

Sing me to sleep

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Sing me to sleep

by [Hclxs](#)

Summary

After disappearing and being locked away for almost nine months Natasha is dancing with demons with guns and sprites in her head. She believed she couldn't be broken because the Red Room took care of that but the Black Widow is shattering in to tiny pieces.

Notes

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

Seems to darken as I go

Natalia held the old broken doll to her chest, hiding in the corner of the small bedroom she shared with her brother and younger sister. She quickly dropped the doll, wrapping her arms around her small and boney knees, trying to hide from the fire.

They had always been poor so fire was a gift sent from a saint in the winter. But now she wasn't so sure. It was cold but the heat and smoke was burning her eyes, the fire was loud, and was biting at her like it already sawlloed her parents.

Screaming woke her up. Her mothers screaming.

Suddenly her fathers large hands were on her small body. His body was burned and he looked scared and pained but hopeful at the same time. Natalia didn't understand.

"Zhit." He demanded the child.

Natasha sat frozen in the corner of the room. Was it a basement? Some sort of bunker maybe? She didn't know. She didn't even know how long she had been there, more than thirty days but she stopped counting after that.

The room was damp and cold and felt even colder on her bair skin. Couldn't he at least give her sometime so she wasn't completely naked? What use was she too him if she froze to death? But no, he liked it when she was cold. He said it made her crave warmth but she guessed he was right. She craved his warmth even when she wasn't being touched willingly.

She yanked on the chain lightly out of pure boredom. She knew she wasn't getting out, she had tried and the chain wouldn't break and she did almost get away once but was caught only to be chained up with a stronger chain and to have the shit beaten out of her. Natasha was pretty sure he probably would have killed her if he wasn't done yet.

Sometimes she wondered if the others were looking for her. Sure, she pissed off Steve and Sam, went against Tony, hurt Wanda, had Ross on her ass and she betrayed Clint. She even sighed the papers for his arrest. When Laura found out about that she wasn't too happy either. But they still wouldn't just leave her, right?

Other times she truly believed this was a punishment for everything she'd ever done from what ever God Clint, Steve, Sam and Wanda believed. She was pretty sure Wanda was Jewish but wasn't that some form of Christianity? Natasha could resite from almost every religious book there was. It was part of Redroom training so they could blend in better. But did she believe any of it or even understand it? No. But that didn't stop her from thinking this was some kind of twisted punishment for everything she'd done in the past. Maybe it was someone's kid or parent or sibling? She didn't know. Her past was soaked in so much blood that sometimes things got blurry and twisted. She remembered everyone and remembered

faces that she had killed but the small details sometimes got twisted. Maybe this was hell and she was just damned.

The woman was back this time without the man. She seemed to be in her mid to late forties but her hair was already greying and looked older. Her hair was a dark brown with light and dark grey, her eyes were a brown that matched her eyes and had olive skin. She was on the shorter side but taller than Natasha and was a bigger woman. Italian decent maybe.

She was carrying a tray of food and Natasha automatically gagged at the smell. It was some kind of meat but she couldn't tell what. It was smelly, wet and she was pretty sure it was old.

The woman sat the tray down on the bed before sitting down on the edge. She looked at Natasha for a few moments before grabbing some of the meat with her fingers, shoving the food in Natasha's mouth. She had stopped fighting a long time ago. The meat was slimy, cold, and she couldn't identify what it was.

The woman watched her for a little while, unmoving and silent before eventually shoving her meaty fingers down Natasha's throat making her vomit on her bed and her own body. She'd be cleaned later. Maybe. Sometimes they'd clean her and other times it'd take them days.

The woman stood up from the bed, taking the tray with her and left the room. Cell?

Sometimes Natasha wished she let Ross arrest her or put a bullet in her head. That was the reason she was here, she ran from Ross after she let Steve and Barnes escape. Tony was right, they did come after her and if they did arrest her she'd maybe be sent back to Russia but letting the Black Widow go would be a stupid deadly mistake. Being killed was the safer bet. There would maybe be a fair trial. Or just simply no trial at all because she wasn't a person in the eyes of the world who knew what she was capable of. She was a monster. An animal. Monster and animals don't get freedom or rights.

Was Clint looking for her? Or did he just think she ran or was killed? Maybe he didn't care. Because if he cared he would know she wouldn't run without telling him first or saying goodbye to Cooper, Lila and Nathaniel.

She was so lost in thought she didn't even notice when the man walked in and pulled his pants down. Or crawled on top of her. She stopped paying attention when he kissed her thighs, making his way up. She stopped paying attention when he would insert too many fingers. Because she was an animal and a monster and she forgot how to be a person along time ago.

Tony paced back and forth in the large office space, running his hands through his hair.

How the hell did he not know something was wrong? He should have known something was wrong when she left in the middle of the night. Well, he knew she probably ran but he should have known something wasn't right when Natasha didn't contact him or Steve.

He stopped walking for a few seconds, trying to figure out what to do before walking to the computer again. He needed to figure out when this was and where it was. Even if the video

was old and she was dead she deserved more than to rot away there.

Tony stopped and felt his heart drop. The video was live. This was happening while he was watching it happen. The women and the man.

He watched when the women feed her then made her vomit. He watched as the sick, twisted bastard raped her while she was chained to the bed.

"Vision, watch Rhodey." He demanded, walking out of the office.

"Sir, I do not know if you should leave me alone to care for Rhodey. I don't cook. I don't even eat-" His ranting was cut off.

"Vision watch Rhodey." He demanded again, pulling his phone out of his pocket and dialed Fury's number.

Standing on Barton's front porch completely uninvited Tony was sure he was probably going to get hit in the face. But he knocked anyway. He hoped Barton was here.

His wife opened the door, her face fell when she realized who he was before she looked confused.

What was her name again? Lindsey? Linda? Laura. He remembered Natasha mentioning that she probably hated her too now.

They spoke at the same time. Her voice cold and sharp and his urgent and worried.

"What are you doing here?"

"Is Clint here? We need to talk."

They looked at each other for a long moment.

"He won't like you being here." Her voice was strained and tired now. He could tell everything that happened took its toll on her too.

He was about to come back with a sharp reply about Natasha but Clint appeared behind his wife, his youngest in his arms.

"We need to talk." Tony spoke before Clint could.

He knew the man probably still hated him and he deserved it. He hated himself too. But at the moment he didn't really give a shit about who hated who right now. Shouldn't Barton care that his best friend was kidnapped?

Was it even his friend anymore?

Tony walked past the two, entering the house and placing the laptop on the kitchen table. How the hell did he bring this up?

The Barton boy appeared in the doorway. What was his name? Did anyone ever tell him?

"Dad?" He spoke up, confusion on his face. "Why is Mr. Stark here? I thought you were friends anymore. Is this about Aunt Nat?"

Tony looked at the boy. "What are you talking about?"

"Gavin at school was talking about how he heard on the news she's missing. His mom said they can't find her anywhere." He spoke clearly and informatively. "Is that why you're here because you know where she's at?"

Tony knew what he was talking about. Ross was on the news making everything worse than it already was. Saying Steve, Sam, Clint, Wanda, Barnes and whoever the hell the shrinking man was we're criminals. Saying Natasha was a traitor against the government and should be punished.

Tony saw Clint and Laura both frown , looking at each other.

"Cooper, buddy, go back up stairs, okay?" Clint nodded towards the door.

"Lila misses her." The unspoken words of a ten year old boy saying I miss my aunt hung in the air.

Tony looked at Cooper for a moment before walking closer and getting to his level. "No, I don't know where your Aunt Nat is but that's why I came to talk to your dad. But we'll find her, okay."

The younger boy nodded. "Lila just misses her." He said before disappearing back upstairs.

Tony sighed, turning to Clint and Laura before walking closer to the table and opening the laptop. He opened the live feed.

The man was gone and Natasha was sitting up now. She was covered in fresh cuts, whip and bite marks, adding to the collection of scars. There were already bruises forming on her sickly pale skin and she was bleeding and covered in dried blood and she was still covered in her own vomit. The dirty sheets were stained with fresh blood.

"Oh my God." Laura whispered in horror, covering her mouth while Clint seemed to have lost the ability to speak or react. He just stared at the screen, unmoving and unblinking before horror and rage filled his eyes.

Natasha was family. She was the sister he never had and now she was missing.

"Do you know where? How long?" Clint asked looking at Tony, his eyes pleading but Tony just shook his head. "When did you find out?"

"Today." His voice was strained. "I've been trying to find out something but I can't find anything. They know what they're doing."

Who they're doing it to.

Laura looked at Tony then at Clint. "Get your bow." She whispered.

Her entire body hurt. Her skin burned with cuts and her wrist hurt from what she was pretty sure was a break. Her eyes burned with tears she refused to let fall, she wouldn't show any weakness. She wouldn't let them break her.

Natasha pulled on the chain again, trying to get her mind off her bladder. She yanked again, this time a little harder. She eventually lost track of how long she's been yanking on the chain just trying to get her mind off peeing on herself when she heard a snap. She quickly turned around, facing the wall. The cuff was still on her wrist but the chain was off the wall.

She had about two hours before one of them came back. Or they might not be back for days, they'd done that before. Natasha scrambled off the bed, falling to the floor. She quickly stood up, stumbling a little. When was the last time she actually stood? Natasha made her way to the stairs and the door as fast as she could. She crouched down on one of the top stairs waiting for the man or women to return.

The only option she had was to shove them down the stairs. She didn't have a weapon. So she waited.

The women came back, opening the large heavy door and carrying a needle and syringe in her right hand. Natasha was sick of being fucking drugged. When she noticed Natasha she already had the needle raised in defense, stabbing Natasha's arm with it before she has the chance to move.

Her arm was close enough to her mouth so Natasha sunk her teeth into her skin. While the women tried to get free Natasha pulled the needle from her hand and jabbed it in her neck before shoving her down the stairs. She stood still for a moment, looking at the women at the bottom of the stairs.

Coming to her senses Natasha ran out the door and kept running. The light from the rising sun hurt her eyes but the cold fresh air felt good to breathe in. She was in a field with trees all around. So it was a bunker of some kind.

She kept running for what felt like hours before ending up on a road. It didn't look like it was traveled much. Natasha stood in the middle of the road, catching her breath and trying to comprehend everything that just happened and figure out where to go and what to do.

Her head was beginning to get fuzzy and she started to feel lightheaded. Damn it, she forgot about the drugs.

A car horn started her out of her thoughts and confusion. She turned looking to her left, two young men stared at her in shock and confusion. Her expression matched.

The world was spinning now and everything was blurry, she dropped to her knees so she wouldn't fall. Black began to fill her vision, her heart was racing and it was hard to breathe. She was pretty sure she was dying when she hit the ground. She closed her eyes trying to block out the bright light.

A long way down

Chapter Notes

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

Natasha stayed in the hospital for seventeen days. Ten for physical issues and injuries and seven because of psychological damage. Tony and Clint brought her to the New Avengers building thirteen days ago, both agreeing that she was probably safer there because not many people actually knew where it was and high security technology. Fury hadn't left her side since they found her. Hill stayed a few days but had her own duties to worry about.

In an effort to try and help Natasha sleep Steve suggested that Wanda could help by blocking out bad memories or replacing them but after Natasha woke up screaming and started mumbling in Russian Clint decided that was the end of that. That was also the last time any of them heard her speak.

Tony watched her. He more than watched her, he wouldn't take his eyes off her and Scott couldn't figure it out. He was told never trust a Stark and he believed that until he blindly followed Captain America into war and somehow didn't die but was arrested.

This woman wasn't one of the world's most feared assassins. It was like she was a shell of that woman. And this man wasn't one (possibly the world's) biggest asshat. He was just a worried friend. And that just made Scott even more mad and confused because all of the hate and rage he thought he'd feel wasn't there. It was replaced with concern and damnit, he had that warm soft feeling.

Tony left a few minutes ago, muttering something about AI. Scott wasn't sure what he was saying and it's not like he would of understood anyway. He stood watching her now, she moved positions but not much else.

"You're Russian, right?" He asked walking closer to her, slow and carefully so he wouldn't scare her.

"What's the fastest country in the world?"

He waited a minute but got no response.

"Russia." Scott's lips pulled into a small smile. "Okay."

"How does every Russian joke start?"

He waited again for some kind of response. He wasn't sure she knew he was there.

"By looking over your shoulder." Scott sighed, holding his face in his hands. "Really? Nothing? No laugh or at least a smile."

"Well, if that's how you're gonna be then Soviet."

Wanda followed closely behind Clint, trying to keep up with him.

"She has to have good memories." Her speaking fast like her pace. "I think of times before our parents were killed when I can't sleep or I am having a rough day."

She really should stop using our and we, her brother had been dead for over a year. But she couldn't bring herself too say 'I' yet. Wanda could hardly say his name.

"Or friends I had. Adena was my best friend before and after the bombings but she-" Wanda cut herself off. Talking about Adena hurt too.

Clint came to a sudden stop but didn't turn to face her. "You were ten when they died. She was three. You had friends and she had other girls who would kill her if they weren't kill first." His breathing was uneven now and his hands were clinched. "How many good memories do you actually think she has?"

Wanda narrowed her eyes at him, she wasn't about to give up. "What if I replaced her memories with mine? She wouldn't be able to tell a difference."

"And what if it fucks her up more?" He growled out.

"But what if it doesn't?"

Tony eventually made Clint let him give something to Natasha too make her sleep and Clint stayed by her side.

"She's not your daughter, Barton. But you do have a daughter, a family you need you need too go home to." He followed Clint into the kitchen when he left to get a glass of water.

"I know." His voice was so low Tony wasn't sure if he was taking to him or himself.

Sam didn't spend as much time around Natasha as the other. Mainly because she was amazing and beautiful and he was-well he was Sam.

But the Natasha he watched now wasn't Natasha at all. Natasha was strong, built to be strong and steady, deadly, and he could go on but this ghost of a woman was the opposite.

And for once in his life he has no idea what to do.

Chapter End Notes

First off I want to say thank you to the people who are reading this, kudos and the people who comment. Second I want to say if this takes a while to be posted I'm a high schooler with a job and we're taking finals this week but we're out of school soon. Thank God. But also a lot of personal problems have been taking up a lot of time lately. I'm not going to get into that. And yes there is a time jump but eventually Natasha will be opening up about everything that happened

There are so many fanfics that focus on the time of being kidnapped and the avengers getting them back but they usually skip the aftermath of how it affects everyone and the healing process. I wanted to give a good story where you see that and not totally skip over it.

I'm sorry this took forever to post. It took forever to write.

I also don't mean to offend anyone with Russian joke/puns. I just find them hilarious probably because their not really that funny.

I'm sorry for the shortness of the chapter. The others will be longer.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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

She wasn't sure where she was, she almost wasn't sure who she was but felt the burning on her back. Natasha buried her face against the dirty floor, biting her lip hard enough to draw blood. She had been tortured before, her childhood was hell and working for Shield wasn't exactly the easiest job in the world but since she was 16 Clint was always looking for her when she went missing and she would always look for him but she wasn't sure he was looking. Or even if he cared to look or was able, she would understand if he never came. She owed him a debt, he gave her a life and she owed her life to him. She betrayed that.

Natasha let out a grunt as the man brought down the whip again, this time on her the back of her legs. She knew the women was probably watching the camera and smiling. Not like Cooper or Lila smiled with innocence untouched by the world or how Sam smiled, overcoming and full of loss and joy all at once. She missed the Bartons more than anything. Clint brought her in when she was sixteen and brought her to the farm for six months before letting her step foot in Shield. Clint and Laura refereed to her as their practice baby around Fury, Coulson and Hill because she was in a weird way, around before Cooper and was clueless about life outside of the Red Room. Clint and Laura were the first people to show her kindness and eventually love as the women who was Clints sister to anyone who asked, Lauras best friend, Godmother of all three Barton kids and Auntie Nat.

That was broken now and it was her fault. They raised her and she went against everything they gave her.

She missed Sam too, he was a team mate and a close friend. They had fucked around a few times before but it was never anything serious, Sam was the calm in the storm and she was raging fire in the storm, he was a happy man who worked hard for that and he loved easily, she was probably one of the most messed up people he'd ever met. Sam wasn't an ex-boyfriend but he was an ex-something, an ex-maybe. But she screwed that up too, she sided with Stark for her own reasons. She'd seen what people can do and she was just trying to keep everyone together but Steve or Wanda or Sam wouldn't see that. Clint would have and maybe would've understood because he knew what she was before and saw who she became.

The man yanked down her tattered underwear and held down her head with one hand, his other keeping her body from moving as he entered her from behind.

Natasha woke up with a strangled yelp, instantly regretting the motion, Her body was steel healing and she sometimes forgot. She turned and slowly got out of the bed, giving her body time to adjust to the movement. Sighing softly, she stood up and pulled on an old flannel over her black tank-top, the floor was cold against her bare feet but she didn't bother with socks. There probably wasn't going to anyone else wondering around and the bottoms of her feet still bothered her sometimes from scaring and burns and shoes or socks sometimes made it worse. The hall was quit once she left her living area of the Avengers Compound but it

usually was at this time of night. Sometimes Tony, Steve, Sam or Wanda couldn't sleep and would be up, she wasn't sure if Vision actually slept.

She wandered into the kitchen, keeping the lights off as she made of mug hot chocolate. Most sleepless nights she'd go with just enough vodka she could forget everything at least for a little while but tonight she needed warmth. The hot chocolate was hot but it wasn't warm enough and didn't fill the void that now took over her entire body. The void wasn't new, it was old and it just resurfaced only bigger and deeper this time. When Clint and Laura had first started to earn her trust the void was endless but overtime it started to disappear. Laura observed her for a long time, a feral child, touch starved, and empty, that when she refereed to it as the void and overtime Natasha became less feral, less touch starved and not as empty. For a long time she was almost full.

Now she wasn't full. Not anymore.

The lights came on and it took almost all she had not to run away.

"Shit!" Sam yelped and took a step back, obviously startled. He was a little sweaty and looked tired, his hands shook slightly as he filled a glass full of water. He had a nightmare, she noted.

"Couldn't sleep either?" He asked and gave enough time for her to respond, when she didn't he started to speak again. "I probably wouldn't sleep much either after that. Or any of the things you've gone through."

She didn't say anything but rose an eyebrow in question. It was no secret she'd been through hell in her lifetime but the past was the past. It didn't matter now, other things mattered. She was safe, the mattered and she had to remind herself of that each morning and night.

"Can I sit?" Sam gestured to the empty chair across from her and only sat down when she nodded. He easily filled the room with his empty chatter about his mom and brother, school, his childhood, music and his time in the Air Force. Then he mentioned Riley and the air around them changed, the once somewhat light air became sorrowful and heavy.

Natasha didn't want to think about it but she didn't know what she would do if Clint died. Take care of Laura and the kids and leave the hero life behind was a given, he had made her promise years ago in Kanpur but besides that she didn't know. She had seen people grieve but she never truly had, she wondered if would even be her place. Laura was Clints wife and Cooper, Lila and Nathaniel were his kids, compared to that she wasn't much. They didn't share blood and she wasn't legally anything but his next of kin and the only reason for that was because he didn't want to put that on Laura.

She decided it wasn't her place but she wasn't going to tell anyone that. Steve wouldn't understand, Clint would be hurt, and Tony would try to understand but it was something he couldn't and she was glad for that.

"After Riley feel," Sam spoke, watching her. "I didn't think about much besides that. I mean he was my best friend since before elementary school, grew up on the same street. But after he feel there was no way we could go down for his body, too much of a risk but I thought I

would be able to get his class ring and come back with out much trouble because base wasn't that far from where it happened. His father killed himself when he was younger and his sister was on flight 93, he was all his mom had and I thought I could give her that at least." Natasha was watching him now, his facial expression was one she had never seen on him. It was angry and haunted. But anyway, it was a dumbass choice. Got kidnapped for almost eight months, they tried to make me talk. I came back pretty messed up." His expression softened, it was more recognizable than the previous. "You're not alone in this."

She was silent for a while before she finally spoke for the first time since they found her, her voice was raspy from lack of use. "Thank you." She whispered.

Sam looked at her in surprise. "You spoke."

She nodded, giving a small smile. "I don't want to be alone in this."

Chapter End Notes

I'm finally back, I realize I haven't updated in 84 years but I have reasons. I started this my sophomore year of high school and eventually got a bad case of writers block and never had time over the summer. Everyone who has been or goes to an American school knows junior year is absolute hell so junior year happened and between work and school I still didn't have time. Senior year is not hard unless someone makes it hard but my mom got cancer and I was the only one working and I was just trying to enjoy my last year of high school but all is well now. College sucks.

And I promise chapters will get longer, I just needed to write something.

End Notes

Zhit translates to live.

This isn't going to be a very happy story. I was intending it to be just really fluffy and nice but I failed at that. It'll probably be pretty long and be a slow burn for most ship especially Sam and Nat, those two will be going through a lot. .The chapter title comes from the song Dark Days by the Punch Brothers. The title comes from the song Asleep by The Smiths. The song is a very sad song and if you know it you probably know what it's about.

Chapter has mentions of death, rape, torture, and it's darkish. So be warned if you don't like that or if it could be a trigger.

Also I know Judaism is not a form of Christianity.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!