up around 4 but I fell back asleep. I've only been awake for a little while."

"You woke up this morning and didn't wake me?" Carol asked, a little hurt.

"You looked peaceful and I could see the bags under your eyes, Yelena's too. I didn't want to disturb you."

Carol began running her thumb over Natasha's knuckles. "Well thanks, but I would've slept better knowing you were alright. God Nat, you really scared me. I thought..." Carol got too choked up to continue.

"Hey," Nat said, taking Carol's hands and pressing them against her chest. "You feel that? It means I'm alive and that I'm ok."

Carol nodded and leaned forward to press a simple but loving kiss to Nat's lips.

"That's something I don't need to see," Yelena grumbled, even though she was inwardly relieved her sister was alright.

"О заткнись." (Oh shut it)

"Я бы не." (I'd rather not)

"Паршивец." (Brat)

"Придурок." (Jerk)

"Вы говорите так, как будто это плохо." (You say that like it's a bad thing)

"Both of you, knock it off," Carol said.

"Aww, is your girl sad she can't understand us?" Yelena asked, arching a perfectly maintained eyebrow.

"I know enough about you two to know that you're calling each other names. What are you, five?"

"Yes," Natasha deadpanned.

Yelena started cackling and Natasha sported a proud smirk. Carol shook her head in exasperation but looked at the two with fondness. "What am I going to do with you?" she muttered to herself.

“Love us anyway,” Yelena said, shooting the blonde a cheeky smile.

Carol snorted at that. “Natasha yes, you no.”

Yelena pouted and glared at Natasha halfheartedly as she was laughing. She had a smile pulling at the corner of her mouth though, because if she and Natasha were arguing and poking fun at each other, then she knew her sister was going to be just fine.

One week later

Natasha was slowly taking a stroll around the floor of the hospital. She was dragging her IV along with her and ignored everyone around her. She was focused on getting through this last lap, almost as focused as she would be on a mission. As she approached her room, she heard arguing and groaned softly. Ever since she had gotten shot, Carol and Yelena had been bickering nonstop about what was best for her and it was getting on her last nerve. She stood outside the doorway for a moment to try and get an understanding of what the argument was this time.

“Natasha does not need to be coddled!” she heard her sister exclaim.

“I’m not coddling her,” Carol growled. “I just think she should be resting instead of pushing herself!”

“My sister knows herself better than you do! She knows when she’s had enough.”

“Really? Because when everyone was dusted, I was the one who had to convince her to eat a proper meal and take care of herself properly because she was too focused on bringing all of you back to focus on herself!”

“This isn’t like that!” Yelena protested. “There is nobody she has to focus on other than herself. Everyone is here and fine.”

“Tell that to Wanda and Thor. Tell them, see what happens.”

Yelena groaned in frustration. “That’s not what I meant and you know it!”

“Then what did you mean?” Carol asked cockily.

By this point, the two women were so close their noses were almost touching. Natasha figured this was where she should intervene. She slowly walked over to them and placed herself between them before pushing them apart, glaring at both of them. They at least had the decency to have a bit of shame showing, even if their eyes refused to leave each other’s.

“Both of you, knock it off,” Natasha said sternly. “Carol, I know my limits, even if at times it doesn’t seem like it. Yelena, sometimes I do push myself too hard, but it’s only because I’m determined to fix whatever is happening. Both of you are right, but right now, I’m not pushing myself. Bruce himself told me to take as many laps as I could, and that’s what I’m doing. I’m doing fine, and if I wasn’t, you both would be the first to know.”

Both blondes were looking at her softly, their tense postures gone after her little speech.

“Are you two done being idiots now?”

Yelena rolled her eyes and Carol playfully narrowed her eyes at her fiancée.

“Yes? Good. Help me to bed, I’m tired.”

They both took an arm and helped Natasha settle on her bed. When she was comfortable, she spoke again. “I love you both, even if you’re pains in my ass.”

“I take that as a compliment,” said Yelena.

Carol nodded her head in agreement as Natasha’s eyes rolled automatically. It seemed to be a habit when she was around these two.

“Get some rest babe, you look exhausted,” Carol commented.

“Only if you two promise not to fight over me anymore.”

“Never gonna happen,” Yelena stated.

“In your dreams,” Carol replied at the same time.

Natasha sighed in exasperation. “Fine, then promise me you’ll try to get along.”

The blondes looked at each other before looking back to the redhead. “I promise,” Yelena responded.

“Me too.”

“Good. Now get out so I can sleep or I’ll have FRIDAY kick you out.”

They both grumbled but complied with her wishes.

“Love you!” Natasha shouted before the door closed, chuckling at Yelena through the glass as she stuck her tongue out at Natasha. Carol rolled her eyes but blew her a kiss anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Requests? And if you don't want to leave them in the comments, then message me. I'd really like to know what you all would like me to write about.

P.S. I apologize if the Russian in this one shot book is incorrect. I don't speak Russian and I'm using google translate. Feel free to correct me (nicely) if you know the language.

Auntie Lena!

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, I'm back! This one shot was inspired by AmandJinx on my fourth one shot. It said: you've written Natasha and Carol dating, teased a Carol and Yelena being besties and Natasha with a kid so I feel like a "carolnat x aunt Yelena x child (not necessarily y/n)" would be a great idea
also i really loved your first two chapters, they are canon to me

Thank you for your feedback and this one is for you. I hope it's up to your standards :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Come on sweetheart, it’s bath time,” Carol pleaded with her daughter.

“No! I want Mama!”

Carol sighed exasperatedly. Nat had gone on a mission and their daughter was acting out because she missed her. Her wife has been gone for three weeks, the longest she’s been on a mission since Katarina was born. They were both feeling the effects of the redhead being gone.

“Kat, come on.”

“No!”

Carol ran a tired hand over her face. Katarina had powers, like herself, but her daughter’s was different from her own. She had the ability to teleport, and she decided to teleport herself to the top of the bathroom cabinet.

“I’ll tell you what sweetheart, you let Mommy give you a bath and we’ll call Mama tonight.”

Katarina raised an eyebrow, something she got from Nat no doubt, and stared her mommy down. “On the computer?”

Carol nodded, knowing her daughter meant the Stark computer that let them talk to Nat wherever she was with perfect quality, whether it be 10 minutes away, across the ocean, even in outer space. It also let them play games with her, watch movies, even read stories.

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

Kat smiled brightly before teleporting herself into her mother's arms. Carol smiled down at her daughter. "Do you just like giving me trouble?" Carol asked as she set Kat down in the tub.

Kat ignored her mommy and began playing with her bath toys. Carol shook her head while chuckling before lathering her daughter's thick blonde locks with shampoo, being careful not to get any in Kat's eyes. After washing it out, she repeated the process with the conditioner and the body shampoo.

"Come on honey, let's get you nice and warm," Carol said, lifting her daughter out of the tub. She rubbed her down with a fluffy towel, applying lotion afterwards. When that was done, she helped Kat get into her pull-up and her "most favorite pajamas in the world", a onesie with little cartoon drawings of the Avengers.

"Can we talk to Mama now?" Kat asked, looking at her mother, her large green-blue eyes (exactly like Nat's) filled with hope. Thanks to some help with Stark technology, they were able to use both Carol and Natasha's DNA, making their daughter a perfect mix of them both. She inherited Carol's hair and nose while she got Nat's eyes and smile. She had both of their sarcasm, dry humor, and wit along with powers of her own because of Carol's powers. Katarina had also somehow inherited Nat's facial expressions, such as the raised eyebrow and half-smirk.

"Let Mommy change into her pajamas then we'll call her. Why don't you go get ready?"

"Ok!" Kat exclaimed before running for the office.

Carol chuckled. She quickly cleaned the bathroom up and tossed Kat's towel into the hamper. She then headed to their bedroom, quickly shedding her leggings and long sleeve for a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, throwing one of Nat's hoodies over. Once that was done, she traipsed through the hallway, finding her daughter seated in the large and plush office chair, looking rather impatient with her stuffed spider, one Natasha had gotten for Katarina's second birthday and whose name was Bitsy.

"Ready?" Carol asked as she moved Kat so she was in her lap and Carol was in the chair.

Kat eagerly nodded her head. Carol hit the call button and silently prayed that Natasha would be able to answer. It rang once, twice, three times when the soft and beautiful but tired face of Natasha answered the phone. "Hello?" she asked in her husky voice.

"Mama!" Kat exclaimed, her face lighting up at her mama on the screen of the computer.

Natasha smiled brightly at her daughter's voice and seeing her on screen. "Привет дорогая, how are you?" (Hi sweetheart)

"Привет мама, I miss you," Kat pouted. (Hi Mama)

"I miss you too honey, both of you."

"How are things going over there?" Carol inquired.

Her wife looked at her tiredly, and Carol's heart clenched. She wanted to give Nat a hug, to cuddle with her in bed and hold her close, let her get a good night's rest.

"Not good. I don't think I'll be home for at least a few more days," Natasha said regretfully.

Katarina looked at her mama sadly, mixed with a little bit of anger. "No Mama! I miss you! I want you to come home!"

Natasha smiled sadly, and Carol could just make out the glossiness of Nat's eyes. "I know моя любовь, I know. I miss you guys so much, and I want nothing more than to be home with you and snuggle and watch those cartoons you love so much." (my love)

"Spongebob?" Kat asked.

"We're gonna watch a whole bunch of Spongebob when I get home, I promise," Natasha agreed.

Kat smiled before rubbing her eyes sleepily. Both Carol and Nat looked at the clock, noticing it was a few minutes past their daughter's bedtime.

"Come on sweetheart, let's get you to bed," Carol said softly.

"No! Mama, sing me a song," Kat whined while snuggling closer to her mommy.

"I will Katarina, but only if you promise to listen and apologize to Mommy. I know you miss me but that doesn't mean you don't have to listen to Mommy."

"Ok, sorry Mommy."

"It's alright sweetheart," Carol replied.

"Ok моя любовь, are you ready?" (my love)

Kat nodded her head and Natasha began to sing softly.

I can't remember if I cried

When I read about his widowed bride

Something touched me deep inside

The day the music died

So, bye-bye, Miss American Pie

Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry

And them good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Singin' "This'll be the day that I die

This 'll be the day that I die"

"She's out," Carol said softly.

"Good," her wife said before letting out her own yawn.

"Babe, you should get some sleep, you look exhausted."

Nat shrugged. "It's this damn bed. It's not comfortable and it doesn't have you. I brought one of your sweatshirts and it helps a bit, but it's not the same," Nat admitted.

"I know."

"I should get going. I need to get up early tomorrow."

"Alright, please stay safe. I love you Nat."

"I love you too, and give our daughter a kiss from me and tell her I love her."

"I will. Bye honey."

"Bye baby."

Carol hung up and sighed. She carefully got out of the chair and carried Kat to her bedroom. She turned the lamp on before untucking the blankets. She gently laid her daughter down, placing Bitsy next to her. Kat subconsciously reached out and tucked it against her as Carol pulled the covers over her.

"I love you," she whispered before placing a kiss on her forehead. Carol turned off the lamp and made sure Kat's night light was on. Seeing that the light was on, Carol softly closed the door behind her. She quietly walked through the hallway and turned the knob of their door, closing it behind her. Carol pulled the covers off, got underneath them, and closed her eyes, trying to ignore how big, cold, and empty the bed felt without her wife.

The next day

Carol groaned softly when her eyes opened and were bombarded by sunlight. She hastily shut them, and once she felt awake enough, opened her eyes again. She swung out of bed and headed to the bathroom. Using the bathroom and brushing her teeth, she padded down the hallway to the stairs. She frowned in confusion when she smelled coffee and pancakes. She entered the kitchen and paused in the doorway.

"Morning Mommy! Auntie Lena made pancakes!"

"I see that," Carol said as she headed over to her daughter and dropped a quick kiss to her hair, which Yelena must've pulled back into a ponytail before breakfast. "Morning sweetheart."

"There's still some coffee in the pot if you want some," Yelena said.

Carol nodded her thanks and shuffled over to the coffee machine, grabbing a mug from the cabinet before pouring herself a cup. She wrapped her hands around the now steaming mug and blew on it for a few seconds. She took a sip and sighed in satisfaction.

“Would you like some pancakes? There are still a few left,” said Yelena as she collected her own and Katarina’s plates and put them in the sink.

“Thanks,” Carol said, watching as Yelena put three on a plate and placed it in front of Carol along with a fork and a knife. “Not trying to be rude, but what are you doing here?”

“Natasha told me you guys could use some company. So I’m here to take you out. We’ve got it all planned out, don’t we Kat?”

“Yeah Mommy! We’re gonna go to the zoo then lunch then shopping then ice cream and a blanket fort and movies!”

Carol laughed at her daughter’s enthusiasm. “That’s a lot of things to do today Kat. Can’t we do some of it tomorrow?”

“Noooo! We have to do it all today! Auntie Lena promised!”

Carol internally groaned and settled for shooting Yelena a dirty look. Yelena simply smirked at Carol and told Kat to get ready.

“She’s been gone almost three weeks, right?” Yelena inquired as she sat on the stool across from Carol.

Carol sighed. “Yes, and we’re both getting frustrated. Kat’s been acting out and I’m beginning to lose my patience.”

Yelena studied Carol for a moment. Her hair was still in its bed head stage, her eyes had dark bags underneath, and she overall looked very weary and ready to collapse at any given moment. “Why don’t you stay here then? Get some rest and relaxation while I take Katarina out.”

Carol immediately shook her head. “No way, she’s too excited for this. I’ll be fine.”

Yelena frowned, the crinkles in her scrunched up eyes showing her nonverbal disagreement with Carol’s rejection. “If you say so.”

“I do,” Carol nodded after taking a few bites of her pancakes. “And since when have you become so domestic?”

“Since my sister decided to make me an aunt.”

Carol shook her head and ate the rest of her breakfast in silence.

“I’m ready!” Kat announced as she appeared on the kitchen counter.

Carol startled and almost dropped the dishes she was carrying to the sink from her daughter's sudden appearance. Yelena was smirking at her, and Carol glowered.

"That's great принцесса. I've got a question for you. How would you feel if it was just you and me?" (princess)

Kat looked between her mommy and auntie in confusion. Carol was scowling at Yelena while she had a patient look on her face.

"Like an 'Auntie Lena and Kat' day?"

Yelena smiled. "Exactly like that."

Kat squealed with joy and teleported herself on top of Yelena's shoulders. Yelena, knowing it was going to happen, instantly placed her arms on Kat's legs, holding her in place. "Let's go, Auntie Lena! Let's go, let's go, let's go!"

Yelena laughed and Carol looked at her daughter, the surprise clear as day. "What, you don't love me anymore?"

"Sorry Mommy, but Auntie Lena is cooler and more fun." Kat said it so matter of factly that Yelena was snorting with laughter.

Carol pouted, then sighed. "I guess no more bedtime stories since I'm not cool or fun."

"No Mommy!" Kat exclaimed as she teleported from her auntie's shoulders to her mommy's arms. "You're cool and fun and I love you!"

Carol chuckled as she adjusted Kat so she was properly on her hip. "Alright sweetheart, please listen to Auntie Lena. She's in charge, and that means whatever she says, goes, just like if you were with me or Mama. Have fun and I'll see you when you come home."

Kat was vigorously nodding her head at everything Carol was saying, so much so that both blondes were worried she was going to get whiplash. "Ok Mommy. Love you!" Kat planted a kiss on Carol's cheek.

Carol returned it before Kat reappeared on Yelena's shoulders. "Can we go now Auntie Lena?! Please, please, please?"

"Let's go принцесса," Yelena said. (princess)

Kat squealed with joy, and Carol chuckled as she closed the door on them, her daughter chattering on and on about everything they were going to do.

Carol decided she would clean the house since she hadn't had a chance. She started by throwing some laundry in the wash, then moved on to picking up her daughter's stray belongings and putting them in their proper places. Afterwards, she did the dishes, dusted, swept and vacuumed, some more laundry, and finished by refilling Goose's water and food bowls. Even though he was a flurken, he absolutely loved tuna. Once she had switched out the laundry, she got comfortable on their couch by throwing a blanket over herself then

turned on one of her and Natasha's favorite movies, *Moonraker*. She underestimated how exhausted she was though, and fell asleep within the first fifteen minutes, feeling Goose curl up on her lap before she did.

Natasha

Natasha smiled a genuine smile for the first time in days when the Quinjet touched down on the Avengers base. She hastily made her way off the jet, already out of her Widow suit and in civilian clothes. A pair of jeans, socks, boots, and a white t-shirt with a dark gray almost black hoodie over it. Her hair was down from its ponytail and fell in waves to just past her shoulders. She barely greeted the other Avengers and SHIELD agents milling about the compound as she sped through, eager to spend some much needed time with her wife and daughter. She hopped into her black Corvette stingray and left the parking garage, speeding down the dirt road that would lead her to the city and eventually, her home.

After breaking nearly every traffic law in the state, Natasha turned a forty-five minute drive into a twenty minute one. She parked her car and hopped out, locking it as she made her way to the front door. She inserted the key into the lock and turned. When she entered the house, she was immediately on alert. She was about to reach for her gun when she heard the soft snores of her wife. Hearing that turned her taut muscles loose and quietly, Natasha shed her boots and threw the keys onto their hook before making her way down the hall to the living room. She greeted Goose as he appeared in the hall and began rubbing himself against her legs. She smiled softly at the sight before her in the living room. Carol was sound asleep, curled up with the blanket half off as *Moonraker* played on in the background, the occasional snore escaping. Natasha silently made her way over and laid down in front of her wife. She sighed contentedly as one of Carol's arms instantly wrapped themselves around her waist, spooning her. She adjusted the blanket so it was covering both of them and intertwined their hands before drifting off to sleep, feeling comforted, safe, and warm with her wife finally next to her.

Three hours later

Carol sighed as she felt something tickling her nose. She sleepily opened her eyes when she noticed her arm was wrapped around something. She was met with a blur of red and smiled brightly, burying her face into the smooth skin of her wife's neck. She inhaled and reflexively, her arm tightened around the redhead's waist, as if afraid it was a figment of her imagination. She smiled softly at Natasha as she turned in her arms so they were face to face, their noses just barely brushing.

"I missed you," Carol said.

Natasha smiled softly and brought one of her arms up to play with the baby hairs at the nape of Carol's neck. "I missed you too."

"The bed isn't the same without you in it," Carol pouted.

Natasha chuckled. "I know моя любовь, I know." (my love)

Carol smiled again, tucking a stray hair behind Natasha's ear. God how she had missed this. Holding Nat, hearing her voice, her laughter, seeing her eyes filled with love and adoration and warmth.

"Is Kat with Yelena?"

"I figured you had something to do with that."

"Is that so?"

"Yup," Carol said, being sure to pop the "p".

"Did she tell you?"

"She told me you said you figured we could use some company."

"I was right, wasn't I?" Natasha arched her brow.

Carol rolled her eyes and yelped when she felt a sharp pinch to her side. She narrowed her eyes at her wife as Natasha smiled smugly. "You'll pay for that."

It was Natasha's turn to roll her eyes. "What time are Yelena and Kat coming back?"

Carol looked at her watch. "I'd assume they're done with the zoo by now, so most likely shopping and lunch before coming here for a blanket fort, movies, and ice cream. That'll be in about three hours."

Natasha chuckled. "That certainly sounds like something Kat would plan."

"Yes, but I'm sure she'll forget all about it when she sees you. She said Yelena was cooler and more fun than me."

Natasha smirked, amusement flickering through her eyes. "I'm afraid to say that's true."

"Hey! You're supposed to be on my side!" Carol whined, pouting at her wife.

"Oh quit your pouting."

Carol's eyes darkened a bit. "Make me," she challenged.

Natasha shook her head, and before Carol could get another taunt in, she was being kissed on the lips, hard. She groaned and tightened the grip she had around Natasha's waist as she felt her wife gently tug on her bottom lip. The kiss quickly became heated when they sat up, Natasha straddling Carol as their tongues battled for dominance.

"Bedroom?" Natasha rasped.

Carol nodded and adjusted her grip on Nat, making her way upstairs and to their room, all while Nat was kissing and nipping down her neck. She kicked the door shut and threw her wife onto the bed before climbing atop of her, resuming their heated makeout session.

Two hours later

Carol smiled softly at Natasha as they laid in bed together, sheets and legs tangled together so you couldn't tell who was who. Carol was using one arm as a pillow while the other was resting on her wife's waist, her hand tracing random patterns on Natasha's back. Natasha mirrored her. They laid in silence, basking in the warm atmosphere and each other's presence. The silence was interrupted by the chirping of Carol's cellphone, signaling a text from someone. Carol groaned but removed her arm from Nat's waist to reach behind her to the nightstand and grab her phone. "It's from Yelena."

Natasha raised an expectant eyebrow. "Well? What does it say?"

"Relax woman, I'm getting there." Carol was slapped lightly on the arm by Nat for that comment. "Let's see, 'Kat and I just finished lunch and we're going to hit one or two more stores before we get home with ice cream for a blanket fort and movies. She's insistent on the fact that you want cookies n cream but if I remember correctly you like cookie dough. Tell me who is right and I'll get it. Also, tell Natasha I'm going to get her moose tracks and to both of you, clean up and shower before we get home. Your daughter doesn't need to be traumatized by her mothers having sex.'"

Natasha laughed at Yelena's finish while Carol groaned. "Did you tell her you were coming home?"

"No, but I'm not surprised. Yelena has a way of knowing things," Natasha said as she reluctantly moved from her position to get up and use the shower. "Are you coming?"

Carol didn't miss the innuendo and hastily got up from the bed, almost tripping over her own feet in the rush to get to the shower after she had sent a quick response to Yelena.

You're right, cookie dough is my favorite. And I'll get you back for this someday, you just wait and see.

Yelena and Katarina

"Ha!" Yelena exclaimed triumphantly. "I was right, your mommy likes cookie dough."

Kat was pouting and Yelena chuckled. They walked quietly through the store when an unexpected question left her niece's mouth, making Yelena almost fall flat on her face in surprise. "Does Mama not love us anymore?"

Yelena brought them to a stop and crouched down in front of Kat. "Of course Mama loves you guys. What on Earth made you think otherwise?"

Kat crossed her arms over her chest. "Because Mama hasn't been home for a long time," she mumbled.

Yelena brought a hand up to her face in disbelief and dropped it before responding. "You know your mama is working, Kat. I know you aren't used to her being gone for so long, but

it's a part of her job. Trust me, your mama would much rather be here with you than those stinky bad guys."

Kat giggled softly, and Yelena smiled at her. "I miss her too, you know. So does your mommy."

"I know," Kat said.

"Good. Then what do you say we get this ice cream, go home, and spend some time with your mommy so you aren't feeling this way anymore. I don't like it when you're sad принцесса." (princess)

"I don't like being sad. It's boring."

Yelena shook her head in amusement, failing to stifle her chuckles. "Yes, it is quite 'boring' as you put it. Come here you little rascal," Yelena stated as she brought Katarina in for a hug. "Я люблю тебя катарина." (I love you Katarina)

"Я тоже тебя люблю тетя лена." (I love you too Aunt Lena)

After they separated, Yelena grabbed Katarina's hand and they searched the store for their ice cream. Once they got a tub of each of their favorites, along with a few things Yelena needed for her apartment, they put their bags in the car and climbed in. Yelena started it and they were off to the house. Little did Katarina know what was waiting for her at home.

The house

Yelena unlocked the door and Kat rushed in, taking care not to drop their ice cream. She put it on the kitchen table and shouted. "Mommy?!"

"In the living room sweetheart! I've got a surprise for you!" was Carol's response.

As soon as the word 'surprise' left Carol's mouth, Kat teleported from the kitchen to the living room. Yelena rushed after her, not wanting to miss the moment. She saw Natasha lurking in the hallway. Seeing Yelena, Natasha winked at her and put her finger to her lips. Yelena gave her an imperceptible nod and continued watching her niece. On an impulse, she took her phone out and began recording.

"What's the surprise Mommy?" Kat asked, jumping around in circles around Carol's legs.

"First off, I need you to stand still." Once her daughter stopped bouncing around, Carol continued. "Now, I want you to close your eyes. Only open them when I say you can."

Yelena panned the camera to Natasha in the hallway, quietly walking over and coming to a stop in front of her daughter.

"Ok honey, now open!"

Kat's eyes immediately opened and she gasped, seeing her mama in front of her.

“Привет, дорогая.” (Hey there, sweetheart)

“Mama!” Kat exclaimed, launching herself at Natasha. The redhead easily caught her daughter and held her close, Katarina clinging to her like a koala cub does to its mother.

“I missed you Mama,” Kat said.

“I missed you too darling, so much,” Natasha replied.

Kat snuggled closer to her, feeling much happier now that her mama was back. Yelena and Carol were looking at the pair with bright smiles, Yelena still recording.

“Mama?”

“Yes моя любовь?” (my love)

“Can we watch movies in a blanket fort and with ice cream?”

“Of course we can,” Natasha said, smiling down at her daughter with such love and warmth it made Yelena and Carol feel even more privileged to this moment. They both knew how hard it was for Natasha to express love for people she cares about, but seeing her do it so effortlessly with them and with Kat made them feel honored that she chose to love them. Once you were caught in the web, there was no turning back, not that either of them wanted to.

Kat cheered and that’s when Yelena ended the recording. She was just able to send it to her sister before Katarina roped her into building the fort while Natasha and Carol got the ice cream. When they all got settled, Yelena next to Carol while Kat was laying in Natasha’s lap, they started the first of many movies in their Disney marathon. They had the time of their life, especially now that Natasha was back. They enjoyed their ice cream, poking fun at each other and the characters, and basking in the family they were lucky enough to have and the love they held for each other.

Chapter End Notes

Requests? Also, two things. One, I couldn't pass up the chance to use "American Pie" along with ScarJo's voice, and second, "Moonraker" was actually the movie Nat was watching and reciting the lines with in Black Widow when she was hiding out in Norway in that trailer.

Carol Snaps

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, I'm back. This was requested by onepiece0209: What if Carol snapped and never came back? (evil)

Thank you for the request, and I hope this is what you were asking for :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Carol sped through the battlefield, holding the gauntlet, she saw Thanos aiming for the van. Knowing she wasn't going to get there in time, she shot straight up into the air, avoiding the explosion of the van. She looked down at the battlefield, and she knew what she had to do.

She put the gauntlet on and moved so she was above Thanos. "You may be inevitable, but you certainly aren't immortal." With that, Carol summoned all of her strength, along with her powers (which meant going full binary), and snapped. A white light covered the entire field as she was tossed from the blast to the ground. Carol gasped as an unbearable pain spread throughout her entire body, making it feel like she was on fire.

"Carol? Baby?"

Carol, with great difficulty and effort, lifted her head to look up at her girlfriend. "Nat?" she rasped.

Natasha swallowed the lump in her throat, gently lifting Carol's body so it was resting against a broken piece of the compound.

"Did we win?"

Nat nodded, no longer being able to fight her tears.

"That's good. Oh, Nat, sweetheart, please don't cry," Carol said, weakly lifting her hand to touch her girlfriend's cheek. She never did like the sight of tears on her lover's face and in those beautiful blue-green eyes, because it meant Natasha was sad, and she hated it when Natasha was sad. Such a goddess deserved to be showered with praise, love, affection, and happiness every minute of every hour of every day.

Natasha lifted her hand and held it against Carol's on her cheek, still valiantly trying to stop her sobs.

"Please babe, don't cry."

“I love you,” Natasha sobbed, pressing their foreheads together.

Carol was struggling to breathe, her lungs desperately working to receive oxygen, resisting the darkness that was rapidly overtaking her body. “I love you too,” she managed to croak out. “Promise me something.”

“Anything,” Natasha said hastily, the tears streaming faster and faster with each second she witnessed her girlfriend wrestle with death.

“Promise me you will find love again.”

Natasha was shaking her head in an instant, defiantly staring into those brown orbs she loved so much despite how glossy her eyes were. “No, absolutely not. I love you and I will only ever love you.”

“Natasha, please,” Carol gasped, the inferno she was feeling before now ten times stronger. It would be so easy to give in, but she kept fighting because she needed Nat to make this promise. “Promise me you will find love again. Promise me that you will move on, that you will share that wonderful and big heart with someone else.”

“I can’t. Not if I’ll always love you,” Natasha sobbed.

“Shhh, it’s ok. I know, and that’s ok. Just promise me you will find someone else to love, and please, don’t push them away,” Carol said, briefly glancing over to the heroes who were watching them, a few of them also crying. “They only want to help you. Please, Nat, promise me these two things. Please.”

Natasha was sobbing, her girlfriend practically begging by the end. “I promise моя любовь, I promise.” (my love)

“Good. I love you Nat, and please, be happy again.” With that, Carol took her last breath, her hand still being held against Natasha’s cheek.

Natasha let out an agonizing, pain-filled scream and collapsed on top of Carol’s body, sobbing, gasping for breath through her tears. Nobody made a move, everyone frozen in grief and shock. After a while, Natasha’s sobs stopped, the occasional hiccup escaping until it was deathly silent.

“Nat?” Steve asked, carefully approaching his friend, not quite sure what she would do.

She turned to look at him, clutching Carol’s body in her grasp, the grief, loss, and pain evident by not only her tears (which were still streaming) but her expression and in her eyes. “She’s dead,” Natasha said softly.

“I know,” he replied just as softly.

Natasha looked between Steve and Carol. “Will you..?”

Steve, knowing what she was asking, nodded. He swallowed heavily as he bent down and lifted Carol’s body into his arms, saying a silent thank you to her. Each of the heroes bowed

their heads as Steve and Natasha passed. Natasha held her head up high despite her obvious pain. Steve was the one who had to call Fury and inform him of what had transpired.

A few days later, Carol's funeral

Natasha was numb, silent, and cold. Not the type of cold that causes goosebumps. No, the type of cold that settles so deep into your bones that no matter how many layers you have or how many blankets there are, nothing can warm it up. Natasha had decided to bury Carol next to her best friend, Maria Rambeau. Maria had passed away during the blip due to cancer. Her treatments had stopped helping so she decided to stop them altogether. She and Carol had been dating for almost a year by that point. Natasha remembered to this day how Maria's death had affected her girlfriend, and how later on Carol said she couldn't have gotten through it without her. Nat felt pinpricks in her eyes because of that and returned to the present, watching Fury as he went to the front next to Carol's casket on the opposite side of herself and Monica.

Natasha was quickly able to track down Carol's niece after everyone returned from being dusted thanks to some help from old SHIELD data, back from when Fury first became the director. She pulled Monica outside of the hospital and gently explained everything that had happened while she was gone. Monica had cried and Natasha brought her in for a hug, letting the younger woman cling to her while shedding a few more tears of her own over her girlfriend's death. She informed Monica of the details of the funeral and the woman promised to be there. So there she was, next to Natasha as they mourned the loss of one of the most important people in their lives and got ready to bury her.

"When I first met Carol, she had fallen through a blockbuster video store and emerged perfectly unharmed, wearing her uniform, only back then it was in Kree colors," Nick began, and everyone's attention was on him. "She approached the patrolman, asking if he was in charge of security for the district and if she was on C-53, followed by asking where there was communications equipment. When that man called us, Phil Coulson and I never could have predicted how rapidly and how vastly our lives would change because of it and because of her. She was intelligent, witty, brave, loyal, and cared very much about doing the right thing, even if others were fighting against her every step of the way. She was also a huge pain in my ass and made me want to punch that cocky smirk off her face every minute I was with her."

A few chuckles followed that last statement, and when it died down, Nick continued. "Many of you know about the Avengers Initiative, and how it brought together a group of heroes to help us fight battles we, as humans, could never hope to win. What many of you don't know is where I got that idea from. It was from this remarkable woman. Her name was Captain Carol 'Avenger' Danvers when she was a pilot with the Air Force before she received her powers. Without her, I wouldn't have been able to become Director Fury of SHIELD. Without her, the Avengers wouldn't exist. Without her, aliens would have succeeded a long time ago at infiltrating our planet. So thank you, Carol Danvers, Captain Marvel, for saving us time and time again. We all owe you more than we can ever hope to repay. You were a hero to all, loved by millions, but most importantly, a friend, an ally, to us. 'Higher, further, faster' was your motto, and we will all strive to achieve it for you, always."

Natasha's head was hanging down as she listened to Nick's speech, tears falling throughout. When he was done, she locked eyes with him, not needing any words to show him how grateful she was to him. He nodded his head at her, and everyone began stepping forward to place a rose on the casket. Natasha was the last, blinking rapidly to chase away the tears as she pressed a soft kiss to the rose before placing it on top of her girlfriend's casket. When she stepped away, the casket was lowered to the ground. Slowly but gradually, people began to leave, but not Natasha. She stayed there, staring at the headstone, no longer holding back her anguished cries. She dropped to her knees in front of the freshly covered grave, her eyes reading over the blurry words (due to her tears).

Carol Danvers

Hero Friend Family

Aug. 17, 1962 – Oct. 17, 2023

"Higher, Further, Faster"

"Always loved

Never forgotten"

For the next few days, Natasha refused to leave her room. She laid in bed, curled up in the fetal position, and stared at the wall with a blank face, devoid of any emotion whatsoever. She refused to eat when anyone else was with her, and even then she would just nibble at whatever she had been brought. She refused to shower, to move anywhere other than her spot. She refused to wash the laundry or move anything in the room, because this way, at least she could pretend her girlfriend was coming home after an extended period. She refused to talk and acknowledge anyone in fear of her facade falling apart. She refused to fall asleep, because every time she closed her eyes, she saw Carol, taking her last breath, dying, right in front of her. She refused to go out on missions because she didn't have the proper strength nor energy to drag herself to the bathroom, much less to the Quinjet and another state or country. She refused everything that made her Natasha and reminded her of Carol, and that included the Avengers.

It was only when she was alone and sure nobody else was close enough to hear she would break down. Sobs wracking her frame, her eyes puffy, red, swollen, and sore from all of her crying. She never gave it, or anything, much notice anymore. How was she supposed to move on and act like everything was fine when her heart was buried six feet underground?

Two years later

"Hey baby, I'm back. I know I visited a few days ago but I couldn't not come on your birthday. You'll be interested to know that I've got a girlfriend now. I'm not sure if you've met her but it's Maria, Maria Hill. She takes care of me Carol, and I think you'd like her. She isn't scared of telling me off, something you'd appreciate. She's never pushed me unless I needed it, she understands me in ways only you could. She's compassionate, sweet, a total badass on and off the field, but also really kind, loving, and caring. She's also the only girl I've dated in these past few months that hasn't given me a lecture on coming back here to

talk to you. She encourages me to do it because she knows how much I need it. I think, in time, I might be able to love her the way I loved you. You made me promise to move on, to fall in love again, and I think I am. It'll take time, but I think it can happen with Maria."

Natasha wiped away a few stray tears before continuing with a soft smile. "But that's enough of that. You'll be happy to know Yelena came back a few days ago to visit. She's done some thinking and she wants to settle down here, in Louisiana, to be closer to me. I think it's a great idea, but I think Maria will get sick of her within five minutes of her being here. I can't blame her honestly, because Yelena is a force to be reckoned with. But they'll warm up to each other once they get to know each other better.

"Umm, my therapy is going well. I don't know if I've told you, but the therapist Sam recommended has worked wonders for me. He's patient and can handle me, something you know very few people can do. It's been going so well that last week he said that I only need to come every month unless of course it's an emergency and then I'm free to contact him, no matter the time of day. He's not only helped me with your death but my past as well. It's refreshing to not have to wake up due to nightmares, and to get a decent night's sleep.

"All of the Avengers are good, so is Monica. She and I have stayed in contact, but right now she's busy trying to track down Wanda along with an entire missing town, Westview, with an organization Maria helped form in 1995 called SWORD. I told her to contact me if she needed anything, but since she hasn't I'm assuming she's alright. Maybe I'll try to call her later today. She misses you and says to wish you a happy birthday since she can't be here. And she says to say hi and that she misses you, Maria.

"Anyways, I came down to wish you a happy birthday, and to let you know that I'm happy, happier than I've been since you saved us all. I'll always love you, and you will always hold a piece of my heart. I'll be back soon, so goodbye, for now, моя любовь." (my love)

Natasha replaced the old bouquet with the ones she brought. She stood up, pressed a kiss to her fingers, and held it against Carol's headstone for a moment. She headed down the small slope of the hill, throwing the old bouquet in the trash on her way to Maria, who was patiently waiting in her black truck.

"Are you alright?"

Natasha smiled at her girlfriend while buckling her seatbelt, settling in her seat as Maria began the drive to her apartment. "Yeah, I am. I really am."

Maria smiled sweetly at her and placed her right hand on the redhead's thigh. Natasha linked their hands together and they drove the rest of the way like that, Natasha thinking that perhaps Carol was right. She did have the ability to open her heart to love again.

Chapter End Notes

Requests?

How Could you be so Stupid?!

Chapter Notes

I know, I know, two updates in one day? It's crazy! This one is a bit short but sweet. It was requested by MoreThanJustSurviving. They requested the one about Nat getting hurt and Yelena and Carol arguing over her, and this was their response to my reply: That would be great! Maybe also another one where they end up getting along with each other?!

Here it is, I hope you like it :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Nat, you alright?” Steve asked, taking down the last HYDRA guard so they could make their escape.

“Just peachy,” she shot back, sprinting out of the base just in time for the explosives Tony, herself, and Clint had implanted.

“You sure? You lost quite a bit of blood back there.”

“Steve, I’m fine,” Natasha growled.

He held his hands up in surrender. They walked the rest of the way to the Quinjet, Nat limping the entire way.

“Nat? Are you alright?” Clint asked, his eyes immediately landing on the deep stab wound on her thigh.

Nat groaned. “Barton, I’m fine. If one more person asks me if I’m alright, you all will be sorry.”

“At least let Bruce look at it,” Clint tried to argue. “It might need stitches.”

Natasha glared at him, and Clint backed off. She got up and found an empty locker room. After double-checking it was empty, Natasha locked the door and removed the tourniquet on her thigh before she peeled off her catsuit, leaving her in her bra and panties. She took out the first aid kit she nicked from the main hangar of the jet and got out the alcohol wipes. She winced at the first touch but quickly got to work when it passed. Once that was done, she could see it was quite deep and would need stitches. She got the needle and suture out and began threading it through her skin, not flinching the slightest at the pulling of her skin. She only needed five, which was nothing compared to other injuries she’s received. She applied some antibiotic ointment and placed some non-sticky gauze over the wound. Once she was done, she put everything away and slipped back into her catsuit. She remembered to put the

tourniquet over so she didn't give herself away. Natasha gave herself a quick once over, and satisfied with the results, she put the kit back before sneaking back into the main hangar of the jet.

"Where'd you disappear to?" asked Steve.

"Bathroom. Does Clint need any help up there?"

"Yeah."

Natasha made her way up the cockpit, Steve's eyes following her retreating backside, face pinched with worry and concern.

Avengers Compound

When the Quinjet landed, everyone got off, the last two being Nat and Clint. Yelena and Carol were waiting and seeing the redhead, relieved looks crossed their faces.

"I just think you should get it checked out, just in case. I don't want you to die from stubbornness," they heard Clint say as the two got closer to the blondes.

"For the last time Clint, I'm fine. It's just a little scratch, nothing I can't handle," Natasha responded, exasperation lacing her voice. Yelena and Carol both noticed the slight limp the redhead had but didn't say anything, wanting to hear what Nat had to say about it.

"Will you two talk some sense into her? I can't," Clint fumed before storming off.

Nat rolled her eyes at his mini temper tantrum and turned to face the two blondes, smile falling when she saw their faces. "No. No way. I'm not going to the medical wing. I. Am. Fine." Natasha emphasized each word to try and convince them she was indeed fine.

"What happened?" Carol asked, hands on her hips while Yelena's arms were crossed.

"I got stabbed in the thigh, nothing major. It's not that deep and it didn't puncture any major arteries. Hence, I am fine. I just want to shower and rest."

"Only if you get it checked," Yelena said.

Nat groaned. "I don't need it checked. I'm fine."

"Are you sure? Or are you just being stubborn, like Clint said?" Yelena asked while glaring at her sister.

Natasha sighed. "Will you stop bugging me if I get it checked?"

"Yes," they said simultaneously.

Natasha groaned again and started her trek to the medical wing, Yelena and Carol following with triumphant looks being traded.

Medical wing

“Natasha is right. As long as she changes the bandage and applies the ointment it will heal just fine.”

Natasha gave them a look that said *I told you so* and *Are you satisfied now?*

“Should she have done them herself?” Carol asked, pointedly ignoring the smug look on her girlfriend’s face.

“Yeah, how could she be so stupid to do them herself?!” Yelena questioned incredulously.

“She was right to do them. Otherwise, she would have bled out. And she wasn’t being stupid, considering I taught her how to do them,” Dr. Cho revealed.

“You couldn’t have told us this from the start?!” Yelena exclaimed.

Nat smirked at them. “Where’s the fun in that? Besides, I like watching you two think you’re right.” Natasha turned to the brunette. “I’m good to go?”

Dr. Cho shook her head at Natasha but smiled at her and told her that she was indeed good to go.

“Great. Until next time Doc,” Nat said while hopping off the exam table, shouting an “I love you idiots!” before disappearing down the hall.

“She’s so dead,” Yelena grumbled.

“Totally,” Carol agreed.

“Heard that!”

They both sighed. They thanked Helen for her help and also left the medical wing, plotting their revenge against Natasha along the way.

Chapter End Notes

Requests?

Yelena's got a Boyfriend?!

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, I'm back! I'm truly sorry I haven't updated in a while, it's just the week before last my aunt had her wedding and I was a bridesmaid. We had so much fun and my aunt looked absolutely stunning. But then, unfortunately, my cousin, who was already feeling sick, tested positive for COVID. Luckily, my parents, my siblings, and I all tested negative, so I've been busy with that and checking in with him on a daily basis to see if he's feeling any better. We're all praying to God that he overcomes this and that we all stay healthy. So yeah, that's what's been happening and why I haven't updated. I'm truly sorry but I'm here now, and so is the next one shot.

This was requested by Teddy on ff.net. They said Prompt: Yelena has a secret girlfriend/boyfriend and Nat and Carol try to figure out who they are.

I hope this is what you wanted :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Natasha and Carol stared at Yelena in astonishment. She was looking at her phone and giggling. Yelena doesn't giggle.

“She doesn't giggle. Ever,” Natasha whispered to her girlfriend out of the corner of her mouth.

“I know, I'm scared,” Carol replied, also whispering.

They continued to stare as Yelena texted the person back and put her phone down. She looked at the two women who were staring at her in confusion with her own head tilt. “Is something wrong?”

“Who were you talking to?”

Natasha's jaw dropped and Carol's eyes widened when Yelena began blushing. Blushing. Something was definitely going on, and they were going to get to the bottom of it.

“No-No one,” Yelena stuttered, tucking a stray strand of her hair behind her ears.

“Yelena, you are blushing. You never blush. Who were you talking to?” Natasha asked.

“Nobody important,” she said, and this time she slid her gaze away from her sister and sister-in-law to look at her hands, playing with her fingers. “Are you guys hungry? I'm hungry,” Yelena said in an attempt to change the subject.

Natasha narrowed her eyes but let the subject drop. She would figure it out eventually.

Later that night

“Who do you think she was talking to?” Carol asked as they got ready to climb into bed.

“I think I have an idea,” Natasha replied.

“Oh yeah? And what idea is that?”

“Simple. Yelena has a boyfriend.”

Carol swiveled her head to stare at her girlfriend with her mouth agape and her eyes wide.

“What? Yelena? A boyfriend? We are talking about the same Yelena right? As in, your sister Yelena? The trained spy and assassin? *She* has a boyfriend?”

Natasha rolled her eyes and punched Carol’s arm, receiving a glare from the blonde. “It’s the only thing that makes sense. I mean, think about it. She’s got something planned almost every night, she smiles, *blushes*, and *giggles*, and she won’t say anything about it. Yelena’s in love, or very close to it.”

Carol’s mouth dropped even further. “Holy shit,” she said, in complete awe. “Yelena has a boyfriend.”

Natasha had a smug smirk on her face. “Now all we have to do is to steal her phone.”

“That’s gonna be hard babe. She’s got the same training you do and she never goes anywhere without it.”

The next day

“Are you sure this will work?” Carol asked Nat in a whisper.

Natasha rolled her eyes. “Of course it will. Now go,” she said, shoving Carol into the kitchen where Yelena was eating cereal.

“Morning Carol,” she said, briefly looking away from the TV to Carol before returning to it.

“Morning,” Carol replied.

“Good morning Natasha! My phone is in my pocket!”

Natasha walked back to the kitchen, glowering at her smirking sister.

“Good try though. Maybe next time,” Yelena said, walking away after placing her bowl and spoon in the sink.

“Told you it wouldn’t work,” Carol said.

Natasha narrowed her eyes at Yelena’s retreating back. “It will.”

Two hours later

Yelena had gone down to the training room, so Natasha, naturally, snuck into the locker room and went through her sister's bag, huffing angrily when she couldn't find Yelena's phone. She went through Yelena's locker too, but there was no sign of it.

"Really Natasha?" Yelena asked, holding her phone up in the air and giving the redhead a look.

"Yes really," Natasha replied.

Yelena shook her head and grabbed her bag from the bench, walking away from her sister, again.

Ten minutes later

Carol saw that Yelena went to take a shower, and she took the chance to go into her room, searching frantically and quickly for the phone. Tugging a hand through her hair when she couldn't find it, she sighed in defeat.

"You too?" Yelena asked while exiting the bathroom in her robe with her hair up in a towel and her phone in hand.

Carol smiled sheepishly and Yelena pointed a finger to the door, slamming it behind Carol's back and locking all of the locks for safe measure.

Later that same day

Yelena was getting fed up with her sister and Carol. They had tried stealing her phone five more times throughout the day, and it was irritating Yelena to no end. She was about ready to cave in and tell them when she got a text. She looked down and immediately smiled.

A little birdie told me Natasha and Carol are trying to figure us out :)

Yelena chuckled while typing her reply.

Yes, and it's getting on my last nerve.

Maybe we should just tell them?

Yelena snorted.

No way, I'm having way too much fun watching them struggle to try and figure it out.

You are evil, but I love it :) And you too I guess.

Yelena shook her head in amusement. *Gee thanks Buck.*

Aww, come on Doll. You know I love you.

I love you too.

Three days later

“Bozhe moi,” Yelena said when she saw Clint drop from the vents into her room, trying to take her phone off the charger. (Oh my God) She stalked over to him, yanked her phone off the charger, and stormed over to the living room where everyone was lounging around, Clint following like a lost puppy.

“Ok, I've had enough of this!” Yelena exclaimed, slamming her phone onto the table and startling all of the Avengers, even Natasha. “You two,” she seethed, pointing at Carol and Natasha. “At first, I'll admit, I liked seeing you two struggle and figure out who I'm dating. Now? Now you are just getting on my last nerve, not to mention almost everyone is involved now! Yes, I have a boyfriend, and yes, he is an Avenger. But it's my life! Can't something belong to just me just this once?!”

Carol and Natasha's faces dropped into ones of understanding, and Carol spoke. “We're sorry Yelena, we were just curious. If you had just said something, we would've left it alone.”

“She's right, Yelena,” Natasha agreed. “I was curious, not because I didn't know who it was, but because I wanted to know if he was good enough for you. I just wanted to protect you, the way I should've back in the Red Room.”

Yelena's face softened as well. “I understand that Natasha, I really do because I was the same when you and Carol started dating. Can you just be happy for me until I'm ready?”

Natasha nodded and got up to give Yelena a hug, clutching her not so little sister. “Я люблю тебя, Елена, и мне искренне жаль.” (I love you, Yelena, and I truly am sorry)

“Я тоже тебя люблю, Наташа, и прощаю тебя.” (I love you too Natasha, and I forgive you)

“It's me,” Bucky said, standing up from his seat.

Natasha pulled away from Yelena and looked at Bucky with a raised eyebrow while everyone else stared in confusion.

“Bucky—” Yelena started, but she was interrupted by him.

“I'm Yelena's boyfriend.”

Everyone began talking over each other at once. “Quiet!” Natasha shouted, and they stopped. “One at a time please.”

“Why didn't you tell me? I'm your best friend,” Steve said, a slightly hurt expression on his face.

“Because it was new, and we wanted time to ourselves to figure everything out,” Bucky explained.

Yelena smiled at him and he returned it.

“How long have you been dating?” Wanda asked.

“Five months,” said Yelena.

“And you're only telling us now? Well done,” Tony said. “This is the perfect time to—”

“Celebrate. We should have a party,” everyone finished, laughing at Tony's expression.

“Are you happy?” Natasha asked.

They looked at Yelena and Bucky expectantly, Yelena having moved so she was next to him and his metal arm around her waist. “Happier than I've ever been,” Yelena said, looking into Bucky's eyes and smiling the brightest smile Natasha had seen on her since before the Red Room.

“Me too,” Bucky said, leaning down to place a kiss on her lips.

“Get a room!” Carol shouted, a wide-ass grin on her face while Yelena stuck her middle finger up at her without breaking the kiss.

The couple sat down and continued answering everyone's questions. Natasha was just smiling at them the whole time, because her baby sister had finally found the love she deserved. She looked at Carol next to her and intertwined their hands, giving Carol's hand a squeeze, smiling when it was returned. She couldn't wait to see what the future held for her sister and Bucky.

Chapter End Notes

Requests?

Why are you so Stubborn?!

Chapter Notes

OMG guys I'm so sorry I haven't updated in so long! School plus work plus stress equals no time to update. Just a little FYI, because of all of that, updates will be more sporadic and idk if I'll have time to update every week. I'll be damn sure to try, but no promises. Also, since I'm working on quite a few requests, I'm not accepting anymore at this time. I'll be sure to let you all know when I am. Thanks so much if you guys are still reading.

This was requested by YouRuttingFool: I LOVE THESE HOLY SHIT, they give me so much freaking happiness as I'm reading them ;v;

If i may make a request I'm a sucker for pain, so maybe something where Carol gets hurt and tries to hide it and makes it worse so Nat chews her out for being an idiot and takes care of her?

Or Nat is out on a mission when Yelena gets hurt so Carol takes care of her but they don't have the best relationship because it's thick as thieves or mortal enemies with them and this time they picked the later, so we get sister-in-law and fiance bonding (maybe Katrina's there and is the perfect little nurse for her aunt)

This is your first request and I'm working on the second. I hope it lives up to your expectations :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Carol, behind you!” Sam shouted.

Carol turned around to face the alien coming at her only to be shot in the shoulder by a blue laser beam. She hissed in pain but ignored it for the time being to attack and bring down the slimy bastard that had just shot her. When she defeated the alien, she lifted her hand to her shoulder, cursing when it came back sticky with blood.

“You alright?” Steve asked as he took down the last alien.

Wanda and Sam, who were assigned to this mission with her and Steve, were standing by the Captain, Wanda looking at her with concern.

“I’m fine,” Carol shrugged off the question while surveying the battlefield.

They had figured out that an invasive group of aliens from another planet Carol had saved from them had somehow managed to escape and get to Earth. They had located them in a secluded area in Manhattan, and since it was a smaller group, Fury felt comfortable sending her with only three other Avengers.

“Did we get all of them?” Wanda asked.

“Let’s hope so. If I ever see any of these bastards again, they’ll be sorry,” Carol replied.

“You should get that checked by Bruce or someone in medical when we get back,” Steve told her as they were heading back to the Quinjet.

“Thanks for the concern Cap, but I’m fine.”

Steve raised an eyebrow, pointedly staring at the wound which was bleeding at a steady pace. She looked down at it and shrugged, mentally wincing at the stinging sensation.

“If you’re sure,” Steve said with uncertainty. He made a mental note to try and get ahold of Nat when they got back. Fury sent her on a separate mission, and nobody has been able to contact her and she hasn’t contacted them. He was still going to try though because he had a feeling Carol was in more pain than she was letting on.

“I am.”

“Alright,” he breathed out, sitting in the seat behind Sam, who was in the copilot seat.

Avengers Compound

Carol had tied up her shoulder so the blood would stop on the Quinjet, which left her free to go straight to her room. She shed her suit and hopped into the shower, sighing in relief when the hot water hit her sore and bruised muscles, relaxing her. She quickly washed her hair and body, and once she toweled off and got dressed in shorts and a sports bra, she took off her makeshift bandage to see the full extent of the damage to her shoulder. She winced when she saw the large patch of burnt flesh. She inhaled sharply as she poked at it, causing it to sting badly. She applied some burn ointment and tied it back up in a clean bandage. When that was done, she left the bathroom and collapsed onto her bed, asleep before her head hit her pillow.

Carol awoke to feel nauseous, disoriented, and clammy. She stumbled out of bed and to the bathroom where she proceeded to puke her guts out into the toilet. She wiped her mouth with some toilet paper and flushed the toilet, placing her head against the cool tile of the bathroom. She must’ve dozed off like that, because the next thing she registered was Steve carrying her in his arms, yelling for someone to come help. She thought she saw a flash of red, but chalked it up to a figment of her imagination.

“Wha’s happening?” She sounded sluggish and found it hard to get the question out, which she thought was odd.

“We’re getting you help,” he told her breathily as he was speed walking down the hall to the medical room.

“M’kay,” she said before passing out.

After Carol entered the compound

“Nick, I need to talk to Nat,” Steve declared as he entered his office.

Fury looked up, unimpressed, from where he was seated at his desk. “And why do you need to do that?”

“Because Carol got injured on our mission and she's refusing treatment.”

Fury showed no outward reaction, but internally he was wondering what the hell she did this time to hurt herself. “If I remember correctly Captain, everyone can decide for themselves if they need medical or not. Even if others think they should.”

Steve had a slight frown forming and a crease between his eyebrows. “Do you know how to contact her or not?”

Fury sighed but unlocked a drawer in his desk and handed Steve what appeared to be a burner phone. Steve opened it and saw only one number saved to it. He rang and put the phone to his ear.

“Hello?”

“Nat, it's Steve.”

Steve couldn't see it, but Natasha's brows furrowed at that. “Why do you have this phone?”

He figured she was somewhere near her target and that's why she couldn't use names. “Captain got injured and is refusing treatment. I think it's a lot worse than she thinks.”

“Let me put you on hold for a minute.” Steve heard her ask someone to take the phone, and he patiently stood there as he heard Nat taking her targets out. Fury was staring at Steve blankly, though inwardly he was amused. People never realize they shouldn't underestimate Natasha, and when they do, she's already gotten everything she's needed and disappeared.

“Alright, I'm back. What happened?” Natasha asked as she walked away from the now tied-up and unconscious men.

Steve explained the situation, and Nat's brows were furrowed the entire explanation. “I told her to get checked out, but she refused. She didn't look too good when we landed, and I'm honestly worried that she's in a lot more pain than she's admitting to.”

“Which is none I'm assuming.”

Steve agreed.

“I'm coming back. Tell Fury to send agents to my location and that the mission is complete. I'm not too far away so I can be there in ten minutes.”

“I'll see you when you get here.”

Natasha ended the call, and Steve handed the phone back to Nick. “She says to send agents to her location for cleanup and that she'll be here in ten minutes.”

“Alrighty then, that's that. Now get the hell out of my office.”

Steve shook his head but left the office to wait at the main entrance of the building for Nat. True to her word, she pulled up ten minutes later. Outwardly, she was showing no signs of worry or stress, but Steve could see the underlying concern in her eyes. Much as she would like for her mask to be impenetrable, Steve knew her too well for that. They could read each other, and that's what made them such a great team and best friends.

“She went to your room when we landed,” Steve told her as they began walking through the compound.

Nat nodded but said nothing. They walked in silence, Steve turning away from the door so Nat could punch in their code to get into the room. The room was dark, but there was a sliver of light coming from the bathroom door. “Carol? Babe? It's me.”

There was no response, so Nat tested the door and was surprised to see it unlocked. She raced over to Carol when she saw her girlfriend unconscious. She tried rousing her but to no avail. She peeled off Carol's shirt and took off the bandage, gasping at the injury. The area was still burnt badly, a second-close-to-third degree burn, but now, they could see something black pumping slowly from Carol's injury to her elbow downwards, and to her collarbone upwards. “Steve, we need to get her to Bruce! Now!” Nat exclaimed.

With that, Steve was brought out of his state of shock and rushed over to Nat and Carol, picking the blonde up as easily as someone would a 10-pound weight. He adjusted her so he was holding her bridal style and began his jog through the compound, Natasha right on his heels. He was shouting for help as they approached medical when he felt Carol stir.

“Wha's happening?”

Her words were slurred, which wasn't a good sign. “We're getting you help,” he said, slightly panting from the exertion this was causing.

“M'kay,” he heard her acknowledge him before blacking out again.

He quickened his pace and placed her on the stretcher. Bruce and Helen immediately set to work.

“What happened?” Bruce asked, taking Carol's vitals while Cho was attaching an IV.

“She got shot, right shoulder, on our mission,” Steve said.

Bruce inspected it, concern and a slightly fearful expression appearing. “We need everyone to gear up now. Steve, Nat, we all need to be decontaminated, and we need to start pumping her with Ataxia.”

“Bruce, what's wrong with my girlfriend?!” Natasha demanded.

“Whatever she was shot with, it was laced Kraivyth,” he said while ushering them to the section other workers had sectioned off for decontamination.

“What's that?” Steve asked.

“It's a poison, a very deadly and dangerous one. It starts by causing nausea and vomiting, followed by confusion, hence the passing out, and a slowing heart rate. Then it causes pain, millions of neurons feeling like they're on fire all at once. And if it reaches either her kidney or her heart, well...” Bruce trailed off, and Natasha's anger kicked in.

She shoved Bruce against the wall and stared into the depths of his soul, not giving a damn about the Hulk at the moment.

“I swear to God, if you don't find a way to stop this in time, I will tear you and the Hulk into pieces and scatter you across the galaxies,” Natasha growled in his face.

Not only was Bruce himself trembling with fear, but the Hulk was too.

Scary Nat, he told Bruce.

She's just worried, Bruce replied.

Fix Carol, happy Nat.

I'm trying my best.

Try more!

Bruce shook his head but brought his attention back to Nat. “She's going to be fine. We got to her in time. *You* brought her to us in time. We’ve already started an IV with Ataxia, the antidote. I'm going to suggest putting her in a medically induced coma for a few days, just so her body can rest. I'll regulate her vitals and if anything goes wrong, I'll be there to figure it out.”

Natasha eyed Bruce, and seeing nothing but the truth in his eyes, she backed off. She rapidly turned away from him and headed to the area of the medical wing that was now set up for their decontamination and quarantine.

“She's just scared,” Steve informed a shaky Banner.

“So am I,” Bruce muttered under his breath.

Steve could hear it though because of his super hearing, and he shook his head in slight amusement before following Nat’s lead and entering the decontamination unit.

Two hours later

Natasha was pacing the hall. Forward seven steps, spin on her heels, back seven steps, spin on her heels, forward seven steps, spin again, back seven steps. Steve followed her with his eyes for about twenty seconds when he told her to stop because she was making him dizzy. Natasha scowled at him but sat down in the chair across from him anyways. She placed her elbows on her knees and pitched her head into her hands. Steve reached out and touched her knee, making those green blue eyes meet his baby blue ones. He gave her what he felt was a sympathetic smile, and she dropped her hands from her face to fiddle with the strings of the navy scrubs they had to change into.

“You heard Bruce. We got to her in time. She's going to be fine.”

Natasha scoffed. “Yeah, no thanks to her. What on earth was she thinking?! She got shot by alien technology and thought, ‘hey, I'm going to pretend this never happened because I feel fine?!’ No! Fucking stupid is what that decision was!”

Steve gave her a look, and she arched an eyebrow at him. “What?”

“You know what.”

“No, I really don't.”

“You do, you just don't want to admit it. Which is fine, if you're a coward,” Steve said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Natasha narrowed her eyes at him but didn't fall for the goading he was doing. “Nice try Steve.”

He chuckled. “It was worth a shot.”

The corner of her mouth lifted up, and Steve took that as a sign of success. “That's the first Natasha-like thing I've seen all day.”

“The anger wasn't?”

“No, because that's not you. You try not to let it show, but you care about all of us. You sign with Clint to make him feel more comfortable and at home, you bake with Wanda and you're an older sister to her, you bring Tony coffee and tell him off when he's been in the lab too long.

“For Bruce, you make sure if someone pisses him off, you're the first one he sees come to his defense so he knows he isn't alone, you don't get mad at Thor when he speaks loudly or when he wants to talk to you about his family, specifically Loki. You've helped Bucky settle into the compound by being a silent shoulder for him to lean on, you answer all of Vision's questions, no matter how incessant he is or how many he has. You've taught Sam methods to help the other vets that he hasn't thought of, and you've helped him make his aim more accurate and faster than it's ever been.

“As for me? You've become my best friend, Nat. You've become someone I can confide in, someone I can go to when I'm feeling overwhelmed, whether it's from nightmares or stuff about this world that I don't understand. You've helped me become better, better at being a person, a friend, a teammate, a leader, and a hero. You've let me come to you in my own time, but you also know when I need a shove in the right direction. You're someone I can rely on, someone I trust infinitely, both on and off the field. You teach me things I've never known or been good at, like effective disguises and how to sneak up on someone. But most importantly, you've taught me that I can't spend the rest of my life hiding from people because I'm scared of losing them. As for all of us, you help us train so we can continue to improve as a team, heroes, and plain old people.”

Natasha was just staring at Steve. Her eyes were rapidly moving from eye to eye, and seeing no deception, the shock remained.

“I never thought I'd see the day someone would render you speechless,” he chuckled nervously, his cheeks tinted pink. He brought a hand up to the back of his neck and scratched it awkwardly as Nat continued to stare at him.

“You mean that?”

It was Steve's turn to be shocked. “How could I not?”

He swore he saw her eyes glimmering with tears for a split second, but it disappeared as quickly as it came. “You're not too bad of a friend yourself Rogers,” Natasha finally responded with a small smirk.

He scoffed, but was relieved she was back. “I'm hurt,” Steve pouted.

Natasha chuckled and they fell into a comfortable silence, the redhead falling back into her seat and quietly staring at the ceiling, pondering everything Steve revealed to her and just how she would kill her girlfriend if the poison didn't.

A few days later

“All of the Kraivyth is out of her system. Her vitals look good, and her body is pretty much healed. We'll still keep her here for a few days, just to make sure, but I'll be waking her from the coma now.”

Natasha nodded at Bruce and immediately began playing with her fingers, staring at her girlfriend intensely as Bruce put the drug that would wake her into the IV.

“Remember, she might not wake right away. It might take a few minutes, hours, or even days. It depends on her now.”

“Thanks Bruce,” Steve said, noticing Nat wasn't paying any attention, just nodding along cluelessly.

He nodded and left the room, in turn leaving Steve with a pissed and concerned ex-assassin, spy, and Avenger.

“Take it easy on her,” Steve said, making Natasha's head whip towards him, her glare making even his super soldier self cower in fear.

“Take it easy on her?! She almost got herself killed because she's so goddamn stupid and selfrighteous!”

Steve gave his friend a look, telling her to calm down before he kicked her out for disturbing everyone.

She huffed and turned away from him and back to the pale figure of her girlfriend. It was only a few minutes later when Carol began to stir, grimacing at the bright lights. “Ughh, it's

too early for this.”

“You've been out for almost a week,” Natasha said flatly.

“What? Nat? Why are you here?” Carol asked while carefully propping herself up against the mountain of pillows on her bed.

“I'm here because you decided to be idiotic and not get checked out! After getting shot! By freaking alien technology!” Natasha fumed.

Carol gave her girlfriend an embarrassed and small smile. “I thought I was ok?” she questioned rather than stated.

“You got shot, by alien technology, as in, technology from another fucking planet, and you THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE OK?!?!”

“Yes?”

Natasha literally growled, and both Carol and Steve flinched. “You don't realize how bad it was, do you?! You were poisoned, Carol! You could've died!”

“But I'm fine,” the blonde protested.

“Yes, but only after Steve called me because he thought something more serious was happening with you! And he was right! Without him, we wouldn't have found you passed out in our bathroom, with poison coursing through your veins! Don't you get it?! You would be dead if Steve didn't have the guts to talk to Fury in order to call me! And if he didn't call me, where would that leave me?! Alone and unable to love again, because of your stubbornness! God, why are you so fucking stubborn?!”

Natasha stormed out, leaving behind a chagrined Carol and a speechless Steve.

“I'm just, gonna go,” he said while standing from his chair, practically racing down the hallway to the elevators so he could escape the wrath of angry Natasha. He would definitely be hiding in his room until she was done kicking whoever's ass was in the training room.

“FRIDAY, tell everyone, except for Agent Romanoff, obviously, to stay away from her for the time being. I don't want anyone receiving any unnecessary injuries.”

“Of course, Capsicle,” FRIDAY replied.

Steve groaned. Every time he tried to correct FRIDAY, she would stop, only to start again because Tony would fix it again. It was an endless cycle, and an annoying one at that.

Meanwhile, Carol was kicking herself for worrying Natasha like that. She knew how hard it was for the redhead to open herself up to love, and here she was, almost abandoning the woman she'd come to love because she was too damn proud to get help when she knew she needed it. She'd figure out some way to make it up to the redhead. She had to.

After Natasha had cooled off (by laying punches on the punching bag for almost an hour), she headed back up to the medical wing to Carol's room. She saw her girlfriend asleep, and her heart clenched with relief. She was alive, and she was ok. That was all that mattered.

"Hey," Carol rasped, waking up to see Natasha in the doorway.

"Hey," she replied. "I brought a few things. A couple of our favorite movies because I know you'll be stuck here for a little while, a few as snacks, our blanket, and your favorite tea."

Carol smiled widely at Natasha. "Thank you. Now put in *Moonraker* and come cuddle with me," she said, holding her arms out.

Natasha smiled back and quickly put the movie in, climbing into the hospital bed with the blonde and sighing in content as Carol's arms wrapped around her.

"Love you," Carol murmured before the movie started.

"я тоже тебя люблю." (I love you too)

Chapter End Notes

Just thought I should repeat this. I'm working on quite a few requests, so I'm not accepting anymore at this time. I'll be sure to let you all know when I am. Love you all <3

And please, leave kudos and your thoughts if you haven't, they boost us authors up in ways you won't believe :)

Natasha's Plan

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! I'm back with another update. I'm sorry it's been a while, but my life has been crazy busy. It's slowed down a bit, and I was able to catch my breath and write this for you all! Thank you if you're still reading, and if you're new, welcome!

This was the second out of two requests by YouRuttingFool: Nat is out on a mission when Yelena gets hurt so Carol takes care of her but they don't have the best relationship because it's thick as thieves or mortal enemies with them and this time they picked the latter, so we get sister-in-law and fiance bonding (maybe Katarina's there and is the perfect little nurse for her aunt)

This is for you, and I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re leaving me with her?!” Carol exclaimed with a glare and scowl.

Natasha rolled her eyes and continued packing her bag. “I’ve got a mission, I can’t refuse to go because you and my sister can’t get your heads out of your asses.”

“I hate her Nat! And she hates me!”

Natasha briefly looked up to raise an eyebrow at her fiancée before stuffing the last of her clothes into her bag. “I’m going to say goodbye to our daughter,” Natasha said, completely ignoring Carol’s mini tantrum.

Carol groaned but followed Nat out of their room.

“Do you have to leave Mama?” Katarina asked, her big green blue eyes filled with tears.

“Oh моя любовь, you know I do,” Natasha said, pulling her daughter in for a hug, Katarina clinging to her, sniffles escaping her tiny body. (my love) “Sweetheart, I promise I’ll be back soon,” Natasha said while pulling away. “You take care of Mommy and Auntie Lena, ok? Make sure they don’t get into trouble. Can you do that for me?”

Katarina nodded her little head rapidly with a small smile. “Ok Mama. Я люблю вас.” (I love you)

“Я тоже тебя люблю, дорогая, так сильно. I’ll see you when I get back.” (I love you too darling, so much)

Kat nodded with another snuffle and ran off to her room. Natasha's heart broke every time she had to leave her family, but she didn't have a choice.

"She'll be fine. You know she will," Carol said in an attempt to convince her fiancée that everything would indeed be fine.

"She will, especially if you and Yelena can get along for once in your lives," Natasha said, a small smirk at the corner of her lips.

"Haha," Carol replied dryly.

"I love you honey, and I'll see you when I get back," Natasha said, giving her fiancée a kiss on the lips before leaving the house, though not before Carol told her she loved her.

When the redhead left, Carol groaned aloud while begrudgingly retrieving her phone so she could text her acquaintance, if she could even call her that.

Nat's on a mission and she wants you to come over to help with Katarina.

She doesn't trust you with her daughter apparently.

Carol growled angrily at her phone.

No! That's not why, and Katarina is OUR daughter.

Legally, she's Natasha's. I'm coming over for her and Natasha's sake, not yours. I'll be there in ten.

Fine.

Fine.

Carol had to refrain herself from throwing her phone across the room when Yelena said Katarina wasn't her daughter. Yes, Natasha may have had her before they started dating, but they had discussed it and Natasha wanted Carol to adopt Katarina, and Carol wanted it as well. Katarina was just as much her daughter as she was Natasha's, and that's the truth. She would do anything for Katarina, including putting up with Yelena. For whatever reason, Katarina adored her "Auntie Lena." Carol didn't understand what she saw in that monster, but Katarina loved her, so Carol had to play nice when it involved her daughter.

"Mommy?"

Carol looked at her daughter who was in the doorway to her and Natasha's bedroom, clutching her stuffed spider, Bitsy, with teary eyes.

"Yes sweetheart?" she asked softly, beckoning Katarina to her.

Katarina flung herself into Carol's arms, and Carol easily scooped her up and placed her daughter in her lap.

“How long is Mama gonna be gone?” the mini-blonde asked, looking at her mother with doe eyes.

Carol sighed, wrapping her arms around her daughter that much tighter. “I don’t know honey. Mama will be back whenever she defeats the bad guys.”

“And Mama always beats the bad guys,” Katarina said with a big smile.

“Yes she does,” Carol chuckled.

“Mama said Auntie Lena is coming.”

Carol held back her sigh. “She is.”

“Why don’t you and Auntie Lena like each other?” Katarina asked, her childish curiosity getting the better of her.

“We like each other.”

Katarina gave Carol a patented Natasha Romanoff *I don’t believe a single word that just came out of your mouth* look. “Mommy, I love you, but I don’t believe you.”

Carol chuckled awkwardly. “Mommy and Auntie Lena just don’t get along honey.”

“Why?”

Before Carol could even think of a response, the doorbell rang.

“Is that Auntie Lena?!” Katarina exclaimed, and hopped off of Carol’s lap and made a dash through the living and dining room to reach the door.

Carol got there right before she could open the door. “Kat, remember what Mama and I said?”

“To have you check the peephole before I open the door,” she mumbled, feeling a bit ashamed.

“That’s right,” Carol said while looking out the peephole, seeing Yelena with a duffle bag, looking a little miffed at being kept waiting.

Just as Yelena was about to knock, Carol swung the door open, making Yelena stumble a bit before righting herself. She glared at Carol while Carol was trying to hide a smirk.

“Auntie Lena!” Kat yelled, launching herself at her aunt.

Yelena knelt down and caught her exuberant niece, smiling to herself.

“Are you gonna be here until Mama comes back?” Katarina asked, looking between her mom and her aunt.

“I am,” Yelena smirked while Carol growled lowly.

“Come here Auntie Lena! I have to show you my new animals! Mama and Mommy got them for me ‘cause I did good in preschool!” Katarina exclaimed, tugging on her aunt’s hand to get her moving.

“Alright, alright, I’m coming,” she said, tossing her duffel bag in Carol’s direction before following her niece.

Carol huffed, but nonetheless, being the *gracious* host she was, brought the bag to the guest room that was unofficially Yelena’s. She tossed it onto the bed and retreated back to the living room to continue watching the movie she and Nat had started before the redhead had been called by Maria Hill. Since Fury was “dead,” Maria became the new director of SHIELD. She had gotten about ten minutes further into the movie before she heard Katarina’s screams and Yelena cursing in Russian. She sped through the living room to the backyard, pausing in the doorway to take in the scene.

“Mommy! Help!” Kat cried, running to her mom, tears streaming down her face.

“Are you alright sweetheart?” she asked, trying to calm Kat while figuring out how to help Yelena. She felt Kat nod against her neck, and breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

“What happened?” she asked nobody in particular.

“Come help me,” Yelena said through gritted teeth, trying not to show just how much pain she was in.

“Ok Kat, I need you to go to Mommy’s phone in the living room and dial 9-1-1. Can you do that for me?”

Katarina nodded her head rapidly, so Carol set her down and Kat took off.

“Is she alright?” Yelena asked.

“She’s fine. You should be concerned about yourself. What the hell happened?” Carol asked, trying to figure out the best way to approach the hunched over blonde without getting her head bitten off.

Yelena hissed when Carol gently took hold of her clearly broken arm, prodding it to see if her blood flow had been compromised and if she could still feel everything. “*цика*,” Yelena growled at a particularly harsh prod. (bitch) “I was playing with Kat when she fell from the tree. I caught her and she landed on my arm.”

“Alright, come on,” Carol said, standing by Yelena’s side and watching her carefully on their trek to the living room. “Sit on the couch and I’ll be back,” Carol said before dashing to her and Nat’s bathroom for the emergency kit. She was hoping it would have everything needed to splint Yelena’s arm. They had boxes in the house, and Carol ripped off a large portion, then headed back to Yelena, who was doing her best to keep a brave face for her niece.

“Kat sweetheart, I’m gonna need you to do something really important for me.”

Katarina looked at her mom and eagerly nodded her head.

“I want you to go tell Mrs. Sanders what happened and have her wait for the ambulance with you. Can you do that?”

“Yes Mommy.”

“Ok sweetheart. Now go,” Carol said, shooing her daughter out the front door and making sure she made it to their neighbor’s. When she saw Mrs. Sanders’ door open, Carol headed back to Yelena in the living room.

She sat down in front of Yelena and gingerly took her arm to measure the size of it. Yelena winced but made no noise.

“It’s definitely broken,” Carol said.

“Oh ya think?”

Carol shot Yelena a look while cutting the cardboard so it would fit Yelena’s arm. Yelena rolled her eyes but fell silent and patiently watched Carol work. Once she had finished cutting the cardboard, Carol began shaping it. She placed a few towels that she knew Nat wouldn’t mind losing in the splint, then looked to Yelena while carefully reaching for her arm. Yelena made no effort to resist Carol, so she gently placed Yelena’s arm inside the splint. She had Yelena hold an extra roll of gauze with her broken arm, and continued packing the splint. She quickly finished up by using tape to secure the splint, asking Yelena to try and move her arm. Satisfied she couldn’t, she headed to the kitchen, wrapped some ice in a towel, and placed it on top of Yelena’s arm in the splint.

“Did Natasha teach you how to do this?” Yelena asked, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them since Carol started.

Carol shook her head. “Air Force,” she said, a small and wistful smile coming to her face as those memories of her, Maria, and Monica came flooding back.

“You were in the Army? How did I not know?”

Carol shrugged indifferently. “You never cared to ask.”

They fell silent again as Carol started to pack up the stray materials from the kit. “I can feel your eyes on me, Yelena. Just ask.”

“Why do you put up with me?”

Carol turned to Yelena with an eyebrow raised. “What do you mean?”

Yelena sighed, scratching the back of her head with her good arm. “Natasha and my family are the only ones who can stand me. Yet despite everything I’ve done to piss you off, you’ve never uninvited me into your life. Why?”

It was Carol’s turn to sigh. She sat on the table and looked Yelena dead in the eyes. “You’re Natasha’s sister. I love her, and loving her means putting up with her little sister, no matter how pissed off I get at her.”

Yelena looked away from Carol, blinking away her tears before turning back. "I'm sorry."

"What?" Carol asked, dumbfounded.

Yelena rolled her eyes. "I'm not repeating myself. You heard me."

"I think I misheard," Carol said.

At that moment, the sirens got loud until they were right outside the house. Carol went out front to greet the medics and to direct them to Yelena, thanking Mrs. Sanders for waiting with Katarina.

"Anytime dear. I hope your sister gets better."

"Thanks. So do I," Carol said, surprised at herself.

She and Katarina headed inside, Carol hiding her smirk from the medics as she heard Yelena arguing that she didn't need to go to the hospital.

"Ma'am, your arm is clearly broken. We need to take you to the hospital so they can set it properly."

"Yelena, come on," Carol interrupted.

"Please Auntie Lena? I want you to feel better," Katarina said.

Yelena sighed, knowing she couldn't refuse her niece. "Alright," she grumbled.

Katarina smiled at her aunt while Carol informed the medics they would be following the ambulance.

"Oh, and make sure you treat her right. She's Natasha Romanoff's sister," Carol told them before gathering Kat and a few things for the car. The medics looked at each other, pale as ghosts. They swallowed down their fear and silently vowed to make sure everything went as smoothly and painlessly as possible.

Time skip to after the hospital (because the author was feeling lazy and didn't want to write a bunch of medical procedures)

"Here Auntie Lena!" Kat exclaimed, holding the door open for her aunt.

"Thank you принцесса," Yelena chuckled. (princess)

"Yelena, go rest on the couch. I'll make dinner," Carol instructed.

Yelena scowled. "I've got a broken arm, I can still help."

Carol stared at Yelena. "You know as well as I do that if you want to heal you're going to have to listen to me."

Yelena groaned in annoyance. “Fine,” she huffed, stomping to the living room like a child throwing a tantrum.

“Katarina, please go watch your aunt and come get me if she tries to do anything she shouldn’t be.”

“Ok Mommy!” Kat exclaimed, rushing off after her aunt to do what was asked of her.

Carol went through their pantry, trying to figure out what to make for dinner. She gave up after only seeing a half-filled carton of eggs, a partially eaten block of cheese, broccoli, milk, and a few other stray items in the fridge and pantry. The freezer had no meat so she just decided they would have pizza tonight. She made a mental note to go shopping and asked Yelena and Kat what toppings they wanted on their pizza.

“Cheese!” Katarina exclaimed while bouncing in her spot, causing her curly gold locks to fly in her face, not that she cared.

“Yelena?” Carol asked, looking up from her phone to see Yelena had a thoughtful look on her face.

“Hmm?”

“Toppings?”

Yelena snapped out of the trance she was in. “Oh, umm, the supreme one. You know, with vegetables and meat?”

“Got it,” Carol confirmed. She ordered a pepperoni for herself and confirmed the order. “Should be here in about twenty minutes. What are you watching?”

“Auntie Lena has never seen *Frozen*!” Kat said, looking horrified at the mere thought of not knowing her favorite movie ever.

“Really?” Carol asked, a bit surprised.

“Yes, Kat and I were about to start before you asked about pizza. Join us?”

“Please Mommy?!” Kat asked, producing her big puppy eyes.

Carol was a bit shocked that Yelena was the one who extended the invitation but agreed, both of the adult blondes smiling softly at Kat who was twirling around the living room with joy.

“Alright принцесса, come on up here between me and Mommy,” Yelena said, patting the sofa with her good hand. (princess)

Katarina hopped on the couch between her aunt and her mom, grinning from ear to ear. Mommy and Auntie Lena were finally getting along! Kat didn’t know what happened, but she was happy they weren’t fighting anymore.

“Wait!” Kat shouted before the movie started. She scrambled off the couch and went through the blanket box before proudly pulling out her Olaf blanket. She clambered back up and spread the blanket over herself and Auntie Lena. “So you don’t get cold,” Kat smiled at her aunt.

“What about me?” Carol asked, faking hurt.

Katarina turned to her mommy. “You can freeze,” she said before cuddling next to her aunt.

Yelena shot Carol a smirk over Kat’s head, and Carol rolled her eyes playfully before they started the movie back up. About twenty minutes in, the doorbell rang. Carol assumed it was the pizza but grabbed the gun Natasha had stashed in the desk next to the door to be safe. She looked out the peephole and saw the pizza boy. She tucked the gun into her waistband and opened the door to the bored kid. She handed him \$10 as a tip and wished him a good day while taking the pizza, proceeding to shut the door in his face.

“Yelena, Kat, pause the movie and come get your pizza!” Carol yelled, opening the boxes and grabbing plates for everyone.

She heard the movie stop and two sets of footsteps coming her way. She grabbed her own plate and four slices just as Kat and Yelena entered the kitchen.

“What do you want to drink sweetheart?” she asked Katarina.

“Can I have water Mommy? Please?”

“Sure Kat. Yelena?” Carol asked while pouring Kat some water.

“Water for me too.”

Carol nodded and rummaged through the cabinets, smiling triumphantly when she found two clean glasses.

“You’re very proud of yourself, aren’t you?” Yelena asked, hiding her laughter from Carol at her antics.

“Yup,” Carol said, balancing her plate, Yelena’s, and their two glasses as she carefully made her way back to the living room.

“Carol, I can carry my own glass,” Yelena slightly whined.

Carol ignored her and set everything on the table. Once everyone was situated, they started the movie once more. Kat fell asleep just before Anna turned to ice.

“She’s out,” Yelena said.

Carol looked at her sleeping daughter and smiled softly, tucking a stray strand of hair behind Kat’s ear. Katarina murmured something in her sleep and cuddled closer to her mom, sighing in content as Carol wrapped an arm around her.

"I was wrong," Yelena said quietly, so quietly that Carol would've missed it if it wasn't deathly silent in the room.

"Wrong about what?" Carol asked in a whisper.

"I never should have said Katarina wasn't your daughter. She is, and I'm sorry for saying otherwise."

Carol couldn't keep her laughter in, earning a glare from Yelena and some shifting from Kat.

"What?" Yelena asked angrily.

"No, it's not bad," Carol said, still letting the occasional chuckle loose.

"Ok, then what?"

"You should've seen your face. It looked like it physically pained you to say that," Carol said with a shit-eating grin.

Yelena grumbled in annoyance and turned back to the tv, side-eyeing Carol.

"But in all honesty, thanks. You're not too bad yourself," Carol replied.

She received a whack in the face from a pillow for that. Carol shot Yelena a look, and she was the one now sporting the shit-eating and smug grin.

A few days later

"Here Auntie Lena! Mommy said it was time for you to take your medicine," Katarina informed her aunt, handing her a glass with orange juice while Carol placed a plate with breakfast in front of her, the medicine on the side.

"Thank you принцесса. You would make a good nurse," Yelena said, smiling at Kat's enthusiasm about the idea. (princess)

She looked at her plate and had to admit it both looked and smelled delicious. Three pancakes, a few slices of bacon, scrambled eggs, cottage cheese, and biscuits. Yelena's mouth quirked up as she noticed the pancakes were already cut, but nobody had said a word, and she was thankful for that. It was hard only having one arm, but she thought she was doing alright. She was brought out of her thoughts when Carol and Katarina joined her, Carol with about double the amount Yelena had and Kat with only one pancake and a small portion of eggs. Yelena went to ask for the syrup when it was placed in front of her. She shot Carol a small smile, conveying her thanks, and the blonde nodded before going back to her food, swallowing it whole.

"This is a nice surprise," Natasha said as she entered the kitchen.

"Mama!" Kat exclaimed, scrambling from her seat and leaping into Natasha's open arms.

“Hi дорогая,” Natasha said, a loving smile on her face as she finally had her daughter in her arms. (sweetheart)

“I missed you,” Kat said.

“I missed you too моя любовь.” (my love)

“Auntie Lena had an accident. She broke her arm,” Kat casually informed her mom.

Natasha’s eyes swiveled over to her sister, her brow furrowing in concern as they landed on Yelena’s arm, which was in a cast.

“And how did this happen?”

Carol and Yelena exchanged looks, acting as though they were siblings about to be scolded by their parents.

“I fell out of the tree and Auntie Lena caught me.”

Natasha brought her attention back to her daughter, annoyance clearly written on her face.

“Katarina, how many times have I told you not to climb that tree without me?”

Katarina hugged her mom tighter and buried her face in the crook of Natasha’s neck.

“Прости мама.” (sorry Mom)

Natasha sighed. “It’s alright Katarina, I think you’ve learned your lesson. Go play while I talk to Mommy and Auntie Lena.”

Kat pouted, not wanting to leave her mama after she just got back.

“It’ll only be for a few minutes sweetheart. Go,” Natasha encouraged, placing her daughter on the floor and gently nudging her to her room.

“Ok,” Kat whined, following her mama’s instructions anyway.

Natasha stood back up and stared the two blondes down. They were visibly nervous, which made her gleeful, but she didn’t let it show. She walked over to Yelena and gave her sister a hug. “ты в порядке?” (are you okay?)

“Ничего, с чем я не справлюсь,” Yelena replied. (Nothing I can’t handle)

Natasha pulled away and shot her sister a smile. She walked over to where her fiancéé was seated and gave her a quick kiss on the lips before taking a seat next to Carol. She began piling her own plate of food and instructed the two blondes to tell her everything, start to end. And they did just that. The whole time, Natasha had to do her best to hide her happiness that they were finally getting along. The thing is, she didn’t actually have a mission.

Natasha had gotten so tired of two of the people she loved most arguing at every turn that she decided to take matters into her own hand. She had told Carol she had a mission, but in reality, she had been in a hotel about an hour away, pampering herself with SHIELD money

Nick had given her for her “mission.” It had killed her to lie to her family, but it was worth it. Natasha thought of it as a win-win in her book. Her sister and her fiancée were now friends, and she had gotten a few days to herself, something she hasn’t had since Clint first brought her to SHIELD after refusing to kill her despite his orders to do so. She would forever be grateful to him for sparing her that day, because she wouldn’t have anything like the life she has now if he hadn’t. She wouldn’t have her friends, her team, her job. She certainly wouldn’t have her fiancée, daughter, or sister. She owed it all to him. She made a mental note to check in on him and his family. She hadn’t done so in a while, and thought that maybe, now that Carol and Yelena got along, she could bring Yelena to properly meet him and his family without having to worry about keeping an eye on Yelena and Carol.

Natasha returned to the conversation, and smiled deviously to herself when Yelena and Carol were arguing over some part of the story they were trying to tell her. Not the angry and tension-so-thick-you-could-cut-it-with-a-butter-knife arguing. No, the arguing that siblings did. The playful jabs and teasing one another to mess around and to have fun. Perhaps she would be able to go away more often now that they got along. Now wouldn’t that be something? Natasha gave herself a silent pat on the back for this plan. It had been one of her most successful plans involving friends and family. She was going to have fun with the next one on her list. Yes she had a list, and next in line was to get Nicholas Joseph Fury to go on one goddamn date. It would be tricky, but Natasha had a feeling she could get him to bend to her will. He always did eventually, and he owed her for faking his death and letting her believe it was real.

“Nat?”

Natasha snapped back to attention to see both Yelena and Carol looking at her with concern.

“Are you alright?”

Natasha smiled at them and intertwined her and Carol’s hands. “Yeah, I’m perfect. Everything is perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? I'm still working on some one-shots, so I'm not taking any requests, but I'll be sure to let you know when I am! :)

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE READ

Guys I'm so sorry I haven't updated in a long time, but I'm going through some really hard personal stuff right now. If I go into detail I'm just going to start bawling again like I have been for the past half hour or so. I'm going to be on hiatus for a little while until everything is sorted out. Again, I'm really sorry, and I hope you guys enjoy your Thanksgiving.

We're so Proud of You Guys!

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, thank you so much for being so supportive, it truly means the world to me. Thank you so much, and Happy New Year's Eve.

This was requested by rawr1334653: Could you one where nat and Steve are like Wanda's adoptive parents and Wanda is going off to college or like graduating or some like that :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wanda's smile reached her ears. They had done it! She and Pietro had done it! They had graduated high school! And God, did it feel amazing. The twins had never imagined they would get this far.

When they were 10, their parents had died in the war in Sokovia, due to a bomb landing near their house. The siblings were under their collapsing house, a Stark Industries bomb in front of them, for three days. Miraculously, she and Pietro had survived. They were lucky that the bomb hadn't gone off, but they wouldn't describe it as such. It was terrifying, thinking that at any second, in the blink of an eye, their lives could be over just like that. The day they were rescued was the day they were sent to America and put into the foster system. Wanda and Pietro were in and out of the orphanage for two years before Natasha and Steve.

They weren't outgoing, they weren't friendly, and they most certainly didn't engage with anyone they encountered. They stuck to each other like glue, refusing to speak to anyone but each other. They spoke very little English to others (they knew how because of their parents but they refused to) and most of the time ended up speaking in their native language. It brought them comfort in a time of despair and loneliness. It didn't help that nobody gave enough of a damn to tell them otherwise.

The twins missed their home and their parents, but they couldn't explain that to anyone. They couldn't explain their nightmares, seeing their parents killed, being trapped under a house with a bomb ticking away. Nobody understood it, and more often than not, nobody cared enough to listen. They became dependent on one another, so much so that if one of them were picked to be adopted, they would refuse to leave without the other. If they were forced, they would find some way to be sent back. They were all each other had, and they couldn't risk losing anything more than they had, especially each other.

It was a few weeks after their twelfth birthday, and they had pretty much given up hope that they would be adopted. As much as they missed and loved their parents, they knew they couldn't keep surviving like this. Their parents would most certainly not approve of their current situation. They would want the twins in a home where they would be cared for, loved,

even spoiled because they didn't get much of that in Sokovia. When they understood that this wasn't what their parents wanted for them, they decided they would try to engage with the families that wanted them, and they would only go with them if they agreed. If one of them even had the slightest hesitation, they would bring their stubbornness out and stay in the orphanage.

Every family that was interested in them—which wasn't that many—changed their minds upon meeting them. They discovered the only reason they were being visited by families was that the woman running the orphanage instructed them to talk to the twins to talk to the kids they wanted to adopt. After that, they refused to visit with anyone, thinking that they would never be adopted. One day, the woman running the place told them to be on their best behavior and to dress nicely. She proceeded to tell them that two of the Avengers were coming to visit them to see about adopting from the orphanage. Captain America and Black Widow.

Pietro and Wanda had kept their happiness to themselves, unlike the other kids who were whooping with joy and vibrating with excitement. Mrs. Copper, the head of the orphanage, then gave each child two chores to do to make the place look nothing like the dump it was.

"It would be so cool to live with a superhero," Pietro told Wanda quietly.

Wanda merely nodded her head, choosing to remain silent.

"Are you ok Wanda?"

Wanda smiled at her concerned brother. "Yes Pietro, I'm fine."

"If you say so," he said with a shrug of his shoulders before speeding off to do his second task.

Wanda thought he needed to be a bit more careful using his powers around the orphanage, but she did think it would go by faster if she used hers. She quickly looked around to make sure nobody was watching her while she wiggled her fingers and sent red wisps to the windows, cleaning them so they looked as though they were brand new.

"Finished?" Pietro asked.

Wanda nodded, so they reported to Mrs. Copper and retreated to their room.

"Pietro?"

He looked at her.

"Do you think we'll ever get adopted?" Wanda asked, biting her lip anxiously while awaiting a response.

Pietro blew his shaggy white blonde hair out of his face. "I hope so. I miss having my bed, full meals, and working showers. I guess I miss being taken care of too."

Wanda nodded thoughtfully. "I've thought about using my powers to make a family want us, but I never have because it isn't right. They have people they love too, and it's unfair of me to take that away from them because I'm selfish and want a family."

Pietro sped over to his sister and brought her in for a hug, both of them wishing more than anything that someone, someday, would take them in.

Natasha, Steve, Clint, and Laura

"Are you ready?" Steve asked Nat, squeezing her hand in his much larger one.

Natasha gave a jerky nod of her head, chewing anxiously on her lips.

"Hey," Steve said, stopping them right before they reached the front door of the orphanage. "You're going to be a wonderful mom."

Natasha smiled at her husband. *I'm good*, she signed, following with a quick peck on the lips. Earlier in the year, she had lost her ability to speak on a mission, making her mute. Her target had somehow gotten the drop on her and choked her to unconsciousness. When she woke up in the hospital, the doctors told her that there was so much damage to her vocal cords that she no longer had the ability to speak. Natasha was devastated at first, thinking that Steve would leave her because of it, but he had been nothing but supportive and he learned what he hadn't learned from her in sign language from Clint since he was partially deaf.

"Get a room you two," Clint said, earning a death glare from Nat and a slap on his arm from his wife.

"You shush," Laura scolded him, earning matching grins from Steve and Nat.

"Alright, alright. Are we ready?" Clint asked, discreetly sliding his gaze over to Nat. He and Laura had come because they both knew Natasha needed support, even if she claimed otherwise.

She gave him an imperceptible nod.

"Then what are we waiting for?"

We were waiting for you, Natasha signed smartly.

Clint stuck his tongue out at the redhead, and she simply rolled her eyes and rang the doorbell to the orphanage. The plump yet stern-looking Mrs. Copper answered, quickly opening the door and ushering the heroes (and Laura, though she's her own hero for putting up with Clint according to Natasha) inside.

"Welcome, welcome. Follow me to the play area, that's where the children are."

"Thank you for allowing us to adopt from your orphanage Mrs. Copper," Steve said, ever the gentleman.

She blushed furiously at being thanked by none other than Captain America. Natasha was amused and Clint was holding in his laughter. Laura eyed the two, knowing that they were the worst when they were together. “Oh no, it’s not a problem. All of these children are very well-behaved and they all deserve a wonderful home.”

Natasha knew the woman was lying straight through her teeth, and that irritated her to no end. These children DID deserve wonderful homes, no matter what has happened to them or what they have done. Nobody deserved to be alone or unloved during their childhood, something Natasha understood all too well.

“Here we are. If you come across a child or children you would like to adopt, they know where my office is,” Mrs. Copper told them, smiling a fake-ass smile.

Bitch, Natasha signed so only Clint could see.

He nodded slightly to her, making a small grin appear on Natasha’s face.

“Thank you again, Mrs. Copper,” Steve said, and the woman turned red once more before excusing herself.

Someone has a crush, Clint signed to Nat.

She snorted. *I’m not worried about her*.

Clint snickered and grinned when they entered the room to see all of the children gaping at them, excitement and trepidation dancing on their faces.

“Hi kids,” Steve said, waving awkwardly.

They all rushed over to him and all started talking at once. Natasha smiled sweetly at the scene as he knelt so he was at their level and began interacting with them all. Natasha and Clint decided to sit on the couch and let the kids approach them, Laura joining them after one of the children asked her if she could introduce him to Natasha and Clint. She led him over, and soon enough, all of the kids began wandering from hero to hero, in complete awe of them. After about ten minutes, Natasha excused herself and headed to the bathroom. She hated that Clint had to translate for her, but she didn’t have much of a choice. Natasha walked past all of the rooms before she stopped. She headed back to the one she just passed. Peeking her head in, she saw two kids, maybe 12-13, just sitting on the bed and talking. Her heart clenched in sympathy when she caught a glimpse of their faces, all hope lost. Natasha walked in, and the two jumped, red wisps coming from the girl’s hands and red in her eyes.

Natasha raised an eyebrow but stopped a few feet short of the two teens, her hands raised the whole time to indicate she wasn’t a threat. Gradually, the red wisps disappeared and the girl’s eyes returned to their normal hazel-brown color.

Did I startle you? Natasha signed with a smirk, lowering her hands as the redhead sheepishly looked to the floor. She then realized they probably couldn’t understand her, and she frowned as she thought of a way to communicate with them.

“I’m sorry about my sister, please don’t tell anyone about what you saw, we would be killed if someone found out,” Pietro found himself pleading to this oddly familiar-looking woman.

Your secret is safe with me. Natasha promised, locking eyes with both of the teens. *How do you know sign language?*

They breathed out sighs of relief. “We know it because of our parents. Our mom was deaf, so we learned because of her,” Wanda explained.

Natasha nodded and asked if she could sit. Wanda hesitantly nodded her head since it was her room Natasha was in. She gestured for the twins to sit, and they did so reluctantly.

How long have you had your powers? Natasha asked, breaking the silence so to speak.

The twins looked at each other, silently communicating.

You don’t know who I am, otherwise, you’d be more willing to tell me.

Wanda and Pietro studied the woman a bit closer, both of them gasping in surprise, awe, and excitement when they realized they were with THE Black Widow. She smirked at them as they continued to stare at her in awe. *Have I got something on my face?* she asked, causing them to look embarrassed.

“I’m sorry, it’s just,”

“We’ve never met an actual superhero before,” Pietro finished Wanda’s sentence.

I’m sure you would have rather met Thor or Captain America as your first, Natasha signed, her smile just barely falling and her eyes dimming just the slightest.

“No way!” Wanda exclaimed, blushing at her outburst. “You’re my favorite,” Wanda admitted quietly, shyly tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

Natasha turned to the girl and smiled softly, shocked that she could be anyone’s favorite after all she has done, the red in her ledger she has yet to wipe out. *Well then, maybe you should introduce yourselves.*

Wanda and Pietro traded embarrassed looks. “I’m Wanda Maximoff, that’s my twin brother Pietro.”

Wanda and Pietro. Are you Sokovian?

“Yes,” Pietro said, shocked.

Do you remember anything from your language? Natasha asked.

“We do.” Wanda said in Sokovian.

“How did you know?” Pietro asked curiously.

I went on a mission there a few years back. I pick up on languages very fast. I would be speaking it to you right now if I could.

“That's amazing,” Wanda said, switching back to English.

Thank you, Natasha signed. What powers do you have exactly?

“I've got super speed,” Pietro said, giving Natasha a demonstration by zooming around the room and plopping back on the bed within a second.

“I don't exactly know everything I can do. I can move objects and read minds,” Wanda explained, red wisps coming from her fingers as she brought a picture of her and Pietro from the dresser to Natasha's hands.

Have you had any training or told anyone?

Wanda shook her head.

“You're the first,” Pietro admitted.

I'm honored, Natasha signed with a smirk, then her serious side took over. You two are lucky you haven't had any major accidents with your powers. You know, I'm an Avenger. I could bring you guys to the tower and there, you would have the proper training needed for your powers.

“Really?!” they asked Natasha at the same time.

Yeah, but before I talk to Steve and Clint, I came down here to use the bathroom and that urge is only increasing.

Wanda and Pietro laughed, telling her the directions to the bathroom. Natasha promised she would be back and slipped out of the room. When they heard the bathroom door shut, they laughed in complete and utter giddiness. Pietro began zooming around the room, Wanda shrieking with excitement.

“We just met the Black Widow,” Pietro said, slightly out of breath but beaming.

“I know!” Wanda exclaimed, falling back onto her bed with a dramatic sigh. “I can now die happy.”

Pietro sniggered but joined his sister, laying on the bed and staring at the ceiling.

“Pietro?”

“Hmm?”

“Do you think she would, you know...” Wanda trailed off.

“Adopt us?” Pietro finished knowingly, turning his head so he was looking at Wanda.

Wanda nodded, and Pietro sighed wistfully. “It would be wonderful.”

What would be wonderful? Natasha signed right above them, scaring the teens and causing Pietro to fall off the bed in surprise. Neither of them had heard her come back into the room.

Natasha’s chest rumbled with laughter and Wanda was laughing, the former apologizing in sign as rapidly as she could while helping him back up.

“Nothing important, just a thought,” Wana said.

Natasha raised an eyebrow, knowing the girl was lying but she figured if Wanda was comfortable enough, she would tell her.

Alright then, ready to meet Captain America and Hawkeye?

The twins nodded gleefully, glued to Natasha’s side as she led them back to the main area of the orphanage. There, she found Clint and Laura playing with a few of the kids while Steve was reading stories to the others. Natasha signed to the twins, telling them to stay put. She sauntered over to Steve, placing a hand on his shoulder. He looked up and smiled when he saw Nat.

“What’s up?” he asked softly.

Wanda and Pietro watched nervously as Natasha began signing to her husband, Captain America, and eventually gestured to them. Steve nodded and told the kids he would be right back and that they could either wait there or go play with Laura and Clint.

“You get all that Barton?” Steve asked, talking into the comms. They never knew when danger would strike, so Tony had upgraded the comms to turn on and off whenever they pleased. He also modified them so they could talk to as many or as few people as they wanted or needed to.

“Two kids with powers in the orphanage. How could I not?” he replied quietly.

Natasha rolled her eyes and switched her comms off so she didn’t have to listen to her idiot friend, Steve and Clint doing the same.

“He’s coming over here,” Pietro whispered, gaping as the 6-foot supersoldier approached them.

“Yup,” Wanda squeaked.

“You have powers?” Steve asked quietly.

Wanda and Pietro nodded, dumbfounded that they have now met both Captain America and Black Widow on the same day.

Natasha turned her back to the twins so they couldn’t see what she was signing. *Can we take them? Please?*

Steve made sure he wasn't visible by the twins either. *Are you sure?*

Yes. I feel more connected to them than any other child I've met. They're very sweet kids, they just haven't had a chance. They also understand sign language which is why I'm facing you.

Steve nodded thoughtfully. *I trust you, Nat. We'll bring them with us.*

Natasha beamed and threw herself into Steve's arms, sighing contentedly as his muscular and safe arms held her close. Steve smiled to himself and pressed a kiss to Natasha's fiery red curls before turning his attention to the anxious teens. "How would you two like to come back to the tower with us?"

Wanda and Pietro's eyes widened comically, and Pietro began vibrating—quite literally—in excitement.

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Seriously," Steve confirmed.

"Is this a dream?" Wanda asked, looking unbelievably between the two heroes.

It's not a dream Wanda. We want you to come home with us , Nat signed with a hopeful smile. *Will you?*

"Yes!" she exclaimed, launching herself at the assassin, wrapping herself around the redhead, who was in complete shock.

Natasha smiled softly and wrapped her arms around the girl, her chest rumbling with laughter as Pietro and Steve joined in, the new family hugging for the first time.

Present

When they were dismissed, it was chaos. Half of the students were celebrating and congratulating their friends, while the other half were trying to find their families through the masses. Wanda spotted their mom's red hair through the crowd and pointed it out to Pietro. He followed her through the crowd, and when they reached their family, they were tackled into a large hug by none other than their adoptive mother.

I'm so proud of you two! Nat signed eagerly when she finally let go of them, her brilliant green eyes brimming with happy tears and a proud smile on her face.

"Thanks Mom. We couldn't have done it without you and Dad," Wanda said, smiling tearfully at their mom, the woman who had decided they were worth saving and who had convinced Steve to take a chance on them.

"We are so lucky to have you guys as our kids," Steve said, laughing as Pietro pouted at him for ruffling his hair.

So lucky, Natasha signed.

“I think we were the lucky ones,” Pietro replied.

“We really couldn’t have done it without you,” Wanda said. “I love you.”

I love you, Natasha signed before bringing her children in for another hug, this time her husband joining in as well.

“I love you all too,” Steve said.

“Me too,” Pietro replied.

They pulled away and chatted for a bit longer before Wanda noticed something.

“Why isn’t Tony or Maria or anyone here?” Wanda asked.

“Because your mother told them if they showed up here and ruined your graduation, she was going to kill them and make it look like an accident,” Steve said, amused.

I didn’t want them ruining today for you guys, Natasha signed, a teasing glint in her eyes.

“Thanks Mom,” Pietro said, a goofy grin on his face as he gave her a swift peck on the cheek.

“Are you guys ready to go?” Steve asked.

Do you need to congratulate any of your friends? Natasha signed.

“No, they were gonna meet us at the party,” Wanda said.

“Alright then,” Steve said, smiling proudly at his children.

“Let’s go home,” Wanda said.

We raised them well, Natasha signed to her husband.

“We sure did,” Steve agreed.

Chapter End Notes

I love you all, and thank you for your kind words. I wish you all health, happiness, joy, and laughter in 2022!!

Bonding

Chapter Notes

Wow guys, I am so sorry! Life has been hectic, but I've finally had time to update! I'm working on the request maariyah7438 on Wattpad gave me. I promise, it will be here soon! For now, I hope you enjoy this quick little thing between Wanda and Natasha!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Natasha shot up out of bed, gasping for breath, her sleep shirt sticking to her like glue. Natasha ran a hand through her moist hair, her heart pounding against her sternum. Ever since the battle against Ultron, when Wanda got into her head, she had been having recurring nightmares about Madame B. and the Red Room. She glanced over at the clock and sighed, seeing it was almost 3 AM. She knew she wasn't going to be getting anymore sleep, so she hopped out of bed and peeled her clothes off, throwing them into the hamper.

When Natasha finished showering, she threw on undergarments, an oversized black t-shirt (with the AC/DC logo) she had stolen from Tony that went down to the middle of her thighs, and a pair of black spandex underneath. She tied her wet hair up into a messy bun and padded softly down the hall to the elevator. FRIDAY greeted her quietly, asking where she wanted to go. "The kitchen, thanks."

"Of course Miss Romanoff. Is there anything else I can assist you with?"

"I'm all set FRIDAY. And if Tony asks, you didn't see me with this shirt."

"Understood."

With that, the elevator pinged softly, the doors smoothly sliding open and letting the redhead off. Natasha didn't make a sound as she walked across the tiles, her stealth coming in handy as she didn't want to wake anyone. They were constantly on missions, so being in the tower with beds that had comfortable mattresses was a luxury, as was sleep. It's part of the reason Natasha was so cautious, along with the fact that it had been instilled in her very early on during her training at the Red Room. Natasha shuddered at the thought, grateful that the Red Room no longer existed and that Dreykov was dead, unable to torture and raise any more defenseless little girls to be master assassins.

Natasha reached the kitchen and found the stash of chocolate she had expertly kept secret from the other Avengers, especially Clint who liked to annoy her by eating her snacks. She grabbed a saucepan and filled it about halfway with milk, putting it to a temperature hot enough that it would heat up, but not enough for it to begin boiling. As that went on, she chopped up the chocolate and put it into a small bowl to microwave it. FRIDAY alerted her to the chocolate finishing in the microwave without having it beep so as not to disturb the other

residents. Natasha took the chocolate out and stirred. Happy with the result (no clumps) she waited a few more minutes for the milk to finish, turned the stove off, then added the melted chocolate in, stirring as she poured bit by bit into the saucepan. She tasted a small spoon, smiling to herself at the creamy, smooth flavor. Natasha grabbed a mug with a Captain America shield—they had quite a few, courtesy of none other than Tony—and poured the hot chocolate in, topping it off with marshmallows.

Natasha sat at the stool at the counter and sipped at her drink, scrolling mindlessly through the different social media apps on the phone, reading the latest tabloids about the Avengers, including herself. Natasha always found amusement in the articles, even snorting to herself at the absolute absurdity of some. All of the articles were either about Tony and how long his thing with Pepper was going to last, or about herself. Supposedly she was in a relationship or sleeping with one of the other male Avengers.

Many of them suggested she and Steve had some kind of thing, and while they did become friends and have an understanding of one another, they were both interested in other people. Steve was, no doubt, head over heels for his best friend, Bucky Barnes. As for herself, she may or may not have a crush on a certain blonde hair, flying, shooting laser beams out of her hands, space traveler captain.

Before Natasha could delve deeper into her feelings about Carol Danvers, she sensed someone walking towards the kitchen. Natasha subtly reached for the knife she had left near her from cutting up the chocolate, relaxing a fraction of an inch when she saw who had interrupted her peace and quiet, also interrupting her time away from her suffocating thoughts. “Wanda,” Natasha greeted coolly.

Wanda shot Natasha a very weak smile before slumping down in the stool across from the redhead. “Natasha.”

Natasha still wasn’t sure about Wanda, so she had insisted the teenager greet her by her full name until she deemed Wanda reliable and trustworthy. Given what had happened during the events of Sokovia and the nightmares that followed, Natasha wasn’t keen on becoming chatty with the young woman anytime soon. “Why are you up at..?” Natasha trailed off, staring at the clock. “3:27.”

Wanda shrugged her shoulders, her leg bouncing up and down, avoiding Natasha’s piercing gaze. It only took Natasha a second to realize the nerves, the bags under her eyes, and the avoidance meant one thing: the teen was also having nightmares. The more Natasha thought about it, the more sense it made. Wanda’s brother had died, her home country was blown up into smithereens, not to mention being HYDRA’s captive and working alongside Ultron without all of the facts. Now, here she was living with the people who had convinced her to switch sides, all the while nobody had bothered to befriend the girl. Natasha sighed to herself and got up, grabbing another mug from the cabinet along the way. She poured some hot chocolate into the mug, stirring it to make sure it was smooth. “Marshmallows?”

Wanda looked up, clearly shocked Natasha was even acknowledging her, but she didn’t let it show in her response. “Please.”

Natasha threw a few in and wordlessly slid the mug over to Wanda before settling back onto the stool, sipping at her hot chocolate as she picked up where she had left off on her phone. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Wanda pick the mug up and bring it to her lips, her eyes lighting up in delight. Natasha smirked to herself, though it disappeared as soon as it had come. The redhead could feel Wanda's curiosity as she non-discreetly stared at Natasha. Natasha looked up, meeting her eyes. Wanda squeaked in surprise at being caught and ducked her head, her hair hiding her face as her cheeks turned as red as Natasha's hair.

Natasha let her phone rest on the counter as she waited patiently for Wanda to meet her eyes. "Wanda, if you want to ask me something, just ask. I'm not going to bite."

Wanda looked up at that, still blushing but determined to stare the ex-assassin in the eyes. "It's just—" Wanda stopped herself from saying anything more and began playing with her necklace.

Natasha raised an eyebrow but didn't comment, understanding that Wanda was just mustering up the courage to confess to whatever she wanted to confess to.

"I haven't been able to sleep," Wanda said, her shoulders slumping at the admission. She curled in on herself and brought the mug closer to her chest, unable or unwilling to look Natasha in the eyes.

"Nightmares?" Natasha asked, though the question was more for Wanda's sake than hers, seeing as she already knew the answer.

Wanda didn't respond verbally, just nodded her head slightly.

"How long?"

"I've always had them, but Pietro was always there to comfort me, and I to comfort him," she said, tearing up at the thought of her dead brother. "Now, I've got nobody."

Natasha tilted her head. "You have us."

Wanda shook her head in disagreement. "Nobody has even bothered to talk to me since I've been here. Occasionally Steve or Clint will ask me how I'm doing, and Tony will sometimes crack a joke, but other than that, I'm invisible. They seem to follow your example of not talking to me."

"My example?" Natasha asked, unable to keep the shock from coming through.

"Yes," Wanda nodded. "You may not see it, but they respect and trust you. It probably has to do with the fact that Clint and Steve follow your lead as much as everyone else follows Steve's."

Natasha took another sip of her hot chocolate as she attempted to form a coherent sentence, her thoughts running amuck. "While that may be true, they don't follow my example when it comes to you. You may have helped us defeat Ultron, but before you did so, you fucked with everyone's minds. It'll take time to earn their trust."

Wanda nodded, taking Natasha's advice to heart. "How do I do that?"

"Well, you could start by not hiding in your room every single day. Come down and eat meals with us, show them you're willing to work on being their friend, someone they can rely on. We all have very shitty and fucked up trust issues."

"Ok, I can do that," Wanda said.

"I'll tell you what, after breakfast tomorrow, why don't you come down to the training room with me?"

Wanda looked at Natasha with disbelief written all over her face. "Really?"

Natasha nodded. "You can't always rely on your powers. You should learn other ways to defend yourself, and other ways to attack your opponents."

"I suppose, though I've never fought without them before," Wanda said, biting her lip anxiously.

"That is the point of training," Natasha smirked.

Wanda laughed a little. "I suppose you're right."

"I'm always right," Natasha said, drinking the last of her hot chocolate.

"Are you leaving?"

Natasha was about to say yes, it's almost 4, they should get some sleep, but instead, seeing Wanda's pleading look, she shook her head. "I'm just grabbing another cup. I was going to head to the living room to watch some tv, you're welcome to join me if you'd like."

"Are you sure?" Wanda asked, trying not to sound too hopeful, but failing.

Natasha nodded. "Do you want some more?"

"Yes, please."

Wanda used her powers to levitate her mug over to Natasha. The redhead shook her head in amusement but filled Wanda's mug, adding a few more marshmallows than before. Wanda levitated her mug back to herself while Natasha filled the pan with water and soap, letting it soak.

"Come on," Natasha said, leading the way to the living room, mug in her hands.

Wanda eagerly hopped off the stool and followed Natasha, hesitating as she saw Natasha had sat on the large couch big enough for three people.

"Well, are you just going to stand there or come sit down?"

Wanda scurried over to the opposite end of the couch Natasha was on, surprised when she saw Natasha throw a blanket over the two of them.

“Any suggestions?” Natasha asked as she was scrolling through the channels.

Wanda shook her head. Natasha continued scrolling until she saw Wanda’s eyes light up again. She shook her head, muttering to herself, as she clicked on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*.

“My father would bring home the DVD’s of comedies he couldn’t sell, and it was a tradition to sit down and watch them together,” Wanda whispered.

Natasha glanced over, the glow of the television illuminating Wanda’s face, including the tears that were starting to fall.

“Come here,” Natasha murmured, reaching over and gently guiding Wanda into her arms.

Wanda buried her face into Natasha’s chest, her tears falling at a faster rate until she was sobbing in Natasha’s arms, clutching the redhead tight. She cried for her parents, for Pietro, for her home country, for what HYDRA put her through.

“That’s it, just let it all out. I’m right here, Wanda,” Natasha whispered, holding back her own tears. Having Wanda in her arms like this reminded her of when she would hold Yelena the same way when she was upset about something.

Wanda continued to cry in Natasha’s arms for what felt like hours but was really only minutes. When she tried to move away out of sheer embarrassment, the ex-assassin’s arms tightened around her. Wanda glanced up at Natasha, and seeing the woman was focused on the television, Wanda allowed herself to relax, her head still on Natasha’s chest, the other woman’s heartbeat calming her.

“It’s ok to break down,” she heard Natasha whisper.

“I know,” was Wanda’s soft reply.

Natasha traced random, soothing patterns on Wanda’s shoulder, lulling the teenager into a trance. Her eyes were fluttering closed against her will, but she was just so comfortable, and for the first time in a long time, she felt so safe, that she gave in to the feeling, falling asleep right there in Natasha’s embrace.

Sensing the change in the girl, Natasha looked down to see Wanda fast asleep, still clutching her tightly. She continued to softly stroke Wanda’s arm, unable to fall asleep herself, but wanting to watch over the witch and protect her. Something about Wanda reminded Natasha of Yelena, and Natasha swore she would do everything in her power to protect Wanda to the best of her ability. Whether it be from her nightmares, a sworn enemy, or even herself, Natasha was going to be there, the way she wished she could have been for Yelena in the Red Room.

Thoughts? I'll be accepting more requests soon, promise!

Get Off My Sister!

Chapter Notes

Wow, wow, wow!!!! I am so so so so sorry I haven't updated in like two months, I can't even fathom it!! I thank you all for being so so so patient with me and continuing to encourage me to write. I finally got some free time and managed to finish this request from Wattpad up, it feels like I've been working on it forever! I'm sorry it took so long @maariyah7438, but it's here now! I really hope you enjoy it considering I took forevvvvveeeerrrrre to put it up. Here it is everyone, and thanks once again!!

P.S. I can't believe this has over 7000 reads, eeekkkk!!! Thanks so much everyone!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Can I come stay with you at the tower?"

"Nice to hear from you, sis," Natasha responded, ignoring the shocked and confused stares of the other Avengers.

"Please, Natasha. Melina and Alexei are driving me insane. они идиоты и так раздражают." (they are idiots and so annoying)

Natasha sighed, rubbing a tired hand over her face. "I haven't heard from you in three months and now you want me to let you stay here?"

"Yes," Yelena said, rolling her eyes at her sister's dramatics. "It's not like you've called me either."

Nat conceded Yelena's point, glancing around at the others who were trying and failing—miserably, might she add—to hide their interest in her conversation. It hit her, then, Yelena's out of the blue call. "You are already on your way, aren't you?"

"Good guess. You haven't lost your touch being around the big ones."

"How far are you?"

"Two, maybe three days."

It was Natasha's turn to roll her eyes. Exhausted, she laid her head on her boyfriend's chest, Steve easily wrapping an arm around her, holding her close to him. "Fine, but there's a lot we need to bring each other up to speed on."

"Agreed. So, do you still do your poses when you fight? I would think so, you are a poser after all."

"Bye Yelena." Natasha hung up, tossed her phone into her lap, and cuddled up to Steve, allowing the incessant questions to fly her way. They just needed to get it out of their system.

"You have a sister?!"

"Is she hot?"

"Was she in the Red Room too?"

"How old is she?"

"What does she look like?"

"How come you've never mentioned her?"

"What does she do?"

"Enough," Natasha growled, silencing everyone.

The room consisted of Steve, Clint, Sam, Bucky, Wanda, Tony, and Maria. Clint, Steve, and Maria already knew, of course, Maria because she's Fury's right-hand woman and she knows everything, and Clint because he's a pain in the ass best friend, but he trusted her with his family so she trusted him with hers. Steve knew because he's her boyfriend, but she only talked about the stuff before and after, not what happened while they were training to be master assassins in the Red Room.

"Her name's Yelena, she's 34, nobody is touching her, we were separated in the Red Room and only regained contact a few months ago during the Accords, she's not something I like to parade around, and she's an ex-assassin like me. Now, she's trying to free all of the Widows from the mind control Dreykov had them under."

Natasha answered all of their questions, raising an eyebrow as Clint opened his mouth, knowing what he was about to say would either make her roll her eyes or would amuse her due to the reactions of everybody else.

"I knew," he said smugly, earning unimpressed stares from around the room.

"We figured that much out, bird-brain. She tells you everything," Sam said, gesturing to Natasha.

"Don't bother looking her up, Tony, you won't find anything," Natasha said, glaring at the man as he froze in action, but only for a split second before he resumed his search.

"How?" he muttered to himself as JARVIS attempted to hack into the servers only to repeatedly fail.

"I had some help," Natasha smirked, winking at Maria.

"You?! I should've known," Tony moaned.

"SHIELD is smarter than you give them credit for, Tony," was Maria's response. "We wouldn't have been able to hide Clint's family if we weren't somewhat ahead of you."

"So unfair," the man said, flopping onto his seat, taking a long sip of his drink.

"Anybody else know about this mysterious sister?" Sam inquired, him and Bucky narrowing their eyes at Steve as he studiously looked anywhere but at them.

"You really think I wouldn't tell the guy I'm dating about her? He's Captain fucking America, you shouldn't be surprised I told him," Natasha said, implying that they shouldn't have been as surprised as they are.

"I'm more surprised he kept the secret," Bucky answered, grinning as the tips of Steve's ears turned red due to his embarrassment.

"Shove off, Buck," the super-soldier grumbled.

"Not a chance in hell."

A few hours later, Natasha was instructing the movers where to place the furniture in Yelena's bedroom (thanks to Tony). The walls were painted a dark gray, photographs and paintings spread sparingly throughout. The bed had dark gray sheets, darker than the walls, and a black comforter with black and golden decorative pillows. The floor was hardwood, also black. There was a small, light wooden nightstand next to the bed that had a plant on top. A matching light wooden bench at the foot of the bed, and above the bed, a ceiling fan with the same wood as the bench and stand. The bed didn't have a backboard, but Natasha didn't think Yelena would mind much. There was a very large and posh bathroom attached, with a shower with so many controls even Natasha still got confused.

"Thanks again, Tony," said Steve, ever the gentleman.

"Anytime Capsicle," Tony replied, walking off to his lab, ignoring Steve's grumbling about the nickname.

"It just means he likes you," Natasha said with a grin.

"Well then he can like me less," Steve complained.

Nat smirked at him. "Quit your whining, I know you enjoy it."

"I really don't," Steve protested, but Natasha could see right through him.

"Come on, I need time to physically and mentally prepare for Yelena's arrival, which means lots and lots of training."

Natasha dragged Steve out of the room, laughing at his grumbles of annoyance.

Three days later

"Sir, I've detected movement outside," FRIDAY said.

"Yelena's here," Natasha said, standing up from her seat.

"Let her in FRI," Tony replied.

"Sir, nobody is at the gate," FRIDAY responded, sounding as confused as an AI could.

"There's no need to waste your time."

Natasha rolled her eyes as the Avengers sprung from their seats, all in their defensive positions as she simply turned around, arms crossed over her chest. Yelena smirked as Natasha gave her an unimpressed look.

"Hi cecrpa." (sister)

Natasha let a small smirk cross her face as she crossed the room and embraced Yelena, the blonde accepting and returning it.

"You could have come in through the front gate like a normal person," Natasha commented once they pulled apart.

"Yeah, Grandpa Steve could've had a heart attack," Tony chimed in.

Steve rolled his good naturedly and approached his girlfriend and her sister. "Steve Rogers."

Yelena shook his outstretched hand, not hiding the fact she was assessing him. "You are Natasha's boyfriend?"

"Yes, I am," Steve said proudly, giving a smile.

"Break her heart, I'll break you," Yelena said.

Steve's eyes widened as Yelena turned back to Natasha. Natasha shook her head but introduced Yelena to everyone except for Clint as he already knew her. Yelena was as much of an aunt to his kids as Natasha. Maria gave her a quick nod of acknowledgement before she left the group to return to work.

"Where did Bucky go?" Natasha asked, realizing he was no longer there.

"He had to run to the bathroom, he'll be back," Sam said dismissively. "So, Yelena, what prompted you to come visit this fine establishment?" Sam gave her a charming grin.

"That's for Natasha and Natasha only."

Natasha smirked as she plopped down on the couch next to Yelena, her sister glaring at Sam. He rightfully took a few steps back.

"Is anybody else going to ask stupid questions or can I have some time with my sister?"

"Oh no, we are not going anywhere until we get some answers about you," Tony stated, crossing his arms and giving the blonde his most intimidating stare.

Yelena was holding back her laughter. She glanced over at Natasha, and her sister gave her a small nod, which meant *Go ahead, you have my permission to make fools of them*. "You think you're going to get answers out of me?"

"Well, yes," Sam added, regaining some of his confidence.

Yelena shook her head. "The only person I tell my life to is Natasha. Sometimes our parents."

Both Natasha and Yelena snickered at the shocked look of the Avengers.

"You have parents?!" Tony and Sam exclaimed at the same time.

"If I have a sister, why wouldn't I have parents?" Natasha asked with a shrug of her shoulders.

Tony was shocked into silence and Sam was sputtering for something to say.

"What's got Sam all tied up in knots?" Bucky asked, pausing in the entrance as his eyes landed on Yelena.

Yelena's eyes widened and she froze for a fraction of a second, quickly regaining her composure so Natasha wouldn't notice anything.

However, Natasha could read Yelena as easily as she could an open book, and a small frown adorned her face. She would have to bring it up with Yelena at a later point in time. Why would she recognize Bucky? Natasha pondered that for a second before it came to her. Didn't Melina say something about unlocking the key to mind control due to the Winter Soldier experiments? Yelena must have recognized him from the Red Room. If that was the case, Natasha would definitely be having a talk with her sister later.

"Yelena, is something wrong?" Natasha prompted, quietly enough so the others couldn't hear.

"Fine," Yelena said, giving her sister a small grin.

Natasha noticed it was strained, which made her frown deepen.

"Really, Natasha, I'm ok."

Natasha could sense the panic in her sister, and decided to let the subject rest for now. She'd get her answers sooner or later.

Sensing Natasha knew she was lying, Yelena got up. "Well, I'm tired so I think I'll head to bed. Goodnight, Natasha," Yelena said, brushing past Bucky in the doorway.

"Night," Natasha said, though Yelena didn't hear her as she was long gone.

The group shrugged it off and began conversing with each other, and only Steve noticed the unusual silence from both Bucky and Natasha.

Later that night

"Nat, are you alright?"

Natasha had an internal debate before sighing. "Something's up with Yelena and she won't talk to me about it. I know something is bothering her." She omitted the part about how she suspected it had something to do with his best friend.

"Sounds like someone I know."

Natasha gave him a look.

Steve raised his hands in surrender. "I'm just saying. It takes you time to open up, maybe it'll take her some time too. And, with her being in the tower where an AI literally records everything except for in the bedrooms, thank goodness, she might not feel comfortable doing so."

Natasha gave him a tired smile. "Maybe you're right."

"Never thought I'd live to see the day," Steve teased.

Natasha ignored his remark, though Steve could see the laughter dancing in those gorgeous green-blue eyes he got lost in.

"Just get in bed, soldier."

Steve grinned, getting under the covers and spooning Nat from behind. "Yes ma'am."

After Natasha turned off the lights, she spoke one last thing. "I love you, Steve."

Steve pressed a soft kiss to the back of her neck. "I love you too, Nat."

With that, Natasha closed her eyes, feeling safe and sound in Steve's strong, soft arms.

A few hours later

Natasha startled awake, glancing around her room. She didn't have a nightmare, no. She focused outside her door, it's what woke her. Shuffling outside of her room. Someone was out of bed. No, two people. Natasha got out of bed as quietly as she could, making sure she didn't wake Steve. She listened for a moment, and sensing they were moving away, she waited until it was silent to open her door. She slipped out and closed it behind her.

Natasha could make out two figures ahead, one large and one much smaller. She quickly scouted the hall before she found the hidden entrance to the vents. She climbed up with ease and followed the figures to the kitchen. She settled on her stomach, her mind racing as she finally recognized the two as Bucky and Yelena. What the hell were they doing together in the middle of the night?! Nat forced herself to take a few deep breaths, then focused in on what they were saying.

"This is so unreal," Bucky said, looking at Yelena like she was a ghost.

"It is. Did Natasha save you from HYDRA like she did with the other girls from the Red Room?"

Bucky shook his head, explaining everything that had transpired since the two were separated. Natasha had never seen Bucky so open with anyone other than Steve, herself, and sometimes Sam. She had a gut feeling Bucky and Sam were going to be good friends despite all their teasing.

"That, that is a lot," Yelena said once he had finished.

"Yeah," Bucky replied.

They stewed in silence for a few moments.

"I missed you."

Natasha's eyebrows rose to her hairline at that. Yelena, never, and she meant NEVER, said she missed anyone so straightforwardly. Even with Natasha, Yelena said it in a roundabout way.

"I missed you too."

"I was scared when Dreykov said you wouldn't be training with us anymore. I thought they had done something to you."

"No, I think they suspected something. I never said anything, but I think they knew," Bucky admitted.

"That would explain it," Yelena replied.

Natasha's brows furrowed and her eyes narrowed until she saw red. Her mind quickly reverted back to when Dreykov would put his hands on Yelena. When Dreykov got up and Yelena hugged him, that was the last straw. "Get off my sister!" Natasha jumped down from the crates, bringing herself and Dreykov to the ground with a large crash.

Yelena jumped back in surprise as Natasha jumped down from the vents and began pummeling James with her fists, never stopping so he wouldn't be able to flip her. Bucky was just trying to protect his face, he didn't want to hurt Natasha by protecting himself.

"Natasha get off!" Yelena exclaimed once she snapped out of it.

Natasha couldn't hear anything, her blood was pounding in her ears as she saw nothing but red. She swore she would keep this man from putting his hands on Yelena after the Red Room. She didn't care that if she killed him, he had to keep his hands off her sister!

Yelena growled and tackled Natasha off of James, holding her down.

"Yelena, get off! I need to stop him! I need to protect you!" Natasha shouted.

Yelena's anger dimmed when she realized what this was about, but she didn't lessen her grip on her sister. "Natasha, James isn't going to hurt me, he's my friend. He's your friend. Remember, James?"

"No!" Natasha snarled, flipping so it was Yelena's turn to be pinned. "I can't let him hurt you!"

"Natasha, look into my eyes. Look, ok?"

Natasha met her sister's gaze, she didn't see any fear or pain. The red in her eyes began to lessen as she scanned Yelena's body, not seeing any bruises.

"See? Natasha, I'm fine. James is a friend, ok?"

Natasha kept looking into Yelena's eyes, the red continuing to reduce. Unaware that her breathing was beginning to match the calm, deep breaths of Yelena, she stared blankly into Yelena's hazel eyes.

"Natasha?"

That concerned voice sent all the red away. "Lena?"

Yelena sighed in relief and gave her sister a smile. "Hi."

"Hi. Why am I pinning you to the ground?" Natasha asked, confused.

"You had another flashback," Yelena said, looking at Natasha with concern as her sister immediately let go of her, retreating so her back was against the kitchen wall. "James was hugging me and you thought he was going to attack me."

Natasha looked up, and sure enough, she saw Bucky, inspecting the new purple and blue bruises adorning his upper body. When he looked up and saw her staring at the damage she had done, he quickly let his tank top fall to cover them.

Natasha inspected her hands, wincing as she noticed the stinging in her hands. It was evident she would have bruised knuckles for quite a while based on how bad they hurt. She also noticed there were a few spots of blood. "Bucky, I—"

"It's alright, Nat," he interrupted. "I know what it's like to see things that aren't there. God only knows how many times I hurt you or Steve when I was coming out of the mind control from HYDRA."

Natasha nodded.

"Though that does peg the question why you were in the vents in the first place. Were you following us?"

Natasha turned her head, unable to meet their gazes as she nodded. "I heard something outside my room, so I got up. I saw you, though I didn't know that, when I took a peek outside my door. I decided to follow in case it was someone trying to sneak in, which is why

I went through the vents. My curiosity just peaked when I saw Yelena with you, especially 'cause she froze when she saw you earlier in the living room. I ended up watching and when I saw your hands on her..." Nat trailed off, still turned away from the two. "I'm so sorry, Bucky," Natasha whispered, fighting the lump in her throat.

Yelena moved so she was next to Natasha, and slowly wrapped an arm around her sister's shoulders. Natasha buried her head into Yelena's chest and didn't try to fight the tears escaping. She felt another presence next to her, offering her a hand to clutch. She grasped it tightly, and the three sat in silence except for the occasional sob from Natasha.

After Natasha shed all of her tears, she wiped her face with the sleeve of her hoodie. "I'm so ___"

"Don't even start, Tasha. We know better than anyone," Yelena said softly but firmly.

"Lena's right," Bucky replied. "Whether or not we want to admit it, we're all very fucked up in the heads."

Natasha snorted and Yelena laughed.

"Am I wrong though?" Bucky asked with a mischievous grin.

"We're not fine," Yelena added.

"Not at all," said Natasha.

They sat together in a comfortable silence, looking out the window in the kitchen that gave them a beautiful view of the backyard.

"It looks like rain," Bucky said.

"Good thing we're in here," Yelena responded.

"Can you imagine getting married when it was raining?"

"Oh, what about a hurricane?"

They all burst into laughter, Natasha feeling much better knowing that Bucky wasn't angry and forgave her. She was feeling especially great due to the fact that Bucky and Yelena were nothing more than friends catching up. She knew how that felt, it's what happened when she and Yelena took down the Red Room. All she could do was hope that everything would continue to be alright and she could continue to rely on those she cared for.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the Encanto references, I just love that movie so damn much!!

Thoughts?

Natasha

Chapter Notes

OMG I'M SO SORRY EVERYONE!!!! My first year of college is kind of kicking my butt, yet it's also so much fun! My summer was jam-packed and I put everything on the back burner. I can't believe I published this three years ago and it's received so much love. Thank you guys for sticking around, and to the new readers, welcome! If you have any suggestions, leave them in the comments! Thank you again, I love you all, and I'm so sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Natasha was sitting on top of the Stark Industries tower, taking in the view of the city. New York was beautiful during the night, everything seemed to shine so much brighter. Natasha closed her eyes, and when she opened them, she was at Clint's home. She felt a pang of sadness and guilt as she went into the house. She entered Nathaniel's room, and the woman sat across from him on the floor, where he was playing with his trains. The kid grinned and looked right at Natasha.

"Hi Auntie Nat!"

"Hi Nathan," Natasha said, giving her nephew a sad smile, not that he could know that.

"Everyone is still sad you left, which doesn't make sense cause you're right here."

"I know buddy," Natasha said.

"Do you wanna play with me Auntie Nat?"

Natasha nodded at Nathaniel.

"Here you go," he said, pushing a train towards her. "You can play with that one. The trains are trying to escape the evil tunnel that's trying to capture them."

They played for a little while, Natasha occasionally chiming in as she mainly just watched her nephew, wishing there was some way she could connect to the rest of the family.

"Nathaniel? What are you doing?"

Natasha quickly put the train down and tensed up, moving to the corner of the room to watch the interaction.

"Hi Daddy, I was playing trains with Auntie Nat! The trains were trying to escape the evil tunnel."

Natasha's face filled with guilt as Clint sighed, looking at his son sadly.

"Nathan, you do know Auntie Nat isn't here anymore, right? She went away buddy, and she isn't coming back."

Nathaniel cocked his head at his daddy, confused. Why couldn't his daddy ever see that Auntie Nat was right there? He could see her, and this time she was able to play for a lot longer than last time! "But Daddy, Auntie Nat is right there!"

Clint looked over at the corner of the room, heart clenching with pain as he thought he caught a glimpse of red hair. He blinked, shaking his head as there was nothing.

"Auntie Nat, tell Daddy you're right here."

"Nathan," Natasha said softly, eyes beginning to water.

"Tell him Auntie Nat! He doesn't believe me! Tell Daddy you're here!"

"Nate, remember what I told you? Daddy can't see me, only you can."

Clint watched his son respond to what had to be in his head. Nate was talking to himself, and it tore him apart each time he watched it. Maybe it was time he and Laura talked about getting Nathaniel to a therapist.

"How can I show Daddy you're here?"

"You can't baby, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

"But he has to see you, Auntie Nat! He has to! Daddy doesn't believe me, he thinks I'm crazy! So do Lila and Cooper and Mommy! They don't believe me!"

Natasha's heart was breaking, seeing her nephew starting to break down. She knelt down and held her arms out, letting Nathan fall apart in her arms. There was light starting to emit from her, but she didn't take notice, only focusing on comforting her nephew. She heard a gasp but didn't give it much thought. She wiped away Nate's tears and gave him a sorrowful smile.

"Nathan, remember what I told you? Your parents and your siblings can't see me, but you aren't crazy, ok? You can talk to me and touch me and see me, but that is something only you can do."

"I wish Daddy could see you, then he would believe me," Nathaniel pouted.

"I know baby, I know. I'm so sorry," Natasha said, tears beginning to fall.

"Nat?"

Natasha's head swiveled in shock to look at Clint, who was staring at her. Staring. He could see her. He could see her. Clint could see her.

"Clint?" Natasha asked softly, clutching Nathaniel's hand.

Clint was flabbergasted, his entire being pulsing with both pain and disbelief. His mouth was agape, he couldn't believe she was standing right in front of him.

"Daddy can see you?" Nathaniel asked, looking up at his aunt with bright eyes.

"I think so," Natasha said in a barely there whisper.

"Nat? Is it—?" Clint couldn't form words, he was in complete shock.

"Clint," Natasha replied, taking a step towards him, stopping only when Clint took three steps backwards in return.

"I watched you die, Nat!" He shouted.

"Clint, I—"

"I watched you sacrifice yourself so I could be with my family! They would have been fine! It should have been me! Nat, it should have been me! It was me, it was supposed to be me!"

Natasha rushed to her best friend and hugged him tightly.

"It should have been me," Clint sobbed into her arms.

"It's ok, it'll all be ok," Natasha soothed, tears streaming down her face from the utter pain and distraught she had caused Clint, as well as Laura and her niece and nephews.

"It's ok Daddy, Auntie Nat is here now," Nathan supplied, slipping into the hug.

The group stayed that way a while, only to repeat the process with Cooper, Lila, and Laura later that evening. Somehow, Nathan had made it so they could see her, and she vowed to always protect her nephew for that. He had no idea who would be coming for him if his powers were ever discovered, but Natasha would be damn well sure to do everything she could to prevent anything from happening to her nephew. It was the least she could do for him, because he had no clue what he had just done meant to her or Clint. He would in time, but for now, she was content to be with her family.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? Suggestions?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!