Sympathy For A Killer

by StarMuse

Summary

You’re an investigative journalist, still wet behind the ears. Interviewing the serial killer James Barnes was either going to make or break you. You get more than you bargained for when feelings get involved and you make the mistake of ending the interview before he’s done with you.

Notes

first Avengers Dark!Verse story!! Check out my tumblr starspangledmuse.tumblr.com

You remembered the day you first heard of the gruesome murders committed by a one, James Barnes. At the time, the police didn’t know they had a serial killer on their hands. It was just one dismembered corpse found by a railroad, some unknown thug that might or might not have been connected to the underground organization that called themselves HYDRA.

He was caught after the twelfth body was discovered, but it was rumored there were more. After that the whole world knew about James Barnes, who was dubbed by detectives as the Winter Soldier.

James Barnes was a Brooklyn boy who joined the army fresh out of college. He did a few tours with his best friend, Steve Rogers, until one day his troop was killed and he was taken as a prisoner
of war. He was rescued after months of torture and was sent home with an honorable discharge, where he somehow got roped in to the underworld of gangsters and drugs.

It was a sad and interesting story, one that you were excited to get to the bottom of. You were just starting out as an investigative journalist, still wet behind the ears, and this case was either going to make or break you. You had to fight many others to even get the chance to be considered for interviewing James Barnes because not only was he the hottest case in America at the moment, he was very selective with who he talked to.

It took weeks of background checks and approval by your superiors before you found yourself at the maximum security prison, being kindly escorted by two guards towards an interviewing room.

James Barnes looked at you with a nice smile when you entered, one so bright and soft it was like you were meeting for your first date and not doing an interview in a cold concrete room on top metal furniture. He politely stood, slightly hunched over because his hands were cuffed to the table and restricting his movements.

He was definitely not what you expected. The pictures you had to go from were of his arrest, where he was covered in bruises and blood, or of before he went to the army, when he was a baby faced college boy. Right now he looked both dangerous and beautiful, with a growing beard and wild long chestnut hair. His eyes were steely blue, watching you as if you were the only person in the room.

“It’s nice to finally meet you, Ms. L/N.” His voice was deep and husky, as if he had either been yelling or not using it at all.

Before, your only contact with him had been through other parties. His lawyer, detectives, the warden… He definitely knew of you, but this was the first meeting face to face.

“The pleasure is all mine, Mr. Barnes.” You replied, as you got as comfortable as you could on the metal chair, both polite and a bit awkward. Your stomach was filled with nerves as you pulled out your recording equipment and a notebook to take separate notes.

“Please, call me Bucky.” Again, he spoke as if this was a carefree and casual encounter, not like he was handcuffed to a table in a maximum-security prison.

“Bucky?” You couldn’t help tilting your head curiously as you uncapped your pen, scribbling the nickname down as the header in your notebook.

“From my middle name, Buchanan. All my friends call me Bucky.” He smiled, as if recalling a fond memory.

“James Buchanan? Like the president?” You blinked up at him a bit, stunned that he referred to you as a potential friend, before remembering why you were there in the first place and pressed record on your phone.

His face split in to a joyous grin as he moved his cuffed hand from his lap to the table, leaning in as he spoke.

“You know your history. I like that.”

You cleared your throat; your stomach doing absolute flips. He was being too nice and normal; you had to keep reminding yourself this was a killer. He was responsible for over a dozen deaths.

“Well, thank you, Bucky. I suppose if we’re being casual about it, you can call me Y/N.”

“Y/N. I like that too. So tell me, Y/N, what made you want to interview little old me?” He leaned
in even further across the table, but leaned back when one of the two guards cleared his throat. He turned towards the sentry with a short glare, before turning his attention fully back on you.

You wanted to tell him you were only doing this because it was your job. Sure, you loved your job and loved writing, but it wasn’t as if you wanted to make a career out of talking to dangerous people. You were more of a meek person in reality, preferring to stay hunched over your computer at all hours rather than going out on the field to get the latest scoop. But you had to be honest with him if you wanted him to be honest with you.

“Well, Bucky-“ He shifted in his seat a bit when you spoke his name, “To be completely honest with you, I want to hear your story. You, in lack of better words, fascinate me.”

The man had the complete audacity to blush at your words. He chuckled a bit, bouncing his leg excitedly as he wet his lips.

“I fascinate you?”

You could tell he wanted you to elaborate, but this wasn’t about you, was it? This was his interview. You were there to tell his story.

“You do. So, let’s get to it, shall we?”

He sat straighter, before leaning back more relaxed. His hands slid back to his lap as he nodded.

“All right, doll. Let’s get started. What do you want to know?”

“Well, in short, everything. I have a ton of questions, but let’s start off with what you feel most comfortable sharing. Why don’t you tell me a little about yourself, Bucky?” You tapped your pen nervously against your notebook, your heart skipping a beat at the pet name but you refused to acknowledge it.

“How about this, a little I show you mine if you show me yours action. I’ll tell you about myself, but you have to answer my questions too.” He licked his lips again; brows cocking as he curiously awaited your answer.

You could actually see the red flags going off in your head but couldn’t rationally explain why. James Barnes was in jail, he was going away for life, and after these interviews you would never have to see him again. What harm would it do if he knew a little about your life, just as long as it kept him talking?

“I suppose we can do that. What would you like to know?”

You both started with your childhood. He told you about his family, which he had a complicated relationship with at the moment. He was an army brat, oldest of four with three little sisters. He moved around a lot until they settled in Brooklyn where he eventually met his best friend turned Captain, Steve Rogers. He spoke of the man fondly, telling you how he always had to save the little punk from back alley fights. Steve Rogers repaid those alleyway debts with his life on the battlefield. You couldn’t help how it pulled at your heartstrings, and once again you had to stop and remind yourself this man was a killer.

In return, you told him a bit of your childhood. How you weren’t that close with your family. You told him where you grew up, and that you had no real friends. You even sprinkled in a little bit about your old pet, a calico named Cinnamon, and how you’ve known you always wanted to write ever since you were young. He listened intently, hanging off every word as if you were the most interesting person in the world. It was doing things to you, making you feel special and attractive. It made you uncomfortable with how much you liked it.

“I never had any pets growing up. Always wanted one, though. My ma said we had too full of a
house already and we couldn’t afford another mouth to feed. Used to spend my allowance on cat food from the local market and feed the strays by our house. Always liked stays. Maybe that’s why I picked up Stevie. Always had a fondness of looking after others.” He trailed off, staring in to your eyes.

He slowly lifted his hands from his lap, straining them against his cuffs as he laid his large palms over yours. Your hand stopped writing in your notebook, completely incased in his warmth as you looked up at him with wide eyes.

“You’re the opposite, huh? A sweet gal, all alone, needing someone to take care of her. Just like those soft, little kittens I could never keep.”

Those hands, the ones that took all those lives, felt so warm against yours. Rough and slightly calloused as he rubbed his thumb lovingly over the top of your hand, gazing in to your eyes like it was your wedding day. It made you both shiver with excitement and feel sick all at the same time. You gaped, but before you could properly react, the guard looked at his watch and loudly announced that your time was over.

Bucky gave you a soft squeeze before sliding his hands back in to his lap and leaned back in his chair with a satisfied smirk as you began to pack your things in a fluster.

“Thank you, Bucky. I hope to see you again in a few days for a continuation.” You couldn’t control the pitch in your voice, and you tried to cover up your nerves by swallowing.

“I’ll be counting the minutes, doll.” He tilted his head; hungry eyes intently following you as you were escorted out.

You didn’t have to be a psychology major to know this was getting dangerous. Four meetings in, you were not only learning more about him but you were starting to feel sorry for him. You were sympathizing with James Barnes, the man that killed over a dozen people in cold blood. Sure, the people he killed might not have been good men, but that didn’t mean they deserved to die. You had morals, and you hated that he was making you question them.

Everything shifted when you finally touched on the murders.

You knew multiple reporters, at least two others you think, were interviewing him. You didn’t ask him directly, but you caught the woman from the Times and she expressed that he was very aloof and enigmatic. She said he only really opened up when it came to describing the murders. It surprised you because he was always so friendly and forthcoming when it came to your meetings, but it also reminded you that you’ve been glossing over the reason he was in jail in the first place. The main reason you were interviewing him.

Perhaps you ignored them because you knew after the two of you went over them, you would have no reason to visit him anymore.

The mere thought that you might actually miss him made your skin crawl and you made up your mind to get the interview over as soon as possible. Spending too much time with James Barnes was warping your mind and you didn’t want to end up a prison wife to a serial killer. (Not that you’d let it get that far. It was just sympathy, not attraction!)
He greeted you the same as always, with a tender smile and bright eyes. He only frowned a bit when he saw how stiff you were when you sat down and he straightened up in reaction. He watched you questioningly as you set out your phone and notebook, his eyes only glancing at the scribbles in your journal momentarily. The last meeting you had read him a bit of what you wrote since he was curious and wasn’t allowed to be handed things. It was just a simple outline of the first few paragraphs, highlighting his childhood. He praised you for it, saying you captured his youthful essence perfectly.

“What’s wrong, doll? You look a little tense.” His voice was laced in concern as you hit the record button on your phone.

“I think it’s about time we talk about the murders. Can we do that, Bucky?” You asked, both polite and apprehensive.

His jaw ticked lightly but he nodded.

“We can do that. Where do you want to start?”

“How about we start with the first discovered victim, Jasper Sitwell.” You glanced down at your notes, finger gliding over the ink of the first recorded homicide he committed.

“Jasper Sitwell was a wannabe boss. Thought he was hot shit because he was always so serious but he didn’t have a spine to back it up. He heard I was going after Pierce so I taught him a lesson. Hacked off his head with an axe and dumped his body by the tracks.” He leaned back in his chair, hands casually in his lap.

You gulped, trying to keep your voice steady as you drank in his words.

“So it was premeditated?”

“Nah, not really. Wasn’t like I made a list or nothing. I was mostly after that shit bag Pierce and his guard dog Rumlow. People just kept getting in the way.” He shrugged nonchalantly, making you shiver.

“What did Alexander Pierce and Brock Rumlow do to you to warrant their deaths?” You knew somewhat of what HYDRA did to people, but not on a subjective level. You just knew they were bad people, but you wanted to understand what they did to make someone think the best option was to take their lives.

Bucky stared at you. You tried to keep your expression level but you knew your discomfort was slipping through. You visibly flinched under his gaze and he smiled affectionately.

“You know I’d never hurt you, right sweetheart?”

You blinked, bewildered as your mouth went dry. You were getting used to him calling you doll, but something about sweetheart felt more intimate. More loving.

“What?”

“All those men were scumbags. Pierce liked to get people hooked on drugs and force them to do shit against their will. Rumlow liked to beat people in to submission, torture and degrade them. Both of those assholes deserved what they got. But you? You’re so sweet and perfect; you’re a real peach. Or maybe a plum. I like plums better.” He kept his hands in his lap, but he was leaning forward over the table.

You went rigid, heart beating so fast you were sure it was going to pop out of your chest. Sure, you weren’t a malicious person, but perfect? His compliment made you feel uneasy, like it held some deeper meaning.
“That’s… Very kind of you Bucky, but I’m far from perfect.”

He appeared genuinely upset at your rebuttal, shaking his head and placing his hands on top of your own.
“Don’t say that, doll. I know you. You’re amazing.”

You couldn’t take this anymore. This was starting to get too weird, too personal. You couldn’t hide the growing dread in your gut behind the sympathy and budding fondness. If things kept up you wouldn’t be able to write an unbiased article so you had to pull out before it was too late.

“I’m flattered, Bucky, really. I think… I think I have all I need to write this article. I’ll make sure to send you the first draft as soon as it’s done. I should really be going now. Thank you so much for cooperating with me.” Your hands were shaking as you pulled them from under his and started to pack your notebook and phone up, twenty minutes before the meetings usually ended.

Bucky started off the sentence with a smile, but it dropped as you shied away from his touch and continued speaking. His fingers twitched before balling up in to fists, knuckles white against the metal table.

“What do you mean done? We’re not done.” His tone was severe and ice cold as he looked at you with a chilling expression. Now you knew why they called him the Winter Soldier.

“I’m sorry Bucky, but I can’t keep meeting you like this. I really am thankful with all you’ve shared with me but I have to go now.” You avoided his penetrating glare as you stood from your chair.

He stood up too, chains rattling as his chair violently clattered behind him. The guard’s hand flew to his stun gun, but only watched him while the other guard opened the door.

“We’re not done! WE’RE NOT DONE!”

You could hear him screaming your name as you raced down the hall, your body was almost shaking and you felt like you were trying to breathe under water. You only calmed down when you were in your car and rationalized that you would never see James Buchanan Barnes again.

It’s been almost a week since you’ve set foot in the prison, and few days since you’ve even thought about Bucky. The first draft of your article was done and you were quite proud of it. All you had to do was wait for your proofreader to give you the thumbs up for you to send it to your editor.

Since it was a Friday and you had been working hard, your coworkers managed to talk you in to going out drinking. You ended up staying out later than you planned and were too drunk to drive home so Natasha had to take you. (That woman could really hold her liquor!)

“You want me to stay the night?” The redhead asked as she watched you stumble from the backseat.

“No, I’m good. Go home to your fiancée. I’m going to drink a gallon of water and watch rom-coms until I pass out like the eternal bachelorette that I am.” Your words made her roll her eyes.
“Well, stay safe eternal bachelorette. Remember to leave out a bottle of Tylenol for the morning.” She waved, watching you as you staggered towards the lobby of your apartment. You waved back at her as she drove away, before entering the building.

Ugh. Why did you drink that much? You were already such a lightweight so what made you think that many cocktails was a good idea? You sighed as you reached your door and fumbled around for your keys, but the sudden buzzing of your phone distracted you.

You recognized the number, but your drunken mind couldn’t place it.

“Hello?” You pressed the device to your ear with one hand, blindly stabbing at your door with your key with the other.

“Ms. L/N? This is detective Stark. We spoke together a couple weeks ago regarding your interview with James Barnes.” The voice on the other end sounded serious and his words made you sober up slightly.

“Oh, yes, I remember. Is everything all right, Detective?” You tried your best to sound clearheaded and stood still in your hall, all focus on the conversation with the man on the line.

“Unfortunately no, Ms. L/N, there’s been an incident. Earlier today James Barnes escaped custody and the guards told me some things that has lead me to believe you might be at risk. I know it’s late, but I’m going to have to ask you to come to the station as soon as possible so I can ask you some questions and keep you in protective surveillance.” His words sent a sudden shiver down your spine.

“…Oh. Um, okay. That’s…” You were sure he could hear your sudden panicked breathing on the phone because when he spoke again his voice was softer.

“Don’t worry Ms. L/N, just get here as quick as you can. It might be nothing, just a precaution.”

“All right. I’ll, uh, I’ll be right there. Thank you for letting me know, Detective.” You swallowed weakly as you hung up and stared blankly at your door.

Wait. Fuck! Natasha drove you home; you don’t have your car! Not to mention you were pretty sure it wouldn’t be appreciated if you drove yourself to the station drunk, anyway.

You were already panicking, juggling your keys and your purse with one hand as you paced the hall in front of your apartment and tried to call Natasha with the other hand. You were too keyed up and distracted that you didn’t notice the shadow looming behind you. The only thing you registered was the faint pinch at the base of your neck before everything went dark.

The first thing you noticed when you blinked awake was how soft the bed sheets were. Your bed sheets weren’t usually this soft, and they smelled like linen not lavender. The second thing you noticed was how groggy you felt. Your head didn’t hurt, but it was slightly throbbing. Your mouth was also very dry.

You sat up on the bed, looking blearily around the room. You didn’t recognize where you were, but it was a nicely decorated place. God, how drunk were you last night? Did you pass out at
Natasha’s? No… This didn’t look like Nat’s house. Maybe Wanda took you home? You’ve never been to Wanda’s apartment. The nightgown you were wearing kind of looked like something Wanda might own.

You straightened up, trying to focus. What happened last night? You remember drinking, of course, but after that is a bit of a blur. You think… You think you remember getting in Natasha’s car. She took you home but there was a phone call…

…Earlier today James Barnes escaped custody…

Your blood ran cold.

No. No, that can’t be right.

“Sweetheart?” The devil himself appeared in the doorway, unchained and out of that bright orange jumpsuit, holding a tray of food like a Martha Stewart catalogue.

You were frozen; watching wide eyed as he walked over to the bed and sat the tray down on the nightstand and sit besides you. This wasn’t happening. This was a nightmare you conjured up because you had been spending too much time on that damn article.

You flinched when he reached out and pressed a warm palm to your forehead before brushing the hair from your face.

“You gave me a bit of a scare, you know. Slept for over twelve hours. Probably wasn’t a good idea to mix sedatives and alcohol.”

“Y-you drugged me.” You tried to scoot back he brought up his hands to cradle your cheeks.

“I know, baby doll. But it made the flight a lot easier.” He leaned towards you, pressing a gentle kiss against your forehead.

“Flight? Where… Where am I?” you attempted to look around the room again, but his hold on your face kept you looking into his eyes.

“Bucharest.” His warm hands trailed down your cheeks to your shoulders, giving them a loving squeeze as your eyes pricked with tears.

Bucharest? Where was that? It didn’t sound American. You wish you paid more attention in geography.


Why was he doing this? What did he want from you? Was he going to kill you?

“Oh, baby girl, it’s okay. It’s okay.” He squeezed your shoulders and leaned in again, pressing gentle kisses against your tear stained cheek until he met your lips. You struggled against him, trying to back away but his grip was too strong.

He licked your bottom lip and you kept your mouth clenched shut but he managed to force his tongue in anyway. You could taste your salty tears and you were tempted to bite his intruding tongue, but were scared of pissing him off.

His right hand trailed down your shoulder to your breast and he began to fondle your soft mound. You shuddered and tried to pull away again, but he only let you go when he was finished.
“No. No. There’ll be time for that later. Right now you need to eat and drink something.” He sounded like he was trying to convince himself of that, before he backed away and placed the tray over your lap.

You stared down skeptically at the food. A simple turkey sandwich and a glass of apple juice. Your stomach churned. When you glanced at his lap you could see a prominent bulge and you paled.

Bucky chuckled, his hand rubbing up and down your thigh.

“Don’t worry, doll. We can take care of that later. For now, just let me take care of you. Go on, eat.”

He wouldn’t kidnap you just to feed you a poisoned sandwich in a possible European country, right? You just have to listen to him. Listen to him and bide your time. Detective Stark knew he would come after you so people are looking for you.

You tentatively grabbed a triangular half of the sandwich and took a bite, but scarfed it down when you realized how hungry you were. You greedily gulped the apple juice, almost choking. All the while Bucky watched with an adoring expression.

With food in your belly you were feeling slightly less nauseous. You watched him like a hawk as he stood from the bed and collected the tray, depositing it in the kitchenette you could make out from the bedroom doorway before he returned.

“Oh. Hold on, I almost forgot.”

He turned around and disappeared out the front door. You waited maybe four minutes before you raced to it and tried to open it, but it was locked from the outside. You attempted to slam your shoulder against it to see if you could break the lock, but one shove made you determine it was made of thick metal. You were breathing heavily, clawing at the door helplessly until you heard footsteps descending from the other side. God, you must be underground.

You raced back to the bed, trying to calm your heavy breathing as you heard the click of a lock and the door creak open.

He emerged a minute later, grinning as he held up a longhaired calico.

“I know it’s not Cinnamon, but I thought it would be nice if our kid grew up with a cat, too.”

…Kid?

You burst in to tears.

“Why are you doing this?”

He frowned, setting the cat down. The feline quickly scampered off to investigate the house, sniffing at the furniture as Bucky sat back on the bed.

“I told you, sweetheart. You need someone to take care of you.”

“Why me?” You sobbed, recoiling when he used the long sleeve of his red Henley to dry your tears.

“I thought I was broken before I met you. After I got home from the war, I just couldn’t keep it up. I tried to. Was with numerous beautiful women and men but they just didn’t do shit for me. Then you walk in that room with your wide, innocent eyes and sweet voice and for the first time in years I’m harder than goddamn diamonds. That entire first interview I had my hand on my cock. Came so hard that night, and every night after, just thinking of you. You’re meant to be with me. You’re
meant to fix me, and I was meant to take care of you.” He was rubbing your thigh again, fingers slipping dangerously between your legs.

You hated how your body was reacting to his words and touch. He made you feel wanted and terrified.

“Please, don’t…”

You attempted to move his hand away when his fingers brushed your clothes slit, but his grip was too strong. Before you knew it, your back was pressed against the bed and his large body hovered over you.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. I know what you need. I’m going to treat you right.”

“I don’t want this!” You thrashed against him, fists smacking his chest until he seized your wrists with one large hand and slammed them against the headboard.

“Baby girl, don’t make me hurt you. I don’t want to, but I will if it will teach you a lesson.” He squeezed your wrists so hard you could already feel bruises forming.

You whimpered, the writhing of your body trying to get him off of you only seemed to spur him on. He let out a low groan, grinding his erection against your clothed core. The denim seam of his jeans was catching you clit with each thrust, and whether you wanted it or not your panties were getting wet.

“I’m going to let your hands go. If you make one wrong move—“ He paused to moan, “One wrong move and I won’t hesitate to tie you up.”

An involuntary moan escaped your lips as he released his grip, his hands traveled down your body and gripped the collar of the nightgown and ripped the fabric straight down the middle. You were left only in your soaked panties.

He kissed you, claiming your mouth as his before he trailed hot, wet, open-mouthed kisses down your neck until he latched his lips around a nipple. He sucked on your pebbled peak like a starving babe while he pinched and pulled at your other one. You risked moving and ran your nails down his back and sharply pulled his hair, but your efforts were only rewarded with a porn-worthy groan of delight.

“Please…. Please, stop!” You were sobbing and moaning, your own body betraying you as you felt the familiar coil of arousal tighten in your belly.

He replied by biting your nipple, pulling it between his teeth until you shrieked. He let your tit go, making it jiggle before his mouth continued its journey south.

“Don’t worry, baby. I’m gonna make you feel real good. Gonna abuse this little pussy until you’re screaming how much you love me.”

He finally reached your crotch and pressed his nose against your damp mound, inhaling the scent of your arousal with a strangled grunt. Like your nightgown, he tore your panties off your body as if it was made of paper.

“Fuck…” He sighed, gazing at your twitching cunt as if he was a holy man who found the Ark of the Covenant. Like your pussy held the secrets to the universe.

You tried to cross your legs but he was pressing almost his full weight on them and he grabbed your thighs and spread you further apart. You pushed at his shoulders but it was like trying to move a brick wall. He licked a strip up your pussy before latching on your clit. You cried out as he
suckled the sensitive bud, it was like an off switch that turned your body into putty. You went limp and pliable, only barely able to move your hands to grip the sheets.

His right hand left its bruising grip on your thigh to slither between your legs and he dipped a single finger in to your quivering hole. The intrusion felt strange, it was a bit more of a stretch than your own fingers as well as more than what you've had in a while. You didn’t react much until he added another finger and hooked them up, fingertips seeming to zero in on that perfect spot. The spot inside of you that you were half convinced didn’t exist because you could never find it before.

You inhaled sharply, biting your lip in attempt to not give him the satisfaction of any more sounds. You were a goner when he added a third finger, stretching your walls and tapping your g spot like a well-practiced pianist. You arched your back and moaned, feeling the sudden peak of your impending climax.

“Please, no! No!” You were practically screaming as you came, feeling a gush of your juices squirt like they never had before. Your vision went white for a second and he continued to suckle your clit and pump his fingers in and out of you until it felt so good it started to hurt.

Bucky finally sat up, removing his fingers to wipe his dripping chin. He licked his lips like a cat with cream, both satisfied and still hungry.

“That’s my girl. That’s my good girl. Come on, you’ve got one more in you, I know you do.”

You felt almost faint, your vision was swimming but you vaguely registered the jingling of a belt buckle.

He pushed his pants and boxers down his thighs, just enough to free his cock. You felt the slap of his flesh against your tired cunt and looked down to see the intimidating thing rubbing between your slick folds.

Fuck. You’ve never had anything that size before. There was no way it was going to fit!

You found your fight again and began squirming, but he retaliated by spreading your legs and violently shoving himself inside of you. You felt like you were being split in half and he was pushed in so deep the head of his cock was kissing your cervix.

Your legs were twitching and your mouth was wide open, but you couldn’t make any noises.

“Oh god… Fuck, sweetheart, you really were made for me. See how I fit? Like a fucking glove!” He was moaning before he even started thrusting, each swivel felt like he was churning your insides.

Tears were streaming down your cheeks again and he leaned down to press his chest against yours and kiss your salty cheeks. The room was filled with the sound of his obscene grunts and slapping skin.

“Oh, fuck, baby… I love you, fuck, I love you!” You felt his hot breath against your neck as he moaned in to your flesh.

His declaration of love was only met with your shuddering sobs. You could feel another orgasm worming its way through you every time his cock hit your barrier and send painful tremors of pleasure down your core.

His thrusts became shallow and weak when he felt your walls flutter around him as you let out a half moan half sob when another intense orgasm rippled through you.
But he didn’t let up. He kept the lax pace until your pussy was numb.

“Tell me you love me, baby. Tell me you love me and I’ll cum.” He ordered before nipping at your neck.

You just wanted it over. You just wanted him to stop.
“I love you! I love you, Bucky!”

Bucky bit down on your neck before pushing in to you as deep as he could and you felt his cock twitch inside of you. You both cried out as he came, painting your walls with his seed. He rode out his orgasm, making your pussy squelch with a mixture of your juices.

He collapsed his full weight on top of you, crushing you against the mattress. You were both breathing heavily, but you could hear him chuckling between heavy breaths.
“Oh no, sweetheart. Like I said before. We’re not done.”

You lay there, trapped between James Barnes and the bed that smelled like sex and lavender. You lie there and stare vacantly at the ceiling. This was your future now and you had no one to blame but yourself. All because you felt sympathy for a killer.

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