

Hawkeye's Weekend

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Hawkeye's Weekend

by [uofmdragon](#)

Summary

Hawkeye decides it's time to find out a bit more information about their mysterious enemy.

Notes

Thanks to stoneburn for the beta.

Disclaimer: I am not deaf or hard of hearing. I have some knowledge of how hearing aids work and a little knowledge can make a person dangerous. I will do my best to portray Clint as deaf as accurately possible.

Spider demons, Natasha reminded herself. Something that could cross the ward lines. She tore into the book, searching for some clue, because there had to be some bit of information that she could use. Blake would have been able to find all of this a lot easier, but he was... well, he was the reason for her searching.

She slammed the book shut and growled, causing Phil to jerk. She was instantly regretful of startling Phil. "Sorry."

Phil looked tired, exhausted. Natasha was fairly sure he hadn't been sleeping well. She probably shouldn't have asked for his help, but she needed it.

"I don't suppose you've heard of anything that I can go slay?"

Phil was quiet. "I could try opening Blake's files?"

Natasha smiled at the suggestion "Please."

Phil smiled and opened his laptop.

"Wouldn't it be easier to use his computer?"

"It's in his office."

Natasha blinked and nodded. Phil clearly didn't want to go into there, so she let it go. Besides, Natasha wasn't fairly certain that he would be able to find what she needed to from his own laptop. Then she could use the exercise to get rid of some of her frustrations.

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Phil had chosen a spot out of the way to watch as Natasha took out a den of trolls. The things were huge, but slow. Natasha dodged, and struck. Slipping out of the way, at the last moment. She was incredible.

A loud roar had Phil turning to find one of the trolls bearing down on him. "Fuck." He rolled, trying to dodge it. He wished he carried a gun, because he did not want to get up close and personal like Natasha was doing. He didn't come out of his roll very gracefully and ended up not making it back to his feet. He managed to get to a seated position just in time to watch the troll raise its club, before an arrow landed in its eye socket. Followed by a second arrow in the other eye. The club fell onto the troll's toe and it screamed, before an arrow pierced its throat.

A hand grabbed Phil's shirt and pulled him backwards just far enough so that when the troll fell, he was out of the range.

Phil turned to find Hawkeye above him. "Hawkeye."

Hawkeye smiled and extended his hand to haul Phil to his feet.

"You know I'm not some damsel in distress that needs saving." Phil remarked, trying to get the dirt off his pants.

"Yeah, you're definitely not a damsel," Hawkeye purred.

Phil glanced up to find Hawkeye staring at his ass. He blushed. "I still don't need saving."

Hawkeye's grin turned mischievous. "Yet this is the third time now? It's becoming a habit."

Phil opened his mouth to object, but Hawkeye's attention was suddenly drawn away. He fucking backflipped away, which Phil thought only happened in action movies. Hawkeye came up firing though.

"You really need to start bringing a better weapon," Hawkeye stated, as he dodged a troll.

"I live in a dorm, I can't have a firearm, if that would have any effect."

"Silver bullets for weres, Iron for some others. Oh, it would have an effect."

"I guess, if I survive this year, I'll find my own apartment."

Hawkeye paused, turning to look at him. "Till then I'll just have to keep saving you!"

Phil grinned at the idea, because Hawkeye was kind of hot in a mysterious way. This time it was Phil that caught that movement. "Watch out!"

His warning went unheeded and the club impacted on Hawkeye's chest, tossing him against a tree. Hawkeye was out of the fight and the troll was about to end it, except Natasha suddenly appeared and killed the troll.

It was the last one and Phil ran to Hawkeye's side. "Hawkeye?"

Hawkeye looked up at him, shaking his head. "Fucking trolls."

Phil snorted, offering him his hand.

Hawkeye took it, getting back to his feet. He used it draw him in. "Hi Phil."

"Hawkeye."

"How are you doing?"

"G-g-g-ood."

Hawkeye smiled. "You're cute when you blush you know?"

"No."

"Ahem." Natasha pointedly cleared her throat.

"My hero!" Hawkeye beamed at her. "Thanks for the save."

"You saved for Phil." Natasha replied.

"Well, it would be a shame to lose that handsome face."

"I don't suppose you have any information regarding spider demons?"

"Straight to business, huh?" Hawkeye tilted his head. "My primary source has nothing, so I'm going to my secondary source. I haven't been able to get there yet."

"Do you need back up?" Natasha asked.

"No." Hawkeye stated.

"I don't suppose you'd let us know if you found anything..." Phil suggested.

Hawkeye looked between them and sighed. "The place we met, two nights from now, when the moon reaches its zenith. If I have information, I'll be there."

Phil smiled, because they had gotten a meeting out of Hawkeye, which was more than he ever expected. He met Natasha's gaze and knew that she pleased about it. Of course, when they glanced back at where Hawkeye had been, he was gone.

Natasha huffed. "Typical."

"Yeah," Phil agreed.

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Clint slipped into his open window and glanced at the clock. Two am, fucking trolls. He yawned and stretched, before sliding the case out from under his bed. He stripped out of the armor, tucking it into the slots and slid it back in. He grabbed his shower supplies and exited the room. He wasn't too surprised to see Phil seated in the hall, he'd been having a lot of nightmares since the Watcher's death.

"Hey Coulson," Clint said as he passed.

"Barton," Phil said, actually glancing up.

"Need some tea?" Clint offered.

"I... if you don't mind."

"Lemme shower," Clint said, before he opened the door. It didn't take him long to shower off the sweat from the fight. He had a new collection of bruises all over his body, but not so bad that he needed to head to Tony's and have Rhodey stitch him up. He turned the shower on as cold as it could get to deaden the pain. He was going to have to take Tony up on the offer next year, because having a fridge that could actually have an icepack would feel really good right now.

He finished the shower and dried off, pulling on a clean long-sleeve shirt and shirts on. He headed back to his room and grabbed the two cups, which he'd cleaned earlier that day. He went back into the hall and filled both with water. He made Phil's first and started his own, before taking it his own.

"Thanks," Phil said, offering a soft smile. Clint tried to ignore the way his heart fluttered at that look.

"Your welcome," Clint said, ducking into his own room to get his cup. He carefully slid down the wall, making sure not to grimace from hitting the bruise. "So couldn't sleep or nightmare?"

"Nightmare," Phil admitted, shaking his head.

"Ah, those suck, wanna talk about it?" Clint offered.

"I dreamt it was Skye."

"Ow."

"Yeah..."

"Call her," Clint suggested.

"It's the middle of the night."

"Tomorrow. You're an early bird, call her before she goes to anywhere."

"I don't..."

Clint nudged him an elbow. "It'll make you feel better to hear that she's safe and normal."

Phil hesitated, before smiling. "You think?"

Clint nodded. "Yeah."

"Is that what you've done?"

Clint barked out a laugh. "No, I get a nightmare and I exercise until I can't sleep - push-ups, sit-ups, I've run the stairs here before."

"That chases the nightmares away?"

"Makes me too tired for them."

Phil shook his head, but he didn't say anything. They lapsed into silence, which was fine. By the time, Phil was done with his tea. He was starting to drift off. Clint gently encouraged him to go back into his own room, even though a part of him thought it would be nice to have Phil fall asleep on his shoulder. Phil would mind though and Clint wasn't that much of an asshole.

He headed back into his room, putting the cups down to be cleaned later. He reached up and gently removed the hearing aids that had been gifted to him by his benefactors. It was part of the payment they'd offered for his protection. He tucked them into their case. These worked a lot better than any technologically based hearing aids. He was grateful for them, though he made sure to keep a set of normal hearing aids. Clint hated the silence that greeted him, but he couldn't use any hearing aids all the time. So he lay down and forced himself to fall asleep.

*

Clint woke up sore, which was the result of trolls and their stupid clubs. He lay in bed and looked out the window, considering his plans for today. Rhodey had called and wanted to hang out this afternoon. Something about keeping Tony busy. He was going to have to get up eventually, but his homework was mostly done. He'd bring it with him to Tony's. The only thing he forced himself to do was reach out and grab the small box that contained his hearing aids. He carefully said the word that would activate it and attached to it his ear. There was a slight tingle as it settled. He repeated the same procedure with the other until the background sounds filled his day up. He set the box back, before flopping down in bed.

He usually got up and went to the gym, keeping an eye on Phil's training. He hoped they worked on Phil's tumbling skills, because the guy need to work on getting out of his rolls. Clint cringed as the memory of the night before and Phil not getting up. A part of him wished that he could be there to help, but Clint reminded himself that he wasn't wanted and they weren't allies. Natasha was an indiscriminate killer and if she met his adopted parents, she'd probably try to kill one of them.

No gym, Clint decided. He wasn't going to be able to do much anyway.

Clint pushed the sheets down and then pulled his shirt up. The bruising was already turning different colors. The healing spring that resided on his benefactors property sounded like the best of ideas. He grabbed his phone and sent off a text to Jess, who was his current liaison, to see if he could slip in. He should be able to do whenever he wanted, that was part of the deal he'd struck with Queen Maria.

Maybe when he was there, he should ask in person about the spider demon or see if they learned anything. No, Clint decided, he was going to the Broken Mug tonight. If he left there without any useful information then he'd ask again. Best not to annoy the Hillfolk too much. They could carry a grudge and while Clint's part of the bargain was for protection, it didn't mean that that they weren't capable of killing him. Their captain certainly had made that abundantly clear the few times they'd sparred.

The bed vibrated and Clint picked up his phone to find that there was time for him to use the springs. They might share it with one another, but Clint was an outsider and unless it was an emergency, he could only use it when it was available.

He sighed, pushing himself up, because he'd have to hurry over there if he wanted to make it there to take full advantage of the spring. He got ready and didn't see any signs of Phil, but then Phil was probably already up and at them.

The bus got him to the corner of 6th Street and 16th Avenue from there it was easy to cut through the park and jump the fence. There was a natural grotto where the spring was and Clint went straight into it. Quickly removing his clothes, before sinking down into the water. Another benefit of having hearing aids that weren't technology based, he didn't have to worry about getting them wet.

After he'd soaked his pains away and the bruising had disappeared from his body. He got dressed and headed to Tony's. Clint texted from the bus that he was on his way and FAMISHED, in the hopes that Tony would order a feast.

Clint grinned as he slipped on an elevator with a heavily laden deliver man. Tony had perfect timing. He trailed behind the man.

"Oh good, you beat my friend," Tony said. "I suppose this means I have to give you the extra tip."

"Sounds like," Clint called from behind him. "He also kindly held the elevator for me."

"You couldn't hustle down the hall?" Tony griped, goodnaturedly.

Clint stepped around taking the box filled with food as Tony paid the man. "Where are we eating?"

"Living room." Rhody called. Clint carried it in there and decided to start opening cartons until he found something he liked. On the second carton, he hit the jackpot and grabbed the chopsticks to settle on the couch with his meal.

"Hungry?" Tony asked.

Clint grinned around a mouthful of food. "Very."

"That's disgusting."

"What is?" Rhody asked as he stepped into the room.

"Clint."

Clint merely grinned.

Rhody shook his head and picked out a carton. "How are things, Clint?"

Clint spread his hand out and waggled it back and forth.

Rhody's eyes narrowed. "You've been in the healing spring."

"How can you tell?" Tony asked.

"He's not trying to talk."

Tony hummed as he regarded Clint. Clint looked back at him, unimpressed Tony's look. Tony sighed. "I don't know how you can read him."

"Because I'm the people person and you're the machine guy."

"I'm a people person!" Tony objected.

Ah, the comedic stylings of Rhodey and Tony, two idiots that were somehow friends. It was the perfect meal time entertainment and also the best way to take his mind off of everything. He'd worry about his homework and the spider demon later, in that order.

*

Clint slipped into the Broken Mug. He needed answers and his benefactors didn't know much about the inner workings of the Jotuns. He needed rumor of the Jotun court and the best way to find that was to visit the place that catered to those that had been cast out the ranks of the Jotun. It also catered to those that had been cast out of Asgard as well or chose to leave the court.

Clint wished he'd found out about this place sooner. He might not have the pact he had with the Hillfolk when he'd started college. The Hillfolk were powerful guardians of the gate in town, but they were steeped in tradition and wanted nothing to do with those at the Broken Mug. Clint privately thought that they were missing out on potential allies and more information.

Clint was dressed to blend in with the human crowd, because this place drew numerous college students. They might have been in danger, however, the bar was divided into two. The college students held the main floor. On the weekend, it had a more club-like atmosphere, but the weekdays it more a typical bar. No demons seeking to prey on humans could enter this level, the door would take them immediately to the lower level.

The lower level was the bar for the demons. A human who wished to enter it had to have the right sight to find the door. Clint had found it the first time and had been scared shitless at the mass of demons, some of whom still bore signs that they belonged to the Jotun court. A fallen Asgardian had pulled him to one side and spoken to him, because Clint had been prepared to fight with the knife he'd had on him and whatever he could lay his hands on.

So while he was dressed to blend in with the regular humans as he slipped through their masses, he was also dressed to blend in with the lower levels. There were sigils that acted as armor stitched into his clothes and the one that marked him as the as an adopted son of a valkyrie. Humans did get adopted every now and then by other courts. It was possible that the person that had killed the Slayer's Watcher was one such person.

Clint danced his way through the upper level, pausing occasionally when someone caught his eye. It took some time, but he made it to the door and took the stairs to the lower level, where he went straight to the bar signaling for a beer. The bartender for the humans wouldn't serve him upstairs, but down here were different rules. A beer was handed over and Clint leaned forward. "I'm here for information."

“About what?”

Clint considered his answer. “Spiders.”

The bartender nodded and Clint went to find a booth. He’d wait and see who came to him.

The first two were goblins with basic information about Arachne. The third gave him plenty of information about jorogumo, but Clint lost interest when he realized that they wouldn’t have been able to cross the ward lines.

Clint was about to give up when a man slid into his booth. “I hear you’re looking for a tale or two of spiders.” The man’s voice was accented, but Clint couldn’t place it.

“I might be.”

The man smiled, white teeth standing out against darker skin. “Perhaps I have a tale about a spider in a library.”

Clint kept his face carefully neutral. “Sounds like an Anansi.”

“Sounds like, but we don’t go into libraries to close man’s watchful eyes.”

“Sounds interesting.”

“It’s a dangerous tale to tell.”

“Your cost?”

“I’m a collector of tales.”

“What kind of tale might you be interested in?”

The man’s eyes darted to Clint’s ears, back to his eyes, to the shirt. “How about your story?”

“I’ve led an interesting life.”

“Yes, I can see that.” The man’s head tilted as he considered it. He sighed. “Valkyrie’s son, so rare. It would be worth my tale.”

Clint smiled, because that tale was not nearly as impressive as it seemed. “A deal.” He extended his hand. “And I’ll have my tale first.”

The man shook his hand. “I do hope you know the tale of the Slayers.”

“Demon Hunters. There’s only one.”

“But several with potential are born every generation. Potentials have a power of their own and that power can be used.”

“It could be turned.”

The man nodded. "And so there was a girl known to those that watch and trained for the mantle, but the mantle passed to another, who did not last. And still the mantle did not come to her. She trained harder, faster, and when the new fell, the mantle was not passed on. Her bitterness grew, she had been promised, she was the best, so she struck."

Clint summarized. "Killing the new Slayer, in hopes of gaining the power, but failing at it.."

"And by striking down an ally, she caught the attention of who should be her greatest enemy. He spoke to her, promised her the power that those that watch could never truly guarantee her. She denied him, but he offered proof. Proof that showed just how powerful she could become and so she struck, striking down those that watched her. Those that watch assumed she died with her instructors, but she slipped away."

Clint considered the information, a potential slayer would have been able to cross the ward lines. If she was augmented by a Jotun. "I don't suppose you know how one might recognize such a person?"

"Perhaps if I knew the story behind your eyes, I might..."

Clint smiled. "That would take another tale..."

"We've discussed the Slayer, perhaps more...?"

"Not that interested in someone who can't tell an Asgardian from a Jotun."

The anasi tilted his head in acknowledgement. "Still, you owe me a tale. I would be willing to exchange it."

"No, our terms were for how I became the son of Valkyrie."

"Yes, tell me..."

Clint smiled, the Anansi thrived on tales, preferably ones that were not well known. "Valkyries will often find the souls of those killed in battle and escort them to the realm of the dead," Clint said. "Battle can be defined by many things, but all it takes is the resistance and when several demons are killing a group humans, resistance is bound to happen."

"And what kind of group could this be?"

Clint grinned. "That's a tale for another time."

The anansi nodded. He caught a glimpse of the anansi's other eyes all focused on him.

"So they came to collect the dead and ensure that the souls had moved on, except not all were dead. One had survived the massacre of his second family..."

The nostrils anasi flared, catching the hint of another tale. Clint kept his poker face, knowing that he may have just discovered a source of information and that he would have to dole out his own story carefully.

"The mighty Valkyrie, leader of the band that found that child, was a warrior and was quick to give mercy to those that lasted the night. Why she did not simply end the boy's life, she never told. It may have been that the boy had stayed hidden and survived the night, it may have been that he greeted her with his chosen weapon at the ready, but refrained from firing until he knew whether she was an enemy, or it may have been what he sacrificed to ensure that the demon's song to come out had no effect on him. Why it matters not, for she found the boy and laid down her sword and her spear and the boy laid down his weapons and she took the boy to her mortal lover, who concocted the a tale to fool the mortal police. The mortal lover jumped through the all the hoops necessary to adopt the boy and so the boy became the child of mortal lover and the Valkyrie."

The anansi blinked and Clint could just catch a glimpse of his other eyes. "Yes, an interesting tale, but part of a much larger one."

"One that I will not share without a need for other information."

"Tell me what information you need, and a trade, we will have."

"I'll let the bartender know when I have need of information."

"Ask for Nick and my kindred will let me know."

Clint nodded, hiding his surprise. He didn't know that the anansi dealt with spiders, but it had been certainly implied with that statement. "It was a pleasure doing business with you."

"Likewise, I look forward to more business."

Clint nodded, before sliding out of the booth.

"Valkyrie's son," Nick called to him. "Be careful, she is as dangerous as a Black Widow."

Clint glanced behind him and nodded. He wasn't sure if he met the Slayer or the corrupted potential, but both were equally dangerous.

*

Phil slipped out of his room, grateful for the quiet of the hallway. He'd taken Barton's advice and called Skye earlier. She was fine, annoyed that he had called her first thing. She'd launched into a complaint about her friends Jemma and Leo and how she was certain that Leo was crushing on Jemma, but Jemma was interested in Antoine, who was older and completely hot. Needless to say, Phil now knew more gossip about his old high school than from when he attended it. He smiled at the memory.

"Well, that's a nice difference," Barton said.

Phil glanced up to find Barton standing over him with a curious expression. "I called my sister."

"Yeah?"

"I think I know more gossip about our old High School than I did when I was there."

Barton grinned, the expression lighting up his face. Only Barton could go from murder to friendly in the space of a second. "Well, you didn't miss much. All the gossip back then was about Tony and whether or not the girl he was currently seeing was using him for his money or if he and Pepper would get together when he wasn't seeing someone."

"Well, you wouldn't need gossip, you were in the center of that."

"Yeah," Clint agreed. "I had a plenty of girls try to hook up with me to get an introduction to Tony."

"Well, there was that one rumor that you had like six different women you were seeing, so..."

Clint grimaced. "No, just no, there were three women."

"Just three?" Phil asked.

"No, it's more complicated than that. I dated Bobbi and we were friends after our break up, and I was kind of seeing Jess, but we weren't exclusive. The third one well it was a one time thing that turned into a two time thing that got me into a lot of trouble." Clint shook his head.

"Does the third one have a name?"

"Cherry."

"Like the fruit?"

Clint ducked his head. "Yeah, which is why I'm taking a break from dating."

"You hit on Natasha."

"Well, Natasha is special."

"Yeah," Phil agreed. More special than Barton realized.

Clint fell silent, before awkwardly offering. "So you want some tea?"

"Sure." Phil agreed.

Barton grinned and took the few steps towards his door. Phil let his eyes slide down Clint's body. The pants, which looked to be leather, clung to the other man's tight ass. Phil blinked as he realized they were really tight and there were no lines, Barton wasn't wearing underwear. That was... hot.

No, he was not going to have a crush on Barton, even if he had a great ass. The man was an ass to him too many years. He wasn't going to think about how Clint's smile lit up his face or how Clint had started to become oddly there for him, making tea, and sitting with him as he radiated calm and security. That wasn't enough to make up for everything in High School that he hadn't even apologized for.

The door opened and Barton emerged in sweats and a long sleeve t-shirt, mugs in hand. "Got to grab the water."

"I could have done that." Phil stated, watching him go.

"Next time." Barton stated. Phil watched him out of the corner of his eye.

The man was straight, Phil reminded himself, *and* homophobic. Developing a crush on him would be a bad idea.

Barton passed by again and Phil watched, fully aware that he couldn't leave now. Bruce was in the room and he didn't want to wake his roommate.

"Hey," Barton called and Phil glanced up to find Barton holding out the cup. "Mine's still brewing."

"Thanks," Phil said, taking it. He took a sip as Barton ducked back in his room for a minute, before returning with his own cup. Barton dropped down next to him, not touching, but Phil could feel his warmth next to him.

"So, uh, go out tonight, I take it?" Phil asked.

"Yeah."

"Tony and Rhodey go with you?"

Clint snorted. "No, I hung out with them this afternoon, and they had something else going on."

Phil nodded. "Have a good time?"

"For the most part."

"I'm surprised you came back tonight."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because I kind of thought you'd find some girl and...?"

"And?"

Phil gave him best unimpressed look.

Clint shrugged. "No one was interesting enough."

"You're hung up on Natasha?"

"No, I like Natasha, but I'm not hung up on her."

Phil glanced at him and nodded. He wasn't sure he believed Barton, but it wasn't like he had to. They weren't friends, to be honest Phil wasn't sure what they were.

*

"Do you think he'll even show?" Phil's voice drifted up into the trees. Clint stilled where he was as he listened.

"Maybe," Natasha's voice followed. "He said if he had information, he'd share, but..."

"He's never offered to meet us though. He's always just shown up."

"I know," Natasha agreed.

Clint found a good place to drop down to the ground. He made it through the woods. "You know, I can hear you two a mile away."

Natasha turned to face him. "We weren't sure you were going to show."

Clint looked right at Phil and asked, grateful for the magic that kept his face in perceptual shadow. "But were you hoping?"

Phil blushed and Clint couldn't help the delighted feeling curling in his chest. "Maybe."

"Did you find anything?" Natasha asked

"Some, not much," Clint shrugged.

"What are we looking for?"

"A corrupted potential demon slayer."

Phil's eyes narrowed. "Potential?"

Clint nodded.

It was Natasha that offered the explanation. "Apparently there's a pool of women that could become Slayers, when the current Slayer dies someone else takes the mantle. So this person could be the Slayer if I died."

"She's corrupted though." Phil pointed out.

Natasha shrugged. "I'm not sure if that matters."

"She's got some Jotun in her. I doubt the power of the Slayer would pass to someone with a demon in them, especially a Jotun." Clint argued.

"That's comforting at least." Phil glanced away. "So, how do we find her?"

Hawkeye considered it. "Watchers knew who she was, kind of got the impression they think she's dead now."

"Watchers knew her?" Phil looked at her.

Clint shrugged. "I guess they have some way of identifying potential slayers."

"What about you?" Natasha asked. "You knew I was the Slayer. I didn't have to tell you?"

"Well, you're kind of unique," Clint said, really looking at her. "You look different than anyone else and I was told I'd know a Slayer when I saw one."

"So you assumed?" Natasha asked as Phil asked. "Told by who."

Clint looked at Phil, ignoring Natasha's questions, because he'd been right about it. "Person that trained me."

"Did he say anything about potentials?"

Clint shook his head. "No, she didn't."

"She?"

Clint shrugged and gestured at Natasha. "You really going to question that when the Slayer is standing right there."

They glanced at her and Natasha made tilted her head in acknowledgment. Clint did have a point.

Phil sighed. "Sorry. Could you ask her what to look for?"

Clint could actually, though it would have to wait until he could some distance between himself and Natasha. There was no way he was going to risk Brunhilda's life. He simply shook his head though. "Can't contact her."

Natasha asked. "Do you have any idea what she looks like? Some clue on how to find her?"

Clint considered the information, before shaking his head.

Natasha turned away, "Well this has been pretty much useless."

"Sorry." Clint was completely insincere about that.

"If you anything else out..." Phil started.

"I'll find a way to let you know." Clint promised.

"Thank you, Hawkeye."

"You're welcome," Hawkeye stated, before stepping back into the trees. He didn't wait long until he climbed a tree, staying put until he was sure that Natasha or Phil were not following, before he began his circuitous route back to his dorm. He wanted to be there, if Phil needed someone to sit up with him.

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