

Vanilla Vs Dark

Bucky had gone out to get us some food because we had nothing in a er the trip to Madripool. I told him last night that I was moving in and we'd celebrated more than once, on various surfaces around the house. The ache between my legs a strong reminder of how much fun we'd had.

A knock on the door pulled me from my memories, assuming it's Bucky forgetting his keys I pulled the door open. Instead i was met with a very pissed o Steve.

"Steve?" I took a step back allowing him to come in. He pushed past me and wandered into the living room. I followed him in, not really sure what he was doing here.

As soon as I got close enough he grabbed me and pushed me up against the wall. The dark look in his eyes stared back at me. "You went behind my back. Again." He all but growled at me.

"You knew who I was when you decided to trust me." I spat back at him, ignoring the way my thighs clenched together at this version of Steve.

"So why pretend that you'd changed? That you wanted to be good?" His hands squeezed slightly on my upper arms, a display of strength. Usually I would've been angry about it, but given his current state I wasn't sure he was even aware that he was doing it.

"I never said I wanted to be good, you made that assumption." I rolled my eyes as I forced my way out of his grip. I walked over to where we kept the alcohol. Pulling out two glasses I poured us both a drink.

"Is this all a game to you?" I hid the hurt that his words inflicted. Passing him the glass with a slight shake of my head.

"It was never a game." Sure I'd played with people in the past, including Steve, but never for fun.

He slammed his glass down on the wooden table, the glass cracking under the pressure. "Stop lying!"

I smirked as I took a drink of the expensive scotch, savouring the smooth burn as it slid down my throat. "What's really your problem Steve?" I almost taunted, the feeling between my legs growing stronger each time I saw that look in his eyes. "Because me releasing them files isn't what's fuelling your anger." I could guess what it was but I wanted to hear it from him.

He took a step towards me, his eyes roaming over my body. I was only in an oversized shirt, barely covering my ass. It wasn't like he hadn't seen it all before anyway.

He closed his eyes briefly, taking in a deep breath. "You make me question everything I know. Why?"

"Because the world isn't black and white. It's just taken you a while to catch up."

"Why does it have to be you?" The question comes out as barely a whisper, but I hear it anyway.

"Am I supposed to know what that means Captain?" I taunt him, wondering just how far I can push him. The reaction is just too good to not try.

He took another step towards me, the anger pouring o him is delicious. "Don't call me that!"

I smirked remembering how Bucky reacts to me using his oicial title, the way it sends all the blood rushing to his cock. It seemed that Steve had the same reaction.

I sauntered up to him a er placing my drink down. My hands glided up his chest, his muscles tensing beneath my touch. "And there's the real reason you're so angry. You still want me." This was what had been building since Madripool, when things had shi ed between us.

I heard the door open and close, signalling that Bucky had come back.

Steve grasped my wrists in his, his eyes glued to my lips as I ran my tongue across them. "I hate you for making me feel like this." He growled at me, his eyes darkening further.

Bucky placed the grocery bags down before leaning on the door frame. "If that were true, your eyes wouldn't be glued to her lips pal." He teased with a smirk on his face.

I pulled my wrists free from Steve, raising an eyebrow as I walked towards Bucky. "Buck?"

He grabbed my hips and pulled me towards him. "He wants you, but he knows your mine." His hand moved possessively to my ass, pulling me even further into him. The idea of them both wanted me ignited something in me that I didn't know existed.

I looked over my shoulder at Steve, who was trying desperately to keep his eyes anywhere but at me. "I'd never do that to Bucky. You're his girl, you always have been."

I looked back at Bucky, who was giving Steve a smug grin. "She brings out a side of you that you never knew existed doesn't she."

"And I hate that I enjoy it."

Bucky smirked at me, sliding his hand to the back of my neck, tugging my head backwards slightly. The look of desire in his eyes along with the sting from his hold on me had me squeezing my legs together.

"She likes that it annoys you." He gives me a knowing look, he knows me too well.

"You're not wrong Sergeant." I smirked, knowing I was pushing him close to his limit.

"Tell him why," Bucky ordered, spinning me round to face Steve, pulling me flush against his chest. I could feel his hard cock against my back as his metal hand rested on my throat.

"Vanilla Steve is boring, this dark version? He's much more fun."

Steve took a step towards us, the beautiful dark blue of his eyes sparkling to desire. "Don't push me Y/N, you might not like where it leads."

Bucky let me go as I walked towards Steve, meeting his gaze with a lust filled one of my own. "Or you might like it a bit too much. Not worrying about the rules and consequences."

"What are you thinking doll?" Bucky asked from behind me.

I turned back around, sliding my arms up around his neck. "It could be fun," I licked a stripe up his neck. He pulled me in to kiss me, his tongue sweeping into my mouth, claiming me as his. I bit down on his bottom lip, hard enough to draw blood as I pulled back. The raw passion in his eyes had me dripping wet. "Don't take too long to decide."

He gripped my throat with his metal hand, showing me who was in charge of the situation, and it wasn't me. "Stop being a tease and go wait for me." He landed a slap on my ass as I started walking away.

Just to tease him a bit more I walked straight up to Steve, sliding my hands up his chest once more. I gently pressed my lips against his, smiling when he relaxed against my touch. "Good to see you again Captain." I could see the hesitation in his eyes as I pulled back.

"Doll enough, you'll give him a heart attack." Bucky rolled his eyes at me. I smiled up at Steve, deliberately brushing my hand across the bulge in his jeans as I walked away.

The second I was in the bedroom I could hear them talking, but couldn't hear what they were saying.

Bucky turned to Steve clapping his friend on the shoulder. "You're reading too much into it."

Steve ran a hand through his hair, taking a step back from Bucky. "Do you not think it's weird?"

Bucky let out a small laugh as he shrugged out of his jacket and put the groceries into the kitchen. He knew Steve would follow him "Do I think it's weird that my girl wants some fun? No I don't." In fact he felt extremely lucky to have someone who loved him willing to go that far with him.

"Last time I slept with her was di erent." Steve admitted, slightly hung up on the past.

Bucky sighed, leaning against the kitchen counter. "That was di erent. She didn't want it then, she does now."

Steve gave him a slight nod, trying to accept what Bucky was saying. "I want to Buck, I just don't think I can."

"Then I'd suggest leaving." Bucky smiled as he walked o , he wasn't being rude but he knew what was waiting for him in the bedroom and if Steve wasn't joining he wasn't waiting longer than he needed to.

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