



xxxix. It's Hers

When Jasper Sitwell checked his phone and saw he had a call from Alexander Pierce, he automatically dismissed his bodyguards and took the call, eager to serve Hydra. He did not expect to be threatened by a "good-looking guy in the sunglasses" and an angry light manipulator.

He certainly did not expect to be kidnapped by the said guy in sunglasses and taken to meet the three most wanted people in Washington on top of a roof.

Steve, Natasha, and Auralie all approached him. Sitwell staggered back, knowing he was no match for any of them.

Steve strode to the forefront of the group and said, "what's Zola's algorithm?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Sitwell cried.

"What were you doing on the Lumerian Star?" Steve asked, coming closer and closer to the Hydra agent.

Sitwell stammered, "I was throwing up, I get seasick."

"Oh shut up you Hydra scumrat," Auralie hissed, "we all know you're lying."

"I'm not lying. I have no idea what you're talking about," the traitor said, his voice becoming high pitched and desperate.

Steve grabbed him by the lapels and dangled him over the edge of the roof. Sitwell laughed nervously, "you aren't going to throw me o the roof. That's not your style Rogers."

Steve set him down and smoothed out his coat, "you're right."

Then he said, "it's hers."

Natasha kicked him right in the balls and he went flying o the roof. Auralie let out a laugh. She knew that they had just thrown a man o the roof, but he was an evil man, so..... Besides, he had screamed in an almost comic way.

"What about that girl from accounting. Laura, Lauren," Natasha mused, still thinking about Steve's love life at a time like this.

"Lillian," Steve supplied the name, "lip piercing, right?" Natasha nodded and Steve sighed, "yeah, I'm not ready for that."

That was when the flying badass, Sam Wilson, outfitted in his awesome mechanical wings, brought Sitwell back and dropped him in front of them on the roof.

Breathlessly, Sitwell cried, "Zola's algorithm is a program. For choosing."

"For choosing?" Natasha glared at him, "choosing what?"

"Its targets," Sitwell spat.

"What targets?" Auralie cried.

Sitwell replied, "I don't know." Auralie's palm lit up menacingly, and he caved in, "alright, alright, Tony Stark, the other secretary of defense, a congressman here or there, a high school valedictorian from Iowa City. Bruce Banner, Stephen Strange, anyone who is a threat to Hydra."

"How?" Steve asked.

Sitwell laughed, "The 21st Century is a digital book. Zola taught Hydra how to read it. Every record, every test score, it's all analyzed. Zola's algorithm looks at people's pasts to predict their future."

"And then what," Steve prompted him to continue.

Sitwell looked up, eyes full of hate, to meet the bane of Hydra, the living legend, the supersoldier's gaze, "and then Insight's helicarrriers scratch people o the list. A few million at a time."

Auralie lost her temper at that moment. She yanked Sitwell to his feet, only to punch him in the face with all the force she could. She saw blood running out of his nose, felt the crack of bone, and it satisfied her. This man deserved to pay for his part in helping harm people. For helping harm her friends and the good people who just wanted to protect the world. She wanted them all to pay. Auralie did not consider herself an angry woman. But she hated people who thought that they were better than everyone else and that because they had a certain ideal, they should make the choices on who lived and who died. Elory had thought that way, and her thinking had corrupted Auralie's twin. It made her livid.

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Soon they were back in Sam's car (how they would ever repay the goodness of Sam Wilson, Auralie did not know. If they didn't make him an Avenger someday, the world was full of a bunch of idiots) and taking Sitwell to Shield's DC headquarters.

Auralie said, "so, go over the plan for me one more time."

"We take Sitwell to headquarters, use his biometrics to get past security, and shut down those helicarrriers," Steve replied.

"It won't work," Sitwell sneered, "Hydra is smarter than that."

Auralie laughed, "yeah, you used to take orders from a guy with an extreme sunburn. I doubt Pierce is much more competent."

"You have no idea how hard we have worked for this," Sitwell glowered, "so I suggest you stop laughing."

"Killing people isn't hard work," Natasha snapped and you could tell she was thinking of Fury.

Sitwell mocked her, "Really? And this is coming from the assassin."

"Don't you speak to her that way, she is stronger than you could ever imagine," Auralie snapped, anger rising in her mind again.

Sam rolled his eyes, "hey, once this is over, can we put this guy someplace really nasty? Like, I don't know, we could throw him in the Hudson or something because he is really getting on my nerves."

Steve smiled, "I was thinking more of a cold prison cell, but I like your style."

"You aren't locking me up," Sitwell yelled, "Hydra will see right through you, and we have weapons you can never defeat. Project Insight and Zola's algorithm are just the beginning. And you'll all be dead by the time this is over."

At his words, Auralie remembered something, something important, that she had been forgetting in the chaos of being on the run, being bombed, and kidnapping a Hydra agent. A certain metal-armed assassin, who had come out of nowhere, killed Fury and snuck o into the night.

Natasha noticed her friend's worried expression and asked, "what's wrong?"

Auralie opened her mouth to reply when she heard a thud on top of the car. Auralie gasped as a metal hand came through the roof and ripped the steering wheel. Sitwell let out a mu led scream as he was pulled through the opening and tossed back to the other Hydra agents who were waiting for the Winter Soldier to finish his mission.

The car began to skid and Sam took action. He threw his arms around all of them in what was probably the weirdest group hug of all time, as he broke the door o and they road it across the road, away from the damaged and sparking car.

The assassin had gone flying, his metal arm making skid lines in the road as he slid back. He looked up at them, at the quarry he had been sent to hunt, and Auralie felt a shiver in her bones. These next few moments would decide if they lived or died. But it was all a game to Hydra.

Let the games begin! Auralie thought ironically.

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