

Come With Me

Loki entered the fundraiser first. He was in a black suit, long black coat and golden staff in his hands. Very much playing the part of a wealthy business man. "You ready?" His voice came through the earpiece built into my earring. Clipping my necklace on, a hidden microphone inside, I stepped out of the chauffeur driven car. I was wearing green cocktail dress and black heels, an outfit I'd not used for a while. I knew the second we walked through them doors, that the comms would be monitored. They'd be listening, we'd covered this before we left. "Yeah. You have eyes on him yet?" If they thought I was a real James, then that's what I'd lead them to believe.

Loki was clocked the second he walked in and we both knew it. "Not yet. You sure he'll be here?" Loki kept in character as he worked his way around the busy room.

I hid my smirk as I walked inside the building. "I'm sure. Just get to the sceptre." The second the words left my lips, the both of us knew it would be impossible to get to it. Which was exactly what I wanted. If they were guarding the sceptre, they would have less guards where I wanted them. Heroes were nothing if not predictable.

"Stark and Rogers are at the bar. Make your move."

I took a step forward before being dragged backwards, a metal hand around my wrist. "Shit." I squeaked out. He was early. His eyes stared down at me and I nearly forgot why I was here in the first place.

"James." It took me a moment for the confidence to return to my voice. "Or is it Bucky now? I'm never quite sure."

"Come here." He grabbed my wrist, sending jolts of electricity through my skin, something that happened every time he touched me. He took me into to a small room on the side. The second he shut the door, he ripped my necklace off with a smirk. "Let's talk without Loki listening shall we."

I could hear the guards assembling outside, not that it worried me. However I had to act as if it wasn't all part of the plan. "Get out of my way before I make you."

I knew he could hear the increase in my heart rate as he stared at me. Hell he could probably smell the arousal coming off me. Everything about him turned me on, and he knew it. "If you wanted me dead, I would be already."

Hearing him talk like he knew me, it rubbed me up the wrong way. He didn't have that right, not anymore. "You don't know anything about me. Not anymore." I grit my teeth as I struggled to keep my emotions in check. Not many people could get me to bring my walls down, yet one look at him and I could feel them crumbling. Over and over in my head I reminded myself that I hated this man. Sure I wanted him to fuck me into next week, but it didn't make me hate him any less.

He took a step towards me, making me take one back. "I know you're not with Hydra anymore."

My back hit the wall as he towered over me. "No thanks to you." I spat at him, letting my control slip slightly. He had changed, more confident, more dominating. Again, I had to keep reminding myself that he's the enemy here.

"That's what this is about?" He lowered his voice, placing his hand on the wall beside my head. Caging me in, his eyes looking for any sign of the woman he once loved. He wouldn't find it, she was gone.

I knew the angle he was working, flirting to get me to let information slip. "You really think you can play me that easily?"

He placed his finger under my chin, the cold of the metal sending shivers through me. "You taught me how." His cockiness had me fighting back a small laugh. I gently removed his finger, my eyes never leaving his. "You've gone so far James. You really think you were my prize tonight?" His mask slipped as I saw him gulp, trying to remain in control. It was something we'd both battled with before. Neither of us willing to back down.

"If not me. Then what?"

I gave his chest a gentle push, straightening him up. "Goodbye James." He brought his lips down to my ear. "You still think you're walking out of here?"

Right on time one of the guards from outside came in, breaking the tension for a moment. "Mr Stark needs you."

He nodded in response before his attention came back to me. "It's not too late to come with me."

I couldn't help but let out a small scoff. "I'm good thanks."

"Come with me." His voice became so soft, almost as if he was begging. I moved closer to him, our lips almost touching. I could feel his breath quicken against my lips. Sliding my hand into the pocket of his suit jacket, I pulled the necklace out. "Why would I do that when I have a God on my team." I smirked as I stood back, leaning against the wall as I clipped the necklace back into place.

He sighed. "Always such a tough guy."

"Always following orders." I countered, seeing the way his jaw ticked at my remark.

He stepped away, my heart rate finally slowing down. As he reached the door he turned to me. "That God on your team. He's already in a cell."

Oh James I'm well aware.

He really did underestimate me, even a realer all this time. Out of everyone, he should know better. As he disappeared out of the door I smiled.

Walking back into my safe house I couldn't help but feel frustrated, in more ways than one. The encounter with James had me feeling more annoyed than satisfied. As I kicked my heels off the bathroom door opened. Zemo appeared, freshly showered. "Tell me you got it." I

practically growled at him, as I headed straight for the bedroom, pulling the pins out of my hair. "Of course I did." He gloated from the living room.

Pulling on the SHIELD uniform I had stashed away, I headed over to him.

The tesseract sat in a briefcase. Pulling on a pair of leather gloves I picked up the blue cube, remembering what Loki had said about using it. "Then let's get him out of there shall we."

The Avengers were so concerned with catching me and keeping us from the sceptre that they didn't give a second thought to the tesseract. With this I could get in and out of their compound far easier. Like I said. Heroes are nothing if not predictable.

"What about Barnes?" Zemo looked me over with concern. I'd met Zemo a few years back when Hydra split. He wanted revenge on the Avengers for the death of his family. At the time I didn't really care much, until he mentioned tearing them apart through James. I gave him the trigger words and led him to it. So when it came to needing another pair of hands, I knew he would be on board. Friends wasn't the right word for us.

"I wouldn't call us friends." He was pacing around the small glass box he called home.

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend." My lips twitched as I smirked at him.

"What do you want Winter?" He acted bored, but I knew he was intrigued. That's all it took to convince him to join me, not to mention his freedom.

"If he gets in my way. I'll kill him myself." It was the plan all along. To take everything he holds dear and rip it to shreds. Just like he did to me.

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