

## Unusually Snarky

I managed to get my emotions in check as we reached Madripool. The dark streets teemed with life as I drove through Hightown. Bucky seemed to understand I wasn't in the mood to talk, he sat beside me in the passenger seat. By the time we reached the safe house I was more than ready for a drink.

Parking the car in the underground car park, I slipped my mask in place with a smirk. "Is it wrong I'm liking being back here?" I asked out loud, to no one in particular. We reached the elevator and Zemo chuckled, "only you'd feel that way about the murder capital of the world."

The elevator rose quickly, opening up into the living area of my home. I walked straight over into the kitchen pulling a bottle out of the cupboard. "It has the best bars though," I joked as I poured myself a drink. I hid the way my hands were shaking as I held the glass. Being back here was triggering things I'd rather hide, the way it reminded me of who I once was.

Bucky shrugged his jacket off, rolling his eyes at me. "The mission isn't to get drunk Y/N." He gave me a look that told me he meant what he said. He knew I was hiding something, but he wouldn't say anything in front of the others. So I did what I do best and I acted unaffected by everything.

Fake it till you make it.

"I should've brought Loki, he's more fun." I poured another couple of drinks, pushing the glasses across the bar to them. Zemo took his before sitting on a bar stool opposite me. "Why didn't you bring him?" He asked as Bucky and Steve took their drinks from the bar, their gazes fixed firmly on me.

The three pairs of eyes watching my every move had my walls going up. "I only have you lot because I have to!" I snapped before turning away from them, pretending to look for food in the cupboard. The food I knew wouldn't be there, it never was. My finger tapped on the cupboard as I looked through the empty shelves.

Steve seemed to realise what I was doing before anyone else, picking up his drink he headed over to the sofa. "So what now?" He asked, giving me a subtle smile, showing me he was there to support me. I followed him over to where he was sitting, "ask him." I pointed over at Zemo, "he knows Madripool better than me."

Zemo raised his eyebrow at me, almost insulted at my statement. I let out a small laugh as I sat down. "Okay, he knows the less seedy parts better than me." Even he couldn't disagree with that. If you wanted a tour of the bars and backstreets, I could lead you blind. However that wasn't what we needed, Sharon wasn't going to be hanging out in some back street alley way.

"She'll be looking for you," Zemo subtly warned me. I knew it was possible, the second we landed there was a probability that I was being tracked. I rolled my eyes at him, "well that's obvious. You have anything that's actually useful?"

Bucky stood leaning against the bar in my kitchen, swirling his drink in his hand. "You're unusually snarky today. What's wrong?" I hated the fact that he could see right through me. It put me on edge, I'd made a reputation for being a badass bitch. Not someone that needed reassuring from time to time, but his words from the plane were playing on my mind even now.

"Nothing. I'm fine." I snapped, draining the whiskey from the glass, concentrating on the burn as it slid down my throat. He scooped before finishing his own drink. "Yeah because the words, 'I'm fine' are really convincing." I stand up walking to the kitchen for a refill. "Just leave it," I wasn't in the mood for him and his need to know every thought in my head.

"What are you hiding Y/N?" Steve asked, his tone a lot softer than Bucky's. He was worried, that much I could tell but it only pissed me off more. I wasn't used to people caring about me and it was something I was still getting used to. "Just leave it!" I snapped as I threw my glass against the wall behind him. He didn't flinch, he knew I wasn't aiming for him, just a way to take out my frustrations.

Bucky walked over to me grabbing my wrist. "Excuse us," he pulled me into the bedroom, slamming the door behind us. "Come here," he pulled me into his arms, his touch calming me almost instantly. He pulled away, his hands never leaving my waist. "What was that for?" I asked as I searched his eyes for answers. The blue staring back at me was enough to get lost in, to the point I forgot I was supposed to still be pissed off at him.

"Your walls are up. Why?" He moved one hand from my waist to rest it on my cheek. The cool of the metal was strangely comforting. "I told you I'm fine," my voice came out a lot softer than it had done since we'd arrived. Just being alone with him was reassuring all my anxieties.

"You're not fine doll, just talk to me." He pleaded with me, wanting me to let him in. I moved back out of his reach, rubbing my hands over my face. "Why are you pushing this?" He followed my every move until my back was pressed up against the door, his hands caging me in either side of my head. "Last time your walls went up, I lost you." His lips became so close to mine that I could taste his breath on my tongue, the hint of whiskey with the spice that was all him. It was intoxicating and enough to scramble my senses for a moment. "I-I don't know what you mean," I breathed out.

His nose rubbed up against mine as he pushed me further into the door. "When you broke into my house in Brooklyn. You only left because your walls went up." His hand moved from beside me to trail up my arm, goosebumps breaking out all over my exposed skin. "I was different," even I could hear the desperation in my voice. I wanted him, every time we're alone together things change. It's like he's a drug that I just can't get enough of. I cleared my throat, trying to sound more confident than I felt. "Things are different now."

He licked his bottom lip, the small action setting my core ablaze as his eyes look into mine. "How are they?"

"Because I love you, you fucking idiot." I blurted the words out. I hadn't meant to say them, at least not out loud. I couldn't take them back now and honestly, I didn't really want to. He gave me the smile that lights up his entire face. "Say it again," even his voice was lighter for hearing the words I'd held back for so long. I leaned forward brushing my nose against his, my hands resting against his muscled chest. "I fucking love you."

"It's about time you admitted it," he smirked as he looked down at me. The cocky look on his face should've annoyed me, instead all I wanted was for him to kiss me. "Shut up," I almost growled at him as I pulled his lips to mine.

My hands slid up his chest, resting at the back of his neck as he pushed me into the door. His cock strained against his trousers as his tongue claimed my mouth. His hands worked their way down to my ass, squeezing before lifting my legs to wrap around his waist. He moved us over to the bed before laying me down, pressing himself against my aching core.

He rubbed himself against me and I moaned into his mouth. He nipped at my bottom lip as he pulled back. "Quiet doll, them moans are for my ears only." His metal hand slid under my tank top, pulling my breast free from my bra to pinch and twist at my nipple. I arched my back as arousal flooded my underwear.

"Always so responsive," he teased as he pulled my top over my head. He unclipped my bra, freeing my breasts as the cold air caused my nipples to harden further. He wasted no time in attaching his mouth over the peak. I couldn't bite back the moan that escaped as he grazed his teeth over me.

He instantly pulled back, a warning look in his eyes. "Don't look at me like that Sergeant Barnes, I don't give a shit who hears me." I didn't miss the way his cock twitched at the name. I hooked my legs round his waist, pulling him closer to me as I rolled my hips over him. He pushed my hips back against the bed with a growl. "I care, your moans are mine." The possessiveness only added to the ache between my legs. I was pretty sure he could make me cum with his words alone.

"Then find a way to shut me up," I challenged him with a smirk. He could see the defiance in my eyes, he knew me too well. He pulled his top over his head, before moving to rid us of the rest of our clothes. Before I could protest he'd flipped me on my front, pushing my face into the pillows. Lifting my hips into the air, he slid a cold metal finger through my slick folds. "Quiet or I'll stop," he threatened before sliding two fingers into me.

I wanted to cry out, but the idea of him stopping his fingers won over my defiance. I buried my face into the pillow, letting the fabric soak up my moans. My legs started shaking as he hit the sweet spot inside me, his thrusting was brutal as he fought to bring me over the edge.

"You gonna cum for me doll?!"

I turned my head, looking at his smile as he fucked me with his fingers. The eye contact made everything more intense, my eyes rolled into my skull as the knot in my stomach snapped. The pleasure rolling over me in intense waves. My legs shook as I cried out, something that earned me a slap to the ass. "I said quiet!"

I turned my head back into the pillows screaming as the pleasure overtook me, my vision spotting as I clenched around his fingers. I barely had time to recover before his cock was buried inside me. The sheer force of his thrust pushed the bed forward, banging against the wall.

My breath came quick and fast as he hammered into me, his hand at the back of my neck kept my head against the pillows. "Fuck Y/N you keep squeezing my cock like that, and I won't last long." He growled as I fell over the edge once more, my juices seeping out and down my legs. The sounds of our breathing and his skin slapping against mine got louder as he chased his own release. He came with a roar as he painted my walls with his cum.

I couldn't help but whimper as he pulled out of me. He disappeared for a moment only to reappear with a cloth from the en-suite bathroom. He cleaned me up before climbing onto the bed next to me, pulling me to his chest.

"Sleep doll, and when you wake up you can tell me what got you in such a mood in the first place." He placed a kiss against the top of my head as my eyes fluttered shut.

"Love you Buck," I muttered as I drifted off. I wasn't sure if he responded or not, sleep took me too quick for me to listen.

"I love you too you fucking infuriating woman."

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