

## The Serum

An alert on my phone tells me Karli is back in Madripool, yet she hadn't contacted me. Her first mistake. Contacts were few and far between over here, but I had the airports covered. She'd arrived late last night and headed to a warehouse I knew all too well. She was hiding the serum. Her second mistake.

Sneaking out of the bedroom wasn't the easiest task with a super soldier sleeping on the floor. Why that man hated beds I will never know. Tiptoeing around him I successfully managed to slip out the door. I check to make sure no one is watching, deciding it's worth the risk I walk into the underground garage. Smiling I pulled my mask on my face and jumped on the motorbike. The vibrations from the engine coursing through me as the tires squeal. Speeding o , I had one thing on my mind. Find the serum and destroy it.

I park just round the corner, not wanting to alert her too soon. I knew she'd hear me coming, her hearing was as good as mine. I don't bother to walk gently, letting my footsteps announce my arrival. Walking around the abandoned machinery, I smile. She stood with a leather satchel in her hands. Clutching it as if her life depended on it.

"Karli." My voice showing no form of emotion, if she thought I'd take pity on her, she was gravely mistaken.

"Winter. Please don't do this." Unlike me her voice gave her away. She was scared, as she should be.

"Give it here or I'll kill you and take it. Either way I'll get what I want kid, I always do." My hand settled on my gun strapped to my thigh, flicking the safety o . Then she made her third mistake. She runs. I let out an audible sigh, looked like I was doing cardio today. Running a er her, it didn't take me long to catch up, my legs longer and muscles better trained than hers.

I let o a warning shot just above her head, the sound echoing around us. "I warned you Karli." She looked back round to see where I was, causing her to fall over a table. The table flipped as she fell behind it. I slowed to a walk. The satchel laid on the cold concrete ground, small blue vials scattered around it. She poked her head out from round the table.

Another warning shot in her direction.

"Stay down. I let you live once, don't make me regret it." I picked up one of the vials, anger coursing through me that people were still being subjected to this poison. "This stu is a curse. You knew why I wanted it."

"Please." She begged from her hiding spot. "It can save lives!"

I sco ed. "Like it saved the flagsmashers?" I couldn't help the satisfied smirk that appeared.

Her red hair caught my attention as she looked directly at me. "I'll never forgive you for that."

Throwing the vial on the ground with the rest, I began crushing them under my boot. The blue liquid spilling out, mixing with the broken glass. "I don't care if you forgive me." I rounded the table, crouching to grab her face in my hands. "I don't want to see or hear from you again. If I do, I'll finish what I started. Do you understand me?"

She nodded her head as much as she could. Fear laced through every cell in her body. "Good girl. O you go." She bolted. I hoped I'd never see her again, I didn't want to kill her, she was a kid mixed up in things bigger than her.

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Bucky had searched everywhere for Winter, she was gone. Zemo sat with a smug look on his face, lounging on the couch with a drink in his hand. "Just tell me where she is." Bucky clenched his fists as he looked over at Zemo. He sco ed at Bucky. "So you can go and ruin another one of her plans? No." He stood to walk into the kitchen. "She can handle herself."

Bucky stalked a er him. "You think I don't know that?" He knew all too well how well Winter could take care of herself, but he also knew about her need to be protected. He couldn't lose her again. He'd win her back if it was the last thing he did. Grabbing the glass from Zemo's hand, he threw it against the wall. "Don't pretend you care about her. Now where is she?" He practically spat in Zemo's face, rage taking over. Zemo gave him nothing, the two of them staring at each other.

Thats how I found them. A staring match in my kitchen, the air thick with tension. Shrugging out of my jacket I ignored them looking over at Sam. "Great you're still here." I threw him a wink and he shook his head in response. I kind of liked him as it turned out.

"Did you get it done?" Zemo asked, seemingly done with his staring match. I couldn't help rolling my eyes at him as I sat on the couch, taking my boots o . "Of course I did. Any luck with Nagel?" He shook his head before Bucky walked over to me. Standing above me, a power play. "Where the hell were you?" I sat back against the so cushions of the sofa, a bored look covering up the fact I wanted to do nothing more, than pull his lips down to mine. I needed to get rid of him and soon, these feelings were becoming a problem. Picking at my nails I kept my gaze away from him. "I don't answer to you. I was out."

"Winter." Zemo gave me a pointed look, taking my attention away from Bucky thankfully. "Did you get it all?"

Sam seemed to suddenly wake up at that point, clocking on to the fact I wasn't just taking a stroll this morning. "Get what exactly?" When I didn't answer he looked to Zemo, who raised his hands in surrender. "Don't look at me. If she's not telling you, neither am I." I took a sip from my beer before standing up, forcing Bucky to take a step back. His eyes hadn't le me since I walked in the door. Placing a hand on his chest I gave him a smirk. "See James that's what loyalty looks like." His nostrils flared in anger as I called him James. He didn't need to know that calling him Bucky was now a natural thing. That was something only I knew.

Walking past him I chugged the rest of my drink in one. "You really want to do this now?" His voice was louder than I anticipated, I hadn't realised he'd followed me. Standing barely an arms length away from me. "You may want to wait until I don't have a weapon strapped to my waist." His eyes trailed down to where my hand was resting on my gun. When he looked back at me, I could see that hooded look in his eyes. "Still hanging on to the whole killing me thing?" He took a step closer, his eyes roaming up and down my body. Drinking me in. It both infuriated me and turned me on at the same time. "It's what gets me up in the mornings."

Sam broke the tension by sighing. "Do you two ever stop?"

I couldn't help but laugh as I walked away from Bucky, needing another drink to stop myself from giving in to my desires. Thankfully his phone buzzed, pulling his attention away from me. My interest was piqued by the way he began to panic. "Sam. It's Steve."

Sam's head snapped to Bucky. "What's happened?"

"He's missing."

I hid my smile successfully as I sipped on my drink.

Good boy Loki

"Well that sounds like a situation that needs your attention." I gloated. Zemo threw me a warning glare. They knew I knew more than I was letting on. Bucky stormed over to me, anger clear as day in his eyes. "What did you do?"

I gave him a small nudge backwards. "Me? I've been here the whole time." I batted my eyelashes at him, earning me an eye roll. He knew as well as I did that I was far from innocent, yet it angered him that he couldn't prove it. They seemed to have forgotten that Zemo and I weren't working alone.

"You know something though." Sam broke the tension yet again.

"Oh Sam." I paused, for dramatic ect. "I know a lot of things."

Turning towards the bathroom I smiled sweetly over my shoulder.

"Don't you have things to do now?" I caught Bucky's conflicted gaze as I disappeared into the bathroom.

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"I don't care how you get to him. Just do it. I want a man on the inside by the time I get back. You've got the sceptre, so use it." Loki nodded as I gave him my instructions. Bucky would follow me to Madripool, of that I had no doubt. That le Steve vulnerable. The sceptre could control minds and Loki knew how to use it. Only this time, it wasn't to have Steve do anything, just observe and report back to me. This way I could stop sleeping with the vanilla asshole. 𠆞

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**A/N: Oh Bucky and Sam. Did you really forget who you were dealing with? Winter always has a plan you sweet innocent babies**

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