

Party Time

Walking into the party had me biting back a laugh. All the Avengers had their jaws on the floor, colour drained from their faces. Thor was the first to approach Loki and I. "Brother." His tone was clipped, like he was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Grabbing a champagne flute from the bar I linked my arm back through Loki's, smiling at his brother. "Relax Thor, we're a team now a er all."

Loki laughed before grabbing a drink for himself. We walked o , working our way to the crowd. I didn't miss the way Bucky was looking at me in pure shock as I passed by him. I couldn't help but smile at the lack of colour in his face.

Natasha spent a few minutes trying to pry information out of me, failing miserably. All she got was that my drink of choice was vodka.

As the night progressed, a drunken Thor dragged Loki away, claiming to need some brotherly bonding time. Not that I minded, I was just happy to see him giving Loki some of the attention he desperately needed from his brother.

I made my way back through the crowd towards the bar. "Double vodka on the rocks please."

Within seconds I had my drink in my hand, my thoughts spiralling with everything that had happened. The last thing I ever expected was to join the people I hate. Yet here I was playing nice. I couldn't even blame Loki for it, he'd sacrificed so much for me already.

Draining my drink, I decide to head away from the party to clear my head. Finally getting free from the crowd I head towards my room. Before I get too far someone grabs my wrist, pulling me into the empty board room that the Avengers usually have their meetings in. Pressing me up against the wall I'm met with Bucky's eyes, and he's not happy.

I roll my eyes at him. "What is it with Stark parties and you ambushing me?" I remind him of when I'd come to the fundraiser, intent on causing chaos.

He places his hand on the wall next to my head. "Then stop turning up to parties with him"

I run my finger down his chest, enjoying how his breath hitches at the contact. "Jealous Barnes?"

"Doll..." He tries to warn me but it comes out as more of a pant than anything.

"What? You wanted me to stay and now I am." Even my voice gave away how much I wanted him, but I wasn't about to give in to the ache between my legs.

"I think we need to talk don't you?"

Ironic. It was talking last time that brought back all the hate I felt for him. Yet here he was suggesting it again. "Funny. I can't think of a single thing I want to talk to you about."

He smirked, running his tongue over his bottom lip. "Oh doll. You think pushing me away is going to make me give up?"

I leant forward, feeling his hard cock rub up against my stomach. My nose rubbed against his. "And do you really think I'm going to make it easy for you?" I resisted the urge to smash my lips against his. To have him fuck me senseless up against the wall. I placed my hands on his chest before pushing him back slightly.

He rolled his eyes before smirking at me. "You always did like the chase."

My hand lingered on the small patch of skin at the base of his neck, where his shirt buttons where undone. "You want me?"

"You know I do." He growled back, pulling me against his erection to prove his point.

I pull his lips to mine, my tongue diving straight into his mouth. I kiss him as if I'm submitting to him and when I feel him melt against me, I bite down on his lip. Hard enough to draw blood. He pulls back and his eyes have darkened, anger and lust written across his face. I lick the blood o his lip before smiling at him. "Then try harder."

I push o him and watch as he all but drools at me as I walk away and back to the party. I know if I stay with him a moment later I'll end up with him buried inside me. That can't happen. Not again.

Walking back into the party and straight back to the bar, the bartender passes me my drink without me even asking. I nod a grateful thanks in his direction. My fingers linger over my bruised lips before Steve joins me.

"Bucky tells me you chose a name."

"Hmm. I did." I take a sip of the clear liquid, enjoying the burn as it glides down my throat. I take a moment to take in what he's wearing, a navy blue shirt and a pair of jeans. He looks good. Yet no part of me wants to jump on him like I do with Bucky, it's insanely annoying.

"What else did Bucky say?" I query, giving him the most innocent look I can muster.

He grabs a bottle of beer from behind the bar, shaking his head. "Nothing I can repeat in front of you."

"I'm guessing some special language words were spoken." I tease, biting back a laugh as I remember what Natasha had said.

Steve blushes as he takes a sip of his beer, clearly uncomfortable. Which is ironic considering this is the most comfortable I'd ever been around him. Sure we'd had drinks together before and even slept together, but now I wasn't pretending to be someone I'm not. I was just me and he didn't seem as afraid as he'd once been. Perhaps I was changing a er all.

"Who told you?" He asked playing with the label on the bottle.

I motioned the bartender over for another drink, before grabbing the bottle of vodka o him. He took the hint and le it on the bar next to me. Turning back to Steve I took a sip of my drink. "Natasha tried to play me." I couldn't help the satisfied grin that broke out across my face. "She may be the Black Widow, but she's got nothing on me."

Steve let out a small laugh. "If you two tried, you might have more in common than you'd think."

"If her sights weren't set on Bucky I could agree." The way Steve's face changed, I knew I was right. She was in love with Bucky and that angered me. Not that I had any right, I didn't want him. Yet the thought of someone else having him made me see red.

"This game you're playing with him." Steve interrupted my train of thought. "It's a dangerous one Y/N."

I grabbed the bottle of vodka, opting to leave the glass behind. I walked up to Steve, pressing my body against his, before whispering in his ear. "Oh that's half the fun, Cap."

I noticed the shiver that went down his spine and couldn't help but smirk. I had to remind him who I was, and it worked. Placing a kiss on his cheek I le him. Deciding to work my way through the crowd and onto the dance floor.

Bucky and Tony were sat up at the bar, both watching Y/N as she danced through the crowd. The bottle of vodka hung from her fingers as she drained what was le .

Tony turned to Bucky with a smile. "If you're not going to dance with the big bad wolf, I am." He noticed the way Bucky's jaw tensed. He couldn't help it, winding up the ex assassin was one of his favourite things to do.

Bucky grabbed a shot of whiskey and held it in his hand. "Be my guest. She'll chew you up and spit you back out." He threw back the drink. Pretending it didn't rub him up the wrong way. The idea of her dancing with anyone but him had him feeling all kinds of jealous, but he couldn't do a thing about it. Not a er the therapy session and now her walls were firmly back up. It would take a miracle to get her to let him back in now. He wouldn't stop trying but he needed to come up with a plan first.

I was listening to some boring old man talk about his life story when a voice behind me pulled me from the conversation.

"How many of my parties are you going to crash, before you ask me to dance?" Tony asked, a smirk on his face.

I could feel Bucky's eyes burning into us. "Where are my manners." I got close to him, running my hands up his arms. "Mr Stark, would you care to dance?"

My arms rested on his shoulders as he placed his on my hips. "Much better." He smiled down at me.

We swayed to the music for a while before I broke the silence. "It's nice to see the colour has returned to your face." I teased, causing him to roll his eyes at me.

"You certainly know how to make an entrance." He's eyes flicked over my shoulder and as we moved round in a circle I saw what he was looking at. Bucky sat looking like he was about to combust with jealousy. I chuckled. "And you certainly enjoy riling up super soldiers."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's an addiction."

I couldn't help but laugh at him. "Well it's certainly an addiction I'm more than happy to feed."

"I think we're going to get on just fine."

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I couldn't help but think he was right. There was just one small problem. "I'll be inclined to agree. Once you remove your hand from my ass." I gave him a smirk and rolled my eyes. He swi ly moved his hands back to my hips as we continued to dance.

Once the song ended, he stepped back and placed a kiss on my knuckles. "Anytime you wish to make the Manchurian Candidate jealous, you know where to find me."

"Noted." I smiled as he walked away. Bucky was still glaring daggers at me, so I blew him a kiss along with a wink.

Perhaps Steve had a point. This was a dangerous game, but then again what's life without a little risk?

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