

## Willow.

---

Walking into the small bar I smiled, there in front of me sat the man I'd been looking for. We'd been meeting on and off for a while, I needed information and he needed a companion. It was a beneficial arrangement, even if he was unaware of how much I was playing him. A sick sense of accomplishment came over me as I watched him sulking into his drink. "So predictable." I muttered with a satisfied smirk on my face.

Shaking myself into character I all but skipped over to him. "Hi." My voice was sweet and sickly. So much so that it churned my stomach slightly, not that I let it show on my face as his blue eyes met mine. "Willow." He nodded at me before returning to his beer. A strand of his blonde hair falling just slightly out of place.

"Oh you're not still sulking are you?" I kept my voice upbeat and sweet, teasing him. I knew what he liked and played the part perfectly.

"You said you'd stay." I could hear the hurt in his voice, once upon a time that would've made me feel bad. Not anymore. Not when it came to him or James. It was because of them that I had endured so much alone with Hydra. Which is what led me here, playing the part of innocent little Willow.

"Work called. I had no choice."

"You never did tell me what you do." He finally looked back up at me, I knew he was suspicious of what I did, but I could hardly tell him.

Hi Steve. I don't have a name but Hydra called me Winter. Can you tell me how to kill your best friend and tear your world apart? Pretty please?

↩

Yeah that wasn't going to work. Enter little mysterious Willow. The perfect distraction in his hectic life.

"Maybe if you buy me a drink I'll tell you." I flirted with him as I run my finger up his arm. I knew it was working when he shuddered. He was stubborn, refusing to forgive me for running off last time we'd met. Every night ended the same, he took me home, we'd sleep together. He'd tell me something he shouldn't and I'd leave once he was asleep.

"Captain America pouts, maybe I should tell the world." I teased him further, smiling inside when I saw him give in.

"Okay, okay. Just sit down already." He gave me that smile that would make most women weak at the knees. Not me. He wasn't my type.

I suffered through the small talk he made, not caring even a bit about what he was saying. I smiled where I should, gave the right responses. Hydra training coming into play. There was a reason they'd chosen a woman as their main weapon. The first Winter Soldier. No one would see me coming. Steve definitely didn't, I was damn good at what I did. Decades of training made sure of that. In and out of cryogenic freeze had my actual age around 120 years old. Yet I look no older than 30.

Shu ling towards him I rested my hand on his thigh. "So how's work?"

"I do believe we had a deal." He tried to get me to open up, but it would take more than some puppy dog eyes for that to happen.

"Humour me." At this point I was bored, usually I could switch it on and off, pretending to be interested in what he was saying. Tonight apparently wasn't that night.

"You do this every time." His voice was almost sad. It nearly made me feel bad for using him. Nearly "You distract me, get me into bed and then disappear."

Having him cotton on to what I was doing, wasn't part of the plan. I had to step it up a notch. Leaning in I placed a kiss beneath his ear, smiling against him as I felt him shudder. "The mystery is what keeps you coming back." When I nipped on his earlobe I felt him submit beneath me. Just like I knew he would.

"One day you'll have to let someone in Willow." His voice was strained as he tried to carry on the conversation. His remark caught me off guard and I couldn't stop the words that left my mouth. "I did once." For once I let a slither of vulnerability show. It threw me off my game and I hated it. I wasn't getting the information I wanted tonight.

I tried to get my head back into it for the entire evening. Flirting and teasing him, but I wasn't feeling it and it showed. "Willow." He placed his hand on the side of my face. "Let me in."

"I do let you in Steve, usually more than once." I kept my voice sultry, not wanting him to try and get to know me further. I'm not a person you let in. James showed me that much when he let me. He made it obvious that I wasn't a person you wanted to be around. So I made sure I lived up to that.

\*\*\*

I may not have got the information I wanted out of Steve tonight, but an old Hydra contact had come through for me. When I finally escaped Hydra, a lot of them went into hiding. They knew I'd come looking for revenge. Faking my death helped slightly, but the head of Hydra knew better. Finally someone had given him up, and that was my destination tonight. Throwing on my black t-shirt and trousers, I began getting ready. My black mask sat across my face as I laced up my combat boots. Grabbing my knives and guns I loaded myself up. A leather jacket covered the holsters as I left the shabby apartment. I only stayed here when I was on a mission, my main safe house was much nicer, and I couldn't wait to get back there once this was done.

Waiting until nightfall I scaled the large wall surrounding the mansion. Laying flat on top I took out the guards and cameras around me. I had to be quick and quiet in order to get in undetected. There was nothing I could do about the camera on the far side of the garden, but I made sure to hack the cameras close to me.

Silently climbing down I took out the guards one by one. Blood coating my hands as I slid the knife through their throats. Double checking my surroundings I was satisfied that there were no more. Wiping the knife against my trousers, I slid it back into my boot.

I scaled up the side of the building, aiming for the open window on the first floor. Silently slipping inside I crept down the stairs and into the kitchen. I sat in the dark, my feet propped up on the large wooden dining table. A knife between my fingers.

His footsteps were the first indication that he was awake. I smiled.

Showtime

He walked straight to the refrigerator to grab a drink, unaware that I was watching him. Alexander Pierce, head of Hydra. The Avengers had done their jobs, and had him booted from SHIELD, so at least I didn't have to worry about them. Clearing my throat seemed to get his attention.

"Finally." I tried to keep the metaphorical mask in place. Not letting him see the hatred seeping through. He was a target, nothing more, nothing less.

His face remained stoic but I could hear his heart rate increase. He may think he hides his fear, but he doesn't do it very well. His vile green eyes stared back at me. "Cat got your tongue?" My voice laced with the venom I was trying to hide.

"You're supposed to be dead."

I gestured to my very alive body. "Yet here I am." The cockiness he'd tried so hard to erase shining through. I couldn't help the grin that graced my face. Not that he could see it behind my mask.

"What do you want?" Even his voice was laced in fear, something I took great pride in. Hydra made me a weapon, from the day they took me as a child I was their toy. Now I was going to make sure they couldn't do it again. I'd make them regret what they'd done, even if it meant being the weapon they'd created.

"Revenge. I mean you did torture me for years."

I could see the wheels in his head turning, trying to find a way out of this. "What about a way to get to him?"

Him. I knew who he was talking about. James Buchanan Barnes. The man I'd trained, the man I'd protected. The man that betrayed me. Let me. The man I was saving until last. I knew where he was, what he was doing. There wasn't much I didn't know about the man I once loved. The man who took any shred of humanity I had left. Who had let me to take the punishment at Hydra alone.

"I have my own plans for him."

I didn't give him a chance to beg and plead for his life. The mention of James had soured my already murderous mood. Pulling my gun from my lap I clicked the safety off and pulled the trigger. The silencer doing its job as his body dropped to the floor with a satisfying thud.

Mission complete.

"Hail Hydra motherfucker."

↩

---

**A/N: Did I start another story? Yes. Do I love writing a villain? Yes. Do I have a life? No 😊**

Continue reading next part