

Pancakes

After being cleared from the hospital, we all headed back to the safe house. I slept like a log for a solid twelve hours until I couldn't anymore. Steve and Zemo were in the spare rooms and Bucky had taken the sofa. I snuck through into the kitchen as my stomach began grumbling. Looking at what I had in, I smiled. One of them had been shopping at some point. My guess was Zemo, he hated not having food in.

Pulling out the ingredients for pancakes I started making the batter. The shirt of Bucky's did little to cover me but I was beyond caring. As I began mixing the batter, I started humming along to a song stuck in my head.

"Morning gorgeous," Bucky's voice startled me. I turned to see him giving me a smile from his spot on the sofa.

Can I eat him for breakfast instead?

I shook the inappropriate thought away, smiling back at him. "Morning Buck."

He walks over, wrapping his arms around my waist from behind. His lips grazed against the sweet spot on my neck as he kissed me so ly. I held back the moan threatening to escape.

"Since when do you cook?" He asked as I poured the batter into the pan.

"What can I say? Being shot makes me hungry." I teased, earning a small bite to my shoulder. He knew what he was doing, the small display of a cation mixed with the dominance. I could've melted right there, but I had breakfast to make. Using my ass I pushed him back as I flipped the pancake over.

He went and sat down at the breakfast bar, his eyes roaming over me.

"I'm not complaining when you look like that."

"Yeah I'm keeping the shirt," I smirked as I started plating up the food.

"Now do you want pancakes?"

"Always." He smiles as I grab the bowl of fruit and some syrup before sitting next to him.

"Good. Now eat up Barnes."

We sat in a comfortable silence as we ate. It had been a while since it was just the two of us and while I love our jobs. It was nice to get some time for just us.

Once we were finished, he took our plates and put them into the dishwasher. Walking past me he grabbed my hand and pulled me onto the sofa with him. I sat beside him, my legs curled underneath me as I faced him.

His metal hand linked with mine. "Move in with me."

"I'm not living at the compound, I don't like people at the best of times." It sounded like an excuse but it wasn't. I loved the idea of him. The others, not so much.

He seemed to think my answer over for a minute, clearly not willing to just give up. "My house in Brooklyn, the only person you need to be around is me."

I let out a sigh. It was something that had crossed my mind but it had only been a few months since everything changed. "It's a big step Buck, more so for us."

He pulled me into his lap, straddling him as he drew circles on my hips. "I've watched you get shot twice, I want you close."

I'd never thought about it like that. I couldn't imagine the pain of watching him being shot.

I kissed him so ly with a smile. "I'll think about it okay?" He smiled up at me, a smug grin on his face; as if he knew that I wasn't going to say no to him. "Lose the smug smile Barnes." I let out a small laugh.

"Make me." He growled before pulling my face down to his. His tongue swept effortlessly against mine. I slid my hands up under his T-shirt, my hands gliding against his muscles. His hand moved from my hip into my hair, pulling my head backwards. He angled me to the side, giving him access to the spot on my neck that drives me insane.

This time when he bit down, I let the moan slip through. He smiled against me before sucking the skin into his mouth, leaving what was bound to be a very obvious mark.

Pulling back he admired his work with another smug appearing on his face.

"Shut up."

"I didn't say anything doll."

"You want to keep talking or are you going to fuck me at any point today?" I snapped at him.

Bucky smiled wider. "I kind of want to keep teasing you now." He pulled me further against him, his hand length pressing directly against my clit. I wanted to be stronger, to tell him what to do but I was like putty in his hands.

"Buck, please. I need you." I begged him.

His metal finger slowly slid up the inside of my thigh before he ripped my panties off in one tug.

He slid on digit inside me, curling it straight away to hit that sweet spot. My back arched as stars danced across my vision.

"That what you want doll? For me to fuck you with my fingers?" He pushed another finger inside me, repeating the same motion again.

As good as it felt, it wasn't what I wanted and we both knew it. "Don't be an asshole Buck." I panted out, holding on to his shoulders as he moved in and out of me.

He took his fingers away, making me growl at the empty feeling. My eyes snapped to his. "I swear to god if you don't-" I'm cut off mid threat when he picks me up, carrying me to my bedroom. He threw me down on the bed before locking the door.

In record timing his clothes are on the floor. He crawled up the bed, settling between my legs. "You want this?" He asked, teasing my entrance with his tip.

"God yes Buck." I opened my legs wider.

He slammed into me, filling me up in one thrust. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him in deeper.

"Always so fucking tight doll." He praised, knowing it would only cause me to want him that much more. "You gonna be a good girl and cum on my cock for me?" He began pumping into me, faster and faster as he chased his own release.

I knew I wasn't going to last long, not with the way he was hitting my cervix with each thrust. The feeling had me getting closer and closer to the edge. When he reached down and started rubbing my clit with his thumb, I screamed out his name. "Fuck Bucky, I-I'm gonna..."

"Cum doll. Now." He ordered.

I wasted no time in doing what he'd asked. The feeling sweeping over me from head to toe as I let out a silent scream. He followed after I did, painting my walls with his cum before collapsing on top of me.

He placed a kiss against my forehead. "I will never get enough of that." He smiled.

"Me too Buck. I never want it to stop either."

"Well..." He wiggled his hips, his cock starting to stir back to life.

Damn super soldiers.

We finally made it out of the bedroom after he fucked me twice in the shower. I was feeling slightly sore as I walked into the living area; and none of that pain had to do with the gunshot wound that was still healing.

I slumped down on the sofa next to Zemo who was miles away with his thoughts. I nudged him with my shoulder, offering him a small smile.

"You know they'll be here soon." He voiced what we both knew was going to happen next.

I grabbed his hand. "We can hide you in Hightown Z. I don't want to lose you again." Even I knew that wasn't going to work but the idea of him back on the raft was one I wasn't comfortable with. I wasn't the only one that had changed since trying to take on the Avengers. He had too.

"I know, but this isn't your fight anymore Y/N."

I glared at him. "You know, I hate it when you use my own words against me."

Bucky chose that moment to walk in, a stoic expression on his face as he watched Zemo and I. He walked straight into the kitchen to pour himself a drink. "He's being sent to the cells at the compound doll."

Me and Zemo exchanged a look, completely baffled by the new information.

"They're hoping it'll stop you breaking him out of wherever we put him." Bucky explained as he rolled his eyes.

"So they're putting him somewhere less guarded in hopes he'll stay put?"

Could they not see the gaping hole in that plan?

"I didn't say it was a good plan." Bucky grumbled.

I smiled at Zemo, shrugging my shoulders. Perhaps going back wasn't going to be as terrible as I'd first thought.

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