Clint Barton Bingo

by starspangledmanwithaplan

Summary

A series of drabbles and one shots for Clint Barton Bingo on Tumblr.

Notes

This series will include one shots and drabbles that include a different pairing with Clint Barton for each entry.
“You fuckin’ serious?” Bucky grimaced, glaring at Clint, the man in his arms still struggling. With one flex of his muscles, the man’s neck snapped.

Clint was trying to smother a laugh, but it didn’t work so well. “I’m sorry. It’s not like I meant to.”

“You should get your eyes checked, old man,” Bucky teased darkly through his teeth, releasing the
rogue agent he had just killed.

“Did you just call me old?” Clint scoffed. “You’re 102!”

“Would you be quiet ?!” Bucky hissed, slugging Clint in the shoulder. “You’re going to give our position away.”

Clint’s brow arched high on his forehead as he wrapped his hand around the handle of the blade that was currently stuck in Bucky’s thigh. With a quick tug, and a hoarse shout from Bucky, the blade came free. “I’m going to give away our position?”

Bucky glared harder at Clint. “Would you stop it.”

“Shhhhh, you’re going to give away our position,” Clint sassed his boyfriend with a wink, swiping the bloody blade across his thigh before sheathing it.

“Why I oughta -” Bucky grumbled as he followed Clint into the abandoned building.

Bucky stumbled out of bed. Coffee. He definitely needed coffee. He cursed loudly as smashed his hip into the solid bedpost. And then again when his knee collided with the table. Then again, when he plowed his baby toe into the chair leg.

“You’re going to give away our position,” Clint deadpanned from the bedroom, his head still buried under a pillow.

“Zip it, bird brain,” Bucky grumbled loudly.

Clint was chuckling under his breath. “Caw-caw, motherfucker.”

Doing his best to ignore the pain shooting up his foot, Bucky poured himself a large cup of coffee. When he opened the fridge to get some milk, a handwritten note made him pause.

I’m sorry I stabbed you.
I love you.
Chapter Summary

You stitch up Clint after he gets injured on a mission.

Sighing for what felt like the hundredth time since you set about sewing the gash closed on Clint’s shoulder, you stood abruptly, jostling the injured Avenger. “This isn’t working.”

“It’s just a few stitches, Y/N. Nothing you haven’t done before.” Clint seized the opportunity to take another pull from the half empty bottle of whiskey.

“No, it’s not that. I just… I can’t get the angle I need to do it right.” Even as you spoke, you figured it out.

Watching you walk around him, Clint shifted uneasily in the chair. “What?”

You stopped in front of him, jean clad knees brushing against his. “Move your legs.”

“Why?” he asked, stretching the word out as he narrowed his eyes.

“Because,” you stressed the fact that you hated repeating yourself by pinching the bridge of your nose, “I can’t get the angle I need. Move your damn legs.” You pointed at his thick thighs, showing him how he needed to spread them in order to support you.

“I don’t see why you can’t just -“ his protests stopped when you sat down, straddling him, shifting until he moved his legs the way you originally indicated.

“Shut up, Barton.”

While you tended to the wide gash, you struggled to ignore the fact that despite the fact he was covered in blood and had gone toe-to-toe with no less than fifteen HYDRA agents, you could still smell his spicy body wash. Or the fact that your hands seemed to suddenly burn with the intense need to feel every scar and bruise that decorated his body. Or the fact that he kept shifting his hips and biting his bottom lip, stealing glances at you from the corner of his emerald eyes.
“Are you done yet?” His voice seemed more strained, agitated.

You absentmindedly shifted in his lap, bouncing one leg in slight irritation. “What’s your hurry, Clint? Got a big date or something?”

You and Clint never dated, never slept together, never… anything. Well, not nothing. You flirted all day, every day, but that was how Clint was. Clint would shamelessly flirt with you until Steve, Bucky, or even Sam smacked him in the shoulder, and even that wouldn’t stop him. But that didn’t mean you didn’t want to do more with him, to him.

Turning to look at you, he clenched and unclenched his fists. “Yeah… something.”

It was then you felt something that wasn’t there a moment ago and you realized why he seemed so uncomfortable. You tied off the suture quickly, forcing yourself not to move from the waist down even though the outline of Clint’s erection felt incredible between your legs. The weight of his gaze made your hands shake, making the task of taping gauze over the stitches damn near impossible.

“Almost done, then I’ll get out of your way,” you murmured, praying he couldn’t hear the nerves in your tone.

The pressure of his hands on your hips and the way his fingers spread out over your ass let you know exactly how big his hands were. “You’re not in my way.”

“Clint, I -“ your breath caught in your throat when you met his gaze. His pupils had blown wide with lust, leaving the barest hint of emerald visible.

He licked his lips, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth. “Say it again.”

You gasped in surprise as he rocked you against him. Still very aware of the fresh injury, you dropped your hands to wide shoulders and obeyed his request, saying his name in a breathy whisper.

“What are you doing?”

“Something I’ve wanted to do for a long… long time.” He sucked in a sharp breath before kissing you, pulling your bottom lip between his and nipping at the plump flesh. With a tip of his head, his tongue was in your mouth, tasting like whiskey and cinnamon.

You grabbed at the back of his neck and uninjured shoulder, driving your fingers through his hair, moaning obscenely as your hips jerked in tandem with his. You whimpered into his mouth, the coil in your belly tightening until you felt like you were going to snap in half, and just when you thought you might come undone, the hum of the quinjet made you jump. Steve, Bucky, and Sam were back with dinner and more medical supplies.

“Damn it.” His breath blew hot against your kiss swollen lips.

Even though your legs felt like jelly, you stood. Just in time, too, because the motel door was thrown open just as Clint’s hand fell from your ass.

“Jesus! You wouldn’t believe the line at the pharmacy. Sorry it took so long!” Sam grumbled, dropping the plastic bag on the counter.

Clint smirked, shifting in the chair so his comrades wouldn’t notice the bulge in his jeans. Only you heard him speak, his words heavy with the promise of much, much more to come. “I’m not.”
You literally talk Clint out of murdering someone.

You stared at the archer as he stood on the edge of the roof, bow raised, arrow nocked, and you scoffed, painfully hard. “Clint, you’re not shooting him.”

“Yeah, I am,” he deadpanned, eyes landing on a flag several hundred yards away.

Rolling your eyes, you perched a hand on your hip. “You haven’t even told me what happened.”

Clint adjusted his aim, taking the wind into consideration. “Bastard cut in line at Starbucks. Told him to get moving, and the asshole had the nerve to act like he was deaf.”

“You didn’t,” you groaned, rubbing your temple with your middle finger.

“Damn right I did,” he snorted. “Called him out by showing him my hearing aids.”

“Knowing you, you did more than just show him your hearing aids.”

Clint chuckled. “You do know me pretty well.”

Pulling in a deep breath of crisp air, you shook your head. “You can’t murder people just for being ignorant and obnoxious.”

“Maybe you can’t.”

“No, Clint,” you argued, climbing up next to him. “You can’t.”

Clint narrowed his eyes and rolled his shoulder, adjusting his aim immediately after. “Yeah, I can.”

“It was coffee, Clint,” you tried reasoning with him. “Not Loki.”

Clint bristled at the mention of the god’s name. “Coffee is damn important to me. You know that.”
“I’m serious,” you insisted, hoping he would get over his stupidity. “That arrow is not going anywhere.”

“Wanna bet?” Clint chuckled, fingers tensing on the string.

“Don’t make me do this,” you muttered, turning to face him. You brushed the surface of your abilities, coating your hands in a sapphire-hued smoke similar to Wanda’s.

Clint glanced down at your hands and sighed. “You wouldn’t.”

“That’s up to you.”

He continued staring at your hands for several long moments. “Fine,” he ground out, the bow and arrow coming down to rest against his thighs. “But you owe me a fuckin’ coffee.”

“Didn’t you just have one?” you wondered, jumping down from the ledge only after he did.

He shoved the arrow into his quiver and, after giving the bow a few squeezes, the bow collapsed. “Did you seriously just ask me that?” he scoffed, glaring at you over his shoulder as he walked toward the door.

You snorted when he almost fell over. “That’s right. Coffee is your blood type.”

“You goddamn right it is,” he said, snapping his fingers. “Let’s go. We’re wasting precious coffee drinking time.”

With a roll of your eyes, you fought down the urge to use your power to remind Clint who he was messing with.

“Right behind you.”
Open Your Eyes

Chapter Summary

Despite all of your flaws, Clint finds you beautiful.

Chapter Notes

Italics is sign language.

He calls you beautiful like it's your name.

To him, it is, because to him, you are the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. Not that you believe him. After all, you are your own worst critic. When you look in the mirror, all you see is that your hips are too full, your stomach isn't perfectly flat, the red birthmark on your shoulder is hideous… the list is endless.

The imperfections that drive you crazy on a daily basis are nothing but perfection to him.

"Open your eyes."

The reflection of you comes into focus. The dress Natasha had chosen for you to wear to Tony Stark’s gala is gorgeous. On the hanger. On you it leaves your multitude of imperfections bared to the world. Your birthmark stands out like a sore thumb. You press your hands against your soft stomach, nervously smoothing down the satin. The floor-length gown has a slit, and you can’t help but notice how high it goes, how it exposes almost the entirety of your thigh. The thighs you think are too big. Years of your favorite sport, and now, fighting alongside the Avengers, has made them thick and muscular. There are plenty of other women whose thighs are smaller, leaner. Like Natasha or Wanda, or any other woman in the world, any other woman that Clint could pick from.

He knows how critical you are of yourself, you’ve ranted more times than either one of you can count.

"I wish you could see you the way that I see you," he signs before his arms encircle your waist, pulling you against him.
"I wish I could, too. But that's not gonna happen."

He presses a kiss against the birthmark that takes up the majority of your right shoulder. "I'll just have to keep at it then, won't I, beautiful?"

Natasha’s fingers finish their work by securing the last bobby pin full of thick curled hair into place. With her hands on your shoulders, she gives a gentle squeeze.

"I think for the first time in his life, Clint is going to be speechless."

As soon as she starts to spin the stool, you squeeze your eyes shut. It's not that you don't have faith in her ability to do hair, you know she can. It's bigger than that, deeper than that, and she knows it.

"Open your eyes, Y/N."

When you do, you almost don't recognize the woman staring back at you. Her hair is too perfect, and her makeup is flawless.

"Th – thank you, Nat," you gasp, your heart fluttering like a hummingbird’s wings.

"You’re welcome."

As you stand on shaking legs, the redhead helps you with a shrug that’s a perfect color match to the dress you’re wearing. Before you can say anything negative about yourself, she’s securing a string of diamonds around your neck.

“It’s too much,” you sigh, running your fingers over the diamonds. “First the dress, and now this.”

“You know how Tony is,” Nat chuckles. “Besides, you’re absolutely stunning.”

You’re shaking your head. “No… I can’t. I… I’ll do something stupid like lose them.”

"You won’t,” she insists.

"Yeah, well, I don’t deserve them.”

Nat’s hands are on your shoulders and she’s got one perfect eyebrow arched. “You deserve the goddamn world, lady.”

There is no point in arguing with her, she's too damn stubborn.

As you're adding a pair of diamond studs to your ears, Steve knocks on the door. Butterflies suddenly erupt in your stomach. Not only are you attending one of Tony’s extravagant and decadent parties, it’s your first date with Clint. Hell, it’s your first date ever.

“Clint’s here, sis,” Steve calls out.

When permission is given, he pushes the door open. He looks debonair and confident dressed in a black-on-black suit.

"Damn, bro."

"Language," Nat teases, slapping your arm playfully.

His eyes are immediately on your exposed leg. "I could say the same thing."
You feel the scarlet red of a blush blossom on your chest before stepping into the high heels you've spent the last two weeks breaking in. They were only a couple inches high, making you almost the same height as your twin.

Giving Nat one last shy smile, you accept Steve’s proffered arm.

You hold your breath as you descend the stairs, your heels clicking against the wood. First you see a brand new pair of black Converse sneakers and you have to bite back a chuckle. Somehow you knew there was no way in hell Clint was going to wear the same shiny shoes your brother was wearing. A dark suit and crisp white shirt - sans tie - complete the ensemble.

A silly smirk has taken control of his mouth by the time you stand in front of him. The butterflies in your stomach grow even more restless in the silence.

After what feels like an eternity, he signs. "Beautiful."

You're sitting barefoot at the table. Even though you had worn these shoes for countless hours over the last two weeks, it still feels like you've broken your baby toes.

Clint, Steve, Wanda, Bucky, and Nat are in the middle of the dance floor, having a merry old time. Of course your friends are still wearing their heels. Hell, it wouldn't surprise you if you found out they slept in them. They probably didn't have any baby toes, either. Whoever invented these shoes apparently didn't wear them or didn't have any feeling in their toes.

With a heaving sigh, you wiggle your painted toes, trying to get the proper amount of blood flowing before you even think about attempting another dance.

You must have been gone too long because Clint is suddenly in front of you, his hand held out.

"Come on." He's wearing his patented dopey smile.

"I'm tired, Clint. Just let me rest for a minute."

"Give me," he signs as he drops into a chair across from you.

You know exactly what he means, but you arch a brow. "What?"

"Give me your foot." He wiggles his fingers as if beckoning them to jump into his lap.

You cross your ankles, and shake your head. "Clint, do I need to remind you we're at Tony's party?"

"What's your point, beautiful?" He reaches down, and uncrosses your ankles. With one of your feet clamped firmly in his hand, he straightens up.

You try to keep your breathing even, but his long fingers squeezing your foot, toes, and ankle make it extremely difficult. "People are gonna think."

"Think what, exactly? That I'm massaging my girlfriend's foot? It's not like Tony, of all people, is gonna come over and cite us for PDA," he counters quickly before turning his attention back to the task at hand.

You risk a glance over your shoulder, and sure enough, there's Tony. He gives you a knowing smile and winks, holding a glass of whiskey in the air as a salute.

Clint pushes his thumb along the arch of your foot and you can't bite back the moan. Even though
the music is loud, you're worried someone might hear you. There's no hiding the blush that erupts
down your neck and chest. You really ought to get a handle on that.

The music changes from the techno, eardrum bursting bass to a much slower, piano based melody.
Clint stands and adjusts his jacket. "You don't need your shoes to dance, come on."

You don't have it in you to say no to him, you don't think you ever will. Wrapping your hand in his,
you let him lead you to the dance floor. With his arms around your waist, hands pressed to the
small of your back, you lock your hands behind his neck, thumbs sweeping along the base of his
skull.

What you're doing can't really be called dancing. Swaying to the music is more like it. Your feet
shuffle next to his, spinning in a slow circle, and before you know it, the song has ended. You lift
your head from his shoulder just in time to see your brother clap Clint on the shoulder.

"Picture time," your brother announces.

You shake your head. "You know how much I hate my picture being taken."

"I know, and I don't care, sis. I want a picture of all of us, of you and me."

Wanda appears next to Steve, her arm wrapping around his waist. Natasha and Bucky are there,
too, a phone in Natasha’s hand.

"Come on, just one picture?" the redhead begs.

Despite your objections, the group huddles together. Clint is plastered to your back, arms secured
around your waist. Wanda and Steve are to your right, mimicking your pose. Bucky is between
Clint and your brother, his arms around their shoulders, and as she’s the shortest, Nat is in front.
She holds out the phone for the obligatory party selfie.

You force a smile, and right when she takes the picture, you blink. Yes, you do it on purpose. No
one notices, or they just don't care, except for Clint.

While everyone else disappears into the crowd, Clint tightens his grip, and produces his own cell
phone.

"Baby, I just took one."

Even though he has only one arm around you, you can't move. Must be all that archery. "You
blinked," he murmurs, his muted voice washing over you.

"Did not."

His chuckle rumbles against your back. "Come on, beautiful. Just one more?"

The phone is lifted up and you find that your eyes have fallen shut of their own accord. After so
many years of avoiding the lens, they close by themselves.

His mouth is against your ear. "Open your eyes."

The mirror image of you comes into focus. His thumb is poised over the shutter button, ready for
your permission. You take a deep breath, and nod, smiling wide when he presses a wet kiss against
your cheek.

CLICK
"Dare I ask for one more, or am I pushing my luck?"

You tilt your face up, sliding your hand up to grab at the back of his neck. "Shut up, Clint."

You vaguely hear the shutter click as you stand on tiptoe and kiss him. He has you completely turned around to face him before you can utter a sound of protest, not that you would, not that he would hear it. You're quickly figuring out that you could get lost in the way he kisses, sounds, tastes, and smells.

When you part, it's only because your lungs are screaming for air. That, and the fact that you can only go so far in a room full of people. His eyes flutter open, kiss-swollen lips parted slightly. This is a look you could get used to very easily. You know your lips are in the same state as his. They tingle when he brushes his thumb over them.

"Beautiful."
Just Breathe

Chapter Summary

After a night out, you and Clint get separated in the woods where a werewolf is hunting you down.

Chapter Notes

This, and the next two chapters, are set in an alternate dimension, inspired by Teen Wolf.
Italics are American Sign Language.

Your hands are shaking. Partly because it’s cold out. Adrenaline, and fear are the other contributing factors. If you weren't listening to the roar of your heart, you would be able to hear the batteries bouncing inside the flashlight you're currently clutching. Speaking of which, you haven't turned it off. The high beam is pointed at the night sky, giving away your hiding spot. Idiot. With stiff thumbs, you manage to turn off the light.

"Breathe, just breathe."

Over the rush of blood, his muted voice rings in your ears, as if he's standing behind you. You close your eyes and focus on your breathing. After pulling in a deep and shuddering breath through your nose, you hold it for a second, and blow it out.

"Again." His hands were warm that day as they signed against your palms.

It's a long process, but you repeat the steps until the rush of blood quiets. The final breath is pushed out, fogging the air in front of you.

Your legs are rubbery, so you use the wall at your back for support, and you stand slowly, praying you don’t make too much noise. Taking a chance, you emerge from behind the bales of hay and survey the open field. Scared that the werewolf will jump out and slash into your skin with its razor-sharp claws and teeth, you're half-tempted to plop down to the ground again.
"No. Don't hide. The longer you hide, the more scared you are, the easier it will be for him to find you."

"Don't be scared? Right! I'll master that talent right after I end world hunger."

Despite the life or death situation, his eyes light up as he smiles. The smile quickly fades when the unmistakable sound of a werewolf howl rips through the air. He can feel it in the ground, the way it rumbles under his feet. Goosebumps ripple across his skin as he shudders.

"Run!"

It feels like hours have passed since his panic-laced, yet muted voice shouted a command at you. You listened to him, of course. How could you not? He loves you, he said so himself. He's just trying to protect you.

So you ran. You ran until your lungs screamed, until your legs couldn't move, until you found the small shed. Now? Well, now you're alone. In the woods. With a homicidal werewolf. Just how you pictured your night turning out when you made plans for your date.

Stepping out from behind the shed, you realize you have no idea where you are. All sense of direction was lost as soon as you pushed away from him.

More like he pushed you.

"Run! I'll distract him."

You shake your head, determined to stay by his side. If you're going to die, it's going to be with the man you love.

With his hands on your shoulders, he kisses you firmly, eyes drilling into yours as he signs, "I love you, now go!" The same hands that you find comfort in, spin you around and shove hard.

You trip over your own feet at the momentum. Risking a glance over your shoulder, you see he's already gone. Where you are directed away from the werewolf, he's running toward it.

Tearing your eyes away from the line of trees, you quickly locate the brightest star in the sky.

Do you head north, away from town? Or south, toward the town full of innocent people?

North is nothing but more trees. South has anything and everything you need for something like this.

North is the unknown, variables, and probable death. South is your family, and Nick. Nicki would be able to keep you safe. He might even know if your boyfriend is still alive.

God… the thought of losing him tears at your heart.

A noise from behind stops you in your tracks. Leaves rustle and twigs snap as something moves closer.

Oh God, oh God, oh God.

With the flashlight clutched to your chest, you turn to face your enemy. Prepared to find a werewolf looming over you, the sight of a deer loosens the knot in your chest. Her ears flick, damp nose twitching as it smells the air around her. If there was any danger around, she wouldn't be here, though that doesn't distract you from what's going on. He's still out there, hunting you, desperate to
turn you into one of him.

"I won't let him touch you."

The phone in your back pocket is heavy, as if it's begging you to call him. You keep the flashlight firm in your grip to keep from pulling the phone out and dialing his number, to see his face on Skype, hear his muted voice, to know that he's still alive.

Dirt finally gives way to asphalt. Taking in your surroundings, you realize you're only one mile from the clinic, you realize how close you are to your family, and friends. Hopefully, that much farther from danger. As if hearing your inner thoughts and feeling your confidence rise, a howl rips through the sky. That was much closer than before. Jumping as the eerie sound washes over you, goose bumps flare to life. You drop the flashlight with a yelp and run down the vacant street.

One mile. You can do this. You set the record for the fastest mile run freshman year of college. But you weren't afraid then. You weren't running for your life. You didn't have a werewolf charging after you.

They tell you not to look over your shoulder, that it slows you down. You know what? They're right, but that doesn’t stop you. You keep glancing over your shoulder, expecting to see the beast, his jaws open wide, drool dripping onto your shoulder right before he tears into your neck. Every time you look, you falter and your feet change course.

You push your legs harder, swing your arms faster until the clinic is in sight. Closer and closer until finally, your hand grips the cool metal handle.

You don't notice you're crying until the door closes behind you, the little bell above the door tinkling at the arrival of someone.

Nick appears from the back room. His eyes flood with concern when he sees you. "Are you ok?"

You don’t answer because you can hear the werewolf growling, low and menacing as it grows closer to the building. You turn slowly, but find the other side of the door empty.

"Get over here, now." Nick’s voice is commanding, yet gentle.

Backing away from the door, you move closer to the reception desk. The desk that is lined with vibranium.

You jump when his hands are on your shoulders. "Sorry… I'm sorry. I didn't know where else to go."

He says your name softly. "You know you can always come here."

Once inside an empty exam room, he hands you a bottle of water. His dark eyes search yours as you drain it, pulling at the cool liquid as it's been hours since you last drank.

Nick waits until you're finished, until after you've tossed the bottle into the recycling. "Now, what happened?"

You don't even know where to start. "We… we went for a walk after the movie —"

Nick holds up his hand, a dark brow arched. "Wait a second. 'We'?"

When you nod, he groans and runs the raised hand over his features. "Where is he now?"
You shrug and feel your chin start to quake. The tears you shed while running were out of fear for your own life. But now, the tears threatening to fall are out of fear that the man you love is dead. You pull your phone from your pocket.

No missed calls. No new texts. Nothing.

The large knot you previously worked so hard to undo is back, and it is larger, heavier than before.

Nick is suddenly in front of you. "Have you called Steve?"

You manage to choke out one word. "No."

He digs out his own phone and quickly locates Steve’s number. "You need to get here."

The minutes pass like hours until finally, your brother is on his knees in front of you.

"How long has she been like this?"

Your eyes are unfocused as your mind races, imagining all the horrible things being done to your boyfriend. The phone had fallen from your hands so they could dive through your hair and grab at the back of your neck. You are panicking, so close to breaking, shattering into a million pieces that could never be put back together again.

"Since I called. She said they went on a walk."

Steve stands, his hands balled into fists. "It's the full moon."

"That didn't stop them," Nick says incredulously.

Your brother groans deep, a growl bubbling to the surface as he fights the beast within. He's on his knees again, hands holding your face, hands that shake to keep his claws sheathed, to keep them from slicing into you. He may be a werewolf, but he would die to keep the same thing from happening to you. He isn't an animal.

He says your name, pulls your attention away from the floor. "Where were you? Where did you go after the movie?"

At first, Steve didn't approve of your relationship, but then he realized that it was more than just a crush, that standing in the way of things would only drive you away. He couldn’t cope with it if he lost you.

"Hey! Tell me where you were." Ocean blue eyes flash alpha red, and that's enough to get you to talk.

"The lookout," you gasp. "We were headed toward the lookout."

Blue swirls among the red until that’s all you can see. He kisses your forehead before reassuring you, "I'll find him, ok?"

He and Nick exchange a look before your brother is gone in a flash. You swear you'll never get used to seeing him move like that.

Panic settles in your stomach, clawing its way up your chest and around your heart, squeezing it like a vice. You've had panic attacks before and only one person has been able to stop them. That person wasn't here. That person had pushed you away from him earlier. That person could be dead, or worse. He could have been bitten.
After you scream at Nick for trying to comfort you, he paces the floor as you fall apart.

The ticking of the clock on the wall only fuels your panic. It’s loud and echoes in your ears. It's time that Steve is searching. It's time that Brock could have bitten your boyfriend. It's time spent imaging every gross scenario your twisted mind can come up with.

You don't hear the bell above the door.

You don't hear the footfalls as they hurry down the hall.

You don't see the feet stop in front of you.

You only feel the warm hands against your face, sweeping through the tears that have fallen.

Pine and amber eyes search yours. "Breathe," he instructs you, the fingers of his right hand moving slowly, his other hand against your chest.

You grip the front of his shirt and do your best to match your breathing to his. Your fingers work over his shoulders and rest on the back of his neck, pulling him close until your foreheads are pressed together.

"Just breathe. That's it. You can do it." Gone is the panic that clung to his his muted voice earlier. Replacing it is concern, love.

By the time panic has released your heart and slithered back to where it came from, you notice he's crying, too. Not much, just a few tears have slipped past his eyelashes.

You nudge his nose with yours before pressing your lips against his, tasting your own tears. His lips are cool, nothing like the heat of his tongue as it sweeps over your bottom lip.

You can't stop the whimper in your throat when he pulls back. "I thought... I thought he got you."

He shakes his head, tucking some hair behind your ear. "Nah. I was too quick for him."

Steve scoffs and rolls his eyes. "Dude, I found you hiding in a tree."

"Don't listen to him, it was all part of my plan."

In spite of everything, you find yourself smiling. You lean into his touch. "Your plan? Since when do you have a plan, Clint?"

Chewing on his bottom lip, he winks playfully. "When it comes to protecting you, I always have a plan."

Warmth spreads in your chest, replacing the cold ache that panic left in its wake. "I love you."

"I love you, too."
Chapter Summary

When you’re gravely injured in a car accident, will Steve give in to Clint’s pleas to save your life no matter the cost?

Chapter Notes

Italics are American Sign Language

Less than one hour ago, everything was fine. The roads were dry, there was no rain, or thunder, or lightning strikes. There was no pain, no agony, no dying. There was only you and Clint.

"Take my hand." It shakes almost as much as his muted voice.

Oddly enough, yours aren't shaking. Despite the injuries, your hands are as steady as a surgeon's. "A – are you ok?" you ask with one hand.

Of course he was ok, he had been driving at the time. His side of the car was practically pristine.

He forces a smile as he digs for his cell phone. "Don't worry about me."

Your eyes flutter closed, and you hear the rapid beeping as he dials the one person that can save you in this kind of an emergency; Steve.

"Hey, stay with me." His muffled voice is laced with panic as he softly slaps you. More of a caress, really. Clint could never hit you. He comes into focus slowly. Fear has taken hold of him, it's written in every inch of his face.

"What? I'm not... not going anywhere." Your fingers stumble with the words as if it's your first time signing.

Steve is on the scene moments after receiving the call. He slides to a stop on the wet pavement,
sending a wave of water against the driver's door. "What happened?"

Clint releases your hand in order to climb out, and greet his best friend. "There was a lightning strike right in front of us, and... I freaked, man. I'm sorry." When Clint says he freaked, he isn't overreacting.

He had yanked on the steering wheel, the tires spinning and sliding on the wet asphalt, sending the car passenger side first into a tree.

Steve is on your side of the car and grunting, his hands digging into the metal as he pushes with every bit of his werewolf strength. Metal groans in protest, as do you, until the metal and wood are no longer joined. The door, or what is left of it, is gone, and you can hear your brother growl.

It's then that you can see the recognition on your brother's face. Even through the rain that's beating down on them, you can see it hit him like a tidal wave. You are injured, badly. Your name falls from your brother's lips in an anguished growl. His eyes are wide as he lifts his hand to cover his mouth.

You can't feel your legs, so you can only guess that your spine has been severed. Risking a glance down, you see exactly why your brother is wearing that expression. Panic builds, clawing its way up your throat, threatening to spill out of you. You swallow at the bile that is quickly trying to escape, all the while staring at your legs. They're bent at such an angle you know that even if the paramedics would have been called, and they had been able to extract you, you'd never walk again.

Steve’s hand is abnormally warm in yours, must be the werewolf blood pumping through his veins. At the sight of you bleeding out and dying, he's having trouble keeping the Alpha contained. His eyes keep flashing between red and blue, the red swirling throughout the azure like smoke.

"I'm sorry, sis."

You reach out to your brother. "Take my hand."

"Well, well, well, what have we here?" Arrogance flows off the new arrival in waves.

You don't have to look to know who it is. "Brock, what do you want?" His name, along with your blood, is bitter on your tongue.

Steve whirls around, releasing your hand to face his creator. "Get the hell out of here."

Brock swaggered closer to the wreckage, getting an eyeful of your injuries. He hisses in fake empathy. "If you don't do it, she will die."

Another wave of pain hits as broken bits of bone move, pushing against one another, extracting a blood-curdling scream from you. You squeeze your brother's hand. "I... I know you don't want to do this, Steve, what he's asking."

A deep throated whine is his only response.

"Just... tell mom that I -"

Clint chokes on a sob. "No. Steve, you can't just let her die!"

Steve pins his friend to the seat with a bright red glare. "You think I want her to die?!

You give both hands as much of a squeeze as you can muster. "Steve... if I... what if I wanted you
to? " You’re signing for Clint’s benefit, though you’re not sure he can understand with your hands shaking as badly as they are.

The bright red in his eyes is gone, leaving the deep, oceanic blue that mirror your own. "No. I won’t. I can’t."

Clint slides out from the car, disbelief written on his face. The rain washes the blood from his hands before he drives them through his hair. You becoming a werewolf has never been in the cards. Sure, it has come up in conversation before, and hell, he practically just begged his friend to save you, but everyone had sworn that they would do all they could to protect you from Brock. They never thought Steve would be the one to turn you.

You chuckle gently, running a bloody hand over your brother's cheek. "Brock's right, Steve. I'll die if you don't do this." Your lungs are starting to lose function, causing your breath to catch as if you've spent the last few hours crying. "And I don't know about you, but I don't want to die."

He clenches his jaw. "I don't want you to die, but becoming this? That won't save you."

"If you don't do it, she will die." Brock’s eyes flash beta blue as they drag over your injuries, lingering on the steady stream of blood flowing from multiple wounds. He’s enjoying this. Perhaps, a little too much.

You can hear the barely hidden laughter coat his words and it makes you sick to your stomach. Pain roars to life, forcing you to all but double over until it plateaus. Gritting your teeth, you glare at the werewolf, and hiss a not so ladylike curse at him.

"Go fuck yourself, Brock."

Steve swallows hard, his eyes swimming with tears as they dart from you, to his best friend, and back again.

Clint is at your side, his long fingers intertwined with your bloody ones. His thumb sweeps over your slick skin, pushing the blood away like a windshield wiper, only it doesn't stay pushed away. Like the rapidly falling rain that are the cause of your injuries, it's replaced, too quickly for anyone’s liking.

Hot tears push past your eyelashes. "Please, Steve. You… you can help me. You… and Bucky… can teach me control."

"Yeah, Steve. You can help her," Brock mocked. If you hadn't just been wrapped around a tree, you'd punch the smug look off Brock's face.

Your brother disappears in a blur as he lunges at Brock. They claw and bite at each other, snarling loudly when claws and teeth miss their mark. Brock is driven by power, while your brother is driven by something stronger; anger and frustration.

You cough roughly, blood bubbling in the corner of your mouth, pushing between your teeth.

Clint presses a kiss against your forehead before giving a muted shout at your brother. "Steve, enough!"

Both men are at your side again, your brother looking a little worse than a moment ago. His eyes plead with you. "Don't make me do this."

"Unless you want me to be tethered to Brock, you're the only other werewolf that can help me."
With another growl, Steve pushes up and storms away, his clawed hands driving through his hair.

Clint climbs behind the wheel and kisses you, not caring about the blood. "Is this what you really want?"

No questions asked. If turning into a werewolf meant that you won't die, that you would get to spend more time on this earth with Clint, with your friends, and family, then yes, this is what you really want.

"Yes."

He nods curtly before catching Steve's alpha red gaze. "Steve, man, please."

Your eyes are full of tears as you raise your gaze to your brother. You can see the internal battle he's having. Lose you to death or turn you into a werewolf, which is worse? You hold out your hand, and nod. "It's ok, Steve."

He kneels down next to the wreckage. You watch his features change from your human brother to the alpha werewolf that has torn other beasts to pieces in order to protect you. Averting his red-hued eyes, he grabs your forearm, and bares his teeth in a low, menacing growl.

Clint forces you to look at him. "Take my hand."

You slide your slightly sticky hand between his much warmer ones. He forces a smile and nods before pressing a kiss to your knuckles.

All you can hear is the rain pounding against the wrecked car. It drowns out the slowing beat of your heart and the rattling of your lungs. You focus on the amber and pine eyes of Clint and wait. You wait for your life to end. You wait for your life to change.

Just when you think your brother has backed down, you feel the pressure of his teeth against your skin, pushing, but not breaking the surface. You whisper another assurance to him, that it will be ok, that this is what you want.

That's when you feel it, the razor sharp sting of his werewolf teeth as they break through the soft surface of your skin with a wet pop.
Every muscle in your body is on fire, burning from overuse as you run for your life. But you keep digging deep, pushing yourself harder, your arms and legs pumping furiously, your lungs screaming in agony. Something, you don’t know what, is chasing you. You can hear it, its raspy breath whistling in your ears, its heavy footsteps endlessly pursuing you, its enraged cries echoing loudly every time you manage to barely slip beyond its grasp. If it catches you, you’re dead, there’s no doubt about that.

You’ve had this dream before, multiple times, and no matter how many nights a week you had it, the explosion of fear always felt real, authentic, never phony, as if you’d never been through what you were experiencing now. All you need to do was wake up.

“Come on,” you scream at yourself, your voice hoarse and shattered. “Wake up!”

The creature’s breath is growing hotter on the back of your neck and you can almost feel the razor-sharp edge of its claws as they rip through the air.

It doesn’t make sense, you had always woken up by now.

When you cut to the left at the last possible second, the creature roars, pulling goosebumps to the surface of your skin. The urge to look over your shoulder is becoming increasingly harder to ignore, but you force your eyes to remain ahead.

Keep going, outrun it, survive.
“Wake up,” you repeat. Growing desperate, you even slap your face a couple of times. Shit, it doesn’t work. You’re still racing through the woods, in the middle of the night, a faceless creature pursuing you, and no clue as to how you are going to get away, how you are going to survive.

And then, something Clint had previously mentioned came to the forefront of your mind. “If you don’t know you’re dreaming, count your fingers.”

Going against every fiber of your being, you stop running, look down at your hands, and count.
“… seven, eight, nine… fuck, ten.”

It isn’t a dream. You really are in a forest, running for your life, a creature hunting you down. Speaking of… where is it? There is no sound of its feet pounding into the ground, you can’t smell its breath, or feel it on your skin. It is as if it disappeared.

“Don’t turn around,” you plead with yourself, but your muscles quickly outvote your brain.

As you turn, every muscle in your body is on fire, burning from more than just being overused, from the intoxicating mixture of fear and adrenaline. Your hands are shaking and your legs feel like jelly as your eyes settle on a dark shape. It was… no, it couldn’t be.

“Steve?” you call out, your voice shaking. “What… what are you doing?”

His blood-red eyes shine bright, swaying as he walks closer. “What I should have done when I first found out.”

Scoffing, you shake your head. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“You think I want to kill you?” your brother grinds out, his extended teeth obstructing his words slightly. “I don’t want to, Y/N, but you need to be put down.”

“Okay, seriously,” you shriek. “What the fuck is going on?” Your hands continue to shake, but it isn’t fear that makes them tremble. It’s something else, something deeper, something darker, something… animalistic.

Steve is closer now, and you can see his claws shining in the moonlight. “I promised I’d take care of Clint, no matter what. He’s my best friend, sis. I can’t… I won’t let you hurt him.”

“I would never…” you snap. Anger starts to boil in your gut, kickstarting your heart, changing the way you carried yourself.

Clint emerges from behind a tree, bow raised, arrow nocked. “You’ve already hurt me,” he murmurs, the breeze carrying his muted tone.

You glare at him, taking in the three shining scars on the right side of his face and down his neck. The alpha before you narrows his eyes as his head tilts. “You don’t even know what you’ve been doing,” he breathed. It wasn’t a question, just something he had been suspecting for a while.

“Doing what?” you howl, hands shaking harder, body temperature skyrocketing.

Steve watches as you drop to your hands and knees, as claws explode from your fingertips, as your ears become pointed, as the fangs push through your gums, as you turn, the pull of the full moon too much for your body to ignore.

“You’re rabid, Y/N, and we’re going to put you down,” your brother vows, dark and menacing.
You chuckle, low and heavy, thick in the back of your throat. “I’d love to see you try, Stevie. I’ll
snap Clint in half before the arrow leaves his bow. You saw how easily I took down Bucky and
Brock, and you think you can take me down? Bring it on, little pup.”

The two of you crash into each other, snarling and biting, ripping at one another with claws sharp
enough to cut through steel. Arrows whiz by, hissing through the air as they miss their intended
target. That’s good, let Clint run out of ammunition. It’ll be easier to kill him when he can’t defend
himself.

Only one of you is going to make it out alive, and you are going to do anything to ensure that it will
be you. Not your brother, and definitely not Clint.
You’re having a hard time getting through the day, so Clint comes and cuddles with you.

You needed to get out of bed, but it was deliciously warm and cozy under the feather down comforter. Responsibilities rattled through your mind. There were groceries to buy, laundry to wash, dishes to do; the list went on and on… and on. The noise inside your head got to be too much, so you screwed your eyes shut and pulled the blanket over your head.

Sleep overtook you at one point, pulling you deep into the comfortable pitch. Nothing could get to you here, not the monsters that threatened to overcome you every day, not the noise that made you want to pull your hair out, not even the family that made you into the codependent, needy person you were today. Nothing. And that was how you liked it.

The voice of your boyfriend drifted into your cocoon. “Babes, you coming out today?”

You didn’t know how you got so lucky. Clint was the most understanding, non-judgmental, caring, sweet, doting partner you could have asked for. No matter how many times you cried, how many times you berated yourself, how many days you didn’t emerge from your room, he was there. He made sure you ate, drank, took your vitamins, took a shower. No matter how dark you got, how far you sank, he was always there for you. No. Matter. What.

With a heavy sigh, you pushed the blanket away from your face. “I don’t know.”

Clint smiled warmly, brushing the wayward hairs from your forehead before kissing it. “Would you like some company?”

You didn’t have to answer, not like you really could. Your throat grew tight, strangling the words before they could tumble out.

He stepped out of his slippers before climbing behind you, the bed dipping, shifting with his
weight. “Come here.”

Rolling over, you slid across the bed and molded your body into his, sighing as his cool legs tangled with your much warmer ones. Rather than the washed-too-many-times t-shirt he always wore, Clint was clad in boxers, which was a good thing. Skin-to-skin contact, and not the sexual kind, always worked best for you. It helped you cope, helped pull you out of the hole you found yourself in more and more. Even if only for a day… sometimes less.

You breathed him in as fingers drug along your scalp and through your hair, again and again, until you were on the edge of falling asleep.

With his lips in your hair, he whispered, “I love you.”

Muffled into the crook of his neck an, “and I love you,” was your response.
It had been six months since you last saw Clint, but it felt a whole lot longer than that. So when he called and asked you to meet him at a cabin that belonged to a friend, you all but jumped at the chance. With a half-assed excuse to your boss and more clothes than you could possibly need for the weekend, you piled into your car. Looking over the directions again, you knew it would be quite the drive. What you didn’t expect was the torrential rain that washed out the one and only dirt road, or the complete loss of cell signal.

You had barely turned off the main road when your four door, supposedly all-wheel drive, compact car slid out of control. The mud pulled your tires deeper and deeper with every rev of the engine, tossing mud against the foliage. It was no use. You were officially stuck and had no way to get a hold of Clint. Two hours later, the cabin finally came into view. Finding refuge on the porch, you were shivering hard enough that you should have heard your teeth chatter if it weren’t for the waterfall of rain.

Thunder erupted, cutting through the borderline deafening rain as you pounded on the door, praying he could feel it in the floorboards over the storm raging outside. When you weren’t sure if he would answer, you went to knock again, but the door was opened just as your knuckles were about to connect with the wood. Not waiting to be welcomed in, you pushed your way past the Avenger, all but running to the roaring fire in the corner of the room. It was gloriously warm, crackling as the wood shifted, small embers of bright orange flitting up the chimney.

Standing in a rapidly-growing puddle, you turned to find him on the couch, leaning back with his arms crossed over his chest. His long legs were bent at the knees and spread, one bare foot
bounced on the hardwood floor. If it weren’t for his moss eyes, you wouldn’t have known it was Clint. His hair was shaggy, much longer than before, the ends curling up over the collar of his t-shirt, and his jaw was covered with a thick beard. His appearance was almost startling.

"Dude, you look homeless," you scoff.

"And you look like a drowned rat." Always with a smart ass comeback.

You shivered hard and clutched at your drenched clothes. "Left my bag in the car. Where can I dry off?"

He gave a nod to his left. "Bathroom’s over there."

You toed off your sneakers and socks, dropping them in front of the fire before peeling off your jacket, which you hung on a hook. Feeling the weight of his gaze, you disappeared into the bathroom and began stripping off your clothes. The thick towel was toasty, as if it had been hanging in front of the fire. You worked the towel through your hair before drying your skin, and just when you were going to pop your head out and ask if you could borrow a shirt, you spotted one of his old concert t-shirts draped over the back of the toilet. It was washed too many times soft, threadbare in some spots, and hung almost to your knees, but it was a vast improvement over your clothes, which were hanging over the tub.

Sitting up, Clint turned, and watched as you walked around the couch. There was a thick comforter next to him and a cup that billowed steam on the table. After he lifted the blanket, you sank into the couch, nestled into his side, and sipped at the piping hot chamomile tea.

He pressed a kiss to your crown, humming into your still damp hair. His fingers drug down your arm and into the crook of your elbow, scarred knuckles scraping over your skin. You shuddered at the sensation.

"You still cold?"

"Not as much." You rested your cheek against his chest and listened to his heart beat.

He held you tight, curling his fingers in the hem of his old college shirt. "Thanks for coming out."

"Why wouldn’t I?"

Shrugging, he stretched his legs out onto the table, and crossed his ankles. "Never know. Coulda been busy." He looked… you couldn’t place it exactly… sad, alone, broken, empty, defeated. All of that and so much more.

"Clint, are you?"

"No, I don’t wanna talk about it."

You sat up, placed your almost empty cup on the table, and rested your hand on his face. His beard was softer than it looked. "Ok. We won’t talk about it."

Clint knit his brows together, watching with damp eyes as you crawled onto his lap and tucked yourself between him and the arm of the couch, your legs draped over his. He pulled the blanket over the pair of you, securing you to his chest with his arms. His eyes fell closed as your fingers wound through his hair, combing through the strands.

A shuddering breath fell from his lips when you pressed a kiss to his temple. Fingers dug into your
hip and lower back as he hunched his shaking shoulders, and more kisses were placed onto his forehead, eyebrows, and bridge of his nose. His beard tickled your lips as you kissed his face, but it was far from unpleasant. When you finally reached his tear-slicked lips, he sighed heavily.

“*It’s ok, Clint.*” Whatever was going on was obviously far from ok, but anything Clint needed to hear, you’d be more than willing to say.

He gripped onto you tight enough that you knew you’d be bruised in the morning. When he opened his eyes, you hardly recognized them. They were dark and troubled, like nothing you had ever seen before.

“*How long can you stay?*”

“*As long as you need.*”
The mission wasn’t a success. Mistakes were made and lives were lost as a result of those mistakes.

He had promised, swore on the grave of his best friend that nothing would happen. So when the mission blew up in everyone’s face, Clint took it the hardest. He didn’t return to the compound with Nat and Steve and Wanda. Instead, he hopped on his motorcycle and his comm went dark. He couldn’t be found. He didn’t want to be found.

Not that Steve didn’t try. He tried every resource he could think of, had Tony hack into every database known to man, but Clint Barton was nowhere. Needless to say, Steve went on the defense when someone knocked on the door at 2:30 in the morning. He half-expected it to be Tony, bearing the worst kind of bad news, but the sight of a man clad in black leather was a welcome reprieve.

When Steve’s name tumbled from Clint’s lips in a shuddering whisper, Steve stepped back, allowing Clint access to his apartment. Clint dropped the quiver and bow on the floor, followed by his gloves. He fell onto the couch with a heavy sigh, closing his eyes when his head hit the cushion.

Steve poured a glass of whiskey before sitting next to Clint, softly directing the archer to drink. Clint ground his molars before tipping the glass back, draining it quickly. He hissed through his teeth as it burned down his chest and into his stomach, but that didn’t stop him from wanting more. Steve refilled the glass at Clint’s silent request several more times before he dared to approach the large elephant in the room.

“It’s not your fault.” Steve dropped a hand to Clint’s knee, rubbing his thumb along a seam as he tried, but failed, to catch Clint’s eye.
Clint chewed on his bottom lip, shaking his head in disgust. “The whole thing is my fault. I’m the one that brought the case to the team.”

There was no way anybody could have known about the mole. They were crazy good, better than Tony at covering their tracks. The mole wasn’t found out until the cyber-virus took hold, leaving the team blind for five minutes. A lot can happen in that amount of time.

“I should have tried harder. I should have done something else,” Clint insisted, his voice gritty.

“Clint,” Steve murmured. He looked at Steve then, a flurry of emotion in his moss eyes. “You did all you could. We did all we could. But sometimes… sometimes bad things happen.”

“We’re supposed to save people, Steve,” Clint muttered, emotion clogging his throat.

“I know, Clint,” Steve said as he poured Clint another drink.

When Steve pulled a drink from the bottle, it was hard to ignore the look he received. “What? You think you’re the only one that can wallow in self-pity?”

Clint about choked on his drink as he shook his head. Just as Steve was beginning to think he went too far, the corner of Clint’s mouth pulled up. Not enough to be considered a real smile, but it was enough.

“Thought you didn’t like the taste.”

“I love it. I just don’t really see the point when I can’t get drunk,” Steve pointed out.

“Fair enough,” Clint agreed, dragging a hand over his face. He dropped his hand over Steve’s and squeezed it. “Thank you.”

Steve’s breath caught in his throat at the contact. “For what?”

“You’re always there when I need someone to talk to.”

Despite his hammering heart, Steve smiled. “Just doin’ my job.”

“No,” Clint argued with a roll of his eyes. “Joining me in a pity party isn’t part of the job.”

Steve shrugged and turned his hand over in Clints, threading their fingers. “Maybe I enjoy the company.”

Clint didn’t pull away from Steve’s grip. Instead, he swept his thumb alongside Steve’s. “Me, too.”
After sharing a motel room with only one bed, you wake up next to Clint.

It was fingers twitching on your belly that woke you, a rough scrape of calluses just below your belly button. Your eyes flew open as you stretched, because it was then you realized that the hand caressing your skin wasn’t your own. The breath caught in your throat as you held it, trying, but failing, to remember if you brought anyone back to your motel room after leaving the bar.

The last thing you did remember was having a nightmare. Ever since Ultron, you’d been plagued by them. The last image of your mother was of her neck being ripped out before Clint Barton burst into the house and slaughtered the robots was seared into your brain.

The person behind you groaned in their sleep and tightened their grip on your belly, pulling you into them so your back fit perfectly into the curve of their chest, their legs tangling with yours. It was when your ass settled on a semi-hard cock that you decided to look over your shoulder.

You barely stifled a gasp when you saw who was behind you. Clint had been the one to comfort you after you screamed out in the middle of the night, crying for your mother. He had held you close, wiped your tears, and whispered words of comfort into your ear while stroking your hair.

Clint had always been a light sleeper, downside to being an Avenger, so you moved slowly and turned in his arms to face him. Long dark eyelashes fluttered as his eyes swept back and forth, full lips were slightly parted, and the fingers that had been against your belly, spread wide over the small of your back.

You couldn’t deny that Clint was handsome, what with his dark blonde hair and dark chest hair that traveled into his boxer briefs, hard muscles, moss eyes, and a gravelly voice that had always sent a shiver down your spine.

Yup, even though he was barely a decade older than you, you thought Barton was drop dead sexy. But nothing had ever happened because Clint was, well, Clint. He felt he was too old for you, that there were plenty of younger men that could make you happy.

With your heart hammering in your chest, you reached up and ran a hand gently through his hair. He’d grown it out, recently only shaving the sides. The longer strands were soft between your fingertips and the shorter ones tickled your palm as you cupped the back of his head.

Clint moaned softly, shifting so that his thigh was between your legs. Thick fingers dug into the small of your back as you slid your leg along his. You checked to make sure his eyes were still closed before resting your hand over his heart. The steady rhythm against your palm was hypnotic and soothing. Dark hair bit into your palm and fingertips, catching under your nails as you drug your fingers through it.

In response to your touch, Clint cupped your ass and pulled you into him, his thigh rubbing against
your aching pussy, pushing your slick into your panties. Not wanting to wake him up just yet, you bit back a moan when the thick line of his hardening cock pulsed against your belly.

It was then his eyes began to flutter open and you knew that it was now or never. You drug your nails against his wisker-kissed skin to the nape of his neck as you kissed him, tugging his bottom lip between yours. With a hand tangled in your hair, he sighed into the kiss when you shifted against his thigh. But when you tugged on his hair and sucked on his tongue he opened his eyes. He pulled back, but didn’t untangle himself from you.

“Y/N?” It was hard not to get lost in his eyes, a thin strip of moss was all that remained, his pupils having blown wide with lust.

You licked your bottom lip. “Morning, Clint.” When you rocked against his leg, his eyes rolled slightly and his cock twitched heavily against your belly. He grabbed your hip, stopping your movements.

“What’s goin’ on, kid?”

You hummed against his bottom lip as you kissed him. “Are you really asking me that right now?”

“No, I know what’s going on, I wasn’t born yesterday. I just mean -”

“I know what you mean.” You kissed along his jaw, the prickly hair biting into your nose, lips, and chin. “Isn’t it obvious? I want you.” Nipping at the pulse point in his neck, you ground against him again, knowing damn well he could feel how wet you were through the panties and shorts you wore.

He hissed through his teeth and clutched your hip. “I uh… we shouldn’t do this.”

“Why not? I know you want me, too.” You slid a hand into his boxer briefs and gripped his cock, stroking him leisurely. “I can feel it.”

His head fell back, giving your mouth more room to roam. You rocked against his thigh in time with your hand. “But -”

“No buts about it.” You swept your thumb over his seeping tip and nipped at his collarbone, rolling him to his back.

He didn’t fight you. Instead, he grabbed your hips as you straddled him, moaning loudly while you worked your hand along his cock. His hips shot up when you began to kiss down his neck and chest where you nipped at his nipples, your tongue flicking out, swirling around the tight skin, and down his belly.

Callused fingers dug into your skin before carding through your hair, tangling themselves in the strands. You hooked your fingers in his boxer briefs and quickly slid them down his thighs, dropping them to the floor when you stood at the end of the bed.

“Look at me, Clint,” you instructed him.

The way he looked at you, with so much raw want and need in his eyes, almost made you come undone, and he hadn’t even touched you yet. You shimmed out of your shorts and panties before pulling off the faded concert shirt, adding it to the small pile at your feet.

Clint’s cock twitched hard against his belly as you stood there. “Get up here.”
Tugging your bottom lip between your teeth, you crawled up his legs, dropping kisses and dragging your nails against the insides of his thighs and the patch of hair surrounding his cock. His dark curls tickled your nose when you breathed him in; faded spicy soap, leather from the Avengers gear, and that deep, underlying musk that only Clint possessed. You cupped his balls and pressed your tongue flat against the vein on the underside of his cock, the one that pulsed with every beat of his heart.

His hands were in your hair, holding it out of the way to give him an unobstructed view as he watched you lick his cock, twirling your tongue around the wide cock-head before taking him between your lips. You swallowed the pre-cum greedily, savoring the bittersweet tang on the back of your tongue as you sucked him, your hand twisting and stroking whatever you couldn’t get in your mouth.

When he hit the back of your throat, Clint pushed his head into the pillow and ground out your name in a way that spread goosebumps over every inch of your skin. You bobbed up and down, hollowing your cheeks, pulling him deeper, swallowing him tighter, and while either one of you would have been more than content to have Clint cum in your mouth, that would have to wait for another time. Clint gripped your shoulders and pulled you up, his saliva soaked cock slapping against his stomach.

“Not yet.”

You straddled his thighs and grabbed his shoulders as he kissed you like he was a starving man and you were his last meal. Before you could grab his cock and sink onto it, Clint’s fingers drug through your soaked folds and brushed over your clit. With every nerve already on fire, you almost came then and there.

He pushed his two middle fingers into your pussy, crooking them as he searched for, and successfully located, your g-spot. You threw your head back and cried out his name, shuddering, your hips rocking against his hand. Clint kissed, licked, and bit your neck as he stroked you roughly, his palm hitting your clit fast and hard enough that the orgasm took you by surprise.

You came on his hand, digging your nails into his shoulders as he bit your breasts, the sensitive skin right below your nipples. With your head buzzing and your vision gone white, Clint worked you through it, almost languidly stroking your g-spot again and again, until you thought you were going to explode.

You had barely begun to come down from your high when he withdrew his fingers and sucked them free of your tangy slick. Blinking heavily, you looked at him and grabbed his cock, the pair of you moaning low and heavy as you sank down on him. Inch by inch you took him, stretching around his substantial girth until finally, your hips met.

“So fucking tight,” he praised. “So fucking wet for me.”

When you rocked against him a moment later, his mouth found yours. You drug your nails through his hair and onto his back, red welts rising, marring his already scarred skin further. Clint grabbed your hips and pulled you down, harder with every tight and precise thrust of his hips, sending a wet smack into the small room.

Your breasts bounced erratically, dragging sensitive nipples through his chest hair before he captured one in his mouth, the other in a hand, fingers rolling and pinching, teeth biting. The pinch of pain from his mouth and fingers made the coil in your belly snap, painfully so. You shuddered as you came, your slick channel squeezing Clint’s cock. Clint bit down and sucked hard on your breast as he came a moment later, grunts muffled by your skin.
With a heaving chest, Clint fell back onto the bed, pulling you with him. Aftershocks rolled through you, making Clint hiss when you involuntarily clamped down him again and again.

“Keep that up, kid, and we ain’t leaving this room for a while.”

You sat up slightly and caught his lips in yours, moaning when he pushed his tongue into your mouth. Even though he had already begun to go soft, you ground your hips into his.

“Who said anything about leaving? We got the room for another day, remember?”

“Thank God.” Growling low in his throat, Clint rolled you to your back and pinned your hands above your head.

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