

Payback

⚠ ⚠ ⚠ **Trigger warning: Mentions of forced sexual situations.**
Please do not read if this will upset you! ⚠ ⚠ ⚠

Sitting with the sceptre in my hands I couldn't help but feel powerful. The cold of the metal nipped against my skin as the blue energy pulsed through it. Loki sat in front of me on his knees, resting his hands on my legs. "Think of who you want to see and focus on it. The energy from the sceptre already flows through Steve so it'll be easy to find him."

I nodded at him, gripping on to the weapon a bit tighter. Clearing my mind I thought of Steve.

Within seconds it was like I was seeing things through his eyes. The Avengers were all sat around discussing me of all things. Well this was good timing, if I knew what they were planning it would make it easier to stay one step ahead of them.

"She's a danger. We have to bring her in." The red head, Natasha stated. I mean she wasn't wrong, but knowing even she was slightly afraid of me made me smile.

"You know we can't. Not without proof." Tony remarked.

Taking my chance I sent a thought into Steve's mind, smiling when he said it out loud. "How do we get proof?"

"She has to be seen committing a crime, something that would warrant our involvement. Barnes. You know her best, what's her next move?" Tony asked.

Everyone's attention snapped to Bucky, mine included. He looked relaxed, like he trusted these people. Seeing him surrounded by friends, people he could trust, it hurt. He had everything I wanted,

everything I'd never have the luxury of having.

"She said she had a list of names. People that have harmed her. There is one person she could possibly go a er next, and a er what he did to her. I'm inclined to let her."

No one spoke, not quite understanding his sudden support for what I was doing. I wanted to believe he was being genuine but I couldn't. I realised Steve hadn't said anything, then remembered I was still in control of him. "What's she planning to do Buck?" He said it as I thought it. I was slightly curious as to what he was willing to tell them.

"You know what? No. He deserves what's coming to him."

The shock of his support had me throwing the sceptre to the ground. I couldn't bare to see the look he was giving Steve, as if he knew it was me. Like he was trying to tell me he was there for me. He didn't know, none of them did. They couldn't.

Loki looked at me in concern as I sat struggling to catch my breath. This was not the time for a panic attack. "Winter. Hey. Look at me." He gripped my legs tighter, giving me something to focus on. I steadied my breathing as much as I could before letting my gaze meet his. "I need you to focus okay? Breathe." His voice was like silk, smoothing over the wrinkles of my fears.

Taking a deep breath I closed my eyes and let the air fill my lungs before releasing it. Opening my eyes I gave Loki a genuine smile.

"Thank you."

"You're not the only one that fears things Winter."

I arched my eyebrow at him, not understanding what he meant. "The dark." He explains, shrugging it away as if it meant nothing.

"The big bad, God of Mischief is afraid of the dark?" I wasn't teasing, genuinely curious.

"I fell into a dark abyss in Asgard, I don't know how long I was falling for, but it was pitch black." He stood up, scratching at the back of his neck, clearly uncomfortable at the admission.

When he acts the way he does, it's sometimes hard to think that he's just as broken as me. Trauma e cts people in di erent ways, in our case it makes us cold and calloused. Maybe we're not so di erent a er all.

Finding out Rumlow's location hadn't been di icult. SHIELD were keeping tabs on him too. A simple hack into their systems and I had his location. I also knew the second I pulled up his location that the Avengers would be alerted to what I was doing. Without being close to Steve the pull from the sceptre wasn't as strong as it once was. I could still look through his eyes but I could no longer influence what he was doing. Which in turn meant that I couldn't stop them coming to find us. We needed a diversion, thankfully Loki was more than willing to provide that.

I sat in a small cafe waiting for him to get into position. Once I heard the rumble of the Quinjet I knew it was time. Placing my mask over my face I began walking over to the research center across the road, I was unprepared for the mechanical punch to my back.

"I've got their attention Winter. Go get him." Loki said through our ear pieces. I was busy battling who I knew was Rumlow through his fighting style. His metal mask hiding his face, a white skull painted on the front of it made him look every bit the villain.

His jabs kept coming, catching me here and there leaving what I knew would be some fantastic bruises. Thankfully I had super soldier strength and years more training. Giving me the upper hand. "What do you think I'm doing?" I shouted back at Loki as Rumlow landed a kick to my chest, sending my flying backwards into a wall. Scrambling back to my feet I began fighting him again, getting annoyed at how long this was taking. "Can you just stop and let me kill you?"

He didn't respond, his attacks just kept coming. Until I saw an opening, sweeping underneath him, I grabbed his legs and launched him into the air. He managed to bring himself back on to his knees, removing his helmet as I stalked over to him. "If you could stay down, that would be great."

As I walked in front of him, I nearly felt bad for him. His face was burnt and scarred almost to the point I didn't recognise him. Then I remembered what he'd done to me in the past. I glared down at him, a smirk appearing as I noticed how he was trying to hide his fear. "Oh they really did a number on you when I escaped didn't they."

I noticed the detonator in his hand as he tried to distract me through talking. I pushed a small button on my thumb as a silent emp went o around us. "You really don't know when to quit do you." His voice made my stomach churn, memories of what he'd done to me threatening to flood to the surface. My hands holding on to the metal across his chest made my skin crawl.

"Come on gorgeous, I'm waiting." He laid on the bed as the guard behind me locked the door. I didn't get the information which apparently means I need reminding in how to use my body. Rumlow happily volunteered as always. He's pumping his cock in his hand waiting for me. I want to vomit, to run, to scream, but I don't. That will only end in me back in the chair. So I do what I always do. I picture James and give him a show.

"Your precious Bucky must be so happy to see the murderer you've become." He sneered, the jealousy pouring o him in waves. He always did hate how I'd happily flirt with Bucky, with Rumlow it was always forced. A punishment. He hated it, even to this day as it turned out.

"I couldn't care less about him." I spat back getting right into his face. "This is about what you did to me." He knew what I was referring to. I always told him I'd kill him for what he'd done, and I follow through on my promises.

"You never did see the bigger picture." He pulls the detonator out of his pocket, thumb hovering over the small red button.

I can't help the smile that appears. "Oh it's cute you think I didn't notice that. Press it." I encourage him. "Let's see what happens."

His thumb clicks down and I watch his face drop. Leaning down to his ear I whisper, "Like I said. Cute. You go out on my terms, not yours."

His face pales under the layers of scarring as I pull out my knife. Slicing small slits in his throat, not enough to kill him straight away, but enough to make him slowly choke on his own blood. To su er the way I had.

"I can't keep them distracted forever Winter." The name Winter sent shivers down my spine. That was what I'd been named at Hydra, a er seeing Rumlow the name le a sour taste on my tongue. Problem was I had no other name. A problem I'd deal with at a later date. Right now I had to find Loki. "Get out of there! Don't let them get the sceptre!" I began running to where I knew I was. Step by step in my tracks as his voice filtered through. "It's too late Winter. Run."

Shit

So run is exactly what I did. I kept running and thinking. I needed a back up plan and fast. Hearing the small whirring of machinery behind me, I knew I was being followed.

Fucking Redwing

Sam Wilson was a dead man. I spurred my legs on, in hope of losing the damn thing. Yet every corner I took I could hear it lingering. I made sure it looked like I was completely oblivious. I had no choice but to let him find me. I just needed a plan for when he did.

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