

Capture

I heard his footsteps before I saw him, frankly I was surprised it took him this long. I stand with my back to him, pouring a drink. "How did I know you'd turn up?" I take a large gulp of the liquid before I turned to face him. That smug smile that lights up his eyes stared back at me. "I always knew where you were doll." That I know is a lie, otherwise he would've come for me months ago. He never was good at the lying, hence why he spent most missions as my broody back up.

I couldn't help but notice the lack of a weapon on him, which could mean only one thing. "I'm guessing you're not alone." I leant back against the counter, drink in hand.

"Couldn't trust you not to run."

He stalked towards me, my eyes roamed over him. The way his muscles popped against the too tight shirt. His jeans tight against his thick thighs. I hate the way my body reacts to him, he's fucking gorgeous. Squeezing my thighs together, I ignored the ache that was forming between them. I had to change my train of thought, and quickly. "Doesn't mean I won't end you before they get there."

He smirked, the dimples in his cheeks grabbing my attention. "You won't get the chance Winter." I held back the vomit at the name. Ever since killing Rumlow only 12 hours ago, the name brought back memories that I thought were long dealt with. I shrug it off, putting up my walls again as I glare at him. "So you expect me to come quietly?" I take another sip of my drink. I know he's watching me, waiting for me to make a move, the problem was I was running out of moves now.

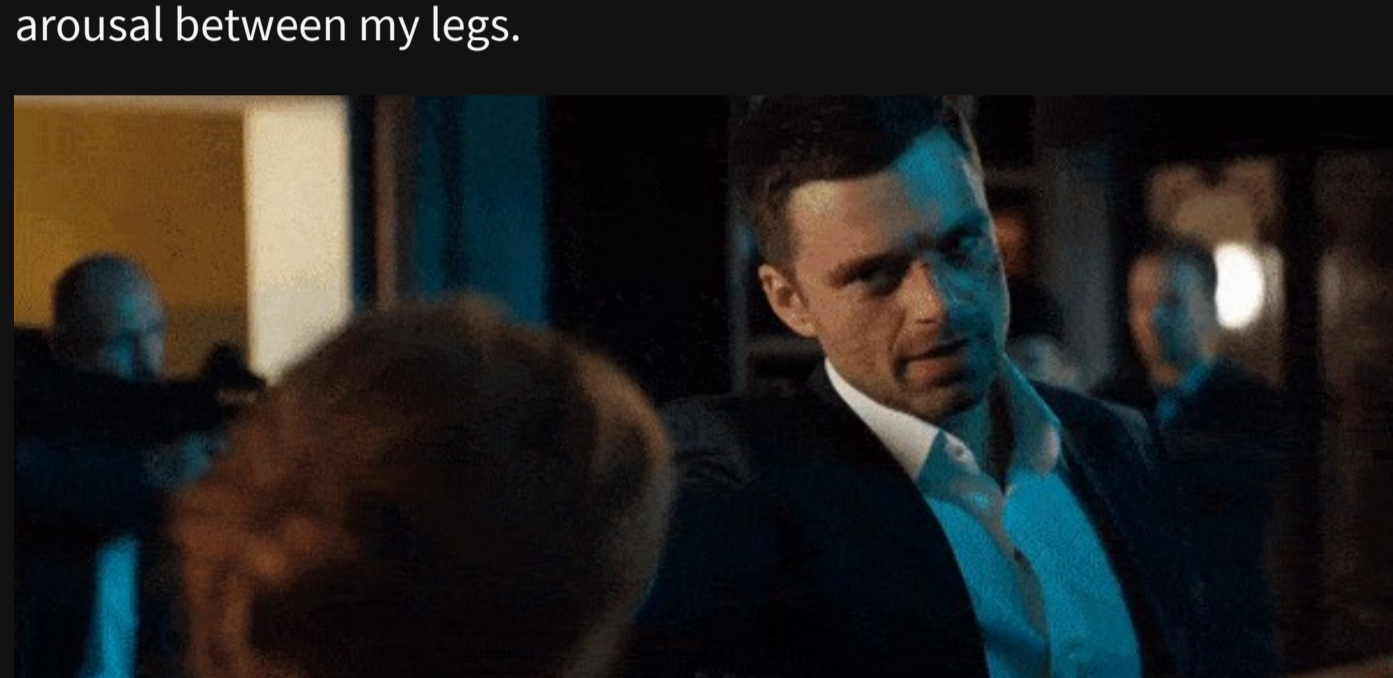
"No. This is me giving you one chance." There was no emotion in his voice.

"You're not taking me anywhere." I slammed my drink down on the counter. "I won't go back in a cell." Even the idea of being locked in a room had my heart beating beyond belief.

His hand snaked behind his back as he got closer to me. There's the weapon, I should've known better. "Why do you have to make things so difficult?"

My instincts kicked in as I grabbed a knife from the counter next to me. I barely had time to grab it before his gun was in my face. We both stared at each other, a mix of lust and hate across our faces.

His gun slid from my temple, to under my chin. "Stop trying to figure a way out of this and do as you're told." The cold of the metal of the barrel left goosebumps across my skin. Not to mention the pool of arousal between my legs.



It was then that the rest of the SHIELD agents spilled into the room, giving me no hope of escaping. I glared at him. The gun still rested under my chin, tilting my head up to look at him. "Pull it." I spat at him. "I'd rather that than go into a cell."

His eyes softened for just a moment, giving me a glimpse of the man I once loved. "I'm not going to kill you Winter."

"That's your first mistake."

He smirked down at me. "We'll see."

My hands were chained behind me as eight SHIELD agents escorted me through the Avengers compound. The one thing I'd insisted on picking up before I left was my mask. It sat proudly on my face, keeping me hidden from prying eyes. I kept my hardened exterior up as I began freaking out. I knew I wouldn't last long in a cell, the memories were too raw. I saw the Avengers all watching me as the footsteps echoed throughout the corridor.

As I walked towards the cell I could see Loki laying on the small cot bed in the corner. It was made purely of glass, nowhere to hide and no way to escape, that much I knew. The only way you opened a cell like this was from the outside. Loki stood as the door was opened.

"Winter?"

"Fancy seeing you here." I smirked as the cuffs were removed. I hid the way I began to panic as the door behind me closed, the sound of it locking echoing around me.

"Unless you start talking, this is going to look like a hotel, compared to where you will be." I turned round to see a man with an eyepatch glaring at me from outside. Nick Fury. The one these heroes answered to.

Loki came to my side, his smirk mirroring my own. "You still underestimate her?"

Nick looked between the two of us, his worry evident in the sweat across his forehead. The thing with fear and worry is that you can mask them, but there's always a tell. Whether it's looking down at the ground, clenching your fists or even sweating. It takes training to hide it and this man had either never experienced fear like this, or he was out of practice. Either way I smiled.

"I know how dangerous you both are. Which is why you won't be staying here for long." Nick's eyes never left Loki. I stepped into his eye line a smirk hiding the rising panic in my chest. Not that he could see it through my mask but it made me feel better.

There was only one person I knew would help but I couldn't ask for him. That would make me look weak, something I couldn't do again.

"You want answers. Get me James." I kept my face void of emotion as well as my voice as I stared at him.

"You don't give the orders around here."

"Yet you'll do it because I'm the only one that can give you what you want." They apparently thought I knew something they didn't, so I used it to my advantage. It would get Bucky down here, hopefully stopping the incoming panic attack, and it wouldn't seem like I needed him.

"You try anything and you'll never see daylight again."

I rolled my eyes at him, keeping up the appearance that I was in control, when I felt the furthest from it than I had in a long time. "I'm bored now. Get me James while I'm still willing to talk."

Without saying another word, Nick left muttering. "Barnes get down here now."

It wasn't long after that, I heard his footsteps approaching. I stopped pacing long enough to see him walk up to the cell. His eyes staring straight at me. I couldn't help my body's reaction, the way my heart rate finally began to drop. My breathing returning to normal. He had such an effect on me and I hated him for it. Yet I couldn't change it, I wasn't even sure I wanted anymore. Not that I would admit that to

anyone, I've spent so long hating him I don't think I know how to feel any other way. Yet I feel comfortable and safe around him like I never have before. He'd never know that, he couldn't, because then it would've all been for nothing.

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