

Isn't it your job?

Waking Bucky up had been a nightmare, he kept pulling me back into bed refusing to let me get out of his arms. While I appreciated the distraction, we were here for a reason. I finally managed to wriggle free from him, pulling on a pair of lacy black underwear with a matching bra. I heard him groan from the bed, throwing his head back. "How am I supposed to concentrate knowing you're wearing that?"

I pulled on a pair of black tactical pants and a black tank top. I sat on the edge of the bed to pull my boots on, looking over my shoulder at him. "Are you planning on getting up at any point?"

He crawled down the bed, his arms wrapping around my stomach, pulling me back against his chest. "Can't say I'm in a rush," he started kissing down my neck, nipping at my pulse point. I let my eyes close for a moment, biting back a moan as his hand slid up to rest on my throat, holding me in place. "We have things to do Buck," I tried to reason with him. He moved back from me, sitting back against the headboard of the bed. "Come here first," I could hear the want in his voice. I debated whether it was a good idea or not, knowing full well I wouldn't say no. Kicking my boots back on I crawled up the bed to sit on his lap.

He licked his lip as his hands slid under my top to rest on my hips. The hooded look he gave me told me everything he wanted. "No. I know that look," I couldn't help but let out a small giggle. "Was the last three times not enough for you?" I could still feel the ache from the night before, even if we had time I doubted that I'd be able to go again, no matter how much I wanted to.

His hand slid up to squeeze at my breast, the action making me squeeze my legs tighter against his. He gave me a knowing smile, "don't act like you don't want to. I bet if I put my hand in between your legs right now, you'd be dripping wet for me."

I couldn't even deny that he was right, but the mission had to come before my overwhelming need to have him inside me. I manoeuvred myself on his lap, pulling my boots back on. He sat on the bed with a wounded look on his face. "Get dressed Barnes, we can revisit this conversation later." I leant down to kiss him, not letting my lips linger long. I knew what it would lead to if I did. "Stay there if you want, I've got a bitch to deal with."

That seemed to get him moving, he climbed on the bed pulling his t-shirt over his head. "You know Steve will try and stop you."

It was something I'd thought about, I wasn't sure what was going on with Steve lately but it was something I'd have to deal with later. I shrugged on my leather jacket as I placed my knives and guns in their allotted spots. "He can try," I walked over to him, kissing him once again. His hands gripped on to my ass, holding me against him. I knew that it was his way of warning me to behave.

Once I'd finally managed to break free of his grip once again, I walked into the living area. The door to the bathroom opened, revealing a freshly showered Zemo in a bathrobe. I rolled my eyes as I went to make a pot of coffee. "By all means Z, make yourself at home," I teased throwing a smirk his way. The smell of the roasting coffee filled the room, I couldn't help but smile. If there's one thing I love, it's fresh coffee.

"Had to do something to drown out the noise," Zemo teased as he came and stood in the kitchen with me. I poured us both a cup before sliding his across the counter to him. "Yeah I'm not going to apologise for that." Just remembering what had caused the noise had me smiling once again.

He let out a small chuckle, "yeah I didn't expect you to." Before I could give him a nice little witty remark Steve came in out of the spare bedroom. He gave me a look before looking back down at the tablet he was holding. I could see different files loaded up on the screen. His eyes were fixed on the screen but I knew he wasn't looking at it. He was avoiding me and I couldn't quite figure out why. He eventually passed me what he was holding, his eyes still not meeting mine. "I've found something." His voice came out clipped and almost harsh as he passed me the information.

"What's this?" I asked as I skimmed over different files, what Sharon had been up to. How she had been getting her information, the lives she had taken. It made my blood boil. Steve could see the bloodthirsty look on my face as I handed him the tablet back. He took it before walking to sit on the sofa. "We need to talk first."

I refilled my coffee and poured one for him before going to join him. He took the drink with a small thanks before I sat down. I already knew what he wanted to say, and to say I was unhappy was an understatement. "You want me to take a step back."

"I owe her a chance to explain."

I couldn't help the scoff that escaped me, that woman deserved nothing. Not a crumb that she had done. Something inside me snapped as I stood up, I turned to face him, my anger evident on my face. "Would you be hesitating if it was Bucky she shot?"

He took a breath, obviously trying not to snap at me in the way I had with him. "You know I would."

I laughed, the fact that he believed what he was saying made it worse. If Bucky had been the one she'd tried to eliminate, this wouldn't even be up for conversation. But me? I was the pain in the ass, the one that had turned his life upside down. Of course he wanted to give her a chance to explain, why would he not? She was more important to him than I was. "You know what Steve? No. I don't know that!"

He looked down, shaking his head slightly. Bucky seemed to have heard my raised voice as he came in out of the bedroom. "Doll no one is expecting you to walk away after what she did. Just slow down." I knew he was trying to be reasonable, but all I could think about was the people she'd killed. The fact that she had put me in the hospital. I wasn't in a forgiving mood, I doubted if I ever would be when it came to her.

"Gee, thanks for the support Buck." I snapped back at him, angry that he wasn't in my corner for this one.

"I think I preferred it when you hated each other," Zemo rolled his eyes at me and Bucky.

I answered him, but my eyes never left Bucky's. "You know what? So do I." Bucky's jaw clenched as we stared at each other. The tension in the room growing with every passing second.

"Please Y/N, I owe it to her." Steve pleaded with me to understand. Bucky finally stopped staring at me to talk to Steve. "The Sharon we knew, would never do this." He had to at least try to get Steve to see it from the other side, but Steve couldn't. "She risked everything for us Buck."

"Circumstances change a person, Y/N is walking proof of that." Zemo seemed almost bored of the conversation, which I knew he probably was by this point. I rolled my eyes at him, a small smile on my face.

"I'm going to try and not be offended by that." He winked at me, I suddenly relaxed. Whilst Steve and Bucky would always fight to do what's right. Zemo was always the one that would have my back, fight my corner. He was loyal to me in every sense of the word.

Zemo turned back to Steve, "the point remains. You claim to be the good guys. Isn't it your job to stop her?"

"I hate to say it but Zemo's right Steve." I had to blink a few times, unsure if I'd heard Bucky right. Of all the things I expected to happen, him agreeing with Zemo was never one of them. Even Steve didn't seem to have an answer to Bucky, he just stared out of the window. As much as I wanted to stick to my point, I knew fighting him every step of the way was going to get me nowhere.

"Look," I walked over and sat next to him, making him see the honesty in my words. "I'm not saying I'm going to shoot first and ask questions later, but she has to be dealt with." I placed my hand reassuringly on his arm. "You have to understand that it could mean she doesn't walk away from this."

He looked down at my hand on his arm before finally looking at me. He gave me a small nod. I knew that was the best I would get, at least for now.

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