

## Back To Madripoor

I'd barely made it into the room before Steve was on me, he pushed me up against the nearest wall. The cool concrete pressed up against me did little to quell the raging fire inside. I had to admit seeing this side to Steve; the rage bubbling under the surface, it stirred something inside me. I didn't have time to dwell on it though, as he began shouting in my face. "What the hell were you thinking?" His voice echoed around the warehouse.

Zemo attempted to interrupt him, "if I may?" Without missing a beat, Steve and Bucky turned to him shouting "no" in unison. I rolled my eyes, this was going to be a long mission if we didn't get it sorted. "Steve, can you just let me explain?"

His attention reverted from Zemo, back to me. His grip loosened on my arms which I was thankful for. He run his hand through his hair with a sigh. "He killed King T'Chaka, nearly tore the Avengers apart. Why him?" I could tell he was holding back his anger, trying not to push me too far. But the way he was still in my face as he growled at me, it wasn't something I was used to with him. "Get in my face again and I'll stick a knife in it."

He instinctively stepped back and I had to admit I was disappointed at how quickly he surrendered. There was more to Steve than anyone knew, it made him just a little bit more interesting. I wasn't sure how I'd missed it before but now I had another thing on the 'to do' list. Bring out the darker side to Steve, because that was a version I could get along with.

"Good to know Winter is still in there," Zemo muttered under his breath, Bucky shaking his head at him. He knew how I felt about being called Winter. The first time I didn't respond when Zemo made the assumption, but this time he knew about the change in my name. I glared over at him, "Call me that again and I'll apply the same threat to you!" He raised his hands in surrender.

I stepped out from around Steve, faced with a very fed up looking Bucky. "Doll, what happened to not breaking him out?" He wasn't mad which was surprising, he was just indifferent; like he was expecting it.

"The guards didn't take kindly to my methods of persuasion," I shrugged my shoulders, as if it was the most obvious answer in the world. His face dropped as he suddenly became serious. "Tell me you didn't kill anyone."

I rolled my eyes at him, "of course not! I'm not stupid Buck, they're just sleeping." I glared back at him with my hands on my hips, the low light doing nothing to hide the lust in his eyes. It was always that way with us, we argued and it only led to us wanting to fuck each other instead.

"As entertaining as this is, we need to leave." Zemo broke through the tension, forcing my eyes away from Bucky's. I knew he'd get his revenge one way or another and quite honestly, it made it that much more exciting. I turned towards Steve, placing my hand on his arm. "Still by my side?"

"Unfortunately," he gritted out but I could see the smile he was biting back. Something had shifted between us when he pinned me up against the wall, we both knew it but it wasn't something we had time to dwell on. "Still think being my friend is a good idea?" I smirked at him, letting go of his arm.

Steve shook his head slightly, finally letting the small smile he was holding back escape. "Not even a little bit, but it's too late to change my mind now."

Zemo shrugged his shoulders, nodding his head. "She has that effect on people." I couldn't help but smile at him, I'd missed him. He was a reminder of how far I'd come, probably still one of the few people in this world I trusted. I gave him a small half hug as I walked past. "It's good to have you back." I grabbed the car keys from behind Bucky, unlocking the sleek black Audi. "Come on, I have some revenge to finish."

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If I thought the tension was thick in the car, it was nothing compared to what happened on Zemo's private plane. Turns out I'd been right in assuming Zemo would be useful. He knew exactly who the power broker was and we were all stunned. None of us more than Steve who sat shaking his head at the news. "That can't be right Zemo, she wouldn't do that."

"Just because you don't want it to be true, doesn't make it any less so." Zemo stated, a silence falling around us. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The person that had tried to have me killed was someone Steve knew, Bucky too. She'd helped Steve when Bucky had been framed for King T'Chaka's murder.

"Doll? You're suspiciously quiet." Bucky rested his hand on my leg, bringing me out of my thoughts. I gave him what I hoped looked like a confident smile as I shrugged. "Just processing I was shot by a friend's ex. Just give me a minute."

He rolled his eyes at me, "that's what you're focusing on right now?"

Before I had a chance to respond, Steve spoke up with a soft shake of his head. "This is my fault, I should've tried harder to find her." Trust Steve to find a fault in himself, for someone so publicly known his lack of confidence is surprising sometimes. He can't seem to see what others see in him.

"Yeah you probably could've tried harder," Bucky nudged me with his shoulder and a shake of his head. Ignored him and carried on, "but you didn't make her pull the trigger." He knew just because he was feeling sorry for himself, that I wouldn't sugar coat it. In the long run that never helps anyone anyway.

He looked over at me, a soft nod of his head confirming that he agreed with me. "Let me try and talk to her before you go in guns blazing." He pleaded with me with his eyes, I wanted to tell him to go to hell. That I couldn't wait to end the bitch, but something stopped me. I wasn't sure what it was, but I agreed with him. Albeit somewhat reluctantly, "fine, but if she threatens anyone here, I won't hesitate."

Bucky and Steve gave each other a look, one that for once I couldn't read. Apparently Zemo could though, "you still think she can be redeemed."

"If we can, why can't she?" Bucky looked at me, hoping I'd agree but I couldn't. What Bucky and I had been through was so different, in every way. How could he not see that? Anger boiled in my veins, even just insinuating that it was remotely the same enraged me. "Do you realise how many SHIELD agents have died because she was making money off their secrets?" I snapped back at him.

"And we never did that at all did we?" His sarcastic tone left a bitter taste in my mouth. The look he was giving me did nothing to dampen the fire inside either. "We didn't do that voluntarily! This isn't the fucking same and you know it." I moved to sit as far away from him as I could, not trusting myself to be near him and not hurt him.

An uncomfortable silence settled over us as I stared out the window, flashes of missions coating my vision. I pulled my knees to my chest, turning so that no one could see the silent tears rolling down my face. I couldn't help the hurt that sit in my heart, the way Bucky had compared us to her. I'd never hurt an innocent person since I'd left Hydra, anything that happened before that was out of my control. The shame began pulling me down a dark hole and it was going to take a large amount of effort to pull me back out of it.

Luckily I had a few hours until we landed, hopefully I could sort myself out by then.

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