

Kiss Me Already

I was going stir crazy being stuck in the Avengers compound. I never enjoyed being cooped up inside, that was something I don't think will ever change. After a large amount of persuasion I managed to convince Bucky to get some lunch with me.

We walked through the busy streets of New York, our hands brushing against each other but neither of us taking the step to hold onto each other. I wanted him to, I couldn't help but be disappointed that he didn't make that first move. Sure we'd shared a bed since I left the hospital, but this seemed more intimate.

Bucky took me to a small diner not far from the compound. The colour red, white and black scattered throughout. So music played in the background as he found us a table in the back. He ordered us both a coffee while I looked at the menu. Everything looked good, I ended up telling him to pick something. When the waitress came back over, she seemed to ignore me, her attention firmly fixed on Bucky. I couldn't help the jealousy that surged through me as she stuck out her breasts at him.

A number of months ago I would've happily stuck a knife in her back, but I had to at least try to curb the bloodlust. So I decided to play dirty, I moved round the small booth, sitting beside him. He gave me a confused look before looking back at the waitress who was gushing over the Avengers.

I laid my head on his shoulder, my hand gripping his thigh. I started kissing my way up his neck, nipping at the spot I know drives him insane. He put his metal hand over mine on his leg, squeezing almost painfully hard. It was a warning, one that I chose to ignore.

Thankfully the waitress seemed to get the hint pretty quickly. She scampered off and I slid back round to my seat, ignoring the tent in his jeans.

We sat in silence for a while, neither of us sure of what to say. I could tell there was something on his mind. "What is it Bucky?"

He rested his chin on his clasped hands, seemingly looking for the right words. "You and Loki. Did anything ever happen?"

Well I wasn't expecting that. I couldn't help but smirk at him. "Mr Barnes, are you jealous?" I kept my tone light, almost teasing him.

"A bit," he let out a nervous laugh.

"No, nothing ever happened." I let out my own nervous laugh. "I was kind of hung up on someone." The atmosphere seemed to shift from teasing to serious pretty quickly. I watched as he took a sip of his coffee before running his hand through his hair, bringing his hand round to rest on his cheek. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

I knew he was referring to more than just me and him. It was something I'd given great thought to over the last few days. There was a time I wanted nothing more than the destruction of the Avengers. After spending time with them, my opinion was beginning to shift. "If I didn't want it, I wouldn't be here."

He placed his hand on the table, his palm facing up. I placed my hand in his, smiling as our fingers laced together. He began rubbing his thumb across my knuckles. "I need you to let me in. Don't hide things from me."

I was already doing that, he had no idea about the drive that had led to the attempt on my life. I wanted to tell him, just not here. "I can't promise to be perfect, but I can promise to try." It was the best I could offer him.

He gave me a small nod, "I can cope with that."

The waitress came over with our food, interrupting the moment. She was sweet enough to Bucky, but all but slammed my plate on the table. I couldn't help the pettiness that coursed through me. So as she walked away, I stuck out my foot sending her flying to the floor. Bucky bit back a laugh at what I'd done, his eyes sparkling back at me. The waitress quickly scrambled to her feet, her cheeks red in embarrassment. She couldn't get out of there fast enough.

I turned my attention back to Bucky who had barely looked at his food, let alone ate any. "So what do we do now?"

"We could start by going on a date." He gave me an almost nervous smile. I didn't miss the way his eyes flickered between my eyes and my lips.

"On one condition." I countered, lowering my eyes to look up at him.

"And what might that be?"

I sat back in my seat, pushing my plate to the side, my desire for food was well gone. "You stop staring at my lips and just kiss me already." I smirk at him.

He slides out of the booth, coming over to me. "Come here then." He pulled me to my feet, my hands wrapping around his neck as he crashed his lips to mine. Our tongues battling for dominance, a fight he swiftly won. We stopped caring about people around us, lost in the moment. He tasted like home, the coffee mixed with his natural spice. I could feel the arousal pooling between my legs as he devoured my mouth.

When we finally pulled away, we were both panting, struggling to breathe. "Let's go," he threw some money on the table before pulling me from the diner.

We barely made it to the compound before his hands were on me again. He picked me up, wrapping my legs around his waist as the elevator slowly climbed to our floor. The second the doors opened he was moving, his hands gripped onto my ass to keep me up.

Opening the door to his room, he manoeuvred us inside, kicking the door shut behind us. We didn't make it to the bed, or the sofa. Passion and desperation consuming us as we fell to the floor. I pushed his jeans and boxers down, allowing his beautiful cock to spring free. He pulled my trousers and underwear down to my ankles. He climbed back up my body, settling between my legs. He ran his cock through my folds groaning as he found out how wet I was. "Fuck doll, you're so wet."

I tugged at his hair, pulling him closer to me. "Just fuck me already." Without any warning, he slid into me effortlessly. His cock stretching me, filling me all the way to my cervix. "Fucking hell Bucky," I grunted out as he began pounding into me. Months of back and fourth poured out between us as he fucked me. I slid my hands underneath his shirt, clawing at his back. I could feel myself getting closer, my walls clenching around him, making him feel bigger than he was. He leant down on his elbows, his pelvis rubbing against my clit. "Fuck doll, you're squeezing me."

"Stop talking and make me cum Bucky." I bit back, taking his bottom lip between my teeth. He didn't waste any time in pounding into me harder. It wasn't long before I was screaming, my vision blurring as he brought me the release I desperately needed. As he guided me through the waves of my orgasm, I felt him explode into me.

We laid on the floor, his forehead against mine, his cock still nestled inside me. "Beds are overrated anyway." I chuckled.

He moved, just enough to lay on the floor beside me, our legs still tangled together as he cupped the side of my face. "You still do that little squeak," he teased.

"And you still do that nose scrunch," we both chuckled together. The smell of sex lingering in the air as we laid on the floor. I knew in that moment I would do anything for the man next to me. I'd even give up my vendetta if I had to.

"There's something I need to tell you." I admitted before telling him about the USB drive. I only told him the basics, not wanting to give too much away.

"Don't do anything until we know more."

I agreed, but we both knew that wasn't going to happen.

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