

What Did You Do?

I managed to sneak out of the house the next morning before Bucky or Steve had woken up. Using some old contacts I'd managed to get hold of a helicopter at a fairly decent price. As I was walking through the hangar bay where it was located, I heard him.

"Doll, what the hell are you doing?"

Shit.

Turning round, I gave him the biggest smile I possibly could. "I'm running an errand." I carried on walking towards the helicopter, the signal scrambler sat in my pocket. It was the only way I was going to be able to land, I had to fry their communications just for a while. The last thing I wanted was for every prisoner to escape.

Bucky fell into step beside me, "you can't break him out again."

I couldn't help but smirk at him as we walked. "Oh Bugaboo, don't tell me what I can't do. It just makes me want to do it more." Yes it was childish and I probably should've thought of another plan. But honestly? This one was much more fun than any of the others.

Bucky stepped in front of me, a stern look on his face. "I'm serious. You can't break him out. You're not the Winter Soldier anymore doll, there's consequences." It was a warning, yet it had absolutely no impact on what I had planned. I stopped for a moment, knowing I had to play him at his own game, just for a minute. "Then feel free to find me someone who has contacts in Madripoor!" We both knew he couldn't, no one knew that city like Zemo and I.

He stood sighing as he shook his head, that was when I realised I had gotten my own way. Sure it was childish and petty but I really wanted to mark this down as, Y/N one, Bucky zero. "Exactly," I smiled before kissing him on the cheek. "So can you move so I can get this done?"

He put his hands on my hips, pulling me closer to him. "Just talk to him. That's it."

I ran my hands slowly up his chest, over his T-shirt a flirty look that I knew would distract him on my face. "If I agree, will you move out of the way?" My hands reached up to around the back of his neck. His eyes darkening like I knew they would with the teasing. It was a reminder of when we hated each other, when the fire between us was scorching hot.

He swallowed the lump in his throat, trying to regain any sense of composure. "I'm serious doll," he bit out between gritted teeth.

"Fine. Can I go now?" I started to play with his hair, tugging on the root. I needed him distracted and the thought of what would be waiting when I got back was exciting.

"Y/N," he half moaned, half growled at me.

I reluctantly took a step back with a sigh. "It's almost as if you don't trust me."

"I don't."

I placed my hand over my heart, "gee Buck, thanks." I teased him, a smirk on my face. He rolled his eyes, unfazed at my attempt to guilt trip him. "I trust you to get the job done, just not how you get it done." I couldn't really blame him for that, he had a point. I took his flesh hand in mine, cupping his stubble covered cheek in the other. "I promise to get as much information as I can before I make a decision. Okay?" It was the best I could offer him. I knew there'd be consequences to breaking Zemo out, but we had no other choice. Something I knew Bucky knew deep down.

He leaned into my touch, rubbing his thumb over the back of my hand. I couldn't deny how much the soft touches soothed me. "Buck, please. We need his contacts."

He sighed before pulling me closer to him, "Just be careful." His tongue swept across mine as he kissed me, his metal hand squeezing my ass. I wasn't oblivious to why he did it, I'd pissed him off and he'd get his payback one way or another. The idea itself sent a buzz of anticipation through me. Part of me wanted to forget the mission altogether and just take him home.

Unfortunately that wasn't an option.

The flight to the ra was a couple of hours long, the weather didn't help. It took a lot of concentration to keep the helicopter on the right path. As I approached the facility I hit the signal scrambler, smiling as the prison emerged from the water. A safety precaution I was more than aware of.

As I stepped out of the helicopter, I pulled out the widow bites, a peace offering from Natasha.

"Identify yourself!" One shouted at me. I flashed my fake ID badge but they weren't buying it.

Time for plan B.

Enough to stun not to kill Nat had assured me. Throwing the first two, the guards dropped like flies, unconscious in seconds. "Hmm."

Well that saves a lot of work.

The thing with the ra is because of its location there isn't many guards so it doesn't take me long to get to Zemo's cell. I walk out of the darkness, smiling at him. "Hey Z."

He stands from the bed that takes up most of his cell, "Winter?"

"I leave you for five minutes and you get yourself locked back up."

The text Bucky had gotten an hour ago hadn't filled him with confidence, him and Steve had swiftly made their way to the warehouse. "Buck, where are we?" Steve asks as they make their way inside, the only form of light coming from their flashlights. "I don't know," Bucky walks ahead of Steve looking for some kind of light switch. "She just said to meet her here." He finally finds what he's looking for and turns on the switch, looking back at Steve as he turns on the flashlight. "Which means she's done something stupid."

Steve looks around seeing nothing but storage boxes and a couple of nice cars around them, he knew in that moment it was something that belonged to me. He knew only I would store nice cars in a warehouse in Brooklyn. "So where is she?" He asks as they both walk further in.

Bucky sighs, running his hand over the sleek black sports car. "I don't know." He stops to look at Steve, who knows he's hiding something. They've been best friends for too long for him to not notice when Bucky is holding something back. "You're hiding something. What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything." It wasn't a lie, Bucky hadn't technically done anything, he just hadn't stopped me doing it either.

A door opening from the other side of the warehouse has their attention shifting. I walk in, giving Bucky the best innocent look I can manage, which granted isn't a very good one. "So we may need to have a chat Bugaboo."

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