

## Regret

Crying in the shower was not on my agenda this morning, but there I was sitting on the cold tiles, tears streaming down my face. Self hatred. That's all I felt. I'd not slept, which was dangerous in itself, but every time I close my eyes I saw him. The way his lips connected with mine. The way his hands glided over me and claimed me as his. I couldn't get the images out of my mind.

"What have I done?" I muttered into the empty room.

My fist connected with the wall as the tiles crack underneath it. As I looked at my knuckles I saw the blood. I focused on that, watching the blood mix with the water at my feet. Watching it run down and into the drain. I let myself be vulnerable with him. That's not something I can do again. I won't.

Getting out of the shower I grabbed my phone. Dialling the number that should've called me hours ago. The little bitch was taking the piss and the mood I was in, she would live to regret it.

She answers on the second ring and I smile. She knows better than to keep me waiting. I let her live once, knowing her hatred for the world could come in handy. She thought it was a kindness. How wrong she was, I only do things that benefit me and what I need. Now she was slowly outliving her usefulness.

"Do I need to repeat myself, Karli?"

"I heard you the first time." She tries to hide her fear, but I can almost smell it from here.

"Then why am I still stood here with no serum?"

"I don't have it."

Anger floods through me. "Don't lie to me!" I growl down the phone. Smiling as her heart begins to beat so hard I can hear it over the phone. "I can hear your heart pounding."

"Give me a day."

I smile. The girl knew better than to take me on. Her 'flagsmashers' had been one of my first targets when I le Hydra. They thought they were doing good but a er blowing up a building with innocent people inside. They became one of the first organisations on my hit list. Now here she was thinking she could play for time. "I'm sorry. Did you just try to negotiate with me? You're alive because of me, don't forget that. You have twelve hours. Madripoor. Be there or I will find you and I won't be as kind." I hung up, throwing the phone on the bed.

Zemo came into my room as I was pulling on my leather jacket. Shrugging into it I looked over at him. "I got us the meeting."

I gave him a nod and he le . It wasn't until I put my hand in my pocket I noticed a small device sitting in there.

James fucking Barnes

I pulled it out whispering into it. "Nice try James. I'm sure I'll see you soon."

Throwing it on the floor I stamped on it, smiling as it ground to dust under my boot. I need to kill something or someone, and soon.

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Walking onto Zemo's private plane I slumped in my seat, still agitated about my time with Bucky. No. James. He'd brought up feelings I thought were long gone. Zemo passed me a glass of champagne as we settled in for the long flight. Savouring the taste of the bubbles I relaxed just a bit.

"So how exactly are we getting into Madripoor? Last I checked Selby was running things and I'm hardly top of her good list. How did you even get her to agree to the meeting in the first place?"

Destroying weapons from her black market sales wasn't the easiest job in the world, and I'd barely escaped with my life. How Zemo knew her, I wasn't sure but I knew she wasn't exactly his biggest fan either. Me she hated. Fortunately before today, she was under the impression I was dead. I hoped I could get out of Madripoor with that rumour mostly in tact.

"Selby is making an exception. She wouldn't meet me alone." He paused watching my reaction. "She wants you."

Rolling my eyes I drained the drink, holding it out for him to top back up. "Well that's just great." My head hit the back of the seat. As usual my mind ran through a number of various outcomes.

"Well it was either her or the power broker."

"Selby it is." Selby I knew, I knew how she worked, what made her tick. The power broker was an unknown, and they knew everything about everyone. You didn't go to them if you wanted to leave alive.

Turning my head towards the window I watched the clouds roll past. My mind wandering, unconsciously rubbing my neck. Make up had done a wonderful job in covering up the marks made by Bu-James.

Zemo seemed to catch on to where my thoughts were. "I never did ask how your meeting with Barnes went."

My eyes snapped to his. "Don't. Just don't." My voice was full of rage, even I could hear it. One mention of that man and all control I had slipped.

"If he gets in the way..."

"I'll deal with him. Now leave it." I snapped cutting him o .

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Bucky was about to board the Quinjet when Sam found him. "Buck, wait!" He bounded over to him, concerned for his friend. Bucky had run o hearing Winter smash the listening device. Madripoor was the only information he'd managed to get from the bug in her pocket. It was enough for now, he knew how to find her. Madripoor was a small country, and she would have to be in the shady part of it. Hightown would o er nothing for her, his plan to go alone was now being interrupted by his annoying, overly protective friend.

"Sam, no. I know what you're thinking and you're not coming with me."

"Why not?" Sam knew there was only one reason Bucky would run o . He was going a er Winter. He couldn't understand his obsession to keep that woman safe. She was a threat and needed to be treated as such. He didn't want to see Bucky get hurt a er how far he'd come.

Sighing Bucky looked at him. "Because I'm the one least likely to be killed getting to her."

"You're a part of a team now. Let us help you." Sam pleaded with him.

Bucky was becoming more and more agitated by the second. He didn't have time for this. Winter was already ahead of him and he needed to get to her before she did something stupid. Like getting herself killed.

"If she's as dangerous as you say she is, you need the back up."

Bucky's head snapped back to Sam. "No! I don't!" He knew, no matter what she said about him being a target, she'd never pull that trigger. She still in loved him, just as much as he loved her. His only care in the world was stopping her and getting her back. If the Avengers got in his way he'd take them on too. Winter was his and he would get her back, no matter the cost.

"I'm coming with you, whether you like it or not." Sam didn't give Bucky a chance to stop him, walking straight onto the Quinjet.

"I hate you." Bucky shouted at him before joining him.

Setting a course for Madripoor, the pair sat in silence. Every time Sam went to make a comment, Bucky would throw him a look that told him he wasn't talking about it.

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