

Deal With It

We were sat in a small booth, the only available seats, meaning I was sandwiched between the two large super soldiers beside me. I try to avoid the glares James is throwing my way as Steve rests his hand on my thigh. The short dress means his hand is directly on my skin and with James here, it just makes me uncomfortable. Not that I show it, a smile constantly plastered on my face to the point my cheeks ache. Happy free spirited Willow is starting to be my worst character yet.

"So you're Willow." I can tell how uncomfortable it makes him to refer to me as that. To lie to his best friend, but then again, lies came from him quite easily. I knew that first hand.

"I promise you Winter, nothing will take me from your side. We'll get out of here together, or not at all. Where you go, I go." His lips met mine and I finally felt free. Hopeful that we'd escape this mess together.

I ran my knuckles over Steve's cheek. "You been talking about me Cap?" I could feel James shi uncomfortably beside me. Apparently flirting with his best friend wasn't something he liked to see. So obviously I made sure to do it more.

"Only the good things I promise." Steve reassured me. Completely oblivious to the situation beside us. The way James' leg would brush up against mine, goosebumps appearing over my skin. "So, Willow What is it that you do?" I could almost taste the venom on James' tongue as he spoke. I began to hate the way the name Willow sounded leaving his lips. I hated that he wasn't using my name, or at least the name I knew. His hand disappeared under the table, hidden from Steve's view as he watched us talking. A smile across his lips, most likely happy that his best friend was taking the time to get to know me. If only he knew. James' hand skated up my thigh, unbearably close to my core, that had become unbearably wet since we'd sat down, and it had nothing to do with Steve.

"I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you." James' face scrunched up at that. He'd heard it from my lips before when we'd been on missions together. By the way he squeezed my leg I knew he was annoyed, it was insanely satisfying.

Steve laughed beside me. "Don't wind him up Willow."

"But he makes it so easy." My voice was light and airy, covering the fact that I was beyond frustrated. The way James' pinky finger was stroking the edge of my underwear, dampening the thin fabric. I couldn't let it go any further, the look of hatred in James' eyes just made me want to fuck him that much more. The way he bit his lip and shook his head watching Steve interact with me. It just sent flashes of him biting mine in the same way. I could usually turn the emotions o , but when it came to him, it just wasn't possible.

"Sorry Steve, but I've got to run." He placed a kiss to my cheek as he stood, allowing me to escape James' grip. Standing up I turned to him. "It was nice to meet you Bucky! I knew he'd caught on to how I said his name when he rolled his eyes.

James I knew. James I had trained and worked with. Bucky was a stranger to me and that was how I wanted him to stay. A stranger made for an easier target.

"You literally just got here, what's the rush?" I noticed how his lip twitched and he subtly rubbed his o ending fingers across his face. He knew how he'd e ected me and how I hadn't pushed his hand away.

"The atmosphere is just a bit stale for me tonight." I turned my attention to Steve, placing my lips against his. The whole time, my eyes never le Bucky's. I could see his jaw tick, his only tell that he was pissed o . As Steve pulled back I swi ly moved my gaze from James.

"Stay safe." I had to bite back the laugh as I smiled at him. "I always do. I'll call you." At this point even he knew it was a lie, I wouldn't call. I'd just show up again when I needed something from him. I should feel bad, I knew he had feelings for me, but I just didn't have it in me to care anymore.

"One day you'll let me call you." He gave me a final kiss goodbye before I le them to it.

Stepping outside I threw my head back. Groaning in frustration. James was becoming a problem, everywhere I went he seemed to be, and I wasn't ready to take him out. At least not yet.

Walking back into my safe house, I wanted nothing more than to jump in a hot bath. Yet when I walked in I found both Loki and Zemo sat in silence. Both of them nursing a drink in their hands. "Why exactly are you both still here?" I kicked my shoes o before disappearing into the bedroom. Changing out of the flowery piece of shit fabric I was wearing. I hate flowers and I hate dresses. Another thing that was completely Willow and not Winter. Throwing on some leather leggings and a black tank top I walked back out.

Zemo was the first to respond to me. "I've set up a meeting, just waiting for confirmation." I smiled at him, at least one of them had actually used their brains and got on with something useful. "Okay fine." I couldn't be bothered to find a glass, opting to just grab the bottle of whiskey and drink straight from it. A er taking a large gulp I looked over at Loki. "What about you?"

"How am I supposed to leave when they're looking for me?"

His tone agitated me further, I wasn't his fucking babysitter. He had a role to play, I didn't much care if the Avengers found him or not at this point. "Use an illusion or whatever it is that you do. I don't particularly give a shit, just play your part."

"While you do what exactly? Because last I checked, spreading your legs wasn't part of the plan." He sneered, causing my anger to rise. Before I could even register what I was doing, I'd leapt over the couch. My foot connecting with his stomach, he managed to avoid falling over, which only frustrated me further. He didn't pull his punches as he fought back, something I appreciated, it had been a while since my last fist fight. He got a couple of decent jabs in, but before he could get too much of an upper hand, I landed a kick to his chest, sending him flying into the wall. As he slid down to the floor winded, I stuck my foot in the middle of his chest.

"You'd be rotting in a cell if it wasn't for me. So watch your mouth." I could feel his heart beat rising as he attempted to act the villain.

"You think I'm scared of you?"

Leaning down I got right in his face, my knife up against his throat.

"You act all tough. Yet I can hear your heart pounding in your chest. Nothing more than a scared little boy." I pushed the knife harder against him, not enough to break the skin but enough to make him gulp in fear.

"Winter." Zemo warned, seemingly bored from his spot in the kitchen.

I never took my eyes o Loki as I spoke. "Yeah yeah, I know. Don't kill him." Taking the knife away I headed over to where I'd le the whiskey. Finding the bottom of the bottle wasn't helping my mood. I threw it against the wall in anger.

"You're more agitated than normal. What happened while you were out?" There was something about Zemo's voice that seemed to calm me. I couldn't figure out if it was the accent, or if it was just something about him.

Flopping down on the couch, I threw my head back. "James fucking Barnes happened."

"Then go deal with it, before it becomes a problem."

I knew he was right. As much as I didn't want to deal with James, I had no choice, I couldn't have him getting in the way. Standing up, I pulled on a pair of combat boots and my leather jacket. I didn't say anything to either of them as I walked out. Not until I got to the door.

"I want that meeting Zemo."

He nodded in acknowledgement, and I headed o to the house I knew James was staying in.

James Barnes and me alone. Together. With no one watching. This should be eventful.

A/N: Well now we know why she calls him James. Something I felt I needed to explain.

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