Jokes On You
by lovelybucky

Summary

After a prank war goes too far, Bucky and Y/N find themselves in a sticky situation.

It's nine in the morning and you are about to go downstairs to eat breakfast. You drag yourself out of bed and over to your dresser, looking from some half-decent looking clothes to wear. You get your shirt and sweatpants from your closet, then you make your way over to your "intimates" drawer. You open it to find that ALL OF YOUR BRAS AND UNDERWEAR ARE FUCKING GONE!!! Immediately you know that the metal-armed man was behind this. You sort of had a "prank war" going on between the two of you. It started when went camping and decided to egg his tent because... well, it's fun to screw with him!

You look for your bathrobe, but of fucking course, it's missing too. I pull a big sweatshirt on and my sweatpants, their seams rubbing uncomfortably against my delicate skin as a run down the stairs. I burst into the kitchen, looking for that mother fucker.

"Barnes, I'm going to fucking kill you." He looked up and smirked at you.
"I don't know what you're talking about, doll.", he couldn't even hide his smile.
"YOU FUCKING TOOK MY UNDERWEAR!", I yelled, attracting the attention of everyone in the kitchen.
"Woah, Woah, Woah, Terminator took your delicates? I thought the men from your time were all 'oh here's my jacket ma'am, oh it's four o'clock, time to get you home. No, no don't touch me, we're not married yet.'", Tony said with mock exasperation.
"Buck, did you take the lady's... undergarments?", Steve said shyly.
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"Buck, did you take the lady's... undergarments?", Steve said shyly.
"I think the lady can go commando for a little bit.", Bucky snickered.
"Bucky I swear if you don't give me my clothes I'm going to kill you!", he put his hands up as if to say he was surrendering to you.
"Fine, come on.", he got up and started to walk out the door. "If you want your underwear, come
"with me. I ain't your maid." You scoffed but followed him none the less. He brought up the stairs and through the hall, and finally, you arrived at the door. You quickly pushed it open to find your undergarments scattered on his bed.

"Bucky! What the fuck?", you practically yelled.
"Hey, I'm just gettin' payback from last week. Remember when you 'accidentally' spilled your grape slushie all over my white button-down?" You chuckled to yourself.
"You totally deserved that though. Plus it was nice to see what Barney would look like with abs."
"I don't know who that is!"
"Look it up, bud.", you patted him on the shoulder as you walked past him, arms full of your underwear.
"Teach me how to use my phone and I wi-", you cut him off by closing the door. You quickly made your way back to your room, not wanting to exhibit your intimates.
You were going to get him back... good.

Prank Attempt No. 1:

You decided to wait a day before getting your revenge. You need to keep Bucky on edge, you wanted him jumping every time you entered a room. Fear is the key.

You have been sitting at the bar for a while now, looking through the window into the den area where Bucky sleeps peacefully on the over-priced leather couch. Its go time.

You take your box of Saran wrap and tip-toe your way over to his sleeping form. He has his left arm clutching a pillow, which is a minor step-back but nothing you can't handle. You've been in the lab when Tony's upgrading Bucky's arm that you know how it works pretty well. You know that he has feeling in it created by artificial nerve endings, but those can be disabled when modifications are necessary. You carefully reach over his chest and flip the small switch in the crook of his elbow and pick up the heavy Vibranium arm. You move it over to your side of the couch, letting it dangle off the edge.

You quickly wrap the smooth, thin plastic around his arm. Mainly focusing on the elbow and wrist portion. Apparently, you underestimated how much noise it material would make, and the fact that Bucky has enhanced hearing slipped your mind.
"You should be more subtle about it next time,", he said groggily. His rough voice startled you, causing to lose your balance and hit your head on the crystal coffee table in the middle of the den. Like lightning, Bucky caught you before you could hurt yourself more. He helped you up and sat you on the couch, then went to the bar to retrieve some ice.
"Thought you could sneak up on me...", he said aloud but mostly to himself. He returned with a small glass of Gin and a plastic bag filled with ice.

You hissed when he applied it to the rapidly bruising area, but you soon felt relief. He brought the glass up to your lips and tilted it back, causing the zesty liquid to enter your mouth. The combination of the buzz from the alcohol, ice and the fact that he was so close- um, never mind. You were feeling well enough to stand and leave to your room.
"Thanks, Bucky, for like... catching me and stuff. But you're not safe. I will get you back.", you smiled softly and turned to leave.
"You're welcome.", he said after you, but he was unsure if you heard it. If only...

Prank Attempt No. 2:

It's been a week since your last strike. You used your head "injury" to get out of a few missions. That's when you were planning. You had a whole plan where you would make everyone eat dinner at the table like a real family, but Bucky's chair would be broken so when he sat down he collapsed to the floor. You knew it wouldn't actually hurt him physically, but it would definitely damage his ego. It took you a while to test your ideas, but eventually, you found one that could work. You sawed each leg on an angle going in the same direction, so when he sat down, the top of the chair would slide off... hopefully.
Too bad you never got to use that idea. On the night you were planning of pranking Bucky, Tony decided that it was a good day to open up the pool and have a Barbecue. Usually, you wouldn't pass up an opportunity to have a beer and laugh at Natasha's pitiful attempts to keep her string bikini top up, but not today. No, today you were going to get Barnes back.

Surprising, this was a tame gathering. You could barely consider it a party. No bright lights, no loud music, so sweaty bodies grinding together, no drunken messes. For once, the whole Avengers team was together outside of work, sober and so far they're all sober. You were walking on the patio (being careful not to step on like little plants between the stones) over to the cooler. Of course, it was filled to the brim with beer and wine coolers. You grabbed a beer and sat down in a cracked lawn chair. As you were looking over the pool, you saw Bucky floating in his unicorn. Perfect. You waited until he got out of the pool before retrieving it from the water. On your way back, you grabbed a small knife from the food table. You pulled the tube up the patio, into the shade from the multiple umbrellas.

"What the fuck are you doing?", she laughed.
"Don't question me. Stand in front of me and cover me."
"What? No. I don't know what you're doing-"
"If you don't do it, then next time you and Bruce go at it I'll 'forget' to make up a good excuse.
"Fine, fine. Just make it quick.", she grumbled.
"That's what she said.", you muttered under your breath. You could tell she rolled her eyes at you. Without hesitation, you made a small incision next to the air tube's opening, but it wasn't big enough to let out any air. Now when Bucky sits on the tube, his weight would cause the tube to deflate. When everyone's attention was on Tony's 'master grilling skills' you replaced the tube in the pool and quickly joined the rest around the grill. Now it's time to wait.

Soon the crowd dispersed and you took your place at the lawn chair again, looking over the pool.
"Hey (Y/N)!", Peter called.
"Not a great time...", you grumbled.
"Did you see Mr. Stark's tricked."
"Yeah, they're not that impressive th-", you were cut out by a yelp and a splash. You got him. You stood and walked over to the pool wearing a proud smile. You were elated by the thought of the super-soldier neck deep in the water, deflated unicorn in hand.

You finally looked into the water to find that your prank had been played on the wrong super-soldier. Steve had one foot on the sad raft, one barely on the bottom of the pool and his arms flailing about.
"Look what you did to the poor Captain.", you heard a gruff voice say from behind you. "You'll give the old man a heart attack if you keep that up."
You turned around to be met with a shirtless Bucky, hair up in a bun and an amused smirk on his face.
"Not meant for him.", you grumbled.
"Better luck next time, darlin'
That fucking bastard!

Prank Attempt No. 3:

You were desperate at this point. None of your other attempts have worked. You needed to get him, no matter what. After the pool incident, you have been contemplating a certain prank. You know it will be funny, but you don't want him to be mad at you.

James Barnes is nothing without his flirty attitude and charming looks. He especially prides himself in his "luscious, silky hair". You've talked yourself out of doing this for the past week and a half, but today you're doing it.

You waited until he was asleep, which was like 10 o'clock because he's an old man, then you crept into his room with scissors in hand. You made sure to wear two pairs of socks, just in case his wood
floor was creaky. He was sleeping on top of his covers face down, good for you. His long hair was in a loose ponytail, hanging off the back of his head. You leaned over his body and snipped his hair off in one motion. You knew it was a crude cut and he would be pissed. You dashed out of the room, softly closing the door behind you and skipped down the hall back to your quarters. You slept peacefully that night, knowing that he would get made fun up relentlessly in the morning.

-Beep-Beep-Beep-

Your alarm was blaring in your ears but you were more than eager to get up. You threw on your sweat pants and t-shirt and practically sprinted downstairs. You perched yourself of the freezing counter, waiting for the metal-armed soldier to come down. You distracted yourself with a ripe, juicy peach and a buttered biscuit.

"Woah, lookin' good, Frosty.", you heard Tony exclaim. You whip your head around, expecting to see a mess of uneven cuts and a very angry Bucky. You were completely wrong. His hair is fluffy and neatly messy.

He had caught you staring.

"Hey (Y/N), thanks for the trim. It was getting pretty long anyway.", he smiled. "I had to fix it up a bit though, your cut was kind of messy." Natasha spoke up before you got the chance.

"Where did you learn to cut hair? It looks amazing!", she said as she ran a delicate hand through his hair.

"Back home. I always cut my own, didn't really have the money to get it done. Cut Stevie's too sometimes. I couldn't stand it being long.", he smiled, but he was obviously affected by the memory of that time. He quickly snapped out of it though, he opened the fridge and took out the carton of eggs and the wheat bread from the bread box.

"Breakfast, (Y/N)?", he asked.

"Huh?", you said stupidly.

"I want to make you breakfast, you know, as a thank you.", he smiled sweetly.

"Oh uh, yeah that sounds nice." He cracked the egg in a bowl and turned to you.

"Scrambled?", you nodded. He whisked the egg in the bowl then added milk and pepper, but the salt was just out of reach.

"Would you hand me the salt, Doll?" You grabbed the shaker and placed it in his cold metal hand. You weren't sure how long you had been staring at him, listening to the way his Vibranium appendage whirred when he moved, but he brought out you out of your trance by asking if you wanted milk or orange juice.

"Juice, please". He nodded and retrieved the gallon bottle from the fridge, then poured it in a tall glass he already set out. He brought the plate and the cup over to you, then gave you a fork and a neatly folded napkin.

"Thanks, Buck.", you said before taking a huge bite of egg, then you immediately spit it out. The egg was nasty. N-a-s-t-y.

"What the hell!?", you exclaimed.

"What? I thought you liked your eggs salty.", he couldn't even hide his smirk. You grabbed your juice to try to wash the taste out, but that was even saltier.

"Barnes I swear I'm going to kill you!", you choked out. He was full in laughing now.

"Payback's a bitch, babydoll.

Oh, it definitely is...

Prank Attempt No. 4:

You know that Barnes was what most call a "ladies man" back in the day. You also know that he
hasn't gotten some in a long time. Probably close to 80 years.
"This better fuckin' work.", you muttered to yourself while scribbling words on a sticky note.
Indoor pool. 11 o'clock. Don't be late. Bring protection. *wink*

Since you didn't know where in the building he was, you sprinted to his door, attached the paper and sprinted back. That must have been the fastest you've ever run. Now all you can do is sit and wait.

Bucky's POV:

He wasn't sure who the note could be from. Not Steve, that's not his handwriting. Not Natasha, they're like siblings. Thor is with Jane and Bruce is working on a new project. Tony isn't this desperate. \(Y/N\)? I hope- no, it couldn't be. She doesn't like you like that.

Nonetheless, he showered, got dressed and packed condoms in his pocket and left for the pool like he was instructed. Sex is sex, right?

\(Y/N\)'s POV:

You stood to the left of the entrance of the pool, bucket of green slime in hand, a box of confetti at your feet. No, it wasn't your classiest prank, but it would get the job done.

You were quickly brought out of your thoughts by a soft tune being whistled. Here we go. When you saw the top of the man's head, you dumped the goo on him, then threw the box of colorful paper at his sticky frame. You expected him to be mad. You expected him you rip you a new one, but instead, he started to laugh, loudly. He turned to face you, there was confetti stuck in his beard.

"You finally got me. Took you long enough.", he smiled.

"Payback's a bitch.", you couldn't help but laugh. He opened his arms and stepped towards you.

"Come 'ere, give me a hug.", he giggled. James Buchanan Barnes actually just giggled.

"No! I don't want your slime!", you shrieked and ran away. You almost fell into the pool, but he caught you with his flesh arm and his super-human reflexes.

"You look like Davy Jones. Come on, I'll clean you up.", you laughed and picked a piece of confetti off this face. He smiled at you and wrapped a sticky arm around your shoulder. You groaned but allowed him to keep it there. When you got to his room, he brought you into the bathroom and sat down on the counter.

"Get down Buck. I can't reach you up there."

"I wanna see you struggle.", he teased but still jumped down and sat on a pile of towels.

You retrieved a comb from his "beauty basket" and started to remove the slime.

"Now that we're even, I want you to be honest with me. Do you actually like the hair?", you asked. He pauses for a second.

"Yeah. When I was... him my hair was always long, they never cut it. Now that I've gotten my mind back I'm not him anymore. That was really the last thing I had from then.", he said softly. "I've wanted it gone for a while. I guess I just needed a push..."

"Oh, Buck... ", you didn't know what to say.

"(Y/N), you're the only one who doesn't treat me like I'm made of glass."

You've finished cleaning his hair, now you moved to his front to clean his face. You were bent over in a very uncomfortable position, running a tissue through his beard.

"You can sit on my legs, Doll. Don't break your back.", he smiled. His voice sounded really deep and soft when you were this close. You lowered your bottom on his legs and scooted yourself closer.

"Thank you, furmos." You knew he was speaking in Romanian, but you weren't sure what he said.

"For what?"

"I don't know... for being with me.", you sounded unsure.

"It's my pleasure." You looked up and were met with his eyes staring into yours. You never noticed how blue they were. But they weren't just blue, the were deep with mixes of greens. They were beautiful.

"(Y/N)..."

"Yeah?", you replied in a whisper.
"C-can I kiss you?" Woah. You've never seen him be so timid. But who were you to say no?
"Yeah." In an instant, his mouth was on yours. His lips were hot and wet. The kiss was sweet and full of passion. But it wasn't clean either. He kissed you with purpose, with a yearning you couldn't explain. He swiped his soft tongue over your lips as if he was requesting access to your mouth. Of course, you allowed him to enter. He snaked his tongue around your own, causing a soft moan to escape you. You had to pull away. You finally understood all of these emotions you've felt for this man over the last two years.
"Buck..."
"Hm?", he replied, looking slightly worried.
"I-I think I love you." His face went from shocked to confused then broke out into a huge grin.
"I love you too.", he said into your neck as he pulled you close. He was so warm. For a man covered in hard muscles, he had an incredibly soft touch. You wished you could stay like that forever.
"You're all sticky.", you laughed.
"I... um, if you want we could... shower?", he asked shyly. You didn't think he would be so hesitant in the bedroom, not like you've ever thought about it or anything. Truthfully, you needed more of him. You needed your whole body pressed up against his. You needed your arms around his neck, his on your waist and your lips interlocked.
"Yes, I want that more than you know.", you gasped. He yanked the collar of his shirt up and pulled it over his head, revealing his chiseled abs. Sure, you've seen them before, but never in a situation like this. Except for the scars by his prosthetic arm, he was all smooth, tan skin. You wanted to run your hands all over him and trail kisses in his most sensitive areas.
"Remember to blink, Dolly.", he joked. He seemed more comfortable now and you saw the usual Bucky come back.
"Don't wanna.", you smiled back. He pulled his sweatpants down to reveal his half-hard member poking out of the waistband of his boxers. "Always pegged you as more of a briefs guy."
"Guess I'm full of surprises.", he winked. After what felt like centuries, he pulled off his boxers to reveal his cock completely. His dick was thick and heavy between his legs with a rosy pink tip. It was a decent size, about eight or nine inches.
"This is a little unfair, wouldn't you say?", he said, gesturing at his nude form. You blew him a kiss and started to remove your shirt and matching sweatpants but Bucky stopped you before you could remove any more clothes. He placed his hands on your hips, a cold, hard one on your left side and a calloused, warm one on your right.
"These look so much better on you than my bed.", he snapped the waist band of your (F/C) panties against your delicate skin.
"I dont know... I'd prefer them on the floor.", you smirked. He reached around your body and unclasped your bra, letting it slide off your arms and onto the cold tile. Bucky slid his hot hand up your torso and over your right breast, leaving goosebumps on your (S/C) skin. You slid down your own bottoms, wanting to get into the shower as quickly as possible. He pulled you close to him and walked you over to the stall with the running water.
You stepped in first, the water was scolding on your already hot skin, but you were too focused on the man in front of you to care. Growing impatient, you yanked him into the shower, causing him to laugh.
"Eager are we?"
"Don't try and act like you don't want it as much as I do.", you sassed. He gripped your hips and backed you against the wall. Whatever trace of shyness left in him had certainly left and all that remained was passion, lust and need. He was ravishing you now. The sweet kisses were replaced with tongue and teeth and the gentle touches became gropes and scratches. Bucky's lips migrated to your neck, then your collarbone, and finally your nipples. His laved his tongue over them, causing them to harden further.
"B-Buck", you gasped. You could feel him hum in amusement around your hard buds. Apparently, his was the master of multitasking because as he wrecked your upper body, he spread your lower lips
and inserted a single cold digit and placed his thumb on your bundle of nerves at the top of your sensitive area. He moved his fingers in tandem with the sucks on your nipples and you thought you were going to go insane. You grabbed his freshly cut hair and pulled him off of you and brought your lips down to his. He groaned into your mouth, probably because you were digging your nails into the meat of his backside.

"(Y/N),-fuck-, I-I wanna taste you." You nodded furiously in response.

James Barnes was a gentleman before anything else, so of course, he wouldn't let his girl lay on the floor of the shower while he ate her out. He knelt down and told you to sit on his shoulders. He held onto your legs tightly as he stood, making sure you didn't lose your balance and stepped towards the wall so you could lean your back against the tile. The temperature of the shower wall was a surprising but not unwelcome change.

"Ready, baby?", he asked with a gruff voice.

"I swear if you don't get your mouth on my right fucking now-", he cut you off my attaching his lips to your clit. He suckled on your sensitive bud until you were gasping, then he moved his tongue to the entrance of your vagina. He slipped the wet muscle into you, which was dirty in and of itself but to make it worse (or better depending on how you look at it) he was looking right into your (E/C) eyes.

"Fuck, Bucky! So fuckin' good at this!", you moaned.
"I've had a bit of practice.", he mumbled against your core. You grabbed his hair and pushed him back into you. You knew that the way you were pulling and scratching his scalp wasn't the most comfortable, but he didn't tell you to stop so you didn't pay it any mind.

"You look so good between my legs.", you moaned breathlessly. Apparently, he didn't like the fact that you still had the ability to speak, because he sucked harder at your clit and even lightly scraped his tooth against it. You bite your shoulder to keep from screaming, but with the way Bucky pinches your thigh, he must want to hear you. Well... he asked for it.

"Oh shit!", I moan loudly, but the echo in the bathroom make it seem much louder. You felt his Vibranium hand leave your thigh and when you looked down, you saw that it had disappeared below his waist.

"B-Buck, I don't wanna cum yet. Need you in me.", you said between pants. He gently placed you on the floor and held you so you could stand upright. Your knees were trembling, your arms felt like dumbbells and your hand was dripping with sweat. You felt like you might collapse if you weren't leaning on Bucky for support.

"What kind of birth control are you on? We can go to my room if we need condoms, it's really okay I don't mind condoms-", you cut off his rambling with a sloppy kiss.

"I'm on the pill, baby. Clean too, don't worry."

"I can't catch anything so I'm good."

As much as you wanted him inside you, you found it endearing that he was so concerned about your health.

"So what are you waitin' for, Barnes?", you teased.

"For you to get ready.", he quipped. Huh? What did he mean? "Bend over, put your hands on the wall. It ain't your first time right?", he asked, his Brooklyn accent showing though slightly. You did as he instructed, but you couldn't think of a witty remark to come back with. Not when he was this close. This close to fucking you. You have subconsciously wanted this for years, and now that you have it you can't think straight.

"No.", you replied simply. He nodded and grasped his cock, running his pre-cum slick head through your moist folds. He inserted the tip of his member into you. That fucking tease. You couldn't take it anymore, so you pushed your hips down on him, making his dick enter you fully. He was definitely big, but when he was inside you he felt fucking massive.

"God, you're so tight.", he hissed out. "So wet, all for me." He snaked his real arm around your waist and pulled you flush against him. He stopped your quiet whimpers by placing his mouth on yours.

"I love you, Buck.", you cry. He softly sucks at your neck, probably not able to speak.

He switched your position again. This time his back was to the wall and you were against his chest.
Now he was fucking into you hard. His cock was slamming that spot deep inside you that no one was ever able to reach before. That and the sensation of his teeth in the meat of your shoulder made your soul leave your body. The pure euphoria was too much for your body to handle. Your head rolled back and you were resting it on Bucky's chest. You were broken from your trance by a loud moan from behind you. Was that him? You figured he had too much pride to let out a sound like that. Most men you've been with tried to suppress it by biting their lip or something else. It shouldn't have, but hearing that sound from him sent you over the edge. Your pussy fluttered and pulsed around Bucky's cock, and you were sure you had died because all you could see was white.

When you finally came down from your high, you noticed that Bucky was holding you to his chest and his red erection was steady against your leg.

"You with me, Babydoll?", he asked softly.

"Mhm", I murmured.

"Didn't want to hurt you. You're still sensitive.", he said as he brushed his finger against your clit, making you tremble slightly.

"You're too sweet.", you kiss the corner of his mouth. "How do you want me?"

"Could I, um... cum on your chest?", you could see a slight blush under his scruffy beard. You nod and kneel down, looking up at him with loving eyes.

"Give me all you've got, Buck.", you smiled. His matching smile soon turned into an "o" shape when he began to furiously stroke his dick. You decided to take over for him. You swiped your thumb over his head, smearing the large bead of pre-cum over the tip. You used that as slick, along with spit, to work your way down his cock. Soon, he was fucking into your fist, face screwed up with pleasure. With a few short thrusts and a silent scream, he shot his hot, sticky seed on your chest and tops of your breasts.

He extended his hand to pull you up, and he pressed your chests together.

"Hey", you whispered.

"Hey, yourself.", he smiled.

"You know what?"

"Hm?"

"We're both sticky now.", you giggled. He laughed and jabbed his fingers between your ribs, making you squeal and squirm. "Quit it!", you whined. He leaned down to kiss the fake frown off your face.

"Are we going to actually get clean in this shower or just waste Stark's water?", he joked.

"Please, I do not like thinking about him when I'm naked."

He handed you a bottle of shampoo. It was cinnamon scented, no wonder he always smelled like apple pie. You lathered the soap in his hair, making sure to remove any trace of green slime. Once you finish his hair, he returned the favor. The feeling of his fingers on your scalp, the relaxing scent and the fact that you were in the shower with Bucky added to the pleasure.

Once you finished each other's hair, you moved on to washing your bodies. You used gentile touches and he did the same. Each lather of soap on your skin was laced with love.

Now that you were both clean, he brought you into his bedroom and laid you down on his incredibly soft bed. You closed your eyes and gave him a lazy smile.

"Move over, Darling.", he said, voice deep with exhaustion. He wrapped his arms around your waist and pulled you to him when he laid down.

"You're pretty", you whispered after a long moment of silence.

"Not so bad yourself.", he teased.

Now you were just holding each other, listening to your delicate breaths. "If you love me, then why did you play all those pranks on me?", he asked shyly.

"Have you ever heard of the girl who chases her crush around the playground every day?" He smiled widely and captures your lips in a kiss.

"I love you, (Y/N). Eggs and all."

"You deserved that.", you giggled.

"Oh, that reminds me...", he sprung from the bed and disappeared into his closet. He returned with a
piece of red, white and blue fabric in his hand. They were the Captain America boxers Steve gave you for your birthday. They were meant to be a gag gift but you actually liked to wear them. "I thought you gave me all my underwear back.", you quirked an eyebrow.

"Well, um... I was hoping you would come back for them. I know they're your favorite.", he blushed.

"How do you know they're my favorite?"

"We have the same laundry day. Not many people iron and hand their underwear unless they're really special." You rolled your eyes.

"Got me all figured out, huh?"

"You can tell a lot about a person from their choice of prank, Babydoll."

"So you really did want my panties on your bed?"

"Jokes on you"

The next morning, you woke up to an empty bed. Bucky had probably gone out on a run. You look down to see buries in the shape of a smiley face splayed over your chest. "Jokes on you" was written in pen on the back of your hand.

"That mother fucker...", you say to yourself.

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