The Winter Soldier Becomes a Parent: And The Personal Business of Other Super Persons

by The Notorious Trollop Vo the Terrible (Voishen)

Summary

Bucky has unthinkingly come down with a bad case of maternity. Steve is out of town and no one Bucky knows has any experience with children. To prepare for the one situation HYDRA taught him nothing about, he decides that seeking council with his peers is the best option. As he tries to get a foot up on this new life, it becomes apparent he is not the only one. For the heroes of New York, risking life and limb is easy; coming home to a spouse and family is hard.

Set in an Alpha/Beta/Omega Universe.
The fourth test was… dubious. A fifth and maybe sixth one might be necessary. Good thing he bought ten. Winter’s metal fingers rip the box open aggressively as his human hand pulls the plastic wrapped pregnancy test out of the box. He chucks the trash and sits there realizing his bladder is completely empty. He sets the unused test down on the side of the counter away from the four positive tests on the other side of the sink. To him it looks kind of like a tally sheet. Four for fucking up everything and one undecided. Fuck, he is so fucked. He looks down at the sink. He puts his metal hand through the bathroom tile before he realizes he’s punching something. That’s just bad control, he thinks as he removes his hand from the masonry. JARVIS will no doubt sound an alarm, someone is going to come stick their head in here and find all these damn sticks and him looking like an idiot. He throws them in a trash bag and chucks it next to the door to take out later.

Despite this looking weird he grabs a blanket and lays down in the bathtub. He does not have a programmed response for this. He doesn’t even have a clue what James Buchanan Barnes would do in this situation. Cry? That is so not his style. His style is to brutally murder his target. He doesn’t have one. If he does, elimination is not an option. The only thing worse than getting pregnant is losing his- Steve’s baby. Of that much he is certain. Steve is, of course, gone and out of contact. He won’t return for a few more weeks. He’s never needed his mate more in his life and he’s six thousand miles away.

He needs something from his stash.

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Natasha is the one to come into his room and look over the bathroom. Bucky is curled up in the bathtub with a bag of Cheetos and the comforter off his bed. His metal fingers have Cheeto residue on them. He nods his head to her in recognition as he sucks them clean. Natasha looks horrified. His mother looked like this once when she caught him masturbating. The expression is strange and unpracticed on Natasha. She walks out of view, then a second later she’s standing in the doorway again.

“Whatever is happening here,” she gestures at him curled up in a bathtub eating Cheetos, “it scares me. Please fix it. If you don’t want to talk to me, fine. Have you heard of Darcy Lewis? Go find her.” With that advise she leaves.
Chapter 2

The Winter Soldier is not the person Darcy Lewis was expecting to walk into her little office. Yes she has an office, it was once a janitorial room, now it is hers and it is decorated superbly. The Winter Soldier examines the posters adorning the walls. Most of the posters have empowering slogans or some kind of cutesy animal on them. There is a wall just for pamphlets. Darcy’s desk is decked out with every Avenger knick knack Stark Industries makes. This is a strange environment to discuss his future in. Darcy has no idea what to say.

“This is not the munitions locker.” She says, hoping he’s just lost.

“You’re Darcy Lewis?” There is a plaque on the wall next to the door that seems legit, her official title is ‘Head of Omega Services’.

“Yeah?” She could not be Darcy Lewis if that’s what he wants. She would do anything for him not to kill her. Unexpectedly he sits down in the stuffed lounge chair she has for her ‘clients’. Darcy suddenly realizes that’s what he is. He is coming to her for help. Darcy smiles suddenly realizing she’s the one in her element not him. Thank Jesus, God, Satan, whoever is responsible for that. “Would you like some tea?” She asks in a much more friendly voice.

“Sure.” He says softly.

She makes him some tea and puts on some alternative music to quietly fill in the silence. Maybe it was always on and he didn’t notice. She’s odd, but everyone he talks to says she is undoubtedly the one to talk to. Just in general everyone thinks Darcy is funny. He can see why, she’s… cuddly. She hands him some tea and he takes it with his metal hand. She seems a bit weary of it. He can’t blame her.

She sits down behind her desk and smiles a little awkwardly.

“Okay.” She says now that she’s sitting down and the hot water machine is off. “What’s up?” She says as she folds her hand in her lap. She does her best to seem professional but she’s just goofy.

“You help omegas.” He says plainly. “If they don’t really know what to do about… omega stuff.” He says trying to sound cryptic but his own words just sound stupid to him. Darcy nods.

“That is my job description to a T.” She takes a sip of her drink.

“I need help figuring something out.” He blinks.

“Okay.” She fiddles with the cup.

“I thought I was sterile and it turn out I’m not.” He says with surprising ease. At least he got to avoid that word.

Darcy almost falls out of her seat as she recoils. “Sweet baby Jesus!” She exclaims then smacks her hands down on her desk. Bucky looks concerned for her. Darcy pulls her hands off her desk. That stung. “Okay…” She winces. She takes some deep calming breaths and turns off the music. She goes to her computer and starts opening up documents.

“What are you doing?” Bucky leans forward in his seat though it does little to let him see.
“Going through the file I have on you and sending an e-mail to Tony Stark to tell him he’s an untrustworthy ass-hat.” She says scrunching her face up in frustration. “Seriously! Why do I even take the time to write out this incredibly simplified, easy to read report generated from oodles of documents.” She points at him. “In your case going back to the forties!” Bucky continues to look at her with confused interest.

“You have access to my file?” He says suddenly impressed that she didn’t run out of her office when he walked in. But he did have her cornered, so maybe not so much.

“Yeah. Lots of it got published when all of Hydras shit went public. It was all encrypted but Tony cracked it a while ago, or maybe it was Neville. He’s this guy from linguistics.” She waves her hand. “Terrible kissers but whatever, he paid for dinner and he was polite.” She hits a button then looks at him. “The rest of the stuff was fished up from a lot of different sources. Mostly Russian and Soviet. I don’t know how or who-“

“Natasha.”

“Probs!” She nods in agreement. “Anyway you medical records are…” She blows out a push of air. “Freak-ay.” He does not respond. He knows what his records are. She points at the computer. “Right the sterile thing.” Darcy adjusts her glasses. “Okay so you know how mother Russia was all crazy about having everyone be an Alpha? What am I saying of course you do.” She looks at her document. “Well in 1957 they started implementing the No Babies Protocols. There is a name-“

“Asset Containment Protocol. I know the name. They took everyone in their experimental divisions and sterilized them so their genetic modifications couldn’t be obtained by an enemy organization. They sterilized us all. I shouldn’t be able to…” he trails off. Darcy gives him her best fake concern look.

“Can I go? Can I finish my thing?” She asks impatiently. He nods. “Well by that time they had doped you up so effectively that somebody got confused and missed that you’re an omega. True you were sterilized so that you can’t get anybody pregnant, but you can still get preggers yourself.” She says leaning back in her chair. Bucky, not Winter responds.

“How the fuck did they miss that?”

“Pretty easily really. You were out for a decade sometimes, you would be doped to your eyeballs with suppressants for everything. Something they gave you worked on your heats. You had maybe four or five of them the last seventy years. And every time it happened they thought you were just out of control. You look like an Alpha, you act like an Alpha, they thought you were an Alpha.”

“Couldn’t somebody smell me?!?” He says with frustration.

“Maybe. But it doesn’t look like it. You’ve had so many people be your handlers over the years, you’ve been given so many drugs…” She has a very sad look on her face and it makes him uncomfortable. She leans forward onto his desk. “So you and Steve huh?” She smiles coyly and waggles her eyebrows. “Bet that’s hot.” Bucky smiles and shakes his head suddenly feeling slightly light headed.

“You have no idea.”

“So… you went into heat. You were both clean and you thought you were sterile. So you didn’t use protection and now you don’t know where your life is going.”
“You got it.”

“Okay then!” She perks up and claps her hands together quietly but excitedly. She squeals slightly which is annoying but sort of endearing too. This is the appropriate response to this experience he thinks: Being a total idiot. “Okay! I’ll stop!” She says and takes a few calming breaths.

“What do I do now?” Now that is the question he wants answered. Screw how it happened, it happened.

“Well… I know an excellent omega support group for expecting parents. I think it might really be your speed.”

“Nothing about this is my speed.”

“I meant your speed on becoming a parent.” That word makes him draw in slightly.

“Hey!” She says suddenly looking a little fierce. “You are going to be good at this! Maybe not right this second but these people can help you! Think of it like boot camp or whatever you soldier types get off on.” She says with determination. Bucky can’t help but chuckle deep in his chest. She makes it sound hopeful.

“I’m all for that. I’m just not really the best material to work with.” He says calmly. Darcy sucks on her lower lip as she thinks.

“Well you trained Natasha and that’s kind of like parenting?” Winter stares at her for a long awkward second.

“I fucked Natasha, and disciplined her with a backhand and a hose.” He says flatly.

“Never mind! That is not parenting. That is exactly why you should go see these people, like tomorrow.” She says suddenly realizing it is much worse than she thought. Bucky smiles and actually laughs out loud at her recoil.

“No shit!” He finally takes a drink of his tea. Darcy gets up and picks up a few pamphlets off her wall.

“These people are really good. They help parents who come from abusive backgrounds, single parents, and victims of sexual assault. Just about anybody who is uncomfortable with becoming a parent basically.” She hands him the stack of colorful fliers. Bucky takes them with his human hand and looks up at her where she is standing.

“Thanks.”

“No problem. I expect a fantastic Christmas gift.” Darcy says with extra spunk.

“I knew you were a little bit mercenary.”

“I’ll also accept naked pics of your mate.” They both pause as Darcy gives him her best stare down. The Winter Soldier has the best poker face on the planet. Still holding her gaze, he pulls his phone out of his jacket pocket. Darcy inhales sharply.

“What’s your number?”
Chapter 3

Meeting 1

Bucky has been in this building before. It was during the hardest January of his life. In the year 1930 he’d come here trying to get food for Steve. He can remember Steve’s wet coughs more clearly than he can remember his own mother’s face. Steve almost died every other day that winter. Bucky had stayed up all night listening to Steve’s breaths fearing the next one wouldn’t come. He only dared leave when he was out of things to take care of Steve with. Medicine was never available, food was more realistic. This building that now hosts The Omega Support Group used to house a government funded shelter for minors. Steve wasn’t quite young enough to live here, but they gave Bucky food for Steve anyway. He always had to earn it somehow but they still gave it to him cheap. Steve survived because of this place, that’s what got Bucky to walk through the front door after lingering.

He made himself five minutes late by hesitating. Really he’d rushed. He hadn’t even examined the building for exist strategies. Then again if the place had remained unmodified he would know them already. The room he walked into was large enough to host a few circles of people talking with room to be comfortable. Windows exposed the meeting area to threats from all sides. The back door appears locked but it’s not going to last against his weight. Not that he plans on using it, he has to remind himself. Nobody’s hunting him. A part of his programing tells him he doesn’t know that, so there’s no sense getting sloppy.

“Hi.” A mellow sounding man says to him. He was sitting with a group talking when Bucky walked in, now he’s approaching Bucky. Bucky sizes him up instantly. He’s an omega, about 180 pounds, approximately forty years of age. He’s broken his collar bone before and has some light scars on his right wrist. He’d got them from being restrained against his will, probably with handcuffs. The injury is over ten years old. “I’m Ben. Nice to meet you.” He extends his hand but keeps his distance. Bucky would have to approach if he wanted to shake, he doesn’t, after a second Ben lowers his hand. Bucky scolds himself mentally for being rude, but shaking hands is just not something an assassin does. At least not with the intent to be friendly.

“I’m James.” On his walk there he decided to use his real name. The man before him couldn’t know but he was already putting more trust in him than he does ninety five percent of the population. Ben nods pleasantly in ignorance.

“Oh so you’re James. Darcy called and said she had a friend who wanted to join one of our maternity groups. Good to have you.” He’d have to thank Darcy later for the introduction. Ben gestures to a table with snacks and various types of drinks. “We have some stuff to eat if you like, or you can just sit down. We’ve got an open chair in my circle if you like.” Bucky doesn’t want unfamiliar food but sitting is part of his objective. He wordlessly takes the empty chair and Ben joins him. The other four people in the circle are all snacking and talking about a TV show that was on last Sunday. Bucky doesn’t recognize it. They don’t falter at his presence. Ben gestures to Bucky. “Everybody meet James.” They break from their conversation and give him varying greetings. The very pregnant female omega sitting next to him waves at him shyly but does not speak. They then continue on as if he isn’t there. This isn’t what Bucky was expecting. He thought someone was going to ask him what he’s addicted to and perhaps when the last time he used was. Or maybe somebody would tell him to say some Hail Mary’s or something. If he had wanted to sit around and chat he could have done that at home. Not that anyone at home knows shit about babies.

For a few seconds Bucky wonders what he’s doing there. Assassins don’t do therapy.
SHEILD made him go see some woman with too many useless degrees and no incite about him. It did nothing, which is pretty much the story of every ‘highly specialized asset’ that has ever been to therapy. The only thing to do for someone like him is talk to other ‘highly specialized assets’. So why is he sitting in a circle of people who don’t even know what a ‘highly specialized asset’ does? Oh. Right, he thinks, he’s here to talk about babies not the things he did as an ‘asset’. Get your shit together Barnes, he scolds mentally.

“So you guys do boot camps?” He says suddenly, interrupting a conversation about apple cores. The eyes in the circle zero in on him. He can see their analysis of him ticking like script through their minds. Vulnerable it reads. Suddenly he’s made himself a target. This is bad, he’s unarmed.

“Well kinda.” Ben answers honestly. Bucky is still holding his breath waiting for the boot to drop. “I mean we hold classes on how to change diapers.”

“Oh and we go to a yoga class together sometimes before meetings.” Adds another male omega. “Lance, he’s in another circle, teaches us Pilates if we ask. He’s an instructor and very good.” This blondish omega says as if each statement is a brilliant new insight. Pilates, Bucky considers it. That ought to be an excellent substitute for his six hour a day cardio, obstacle, and weapons training. He wants to laugh but it’s a little too sad to even chuckle about.

“Great.” Bucky says unenthusiastically but it’s the most genuine thing he can manage. Ben looks him over. Bucky hasn’t changed much about himself since he came back from HYDRA. He still looks like a motor gang bitch, morphine addict. He does have a bike. In any case Ben can tell he’s up to a hell of a lot more than just gentle stretching.

“You don’t have to do any of this you know.” He says trying to sound reassuring.

“Actually I do.”

“Why’s that?” Ben asks more genuinely than that overpriced therapist ever did. Thankfully that question is the one thing he can answer about all this.

“Because this is my mate’s baby and screwing this up for either of them terrifies me.”

Bucky swallows the urge to cry. Just admitting that out loud hurts the thin amount of calm that is keeping him from- from he doesn’t know what. He tenses when he realizes he’s being touched. The little female omega has her hand on his forearm. She’s smiling at him encouragingly and her tiny hand is warm. To his utter surprise there is a thin sheen of extra water in her eyes as well.

“Don’t be scared. You’re already doing it right.” She says as sweetly as Steve’s mother might have. Physically the two women look nothing alike, but the feeling of comfort they emit…

“How do you know?” He asks in a voice with too many cracks in it.

“Because you already love them so much.”

He smiles at her rather than trying to respond and brake out in tears. The rest of the meeting is just more quiet conversation.
Chapter 4

After the meeting is officially over the group stands up and migrates over to the snack table. The little female omega tells him to try a certain dip and chip combination. She was right to suggest it. Bucky might have to have these instead of Cheetos. She munches and rubs her belly lovingly.

“I bring them every meeting, they’re the baby’s favorite thing.” She pauses and continues her strange rubbing motions. They eat the chips quietly in each other’s presence.

A gangly looking teenager approaches them at a meaningful speed. He must know the little female omega. Sure enough,

“Eva!” he exclaims. Gently he hugs her from the side, he has to bend down a lot to do it. Eva is about five feet tall. Eva giggles and playfully pushes the boy away. The boy waves at Bucky. “Hi, I’m Peter.” He doesn’t try and shake his hand, thank fuck. The juvenile omega is about six foot, 170-200 pounds (his clothes hide him well), over all Bucky would describe him as a sandy color. He doesn’t look like a threat. But at his age with those kind of graceful fast strides, confident ankles, intentionally less than perfect posture, he’s something. Nobody is like that naturally. Some kind of advanced athletics or combat training could have done that. He’s sizing Bucky up now too. If he was on an assignment he’d kill him just to be cautious. “You okay?” Peter asks, playing off their tense moment as Bucky spacing out. Actually he was focused in but it caused the same effect.

“I’m fine.” He responds. His nerves have all lit up in anticipation of what, a fight? Bucky back the fuck off, Bucky thinks. He’s nobody, just a guy at group. This kid, Peter, looks at Eva where she is tucked under his arm and the two exchange a glance.

“You must be new. You were with Eva so… baby?” He guesses. Why is he trying to make conversation, Bucky wonders.

Yep.” He answers with a little pop on the P, as if it was all very obvious. Maybe his scent is a little different, but the difference between bonded omega and pregnant omega is so minute only mates can usually tell. “You pregnant too?” The kid blushes a little.

“That’s a definite no. I think I use enough contraceptives to still be technically considered a virgin.” Peter says as if he was telling Bucky about the weather. Bucky snorts.

“So that’s why you’re here, you’re mental.” Bucky hopes the kid will realize he’s joking. These days it gets missed sometimes. Peter blinks then looks down at Eva. For a second Bucky fears he’s just ruined his relationship with both of these people. He almost wanted to like them too.

“I think that about explains it!” Peter says nodding and smiling. He’s about to say something else when his phone goes off in his pocket. He pulls it out and grimaces. “I gotta go! Nice meeting you James! Bye Eva!” He says as he sprints out the front door. Bucky tries to think of the last time he saw a civilian leave a room in such a hurry. He can’t think of it. He’s about to follow him when Eva pipes up.

“Wait a second.” She says as she fishes in her purse. She looks from it to Bucky. “Have you seen a doctor yet?” Bucky hadn't even considered that.

“Why?” He asks. He knew having one for the birth could be helpful, but even then not necessary. He and Steve were both delivered by the oldest woman in their apartment block. Eva looks back at Bucky in total bewilderment.
“To look at the baby and see if everything’s okay so far. To help prepare you, you know?” No he most certainly did not know.

“The doctor can *look* at the baby?” Bucky’s eyes look like they’re trying to evacuate his head as he asks. “How?” If someone tries to cut him open, he’ll cut first. Eva has the sense that something is wrong here. She found what she was looking for inside her bag. She holds out a card with a name and number on it. Bucky takes it gently as if it might crumble.

“That’s the number for my baby doctor. He’s a nice man, I’m sure he can explain… everything.” She says wistfully. Bucky takes that as his cue to leave.

“Thanks Eva, I’ll call.” He can feel her eyes on him as he goes.

“See you Thursday?” She calls after him. Bucky turns around. Despite how bizarre he just was she seems so hopeful that he’ll come back.

“Yeah.”
When he gets home the first thing he does is call and make an appointment with Eva’s doctor. He then takes a very hot shower and decides to lie in bed wrapped up in a bathrobe. He doesn’t normally do bathrobes, but this is not his bathrobe. It’s Steve’s. Sometimes Steve will longue around wearing this robe while he reads, or vacuums, or some other domestic shit that Bucky can perfectly picture him doing. Bucky smiles and turns his face into the collar. This part of the robe rubs up against Steve’s scent glands. More than almost anything, this robe smells like Steve. Fuck he misses that punk.

Bucky pulls two pillows from Steve’s side of the bed into his arms and curls around them. It’s not nearly enough but it’s something. As he tries to sleep, his thoughts wander back to the people at group. Eva would sometimes put her hand over her stomach. Was that for protection? Comfort? Maybe the baby was moving or something disgusting like that. That’s weird, he doesn’t like the idea of something moving inside him. That’s supposed to happen eventually. He lets go of the pillows. Experimentally, he pushes his hand inside his robe and imitates the gesture he saw today. His fingers are light against the tight skin over his abdominal muscles. Those will go soon enough, he thinks. There isn’t even a swell yet. How many weeks since his heat? Seven. Seven and four days. Of course he’s not showing yet. He flattens his palm and rests it where he approximates his womb is located. He can’t explain why it’s soothing, but it is. The thought of Steve’s hand being where Bucky’s is now makes his throat clench. He closes his eyes again. Maybe if he’s lucky he’ll have a good dream tonight. One with Steve holding him.

Chapter End Notes

I am updating in bursts today because I know I won't be able to this weekend. Don't cry for me Argentina! The truth is I never left you! All through my wild days, of mad existence I kept my promise!!!!!!!!!!! I was going somewhere with this but lost it. Sorry for the inconsistent chapter lengths it bugs me but I don't want to force or trim excessively. Also, is it just me or does this fanfic have mood swings?! XD

Deuces,

-The Trollop
“Group” as he is now calling it, meets on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. He spends Wednesday sprawled out on the couch in Tony’s living room. The billionaire doesn’t comment on the assassin-turned-remote-hog. Bucky’s current choice of program is a James Bond movie starring some blonde guy name Daniel Craig. He looks vaguely like an angry version of Clint. That’s why Bucky’s continued to watch. The take on espionage the film is going with is, in the opinion of The Winter Soldier, cute.

Natasha silently sits down next to him. Silent is of course noisy to The Winter Soldier’s ears. He holds out his hand for some of the almonds she’s snacking on. She looks at the expectant hand and relents figuring he’s in such a shit mood it’s better to just oblige him. She splits her bowl of almonds with him.

“Why are we watching the Blonde Bond?” She says with distain. “If we’re watching Bond movies we should at least watch one where he fights the Russians.” She pops some of her snack into her mouth. Bucky watches as the so called ‘Blonde Bond’, defibrillates himself in a parking lot. The Winter Soldier has killed eight people in the hotel this movie supposedly takes place in. So far he recognizes two places and wonders if the director knew an actual assassin really did kill someone there. Obviously not, but he’d like to see the man’s face if he told him. He smiles at his morbid private joke. Natasha would understand if he told her but he just doesn’t feel like it. He shifts and gives Natasha the remote.

“I was only watching because that guy looks like Clint.” He explains as he adjusts himself to the new position. He’s achy and squeamish today. He hasn’t thrown up or anything. He’s just a touch sensitive. Natasha only glances at him and then looks at the screen to decide if she agrees with his assessment.

“Clint is way better than James Bond.” She says with her usual monotone certainty. “And better looking than Daniel Craig.” Her left eyebrow rises slightly as she determines this. Bucky looks over at her. She seems… peppy.

“With talk like that I assume you’ve found new and exciting ways to ruin him.” The bread and butter of Natasha’s life seems to be leading Clint on. The poor beta is so infatuated with her he might never find an alternative. Natasha smiles wickedly.

“I made him give me a back massage last night. I was lying naked covered in oil on his bed with a towel draped over my ass for thirty minutes. I told him he has the best hands…” She trails off and looks Bucky in the eye as she finishes her story. “And then I left.”

Bucky holds eye contact as he lightly shakes his head in disapproval. “That’s just not nice. Friends don’t do that to friends. I’ve been informed erections lasting more than four hours are very dangerous. You might hurt him Nat.”

“Oh please, he’d use the opportunity to become the first person to ever use his dick as a lethal weapon.” She announces as she eats some more almonds.

“People choke on dick’s all the time.” Bucky says dully as he watches her flip through channels.
“To death?” Natasha asks skeptically.

“To what else would they choke?”

“I just figure if somebody was trying to asphyxiate me with their dick they’d lose it before they got me to pass out.” She viciously noshes her teeth on an almond to demonstrate.

“So you’d bite it off?” He adjusts himself again to try and relieve the cramping. “Ah but little Natalia; if you bite it off and it gets stuck in your throat you’re fucked. I assume in this scenario your hands are tied.”

“I don’t need my hands I could use my feet.” She’s almost ready to give up her search for a movie when she finds the classic version of Godzilla playing. She sets the remote down. Bucky rolls again so that he’s on his stomach, one arm draped onto the ground. Natasha studies him quietly. With his hand on the ground he can feel the incoming footsteps.

“So your plan is to pull Clint’s cock out of your mouth with your feet?” They both remain perfectly still as Godzilla roars and Clint walks into a table. Bucky takes some more almonds. Clint managed to introduce his balls to the kitchen table’s corner. He wheezes and falls over.

“You’re meaner than I am.” Natasha says as she looks down at her mentor. He just doesn’t look right at all. He’s curled in on himself, clearly feeling some kind of distress. She can’t imagine what it is that has laid him low like this. She knows this man has survived wounds that should have been lethal, nothing does this to him. Even after being wiped he still looked powerful. Now he just looks like… like he has really bad cramps. Please let this not be related to the Cheetos, she hopes. “Did you go see-?”

“Natasha I need you to come with me on an errand and not ask any questions.” He asks with his face shmushed against the couch. He’s asking for help. She sighs with relief. She can help him run an ‘errand’. She can help him run as many ‘errands’ as he needs. She’ll even bury them, melt them in highly caustic liquids, or drop them in the middle of the ocean. If that is all it takes to fix him, she will do it with flare.

“Yeah, sure.” She hides any excitement she might be feeling by watching latex Godzilla go Hulk on that tiny model city.

“Great, we go tomorrow at 08:20. I’m driving. Dress civilian.” He rolls onto his back again and hangs his arm over his eyes. “And would you turn the T.V down?”

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god, people like my story? Awww, what’s wrong with you? XD Okay well I’m tickled and I wrote a bunch so now you get a huge chapter dump. Comments and kudos are the bread and butter of my life.

Yours,

-The Trollop
Chapter 7

D Day

Doctor Day. Bucky leans his forehead against the steering wheel of the SHEILD issue SUV. Is someone going to clean this thing wearing a hasmat suit if he barfs all over the custom leather seats? Maybe they’ll want to take samples of super soldier vomit, Bucky thinks as he waits for Natasha to join him. He feels like he’s going to die. He knows without exaggeration what that feels like, this makes that inviting. Part of it’s the humiliation. I am sorry, The Winter Soldier is currently experiencing morning sickness and will not be able to complete his assignment today. The only reason he’s even trusting himself to be in the car is because everything he had to throw up came out at about 06:00 hours. He huffs at the memory. He’s thrown up a few times after being wiped, electrocution and seizures can have that effect. But that passed in a minute or two. This has been hours.

Natasha opens the passenger door. She almost drops the duffle bag full of weapons and supplies at the sight of him. Bucky forces himself to unclench around the steering wheel and sit up. He snatches a water bottle from his side and drinks a thimble full. Natasha almost asks but Winter gives her a look which commands silence. Natasha opens the back doors and startles to find that Bucky was not the only one in the car. Darcy has been listening to her ipod and looking through tumblr while she waits for them to get a move on. When the door opens she takes her headphones out and salutes Natasha.

“Hi!” She says cheerily. Natasha closes the door on her face. “Totes rude!” Nat opens the passenger door and stares, mouth open, at Bucky. Darcy’s presence on an ‘errand’ could only mean one thing.

“James, we can’t kill Darcy.” She says as certainly as it is Thursday and Bucky doesn’t have time for this shit.

“Yeah I know, get in the car.” He rasps. Natasha is beginning to suspect she has completely misjudged this situation.

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Her theories are confirmed when Bucky parks the SUV in the patient parking lot at a civilian hospital. Darcy gets out and puts her electronics in her purse.

“Okay we have to go check in now. You remembered your fake ID right?” She says as she meets Bucky at the front of the SUV. Bucky is bent over resting his forearms on the hood. He clears his throat.

“Yeah, just forged it last night.” He practically grunts with his head hung.

“Good!” Darcy says cheerily. “Come on we have to go. I’m sure they get this all of the time, you can do it in the office.” She takes him by the arm and starts gently pulling him along. Natasha doesn’t know what to do, she just stands there with her feet planted.

“Nat, would you grab the leather bag in the back?” Bucky asks. Natasha does it without question. She finds it and joins them as they walk slowly to the elevator. Natasha pulls the leather messenger bag over her shoulder. Of the dozen questions she wants to ask this seems to be the simplest one.
“What’s in the bag?” She asks. Bucky clears his throat again and exhales slowly. Finally when the elevator brings them to the right floor he answers.

“About a hundred thousand dollars in cash.” The elevator doors open and they take a left where the sign directs them. Natasha can’t quite comprehend what the sign says. She’s not even a hundred percent sure what that word means. They wind up going to a waiting room with more signs with words Natasha doesn’t quite understand. Darcy points Bucky over to a check-in counter. She lets go of his arm and he walks over on his own. Natasha stands by Darcy’s side as she watches this happen. It’s like a horror movie, all she can think is ‘don’t go in there!”

With slightly less charm than usual, Bucky addresses the receptionist. “Hi, James Barnes Rogers to see Dr. Vasil at 9 o’clock.” His smile is tired but genuine. The fat beta receptionist nods to him.

“Can I see some ID while we get you going here?” Bucky produces his newly minted ID. The information makes it seem like he isn’t a ninety eight year old ex-HYDRA, ex-Red Room, ex-Soviet, WWII vet. But other than that the information is pretty much honest. The receptionist looks this over and, seeing nothing unusual in the lies, hands him a clip board with some paper work on it. “Since it’s your first time here would you please fill this out?” Bucky takes it from her. Sitting on the counter is a pot full of little glass rocks with pens sticking out from between them. Each pen has a flower taped to it. Bucky considers whether or not this is all really worth it. Thankfully, Darcy charges up next to him and takes a pen. She pulls him along to get seated and fill out his death warrant/personal information. Natasha and Bucky look over the document in terror. Darcy mercifully takes the clip board and gets started.

**Name: James Barnes Rogers**  **Date of Birth: 3/10/1986 …**

Where she comes up with the lies that consists of the rest of this form Bucky can’t fathom. He doesn’t know what most of this stuff means. Darcy finally gets through to the end of the medical history and begins on the insurance. She marks not insured.

“We’ll go to the finance department and pay up after the appointment.” She explains. A nurse comes through a door which leads to the rooms doctors actually treat patients in.

“James Barnes Rogers?” She asks. Bucky and Darcy stand up. Natasha gets up just a second later. She still can’t believe this is happening. The nurse holds the door open for them as they enter the unknown.
They wait in silence for the doctor to come see them. Bucky is lying on an examination bench, staring at the ceiling. Any second now someone is going to come inject him with something, put a bite plate in his mouth, wipe him, and put him back in cryo. Natasha is staring at the informational anatomical posters on the wall. They show the progress of a growing fetus inside a uterus. Darcy sinks down in her chair next to Natasha.

“I hate Doctor’s offices! They always make you wait so long.” She exclaims. Natasha and Bucky both slowly turn to look at her.

The doctor opens the door. He is a regular beta civilian. About six foot three, 200 pounds, grey around the ears with typical male pattern balding. He has a keychain around his neck with an ID badge and a keychain from some place called Disneyland. He extends his hand to Bucky.

“Hi James, I’m George Vasil.” Natasha watches in utter astonishment as Bucky hesitantly takes his hand. Bucky shakes lightly, fearing he might break the fingers that are going to have to treat him.

“Nice to meet you.” Bucky knows he doesn’t sound sure. The earlier nausea has dissipated into just nervousness. Dr. Vasil nods.

“So, this is the support group? It’s always nice to have you here. Are you his alpha?” He asks Natasha. She looks at Bucky wondering if she’s supposed to be. Bucky shakes his head.

“No, he’s overseas. These are my friends.” Bucky supplies as he looks them over. Darcy looks particularly proud to now hold the designation. Dr. Vasil purses his lips understandingly.

“Sorry to do this while he’s away. Do you know when he’ll be back?” The doctor asks as he picks up the chart and looks over a few things then looks back at Bucky.

“Not for another month, maybe more.” Bucky answers. He tries not to let that hurt so bad but it does anyway. The doctor sighs.

“Military?”

“Yes, Special forces. No contact of any kind. He doesn’t know about the-” Bucky gestures down to his abdomen. Natasha’s heart beat is thrumming in her ears as she listens to Bucky practically confirming what she thought was impossible.

“Pregnancy?” The doctor supplies with a small smile and a curious look.

“Yeah.” Bucky admits breathily. Natasha squeezes her knee and fights the near overwhelming urge to scream. Next to her Darcy giggles and scrunches her shoulders together.

“We’re excited, just a little unsure of ourselves.” Darcy explains like that is not the biggest understatement ever to occur in this office. The Doctor has already collected that information. He smiles at some private joke.

“Okay, good to know.” He says as he glances over the chart. “Okay so now for the stuff not on here.” He announces making Bucky and Natasha clench. The doctor turns and types something on a keyboard mounted below a computer. This is Bucky’s brand new patient file. “How long ago was your heat?” Bucky reminds himself that this guy is his doctor not a scientist and he can
answer these things honestly.

“Seven weeks, five days.” He swallows to try and wet his dry mouth. The doctor types that in.

“How did you find out you’re pregnant?”

“Four home pregnancy tests.” Bucky reminds Darcy of a robot on autopilot as he answers.

“Four?” The doctor smiles knowingly.

“Yeah, four.” Bucky repeats. At least he’s indignant not robotic, Darcy thinks.

“People do that a lot, no worries.” The doctor keeps typing as he talks. “Having any pregnancy symptoms yet?” It’s like a dam breaks inside Bucky. All the personality that the sterile environment was draining him of is suddenly painted over his whole body.

“Oh let’s see… my body hurts all the time.” He holds up fingers as he lists. “I cry for no good reason, my nipples are sore, the smell of eggs make me nauseous, mornings make me nauseous, movement makes me nauseous, being nauseous makes me nauseous!” He bites his lip and puts his hand down before continuing. No one speaks as he huffs and tosses his hair out of his face. “I can’t stop thinking about my mate, how much I miss him, I want him here so fucking bad. He’s going to be so goddamn happy.” The doctor nods gracefully. Darcy latches onto Bucky suddenly, clutching him to her chest with no regard for her personal safety. Bucky flounders for a second before he realizes he’s not being attacked and goes with it. The doctor laughs good humoredly at them.

“I’m going to call a nurse and do that ultrasound we have you booked for.” The doctor explains as he stands up and opens the door for himself. Bucky nods and stares at the wall. He only twitches a little when Darcy starts to pet his head. Once the door is closed Bucky puts a firm hand on Darcy’s shoulder.

“Darcy. Get off.” She releases him slowly and puts her hands up. Bucky clenches his eyes shut and takes his hand off the knife he has inside his jacket. The door opens and the doctor sticks his head in to see them.

“If you could take your shirt off that would be helpful.” He says before resting the door shut. Bucky looks at Darcy pleadingly.

“Oh now you want me to save you?” She pouts. Bucky turns his head slightly and breaths in a heavy breath.

“Please?” He asks a little pathetically. Darcy crosses her arms.

“You know what I want.” She pops her hip and tries not to smirk. Natasha looks back and forth between the two omegas.

“You’re seriously doing this?” She asks. In her experience medical units are not the place you make bargains. Bucky snorts.

“Fine, plunder all you want. They’re just pictures.” He says as he takes his phone out and hands it to Darcy. Darcy takes it reverently. The doctor comes back in followed by a cart and an ultrasound technician. Darcy stashes Bucky’s phone in her purse and claps her hands together.

“Here’s the deal.” The technician and the doctor look at her with interest. “James has a very
special prosthetic arm that he is not totally comfortable with exposing at this time. Can we just lift up his shirt?” Darcy says hopefully. The doctor and technician both nod.

“Oh yeah that’s fine! We had no idea. No, totally fine. Later on we might need more access but if you just want to wear a thin long sleeve shirt that’s fine with us.” The doctor says. Darcy points at the door.

“Can you just give us one second then?” They agree to do so and step outside. Bucky takes his jacket off and removes his gun and knife holsters. He sets them in a pile and passes them to Darcy. She folds it all up so it just looks like a jacket and calls for the doctor to come back in.

Natasha watches all this and observes Darcy acting as Bucky’s advocate. Finally she gets why Darcy’s really here. He can ask Darcy to do things because she’s not a doctor. Bucky never speaks up for himself in medical situations. He’s been experimented on, modified against his will, and harshly disciplined for any resistance for the past seventy years. Today is probably the first time he has been inside a medical facility of his own will since 1945.

Natasha stands up and walks over closer to where Bucky is lying. She gently takes his hand while the doctor and technician explain what they are doing with the machine. Natasha isn’t listening. Darcy and Bucky seem to be handling this just fine. She concentrates on holding his slightly shaking hand. Darcy helps Bucky pull up his shirt and unzip his pants. Once the skin is exposed, the technician squirts some goop onto his abdomen. Bucky shakes his head. He didn’t think it was cold at all. The doctor is talking as he directs them to the screen. The tech turns the machine on and presses the wand into the goop. Bucky to his credit only almost flinches off the table.

“Sorry!” He pants as he tries to calm down. He clenches his eyes shut. The tech looks a little spooked. Natasha gestures for Darcy to switch places with her so she’s the closer one to Bucky. Natasha slips past her and takes Bucky’s human hand in both of hers. The doctor and technician settle in to try it again.

“Are we good to go?” The tech asks. Natasha kneels down so that her face is at Bucky’s level.

“You should have told me sooner.” She says into his ear. Bucky bites his lip and nods. “I’m nowhere near enough to replace Steve but I’m still an alpha, and I will protect you with everything I have. You are safe with me, James. These people are not going to hurt you or your baby. They want to help you. You can do this. You’re not afraid of these people. The bad people are gone now, you aren’t going to be hurt anymore. You are so much stronger than this. You can fight through anything, but you don’t need to today. You can lay down your guns, you’re safe.” She sooths as he grips her hand with bone cracking force. Natasha pushes their foreheads together and nuzzles him affectionately. “You can do this, calm down.” The scent of an alpha he trusts so much causes his nerves to stop screaming. Bucky eases off her hand and nods. Darcy nods to the tech who pushes the wand onto him again. It takes a minute for them to find it but as soon as the little black circles appear on the screen Darcy squeals. Natasha looks up. The doctor and technician are smiling.

“Looks great!” The doctor announces. Natasha’s grasp on the situation falters again.

“Why are there two?”

“Congratulations James, you’re having twins.” The doctor pronounces. Darcy takes a picture of the screen with her phone. Then she takes a picture of Bucky and Natasha. Then she holds her phone out to the doctor.

“Would you take our picture please?” She asks giddily even as Bucky and Natasha try to
adjust their bearings on reality.

“Sure!” He says and takes the phone. Darcy scrambles behind them and puts her arms around the two assassins.

“Smile guys!” She commands. Neither of them respond as they continue to gape at the two strange shapes on the screen. Darcy shrugs. “Take it anyway, it’ll look funny in a few years.” She smiles, the doctor takes the picture.

“That’s great.” He says as he looks at the screen and hands it back to Darcy. She points at the ultrasound on the screen.

“And can we get a couple copies of that too?”

.oOo.

Tony comes up for food for the first time in fifteen hours. He’s getting a lot of work done today. He wipes his face with a dish towel and goes to get something from the fridge. Tony stops. In his work related delirium it takes him a minute to figure out what he’s looking at.

Embedded in the titanium plated refrigerator is a huge multi-purpose hunting knife. The knife is pinning a picture with a note attached to it. The photo is of two fuzzy gray dots embedded in the side of two black circles surrounded by fuzzy gray. The note attached to it reads,

Okay Fuckers, I’m pregnant (twins). Do not tell Steve.

-Winter
Meeting 2

Bucky carries a grocery bag full of recently purchased goods into Group. Darcy helped him pick out some anti-nausea medication and prenatal vitamins. She ranted a lot about folic acid. Bucky just kind of went with it and assumed she knew what she was talking about. His trust in her has risen by leaps and bounds after the earlier doctor's appointment.

Group seems much more do-able now that he’s survived the doctor’s office. He stops when he realizes the small circles have been pushed together in one big circle. He’s on time today. People are still mulling around and there are lots of open spots. Eva is already sitting eating her chips and doing her tummy rubbing thing. Bucky sits down next to her and puts down his bag. Eva greets him with her little wave. Bucky smiles at her.

“I went to see your doctor.” He tells her. He shouldn’t be proud to go to a doctor, but fuck it he is. Eva beams at him.

“Good! Did you like him?” She offers him some of her chips, he takes one.

“He was swell.” He pulls out his wallet and takes out one of several pictures Darcy had Dr. Vasil print for him. “Here.” He hands the folded up piece of paper to Eva. She unfolds it gingerly. She gasps and looks up at him.

“You’re having twins!” She exclaims happily. Bucky nods. She hums contently and hands him his picture back. Bucky tucks it away and starts riffling through his shopping bag. He pulls out a small bag of Cheetos and starts eating them.

Peter walks through the door like the air outside smells like shit. It is New York so that’s possible but it seemed fine when Bucky walked in. Peter raises a hand in greeting then sinks down into the chair next to Eva. Eva offers him a chip but he refuses.

“Take a seat everybody, we’re going to get started.” Ben says as he sits down on the other side of the circle. People stop chatting and take their spots. “So for our new people, on Thursdays we have a forum day where anyone in the circle can ask a question of the group and we can discuss it amongst ourselves. It can be about anything on your mind. Does somebody want to start?” Ben asks. He takes a sip of his coffee. Peter throws his hand up.

“So as usual my question is about my not-mate.” People who have been in the group awhile smile knowingly. “Wade has made himself an even bigger pain than usual. I don’t want to share what he did because it’s just so damn ridiculous, but trust me it was bad.”

“Would you take a second and refresh us on what you mean by ‘not-mate’?” Ben asks, probably for Bucky more than anyone.

“Yeah sure.” Peter says as he changes how he sits in his seat so his back is hunched very low in the chair. “I’ve been kind of seeing this guy for about a year now. We don’t really date or anything we just, sometimes literally, run into one another and do something. Right from the get go he started with courting behavior and I thought he was joking. Time went on and it got to the point where it was getting…too intense to be a joke.” Peter runs his fingers through his fluffy brown hair.
“Which would have been fine if I wasn’t dating a beta named Mary-Jane. I still am dating her. We’re happy together and we’re a great couple.” He explains as if trying to convince himself. “But Wade…” He shakes his head as he trails off “He’s absolutely crazy, and witty, and helpfully destructive (sometimes), he does the kind of things to me that only alphas can do.” He rolls his eyes. “And we have some epic banter fights when we get into it.” He holds his hands out making vague gestures between his chest and some foreign body. “So we should be great together but we aren’t! We fight like we want to kill each other, and we do the other F thing like we’re still trying to kill each other.” Some people in the group start to laugh. Peter shakes his head. “And when I say he’s crazy, I mean he actually might be schizophrenic. He doesn’t even want help with that. He’s not a good person to mate with but he just won’t get out of my life.” Peter sighs. “And I really don’t want him to. So my question is if your alpha is a destructive mess like mine, how do you cope with that?”

The members of the group discuss things like clumsy mates, mates who spend too much money, mates who are incredibly messy. Bucky knows none of these things apply to what Peter is probably asking about.

“Have you tried kicking him in the head?” Bucky asks. Other suggestions included psychiatric visits, couples therapy, better organization skills, and so on. Peter sits up straight and looks over Eva’s head at Bucky.

“Well yeah, I think he thought I was playing hard to get.” Peter says with a hint of a smile. He considers Bucky for a minute and wonders about him. In the background Ben is talking about how violent behavior isn’t a good permanent solution with an alpha and can lead to increased violence against you. Peter has tuned him out. Bucky wonders again who this kid really is. “Well let me give you an example.” Peter has turned his body so he’s mostly just talking to Bucky now. He gracefully crosses his legs by bringing his right ankle up to his thigh. He grabs onto his foot with both hands and leans back like he’s stretching. His bent leg bounces as he talks.

“So I’m going to use metaphors here so I can explains this all better.” Peter begins. The group mutters something about Peter’s metaphors being ridiculous. “So this was a couple of hours ago. I was out and about looking for people to help. I’d already dealt with a car chase and a robbery, so I’m pretty limbered up. I’m feeling good about the night. I spot this mugging. Nothing fancy; four guys, clearly harassing two omega teenage girls on their way home. So I drop in. Immediately the thugs back up, these guys recognize me by now and they know to just scram when I show up. I decide, eh what the heck I’ll stop them tonight. So I tell the girls to call the cops but they start screaming. I turn around, the four thugs are now about fifty thug pieces on the ground!” Peter throws his hands up. “Body parts are everywhere, it smells awful-er than normal dark ally, I’m pretty sure one of the girls had some liver on her shoulder. I’m about to yack but then there’s my honey bunny; strolling out from behind a garbage bin with two-dozen roses and bloody katannas!” He pauses and takes a deep breath. The group starts laughing about his metaphor wondering what the heck he could possibly be metamorphosing about. Bucky calmly nods at Peter.

“So?” Bucky asks in all seriousness.

“I made him eat the roses.” Peter answers bashfully, he thought for sure he’d lose Bucky somewhere in all of that. Bucky is a little impressed. The group has dissolved into laughter, no one ever has any real advice for these metaphors. Peter enjoys the venting so he tells them anyway.

.oOo.

After group ends Bucky lingers outside the door until Peter comes and joins him. Peter was expecting him.

“Feel like a late meal?” Peter asks. Bucky snorts.
“I’m pregnant, late meals are all I think about.” He says with more amusement than usual.

Chapter End Notes

Comment damn you.
Bucky and Peter walk to the closest restaurant that Bucky can stand the smell of. They wind up at some diner claiming they sold The Avengers shwarma. Bucky will have to ask later if that’s true or not. Peter has eaten there before and vouches for the place. The two omegas sit down at a table closest to the door. Bucky has his back to a wall with a good visual of the entrances and exists. The window glass looks like it’ll shatter fast- Bucky stops himself. I am not in danger, I am not in danger, I am not in danger, he chants. Peter leans his chin on his folded hands. Bucky crosses his arms on the table top. The two of them stay quiet while they try to figure out what it is they want to say. Bucky squints slightly and makes a humming noise to get Peter’s attention. Peter meets his gaze.

“Your mate wouldn’t happen to be about six two, 210 pounds?” Bucky asks as he picks up the silverware off the table. Peter watches Bucky’s hands as he unrolls the fork and knife out of the napkin.

“Yeah as a matter of fact.” Peter looks up at Bucky then down at Bucky’s hands. Peter has a lot of nervous energy, Bucky thinks. He’s pretty damn young to be involved in what Bucky thinks he’s involved in. Bucky leans back and begins playing with the knife in his human hand. Peter watches it intensely as it moves between Bucky’s fingers like liquid.

“He wouldn’t also happened to be named Wade Wilson, would he?” Bucky asks as he switches the direction of the knife. Peter takes a deep breath.

“How do you know Wade?” Peter looks up at Bucky uncertainly. Peter was getting weird vibes off him before. Whatever it is, is definitely significant if he knows Wade. Bucky throws the knife up about two feet in the air, catches it with The Weapon and crushes it like it’s a candy wrapper. Peter’s mouth slides open just a little. He did not see that one coming.

“Because I once cut that chatty bastard into a hundred bloody pieces.” Bucky leans forward and sets the balled up knife in front of Peter. “He still kept talking.” Peter needs a pause. He picks up his glass of water and takes a drink. He sets it down.

“So you’re what, an assassin?”

“Currently on rest leave.” Bucky says with just a hint of a grimace. “But yeah that would be my title. What I want to know is, how a normal kid like you got mixed up with Deadpool?” Peter cocks an eyebrow and grins.

“Normal? Well I’m no assassin but normal isn’t quite right either.” Peter doesn’t look when he extends his wrist, deploys a web, grabs a knife off another table and hands it over to Bucky. “Here, you might need this, the steak’s kind of chewy.”

Bucky can’t help it, he smiles. He smiles and hangs his head, laughing quietly. Peter picks up the balled up knife and turn it over in his hand. “This is the most intimidating thing I’ve ever seen!” Peter sputters between trying to hold back laughs.

“So you’re him?” Bucky asks between little chuckles. Peter looks to see if anyone has taken notice of them. The owners are cooking in the back, Peter decides to chance it. He quickly unzips his hoodie and pulls his T-shirt up to expose his suit underneath. Bucky bobs his head backwards as he studies it then looks back up at Peter. “Did’you make that yourself?” Bucky asks as Peter fixes his clothes.
“Yes I did.” Peter sniffs and folds his arms on the table mirroring Bucky. “And it was not easy.”

“Can I ask you a question about that?” Bucky smiles as the waitress, who is also the owner and cook, sets down their food.

“Sure.” Peter tucks a napkin into his collar. Bucky eyes this for a split second before letting it go.

“Why spandex?”

“Easy to move in, dries fast, doesn’t feel awful when wet, works well with the whole mask thing.” Peter shrugs. “Lots of reasons. Do you where one?” Bucky thinks about it for a second.

“It’s not really a costume like your's or Captain America's, mine is just body armor and combat gear. Oh and-“. Bucky takes the black leather glove off his left hand with his teeth. He flexes the fingers so Peter can see The Weapon. Peter almost spits out his food. Bucky now understands the need for the bib.

“You’re whole arm is like that?” Peter asks incredulously.

“Yeah. I also have metal joints on my spine and fittings onto my scapula and ribs. It’s called The Weapon.” Bucky explains. He can’t remember the last time he introduced The Weapon to anyone by name. Peter marvels at the little nuances of movement happening unconsciously in The Weapon’s fingers.

“It’s incredible! It makes Iron Man look like a transformer.” Peter exclaims now that he has fallen into nerd mode. Bucky smirks and puts his glove back on.

“I’ll tell him you said that.” Bucky picks at his food with his fork.

“What does that mean?” Peter asks hopefully. Bucky tries a little rice before answering.

“I live with him.” Bucky explains simply while he works on the much more intense task of finding scraps of things that don’t look gross. Peter freezes up.

“James, why do you live with Tony Stark?” Peter feels like he’s about to fall right out of his seat. Bucky looks up at him, he hasn’t gotten to experience this moment in so long it feels like the first time he’s ever gotten to tell someone.

“Because I’m mated to Steven Grant Rogers.” Bucky grins. Peter inhales sharply.

“James… you’re Sergeant James Buchanan Barnes.”

“Yeah.” Peter sinks into his seat like he’s deflating. Bucky keeps picking at his food. “But whatever kid, you’re Spiderman.” Peter waves that off.

“Just let me have a minute.” Peter sits up. “It’s not that I don’t know other people like us, it’s just I had pajamas with you and your mate on them. I think I still have the Howling Commandos action figure set. It’s a big deal to me.”

“Get in line. Tony Stark is the second biggest Captain America Groupie ever and I live with that guy. Sometimes I feel like I’m just a part of his collection.” Bucky has decided he likes the steak pieces. Peter finishes his piece of flat bread.
“Okay, but you may or may not be signing something in the near future.”

“You sign for the bill and I’ll think about it.” Bucky taunts. Peter sighs.

“Sure why not.” Peter goes to fish out his wallet.

“I’m just kidding, kid!” Bucky shakes his head. “My treat, or Stark’s treat. He pays for all my crap.”

“Must be nice to live with a billionaire.” Peter tries not to think of the thirty two dollars in his checking account.

“It’s not awful.” Bucky says as he gets up to pay for the bill. Then there was that time the bastard went to heat and tried seducing his mate. “Most of the time.” Tony will be paying damages until the day he dies. Bucky uses a credit card to pay and meets Peter by the door. Peter opens it for him and gestures like he’s about to say ‘expectant mothers first’ when Bucky rolls his eyes and shoves Peter out the door. Peter snorts.

“I was being polite!” Peter snaps.

“You were being a dweeb.” Bucky scoffs back at him. Peter gestures towards a dark alleyway.

“That’s my way home. See ya around?” Peter asks as he backs away. Bucky feels odd to have two people in the same week hoping to see him again so genuinely. Still he smiles back.

“Come knock on the window sometime and I’ll let you in.” Bucky calls to him. Peter lights up and points at him.

“I just might!” Peter disappears into the alleyway for a few seconds then soars off on a web as Spiderman. Bucky watches for the brief moment he’s still in sight, then turns to go home.
The group that has gathered in Tony’s living room could be described as many things; Superheroes, friends, survivors of the impossible, totally shell shocked over a pregnancy. Those who have been briefed in depth like Natasha and Darcy are faring much better than the others. Tony is hunched over with his face in his hands with Pepper rubbing his back. Bruce ate a whole plate of brownies and did not share. Clint has been lying flat on his back on one of the couches staring at the ceiling. Thor is mercifully in Asgard at this time. Had he been present, the sensitive god may have been damaged beyond repair. Well that, or he would have gone and killed something to eat as a topping during a ‘Feast of Pizza’. Ironically the last time anyone was this disturbed was when Thor was introduced to pizza parties. Jane is weathering the situation well. Externally anyway, she may be screaming internally.

“Did any of you assholes hear what I just said?” Darcy yells at them from her stance in front of the TV. “This is goddamn ridiculous!” She exclaims in disgust. “He’s having babies not dying of cancer! If Steve was here you’d all be congratulating him!”

“Don’t get me wrong I’m happy for them.” Clint says as he continues his thousand mile staring. “I just can’t handle that The Winter Soldier is settling down and having a nice life and I’m still Russian-winter-zoned.”

“What does that even mean?” Darcy asks in utter abhorrence.

“My balls are frozen to death.” Clint explains without so much as blinking. Darcy fumes and looks at the rest of them.

“Is that why you’re acting this way? Because you all feel that you’re huge losers if you can’t get your shit together and Bucky can?” Darcy is about to lose it. “Because I feel that way too, but that hasn’t stopped me from being a decent human being!” Darcy yells unintelligibly in rage. “UUNNGG!” She thrashes in place and claws at the air.

“Ease there Tigress.” Tony says as he sits back in his seat. He finally has started the slow process of acceptance. “That sweater was not intended for vicious mauling.”

“Screw you Tony! You called any emergency sounding like you were having a heart attack! I thought you were dying!” Darcy continues to yell.

“I was having a panic attack Darcy, it isn’t funny!” It’s at this time that the doors to the elevator open and Bucky strolls out seeming okay with his lot.

“Hey!” They all yell as if they rehearsed it. Clint sits up, Bruce turns around, Jane hides her shaking hands, Tony lounges more convincingly.

“Congrats!” Clint says with a thumbs up. Darcy is done.

“You are all shit heads.” She picks up her purse, waves at Bucky, and leaves in a perturbed pout. Bucky looks at all of them.

“Did anyone cry?” He asks only half kidding. No one owns up or rats out which is a credit to the team’s solidarity. Bucky shakes his head and goes to his bedroom to get some much needed
sleep. He walks in and sits down to take his boots off when JARVIS interrupts him.

“Sergeant Barnes, your personal phone rang in your absence.” Bucky blinks and takes his phone out of his pocket. He had it with him the whole time. He doesn’t have any missed calls.

“What do you mean?”

“Sir, the sound came from the top drawer of Captain Roger’s dresser.” Bucky finished unlacing his boots and pulls them off before going to investigate. He opens the drawer, inside it on top of Steve’s pristinely organized socks sits a satellite phone. Bucky braces himself on the dresser so he doesn’t fall. This can only mean one thing.

Steve called him and he wasn’t there.

Chapter End Notes

To keep in the spirit of Bucky and sass I have been watching/listening to this https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ompNaro0cs8

In case it wasn't clear Clint just redefined blue balls. Good work Barton.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Two Weeks Later…

“He’s alive.” Tony says as he looks through the wall with the heat vision in his helmet. He takes it off and leans it on his hip. Natasha, Clint, and Darcy are all camped outside Bucky and Steve’s suite where they have set up a small headquarters. Since the Thursday before last, Bucky has yet to come out of his suite.

Well actually he has. They know he has because things disappear from the fridge and cupboards. On the first day Bucky didn’t come out from hiding they thought about busting in to check on him. Before they go to it, JARVIS helpfully informed them that the entrances to the Barnes-Rogers suite have all been booby-trapped and opening any of them would result in almost certain bodily harm. Tony scoffed at this saying he’d just use his suit. Then JARVIS informed him some of the materials Sargent Barnes used came from Tony’s work shop and use of the suit should be avoided. Tony scoffed at that too and went down to check what went missing. Ten minutes later Tony started screaming on the intercom to not touch those doors. He never explained why. So for two weeks they have kept watch and monitored him remotely.

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Locking himself inside his suite seemed like a good idea at the time. After finding out he missed Steve’s call, finding a way to track Steve down and punch him in the dick seemed like a good idea too. He formulated his plan for that while he cried and set up traps on the doors. He got most of the crying out the first day. Most of it. He’s noticed it seems to come in bursts at times when he’s not expecting it. If something reminds him of Steve, he cries. If Netflix won’t load, he cries. If he wakes up throwing up, he throws up and cries at the same time. Every day for the past two weeks has started with the vomit crying. He’s almost ten weeks pregnant now and fucking miserable.

This afternoon after finally getting over the nausea, he decided to actually try wearing real clothes. It’s Thursday again and he kind of wants to go to Group. He pulls his jeans on easily but when he goes to button them he realizes there is an inch gap in the zipper he can’t close. The button is a total lost cause. He stops trying and puts his hands on his hips. He leans his head back and yells.

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“Fuck!”

The group outside the door startles at the voice from the other side. Darcy whines helplessly and face plants into her folded arms. Natasha and Clint pause their conversation about how the hell Bucky has been sneaking around all of their security.

“Wonder what that was about?” Clint asks without expecting a real answer. Natasha shrugs.

“JARVIS any insight?” Tony asks.

“No, Sir. Sergeant Barnes has not reconnected my cameras inside his suite.” Tony sighs. Then they all hear some rattling and a very loud bang from the other side of the door. Everyone tenses in horror. Nobody breathes.
Bucky opens the door about a minute later. Everyone exhales. Darcy puts her hand over her heart.

“Thank god you didn’t kill yourself!” She says as she deflates. Bucky rolls his eyes.

“Don’t be so dramatic. I had to unload the counterweight.” He looks at the bean bag circle, coffee table, board games, and mini fridge trying to figure out what he’s looking at. “Is this… a stakeout?” He looks at Natasha and Clint, the two he would expect to be the instigators of this. Natasha feels just a pinch of shame from the way her mentor scowls at her.

“We were worried about you. We didn’t know what else to do so we waited.” She explains with her arms crossed defensively over her chest. Bucky shakes his head and almost smiles.

“It’s fine. Next time invest in a camo net.” He jokes. Tony points at Bucky energetically.

“See he thinks it’s a good idea too!” Darcy ignores Tony and his obnoxiousness.

“So why’d you come out?” Darcy asks Bucky. Bucky frowns and rolls his eyes.

“I need to go shopping.” Bucky says with absolutely no enthusiasm. Darcy follows him practically on his heels as Bucky goes to the kitchen.

“Shopping for what? You have...sweatpants apparently." She says eyeing clothes he would only wear with the intent to go jogging. "Is somebody not fitting into their jeans anymore?” Darcy asks and bites her lip. Bucky groans and turns abruptly so he’s facing her.

“Yes, you can come already!” Bucky exclaims. Clint pops up from his beanbag.

“Me too.” He says certainly. Bucky narrows his eyes at him as he looks Clint up and down. He does always look kind of trendy. Well, for a man who enjoys purple. Clint shrugs. “What? I like shopping?” Tony starts to say something but Natasha puts a hand on his shoulder.

“You are not coming with us.” She says as she follows the shoppers into the kitchen. Tony throws his hands up indignantly.

“And why not? I bank roll these little outings! Shouldn’t I get to at least witness how my money is spent?” They reach the kitchen where Bucky is pouring himself some orange juice.

“Tony, we’re going shopping for maternity clothes.” Natasha says with a little smirk. “At a store for omega men. Omega men like you. It wouldn't be hard to get the wrong idea. Do you really want somebody to take your picture there?” Tony frowns.

“You have bested me this time Black Widow, but I will have my revenge.” Tony waggles his finger at her. He maintains eye contact and grabs an apple as he retreats. Darcy smirks triumphantly.

“Let’s roll bitches!” She jumps and pumps her fists. When she lands she snaps and points at Nat. “And vixens.”

Bucky, Nat, and Clint cringe.

Chapter End Notes
Can I just say that I am tickled pink by all the support I’ve been getting for this fic. Mpreg is kind of my favorite thing and I have always wanted to write an mpreg fanfiction. I am so happy that now that I’m writing one, other people besides me enjoy it. This story was originally an RP idea I had suggested to a friend who then didn’t like it. It broke my heart a little. I’m really happy that somebody wanted to hear the story of the best assassin in the world being adorkable. So since you have been so supportive I will give you a little teaser information. Very soon we are going to have appearances by the lovely Susan Storm Richards and Wade Dickhead Wilson.
Chapter 13

The polished bronze sign above the door reads,

Vincent’s Closet

Mannequins in the window display maternity clothing on idealized, petit male forms. Bucky is about three inches taller than those mannequins and another half a body bigger. Suddenly the prospect of shopping is even less appealing.

Clint and Darcy dart inside the building like they’re racing. Maybe they are, Bucky isn’t paying attention. The mannequins remind him of Steve when he used to be small. Back before the serum, he and Steve seemed like a great couple until people realized Bucky is the omega. Bucky sighs tiredly. He wants a nap already and he hasn’t walked in the building yet. The only thing that’s alluring about the place at all is the promise of a bathroom. Natasha waits patiently for Bucky to make up his mind about the place. Bucky looks sideways at her and smiles weakly.

“Sorry.” He says softly. If she was another foot away she wouldn’t have heard him. Natasha scowls lightly and cocks her head just a bit.

“For what?” She raises one of her eyebrows. “Not charging in to indulge those idiots? I’m hardly hurting.” Natasha hooks her arm around Bucky’s. He gently leans onto her side.

“I meant for the last two weeks. I didn’t tell you and I should have. I think Steve tried to call me.” He looks down at his feet. “But I missed the call so I don’t know.” Natasha really frowns at that.

“All that over an uncertainty?” She nudges him with her elbow. He keeps looking downward. “James?” He picks his head up and wipes his eyes with the back of his hand. She fights so hard to keep a straight face but she winds up biting her lips. Bucky sniffs and exhales a shaky breath.

“It’s not funny!” He barks at her but his voice cracks and he just sounds ridiculous. She smiles toothily at him and tugs him along by the arm.

“Let’s go before they buy things without us.” Bucky follows her through the door.

The inside of the store is decorated in dark charcoal greys and blacks. The clothing is similarly colored with flecks of bright hues here and there. One thing is certain from the life size prints of male omega mothers, Bucky shouldn’t be one of them. As uncomfortable as the store made him from the outside, it is twice as bad inside. Bucky purses his lips together slightly as he realizes he looks more like the alpha in these pictures. Actually, he looks like he could kick these alpha’s asses. Back in 1945 Bucky was actually a catch. He has a nice face and a healthy body, back then that made you a babe. Now apparently he also has to have dainty forearms, slim thighs, and no shoulders to speak of. Maybe he’s just being naive and these are really just edited photos of women’s pregnant bodies and men’s faces. He pushes some hair out of his face. Great, he used to over analyze his surroundings. Now he’s self-conscious about his masculine figure. He notes that the security cameras are focused on the doors and realizes he’s been multi-tasking.

Darcy and Clint are easy to spot by the wall of jeans. Jeans he can handle. Bucky and Nat approach them cautiously. The selection of denim types is extensive. Bucky observes the different sizes. Inseam and fit seem to be the most important designators. Bucky wonders for a second why
waist measurement isn’t as clearly labeled. He detaches from Natasha’s arm to figure out how the sizing works. He carefully dislodges a pair that’s his correct inseam and in a wash he likes. He unfolds them, drops them in shock, then flinches away like he’s been hit be something. Pouches. The tops of these jeans have stretchy dark colored pouches. Bucky recoils from the wall of jeans.

Natasha and Darcy saw him get spooked. Clint takes this opportunity to get a sales clerk. Bucky sits down on a bench next to another mannequin. He hides his face in his hands.

“I can’t wear that.” His voice is muffled by his hands but they understand him fine. Natasha picks up the pair of jeans and examines the pouch. Her logical brain tells her this thing is going to become necessary but she still understands Bucky’s horror.

“You wear a shirt over this part. It just looks like you’re wearing normal pants.” Darcy explains. She points at one of the mannequins. “Like that one.” Bucky lets his hands fall away so he can glare at her.

“I am nothing like that one, and I’m not going to wear his fucking pouch pants.” He rasps. Darcy talks a step away from him. His anger is too deep to be just about pants. Clearly she said the wrong thing. Never one to back down though, she huffs.

“Well sorry they don’t come in size badass!” Nat shoots her a deadly look. Darcy is about to dig herself an even deeper hole when Clint comes back.

“Hey I asked if they have anything in leather and they said they have some bomber jackets. Interested?” Clint is very pleased with himself when Bucky stands up in answer. He puts his hand on Clint’s shoulder.

“In a second, I have to pee.” He walks past him to where the sign for the restroom points. Clint observes the two women and sighs.

“Don’t tell me, The Winter Soldier is embarrassed about his body?” He knows the answer just from Natasha’s reaction to the question. Darcy thumps herself on the forehead. Natasha shakes her head and sits down on the bench.
Chapter 14

The bathroom trip was the perfect extraction plan. Perfect because he got away from his shopping team, and because he really had to pee. He made his decision to leave enemy territory as soon as his bladder was empty. As for how to get out without the others knowing, that was easy. His earlier surveillance of the outside of the building told him that the store has a door leading to the alley outside. There was also a large air vent above it. The vent in the ceiling of the bathroom almost certainly leads to it, going this way he can bypass the locks and emergency alarms on the door. Even better no one will see him leave the bathroom. The Winter Soldier jumps from the toilet, repels off the bathroom wall and balances on the top of the bathroom stall. He uses a groove on The Weapon to undue three screws on the vent cover. Winter pushes on it hard and it swings to the side. He lifts himself up and snakes into the vent. Laying on his back in the narrow tunnel, he moves the wrist of The Weapon at an angle that would be impossible with his human hand and closes the vent. He pulls the grate up. If someone looks hard they’ll notice the missing screws but he doesn’t worry. He’s not expecting a pursuit for another ten minutes. The Winter Soldier shimmies through the vent in the practiced manner he’s done more times than he can remember. He figures he’s got ten minutes before Natasha and Darcy decided he’s had a long enough breakdown. They’ll send Clint in to come get him and discover he’s missing. Darcy will panic, Natasha will go look outside to see if he’s still in the vent, Barton will branch out and try to get a vantage point.

Bucky kicks the wire mesh screen out of the vent and worms out until he’s bent at the waist. He takes a deep breath, pushes his chest against the top of the vent and continues to shimmy until his arms are free at the elbows. From there he braces himself against the wall and flips his body above him so his knees are against the wall. The force pulls the rest of his body out. He pushes off the wall at the same time and lands eight feet down on his feet. He brushes a few pieces of lint off himself as he walks down the alley and takes a left. His escape took three minutes. He’s got to get off foot in less than seven if he wants to avoid capture. It takes him three minutes walking at an easy pace to get to a subway entrance. He’s headed north with four minutes to spare.

Meeting 3

The corndog he’s eating is fantastic. The dough is sweet and perfect with the mustard he added. The hotdog inside was roasted before it was deep-fried to keep it from being soggy. He eats his as he carries the two he bought for Peter and Eva. He killed two hours before it was time to go to Group. He made his way there in a cab. The cabbie recommended the stand he got the corndogs from. He should have tipped the guy better.

When he strolls into Group five minutes early, Peter is there but Eva isn’t. Bucky nods his head in greeting when Peter spots him. Peter beams like Santa’s just walked into the room.

“I don’t think you’re supposed to start eating for three yet.” He says with a hungry look in his eye.

“Good thing I’m not.” Bucky hands Peter a corndog. Peter takes a hold of it and take a bite of it in the same motion. Peter rolls his eyes back in his head and moans when he tastes it. He takes two more bites before Bucky can comment on how hungry the kid is. He decides to let it go in favor of a more pressing matter.
“Where’s Eva?” Bucky asks as he sits down next to Peter. Peter holds a finger up and takes another two bites. He talks with his mouth full when he answers,

“She had her baby!” It sounds more like ‘he ader body’ but Bucky figured it out. Bucky’s happy to hear it, and just as happy to get to eat the second corndog. Peter swallows his food before trying to talk again. “She went into labor about two days ago. She did great, the baby was perfectly healthy. She’s moving to Vermont to live with her sister, but she promised to stop in on Sunday to say goodbye.” That he’s not as excited to hear.

“Why’s she leaving?” He asks as he starts to eat the corndog he bought for Eva. Peter bites the burnt bits off the stick of his treat.

“She doesn’t like it in New York. She said she wants her baby to grow up someplace quiet. The trial ended two months ago, so the only reason she was here was because she liked coming to Group.”

“Trial?” Bucky asks. Peter purses his lips solemnly. He throws the barren corndog stick into the trash ten feet away without aiming.

“Eva was raped. That’s why she started coming here.” Before Peter can go on The Winter Soldier puts a hand on his shoulder.

“What’d the guy get?” He asks in case he should start planning to go find the guy.

“Ten years, she said.” Peter’s glance to him tells him he knows how he feels. “I was already planning on sending him a visitor when he gets out, but the more the merrier I always say.”

“Why wait?” Bucky asks, only half kidding. Peter shakes his head. Peter isn’t the kind to deny the law it’s justice before he goes seeking his.

They cut their discussion of the criminal justice system short when Ben gets the meeting started. The meeting starts off with discussion of childproofing a home on a budget. Bucky listens intently until it comes to his attention that sharp corners are probably less threatening than his left arm. Any interest in the rest of the discussion leaves him and he decides to let his mind wander. When they take a break Peter turns to Bucky and cringes in sympathy.

“That can’t have been encouraging.” Peter says as he pats his thighs with the heels of his hands. Bucky shrugs and tries to relax instead of dwell on it. When the recess is over they’ll talk about another topic. Bucky leans back in his chair so that it’s perfectly balanced on two legs. He doesn’t even think about it but someone in the room screams,

“Stop! Sit down!” He turns in time to see somebody lunge for his chair to try and stabilize him. They probably think they’re catching him from a fall. Bucky can tell from the way the woman is moving that she’s going to knock him into a nasty impact. Terror shoots through him at the thought of what an accident like that could do. Before her hands touch him he leans his center of gravity backward and expertly flips forward without using his hands. His chair goes flying but the panicked woman is caught gracefully by Peter. It all happened so fast the room is only now realizing what the commotion was after it happened. If they hadn’t seen Bucky balancing a second ago, an onlooker might have thought the woman in Peter’s arms just fell. Bucky looks down at her and recognizes her face. She was in the group with him and Eva the first day he came in. She was there because her baby was stillborn.

“What kind of a mother are you?” She pants in horror. The way she says it is odd. She’s not just accusing him of being a bad mother, she actually doesn’t know what he is period. Bucky’s
out the door before anyone can stop him. Two blocks down, faster than anyone else could have, Peter catches up with him.

“Okay stop!” Peter snags Bucky’s shoulder. Bucky inhales sharply and fights the urge to throw Peter into the busy street. “Stop, please. Just wait a second.”

“I am not going back in there!” The Winter Soldier snaps.

“Oww! Stop!” Peter whimpers. As soon as Bucky realizes he’s twisted the kid’s wrist into a submission hold, he releases him. The Weapon sometimes moves before Bucky’s thoughts. Bucky does stop. He willfully plants his feet and braces his hands on his knees. He gasps in street air and holds his breath. Peter shakes his wrist out and puts his unhurt hand on Bucky’s shoulder.

“It’s okay. Don’t even worry about it. Don’t worry about any of this! Come on, I know you do that balancing thing all the time. It’s fun and kind of meditative. I bet you can do it for hours if you try. You weren’t putting your babies in danger, those people just didn’t understand that. We’re not going back in there. I’m hungry, and even if I have to spend my last twenty eight bucks, we are getting food. Better than shwarma food, too. Something that goes good with a milkshake.” Peter stops talking when James Buchanan Barnes hugs him. He stops breathing when he realizes he’s never been hugged by a person who needed to be hugged back quite this badly. Peter gently wraps his arms around the bulkier omega and leans his head against Bucky’s. Bucky quakes in Peter’s arms as he silently starts to sob. Not about Netflix, or cramps, or vomiting. Not even about missing his mate more than he can put into words. He cries because there is finally the right person there at just the right time to cry on. As hormonal as he is, that’s just not an opportunity he can waste.
They had to walk further than before but they found that diner that sells milkshakes and something tasty to go with it. Bucky’s eyes are puffy and sore, but for the first time since Steve left he’s smiling. Really smiling, not just about a joke, just smiling because that’s the kind of mood he’s in. Peter doesn’t want to comment on what’s just happened in fear that he’ll ruin it. He just wants to keep his new friend at peace.

They sit down at a booth with nobody around to listen to them. Peter slings his bag onto the far side of the table. Bucky glances at the bottom and discovers that the bottom two inches of it are covered in dried blood. He looks at Peter questioningly. Peter curiously inspects his bag, sees it, and then sighs in exasperation.

“Oh yeah that.” Peter huffs. “It’s not mine.” Is all he starts out saying. Bucky’s smile turn to an amused smirk.

“I know. If you lost that much blood you wouldn’t be here, you’d be a prune.” Peter rubs his face to try and work out some of the muscle tension. He can tell Bucky these things without calling it a metaphor, he might as well take advantage of that and vent.

“I think it may have belonged to several people and Wade.” Peter sighs and scratches at the blood like that might somehow help. “I’ve been telling people its coffee. Some of it is coffee. I spilled coffee on my only functioning bag so I could take it in public.” The waitress sets down the milkshakes they already ordered and brings them their menus. Bucky waits until she’s gone.

“So what happened?” He takes a sip of his milkshake and decides it’s passable.

“Typical Wade dickery. He comes to my apartment soaked in human blood demanding sex.” Bucky starts chuckling and Peter can’t help but join him. Nobody but the man in front of him would laugh if he told them that. “So he strips off his suit and just leaves it by the door where I keep my stuff. Now I have this huge blood stain in my apartment and stained belongings to match it.”

“Yeah but you had sex, right?” Bucky asks between sipping his milkshake. Peter snort laughs.

“Well….yes.” He grimaces at the memory. “Highly unsanitary wall sex, at that.” It’s a fond grimace.

“Well there you have it.” Bucky gestures as if holding a plate. He drops his hand and stirs the shake with a spoon. “Need help cleaning the blood out of your apartment?” He thinks he can cook up the HYDRA chemical slush out of things he can get from the hardware store. Peter’s eyes widen and he sits up straighter.

“Yes! Yes please! My land lord will evict me if I don’t clean that up before he sees.”

“I’m familiar with kill site cleanups. I don’t think this should be much different. Your bag might be a lost cause though. You should get a new one before a more educated person notices it.”

“There’s my problem I don’t have any money to go shopping.” Bucky gets uncomfortable at just the mention of the word.

“Uh oh. Now what?” Peter asks knowing it’s nothing too serious.
“I had kind of a bad experience today.” That sounds so ridiculous to him. Bucky’s life has been one long string of bad experiences with very few exceptions. Being uncomfortable shopping doesn’t even rank on his list of things that he least enjoys. Bucky runs his fingers through his hair. He leans back in his seat and lightly bounces his leg. “I got taken to this fancy store to go shopping. The whole thing was just… not right.” Bucky looks out the window at passing cars in the night. “I just needed some pants that fit me. Instead I got a nice reminder of how wrong I am for all this.”

Peter scrunches his face up and shakes his head.

“Well then go buy some stupid pants! You don’t need to go to some designer store to buy pants. Why do people even buy designer maternity clothes? You only ever wear them for a few months before they don’t fit anymore.” He’s right of course. Peter waves his hand around. “You don’t even have to buy maternity clothes if you don’t want. People are so fat these days, they make everything in XXL! You could just buy what you want to wear in a huge size.”

“Fuck, you’re right.” It dawns on him suddenly that he’s been going about this wrong. He took the wrong approach, brought the wrong weapon for the job. Wrong support crew actually. He brought a female alpha, a female omega, and a male beta to go shopping for something none of them will ever wear. “Where should we go?” He asks in wide eyed wonderment.

“Target. I would go to Target. They have nice clothes that are cheap enough to get rid of in a few months when you don’t need them. Hold on, did you say we?” Peter perks up at the last. He puts both his hands on the table to try and hold himself still.

“Why the fuck not? You know what you’re doing and I don’t. I need insight, you need a bag. Come with me and I’ll buy you a new bag.” Bucky explains like he’s brokering a trade instead of inviting Peter shopping. Peter flops backward and slaps the sides of his face. He makes a noise that sounds like the beginning of the word yes but never gets to the ‘es’. He fidgets gleefully.

“Does this mean we’re shopping buddies?” He asks while restraining his exuberance. Bucky smirks and cocks an eyebrow.

“Not until we’re holding shopping bags, were not.” Peter scrambles to get out of the booth.

“We better get going then, I don’t know what time Target closes.” Bucky chugs his milkshake and doesn’t feel the brain freeze.

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Shopping with Peter is easy. They walk into the men’s section in Target and start looking for things Bucky will actually wear. Peter grabs large sweatshirts first, then oversized T shirts, then some slightly more ‘fancy’ cotton shirts. Bucky just picks out colors. He doesn’t object to anything Peter picks up. He listens to Peter explain why he needs the things he piles into the cart, his reasons are good enough for Bucky. Even if he has no idea why a V neck compliments his jaw. They buy jeans with a larger waist size for the next couple of weeks before he really starts to show.

“Ever heard of yoga pants?” Peter asks as he pushes the cart to the fitness section.

“I’ve heard of yoga. What the hell are yoga pants?” Bucky asks as he looks at the colorful exercise clothes.

“Pants you wear while doing yoga. Mostly girls just wear them to show off their butts. They are also extreeeeemely comfortable. There is a reason I wear spandex.” Peter goes over to the yoga pants and guess Bucky’s size. Bucky doesn’t know how he feels about being in the women’s
section, but Peter seems so sure of himself that he can’t be wrong. Peter picks out a few styles. “You should try these on though just to make sure you have room. Oh, and one more thing.” Peter sets the yoga pants down in their overburdened cart. “Hold your arms up for me.” Bucky does as he’s told even as he shoots Peter a questioning glare. “I’d say a forty or forty two.” Go try some of this on I’ll be right back. Peter shoos him towards the dressing rooms before he can argue.

He begrudgingly tries on the yoga pants. Suddenly Peter’s stupid costume make sense. His range of motion is far better than it is in jeans and with less material than sweatpants. The dusty grey color isn’t bad either. Spiderman saves the day again, it seems. Also, his ass looks fantastic in these things. Peter knocks on the door of the stall and Bucky opens it. Peter nods in approval of the yoga pants.

“So you’re a briefs person anyway, good. These things don’t hide much and boxers would look weird.” He holds out what he was looking for. Bucky eyes Peter suspiciously.

“You’re kidding?” He asks sending him a look which would end the conversation if Peter had a healthy fear of danger.

“Not at all. Bet they’re killing you. Come on!” He waves the compression bra at the Winter Soldier.

“No.” Bucky folds his arms over his chest protectively. Peter is right of course his breast tissue has been tender to the touch for weeks.

“Really?” Peter is undeterred. “This is not a weird thing. You’re having babies, your hormones are out of control trying to do things to your body for them. You’re male, so you won’t grow boobs and milk and all that, but the tissue is still going to swell and hurt. This will help.”

“Why do you know all that?” Bucky asks as he tries to ignore Peter’s logical advice.

“Because my uncle was an omega too. He was infertile, so he never had to do what you’re doing. But when he got older and his body started changing again he wore one of these every day. It’s not a bra really. It doesn’t have clips, or wires, or adjustable straps.” Bucky is still suspicious. “It’s like a really tight belly shirt!” Peter bursts.

“And why would I wear one of those?”

“Because you’re pregnant, and you will end up with saggy boobs if you don’t.” The two of them stand there in silence until finally Bucky relents and holds out his hand. “Good.” Bucky knows he will regret this already.

.oOo.

“Stop talking about it.” Bucky grumbles as he and Peter carry Bucky’s bags home. Peter put his stuff in his brand new leather bag before they left the store.

“How am I supposed to stop? You kissed me!” Peter exclaims.

“On the forehead!”

“You kissed me!”

The two of them squabble as they round the corner to Stark Tower. So far they haven’t run into the man hunt. If there is one, they are being very sneaky about it. Bucky sets down his bags abruptly. Peter stops and looks around, then he realizes what it is. Wade walks out from the stoop of

the building in front of him.

“So this is the part when I tell you to stop macking on my girl.”

Squish. Wade slowly glances down at the knife embedded between his ribs which has now speared his heart.

“Wilson.”

“Winter.” With that, Wade falls over due to rapid drop in blood pressure. Peter is stunned. Bucky takes the rest of the bags from Peter and picks up the ones he was carrying. The Weapon wasn’t built for this, but it is perfect for carrying heavy, plastic shopping bags. As he passes Wade he bends down and takes back his knife. “Clean yourself up before you go to Peter’s apartment.” He walks the rest of the way by himself.
“Nice of you to come home.” Tony says as he presses a cold glass of scotch to his forehead. It’s a muggy, hot night apparently. The Winter Soldier is less sensitive to temperature change than normal humans. Bucky opens the fridge in search of a snack. He’s thinking chocolate and something crunchy. Tony is the only one in the common room. Bucky thinks that’s a bit odd.

“Where’s everyone?” Bucky asks as he searches for chocolate sauce amidst the forest of condiments.

“Nat and Barton looked for you for two hours. They wanted me to get in my suit and start flying around scanning the city.” Tony tops off his glass. On the other side of the room Bucky sets things out on the kitchen counter. “I told them they were over reacting.”

“Did you do it anyway?” Bucky minces Captain Crunch cereal into sprinkles. Tony observes this and wonders where Bucky’s going with it.

“Are you kidding me? It was Nat and Barton, those are two people you do not argue with. Well, much. Really, Barton’s a fine fellow to argue with but never where darts are concerned. What are you doing?” Tony wanders closer to Bucky as he chops up celery.

“Making a sandwich.” Bucky pops the end piece of the celery stick into his mouth. “You said you looked for me?”

“You would be surprised how hard it is to find a guy with a metal arm.”

“No I wouldn’t.” Bucky opens a jar of peanut butter then begins coating one side of two pieces of bread. Once he’s done, he decides to make a second sandwich. “I have a tracking chip. Why didn’t you just use that?” Bucky licks the excess peanut butter off the knife and throws it into a chopping block mounted on the wall.

“Because as scary as Nat and Barton can be when they try, you are scarier when you make sandwiches in the dark.” Bucky didn’t even realize the lights were off. The room is illuminated by the city light so ‘dark’ is hardly accurate. The Winter Soldier also has better night vision than regular humans. “And because I promised your mate we’d only use that if we thought HYDRA had snatched you or something.” Bucky pauses before he dumps the celery and the Captain Crunch onto the peanut butter.

“Thanks.” He squishes it all together and squirts chocolate sauce on top. Tony observes Bucky eating what looks like cat barf on bread.

“I hope that tastes better than it looks.” Bucky shrugs and picks up the other sandwich in a paper towel.

“I think I’ll put the chocolate sauce on the peanut butter next time. You never said where everyone is.”

“Oh, well Darcy told Barton and Natasha you might be going to some counseling thing. Then Fury called rather conveniently to remind them both about some trainees who needed to be horribly embarrassed. Sometimes I wonder who Darcy doesn’t know. Darcy isn’t here waiting for
you because she is finishing up some work for me. She does actually work here you know.”

“I know. I’ve been in her office.”

“She has an office?”

Bucky finishes his first sandwich. “What’s she working on.”

“Well while you were playing Howard Hughes for two weeks, Darcy and I have been putting together a booth for New York’s annual Omega Pride Festival. I’m also giving a speech. Stark industries is a big sponsor so they ask me to do these things. So anyway, long story short, I’ve been waiting for you to come home so I could ask if you want to go on Saturday?”

“Why not.” Bucky starts eating his second sandwich. Tony only asked because Darcy told him to be polite. He had no idea Bucky would actually agree to go.

“Uh large crowds, tons of garbage, preachy omega rights activists, and a thousand people with clip boards trying to get you to sign things. I can go on.”

“I like large crowds and people tend to avoid me. Shouldn’t be a problem.” Tony squints at him.

“You like large crowds? Isn’t that traumatized person phobia number one?”

“Large crowds are perfect for anonymity. You can get away with almost anything in a big enough crowd. There are two ideal ways to commit an assassination; one-on-one, or in a large crowd like a festival.” Bucky licks some of the smeared chocolate sauce off his thumb. The paper towel turned out to just make things messier. Nothing Bucky just said makes Tony excited to bring him to the Stark Industries booth. “Will there be a parade?”

“Yes…” Tony answers hesitantly.

“Even better.” Bucky says as he walks towards the direction of his suite.


“I like parades.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry nothing enormously important or interesting happened. Next chapter introduces some new elements to Bucky's life. It will be a big one so this is kind of just necessary amusing filler.
It’s 11:00 hours and the street is already crawling with people. The morning sickness wasn’t that bad today so Bucky went out early. Last night he consulted Google about how much he can exercise at ten weeks pregnant. He was happy to find out that as a male omega, who have lower chances of miscarriage in the first place, he’s now able to exercise how he wants. He still shouldn’t exercise to the point where he’s breathing hard but that’s okay. That doesn’t restrict him much, he’ll work until he gets to that point then stop. Depending on what he’s doing that could take hours. The only time he really works up a sweat is when he’s fighting for his life or…

Bucky stops jogging to take a drink of water. He’s ran ten miles this morning in forty five minutes. This is just sad. What’s sadder is the way he woke up this morning. At about 05:00 hours he woke up to sit by the toilet for a few minutes until he was sure he wasn’t going to puke. He went back to sleep until 08:00 hours. When he woke up the second time not only was he hard, his ass was slick too. It’s not often he wakes up with both systems aroused. It’s unpleasant. He only can do so much with his hands. If Steve was there it would have been perfect but of course he’s not.

He left the house this morning feeling horribly unsatisfied. Now as he’s ready to go back and change into something to wear to the festival, he’s still not happy.

“Pep, I think he’s going to kill me.” Tony says as Pepper re-ties in tie. “He has never liked me-“

“You almost seduced his mate.” Pepper says with just a hint of amusement. “I don’t know what you were expecting.”

“The word there is almost. I almost seduced his mate. We thought he was dead, Steve had the right to move on.”

“You really just wanted to bang Captain America.” She rolls her eyes as she straightens his lapels.

“I would be lying if I said I don’t. Didn’t! I don’t want to fuck my friend anymore. He is so clearly off limits that even I’m not willing to test the waters. I would die. I would die and no one would know what actually happened, but everyone would just have this vague impression that my final moments were spent in horrible agony-“

“Stop.” She sets her hands on his shoulders. The charming, redheaded beta shakes her head at her boss, friend, and off-again-on-again lover. Currently on. “He isn’t going to kill you. He was just talking.”

“About optimal times to assassinate people. I’m a people, Pepper! I am going to be in front of a large audience and he’s going to snipe me for the fun of it!” Tony whines. He hugs onto Pepper, rocking her back and forth gently. “Please don’t make me go to my death.”

“You are going to give a five minute speech and then you are going to shakes some hands and take some pictures. It will all be over in half an hour and then you can go back to your lab and work on that thing-“

“Hulk Hooked on Phonics.”
“That.” She finishes by giving him the most judgmental look any beta has ever given an omega.

.oOo.

Tony and Pepper meet their entourage in the lobby where they give badges to employees and go over assignments one more time. Darcy is holding a clipboard while telling people to do things. At her side, The Winter Soldier is observing the proceedings indifferently. Under his leather jacket (it’s actually Steve’s) Darcy has him wearing a tie-dye shirt that says

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

O-M-E-G-A-S

Take care, TCB

The meaning is totally lost on Bucky, but he thought his was better than the one Darcy is wearing. Her shirt proudly proclaims,

I Am Not Your Breeder

Darcy came up with these things herself and even she thinks that one was just not right for Bucky. Outside on the north plaza, The Stark Industries booth is giving away things and connecting people to other services. The entire street has been filled with booths and vendors clamoring for the attention of the thousands of passing festival goers. The south plaza, on the other side of the building, hosts the main stage where important members of the omega community will be giving speeches throughout the day. That night, there will be a free concert. Bucky doesn’t know who Bono is, but Tony doesn’t like him.

Bucky’s phone goes off in his pocket. He picks it up and see’s he got a text message from Peter.

**Peter: I’m right outside The Stark Tower lobby. You around?**

Bucky does a quick scan of the windows and doors then spots Peter on his seven. Peter is leaning up against a plant box next to an overflowing trash can. Bucky taps Darcy on the shoulder.

“My friend is here. Mind if I invite him in?” Bucky asks as he gestures over his shoulder in Peter’s direction. Darcy gives him a very impressed look. She holds out her clipboard and tries to remain authoritative.

“He’ll have to sign in.” She smiles. “But yeah totally! If you invite him Tony won’t mind at all.”

Bucky goes over to the closest door to Peter and opens it. Peter turns his head and stands up. Bucky gestures with his head for Peter to come inside. Peter follows excitedly.

“You’re a part of this?” Peter is more than impressed with all the goings on inside the tower. This is just Stark Industries stuff, nothing super about it. But even so, it’s all so exclusive it’s hard to believe he’s actually there.

“Not really, I was told to just stand around and look like I’m guarding something.” Peter looks him up and down. Even in tie-dye, The Winter Soldier is intimidating.

“Good job.”
The elevator doors open and Susan Storm Richards walks out carrying a small purse. Today she’s not wearing her Fantastic Four uniform. Instead she’s dressed sharply in a dark blue dress with a gold pin where the insignia of her uniform would be. The gold pin is the Greek symbol for omega. Tony and Pepper have been waiting for her. Pepper and Sue strut toward each other in their high heels and stop just short of a hug. They both pause before flailing their hands around and making excited squealing noises. The two girlfriends hug.

The squealing drew Peter and Bucky’s attention to the two women. Peter’s mouth opens and closes like he wants to say something. He really wants to go say hello but he doesn’t know how. Bucky looks between the two.

“Do you know her?”

“Her?” Peter looks at Bucky then snaps back to Sue. “Well not personally, but professionally we’ve met a couple of times. She’s one of the Fantastic Four. I help them sometimes when we cross paths working on something.”

“So go talk to her.” Bucky says. Peter shakes his head.

“I would, I just don’t know what I’d say. ‘Hi! I’m Spiderman I saved your husband from getting hit by a bus two months ago?’ That’s a bit much to drop on someone.” Bucky knows he’s right. He’s an expert on dropping too much on people. Literally and figuratively.

“Okay then, I’ll introduce you.” Bucky doesn’t wait for Peter to respond before he walks towards Sue. Peter stays where he is for a second hoping Bucky will reconsider. He realizes Bucky’s serious and fast walks to catch up to him.

Pepper and Sue are still talking when Bucky stops by their side. At first glance Sue almost stumbles out of her heals. Bucky grabs her arm to stabilize her. It turns invisible in his grasp.

“Sue, this is Sergeant James Buchanan Barnes, he’s Steve’s mate.” Pepper explains before this goes badly. Sue looks at him again and suddenly something becomes clear.

“Oh!” She puts her hand over her heart. “Oh my god!” She moves her hand to her forehead. Bucky releases her arm. “I am so sorry! You look exactly like this picture we have on our reminders board at home. SHEILD sent us an email saying to look out for this guy about a year ago, we haven’t taken it down because of my brother- Anyway I thought you were him.” Bucky crosses his arms and decides to be perfectly honest.

“I probably am.” Sue startles again. Unfortunately Tony wasn’t far away for all this.

“Oh Susie did we forget to send you the memo? Cap shacked up with his best friend/the most dangerous assassin in the world. That message from SHEILD was kind of like a Lost Pet poster to all the people who might have accidentally crossed paths with him. We got him home safe and sound, so no worries.” The hair on the back of Tony’s neck stands on end for just a moment as a blade ghosts through it. The blade didn’t touch him, it just took off the tips of a few stray hairs. Tony stands frozen in fear. Bucky taps the fuzz off his knife with one of The Weapon’s fingers. He puts the knife back in its place and turns to face Sue.

“As I was saying. I was a rogue HYDRA agent for a few weeks before I defected completely and rejoined my mate.” Sue is not accustom to assassins. She’s even less normalized to assassins on The Winter Soldier’s level. The fact that he’s Captain America’s mate vouches for him
but Sue is still having a hard time letting her guard down. From behind him, Peter steps out to Bucky’s side.

“Hi Sue.” Peter says as he discreetly pulls up the hem of his shirt to flash her part of his suit. “Remember me?” Sue brightens up and goes slack jawed. Whoever the frightening man next to him is, he can’t be that terrible if the young man next to him is his friend. Sue lunges forward and hugs him happily. Peter looks over at Bucky and smirks.

“Thanks for the introduction. That was really smooth.” Peter says sarcastically.

“I was going for distraction. And yeah, it really was.” Bucky raises an eyebrow at him and smiles triumphantly. Peter gawks at what he just did.

Pepper and Tony saw none of what just happened between Peter and Sue. They look at each other in confusion just as a coordinator comes and says that Tony has to go give his speech now. Tony points at the group of them.

“Stay there, I have questions.” He walks off with Pepper by his side. Sue lets go of Peter and begins examining him like a mother might. She looks from Bucky to Peter.

“I don’t do my speech until three. Can we get lunch someplace quiet? I also have a few questions and Tony Stark doesn’t need to hear them.”
Chapter 18

Bucky has never had guests in his suite before. He’s never even used his own kitchen. He usually just gets food from the common room. Steve comes to this room sometimes late at night when he doesn’t want to leave Bucky for very long.

Now, with Peter and Sue everything is different. It feels unpracticed to have guests. Growing up his family had guests all the time, or so he’s been told. He vaguely remembers the Howling Commandos sitting together like this, but it was never in his territory. That’s what it is, he realizes. Bucky’s brought people home to his territory. They forgot all about food in favor of the company.

Sue gestures to Peter for the tenth time. “I just can’t get over how young you are!”

“Everybody says that.” Peter says bashfully. “I got bit by a super spider when I was in high school. It seems like I’ve been Spiderman forever.”

“I know!” Sue moans. “When was I ever normal?”

“I’ve been The Winter Soldier longer than both of you have been alive.” Bucky says as he pours them both a glass of water. Peter gives him a look that tells Bucky he’s being unsocial. Sue looks down at the counter and swallows the guilt she feels for complaining. Peter watches Bucky gives her a glass. “Hey.” He says softly. She looks up at Bucky. “That doesn’t mean anything. It’s all just perspective and shit, ain’t it?” Sue isn’t quite sure what he means but she takes the water from him. “You don’t remember normal, neither do I.” Bucky sits down on a stool. Peter nods in agreement with Bucky. These moments of social grace are fleeting but magical.

“I guess we understand it better than anyone else would.” Peter supplies as he thinks about the way Bucky pats Sue’s hand comfortingly. Bucky can be so harsh sometimes and so vulnerable others, it’s bizarre to see him being reassuring. “Nobody can relate to the experience of being you, but we’re closer than most.”

“Good. I get to keep all the ‘me’ to myself, I don’t like to share.” Peter and Sue start laughing. Bucky smiles. Joking with friends about the The Winter Soldier is not what he thought he’d be doing today. As good as it is to see Bucky acting well-adjusted, Peter would rather joke about something that’s not so emotionally loaded. Peter sobers up, or pretends to.

“Being used against your will is awful, but I’ve had worse.” He most definitely hasn’t had worse but Bucky wants to know where he’s going with this.

“What?” Bucky asks. Peter takes a deep breath and begins to redden at the memory.

“I’ve had some costume malfunctions.” Bucky starts laughing. Sue excitedly taps the counter.

“Oh!Oh!Oh! I remember that! Oh it was awful! There you were, on the front page of every paper in New York with a huge rip in the seam—”She’s laughing quietly but so hard she can’t continue. Bucky waits for her to go on. Peter hides his face in shame. “Split open from knee to knee.” She wheezes “Flying over Manhattan with his stuff hanging out!”

“I should not have shared that.” Peter says in dismay. “You really think it’s that funny? I wasn’t kidding, I would have rather died. It was one of the worst things that has ever happened to me.” Peter pouts and scolds, but his eyes smile deviously the whole time. Sue dabs at her make-up.
“It’s just that you looked just like my brother! Johnny sometimes forgets to lock doors. I’ve walked in on him in some compromising positions. Johnny’s shameless… most of the time.”

“Thanks?” Bucky and Peter both file that away for later. They’re not sure what she meant exactly but they have their suspicions. “Okay your turn.” Peter says nudging Sue. “Worst superhero experience, go.”

“Oh where do I begin? The clothing I’ve lost for the sake of sneaking around places, the monologues I’ve endured, the things I’ve been sprayed with? Oh, I know!” She snaps. “A few weeks ago I was helping Reed hold Dr. Doom still while he injected him with a sedative, when Victor leans over and tells me I have baby throw up on my suit.” She gestures towards her right breast. “So sure enough I look down and I have dried baby spit up on me. He had the gall to laugh himself to sleep. Thank god I haven’t seen him since.” She looks at her water. “Do you have anything stronger than this? It’s going to be one of those afternoons.”

“Tony lives here. Anything alcoholic you want, we have.”

“Can I get a nice Blush or maybe a Sangria? I feel like something sweet.” She looks at Peter. “Are you twenty one?” She asks suspiciously. Peter waves his hand back and forth.

“Soon?” He says hopefully. Bucky stops walking.

“You’re dating Wilson and you’re not even old enough to drink?” He asks, voice heavy with disapproval. Peter jokingly begins to cower. Sue covers her mouth. Bucky leaves to go get the wine. Peter and Sue pass each other glances while they wait for Bucky to get back. It takes him less than a minute. Sue folds her hands together and asks Bucky,

“Who’s this Wilson person?” Bucky relishes the opportunity to tell on the young hero.

“Wade Wilson, also known as Deadpool.” He answers as he pours Sue her glass of wine. Bucky pours one for Peter too, because anyone who dates that crazy bastard is old enough for wine. Sue flushes invisible from the gut reaction to the name.

“You’re dating him? Oh baby, why?” She coos. Peter brushes her off.

“Didn’t you date Dr. Doom?”

“That was before he became The Dr. Doom. Before then he was just Victor Von Doom. And yes we saw each other for a while, I regret it immensely. But as bad as he is now, even he is not Deadpool!”

“Pssh!” Peter exclaims. “Okay yes he’s homicidal but not totally immoral about it. Doom is way worse than Wade any day.” Sue takes a long sip of her wine, holds it on her tongue, shallows, and shakes her head.

“No, no. Doom wants to rule the world because he craves power and doesn’t mind doing horrible things to get it. Deadpool kills people because he enjoys killing.”

“Doom kills innocents, Wade doesn’t like to do that.” Peter argues. “When he’s aimed in the right direction he can be extremely helpful, nothing Dr. Doom does is helpful.” They pause. Both of them drink their wine. Sue looks over at Bucky and cocks her head to one side.

“Where’s yours?” She means glass of wine.

“Oh, I’m not drinking for a while.” He says knowing his reason won’t go unnoticed. Sue
sets her glass down and sits bolt upright.

“I knew it! I thought I smelled something about you. How long?” She asks excitedly.

“Ten weeks.” Bucky follows her gaze and realizes she’s looking at his stomach. Before he can analyze it, he rests his hand protectively over the beginnings of a bump. Sue nods, her eyes become distracted with thought for a second before she looks back up at his face.

“I have two of my own. The youngest is only nine months old. If I can help you with any of this just ask.” She offers sincerely.

“I wouldn’t even know what to ask for.” Bucky is shamed to say. “I was going to these group meetings until something happened and now I’m not going back there.” Peter hangs his head silently. He was hoping Bucky might have meant only that one time.

“Well I hate to say this but you’re in for a tough time.” Sue says as she swirls her wine. “I had two very dangerous pregnancies. I had my own body and my enemies to fight before I could have them. Things are starting to get more manageable now that I have a support group to take care of the kids. We have nannies to look out for them when The Fantastic Four are needed. We’ve made friends who come and help us with our oldest, Franklin. You might want to start getting prepared for having children with gifts. Reed and I were both exposed to cosmic radiation which changed our DNA. Our first son is a very powerful mutant because of what he inherited from us. I don’t know what exactly happened to you and Captain America, but I assume it’s on a genetic level.”

“Yeah.” Bucky listens to her intently.

“You might want to have a sit down with a friend of mine to find out if your baby will be affected. He helps us with Franklin’s psychic powers. Professor Xavier comes to see us every-

“You know Professor X?” Peter pipes up. Bucky glowers at him for interrupting.

“Yes, he’s a lovely man. We got in contact with him when we discovered our son was a mutant. Have you ever worked with the X men?” Sue asks. Peter shakes his head.

“I know they’re based out of New York, but we’ve never teamed up. I think they do mostly international and long distance work. What’s their thing? Mutants and?”

“Mostly just mutants. Big stuff, too. Natural disasters and such. They’re really more about taking care of their own and sponsoring peace than saving the day.” She waves that off. “I know what we’ll do. Come to dinner at my house on Wednesday. The Professor will be visiting and you can ask him about it.” She smiles and perks up. “And I can give you some of my baby books. Reed went nuts when I got pregnant. I think his collection of physics books is jealous of the prenatal section of our library.”

“I…” Bucky doesn’t quite know what to say. His instinct to be doubtful is suddenly crushing. “I’ll think it over. There are some things I was planning on doing Wednesday.” He sounds convincing to no one, least of all himself. Sue stands up. In her heels she is as tall as he is.

“It doesn’t have to be so difficult.” Bucky stares at her, considering what she said about her own experience. In group he thought no one there could understand what he’d been through. Sue hasn’t had to endure what he has, but she’s started a family in the same kind of life as him. A group of peers. He, Peter, and Sue are all superhuman omegas. That’s as close to a peer as he can ask for in this.

“Peter’s coming too, right?” Bucky asks hesitantly. Sue looks over her shoulder at Peter.
“I don’t know, he’s a little too clean around the edges. I’m not sure if I want him making an impression on my son.” Sue taunts. Peter squawks in mock hurt. “Alright fine you can both come. Wednesday at seven?”

“Fine.” Bucky relents quietly, though he is actually happy to have a plan. The calm is broken when JARVIS interrupts.

“Sergeant Barnes, there is an immediate threat that requires your attention.” The British AI informs him.

“What?” Bucky asks as he goes to the window. Peter and Sue stay where they are.

“I have identified a shooter with a rifle and the apparent intent to assassinate Mr. Stark. This person is two hundred meters south of the Hammer Tech Parade float that is currently passing your window. Black jacket, appears to be impersonating a police officer.”

“Stark can’t handle it himself?” Bucky asks as he opens a hidden door in the wall and pulls out his favorite rifle. He requested a Mosin–Nagant for his room just in case of emergency. He’ll gloat over this later.

“Mr. Stark is currently giving a moving speech about his childhood. I’d rather let him finish and tell him about this later.”

“Good idea.” Bucky rolls his eyes and opens the sliding door.

Peter and Sue watch as The Winter Soldier aims and fires within a second of spotting his target.

“Thank you, Sir.” JARVIS says sincerely.

“Will that be all?” Bucky asks as he reloads his rifle.

“I do not see any current further need of your deadly talents, sir.” Bucky pauses and thinks for a second. He re-aims and fires a second shot.
Chapter 19

Bucky wakes up just as his body clenches around the knot that isn’t there. In his dream he was about to scream, now just on the cusp of waking, his breath shudders. He grinds his hips into the soaked sheets and realizes something’s wrong. He sits up. Instinctually he puts a hand on his slightly enlarged abdomen feeling for anything painful. He doesn’t feel like he’s in pain, he feels like he’s in heat. But that doesn’t make any sense he’s already pregnant. He determines his babies are alright, as for himself he doesn’t know. If the mess on his sheets is anything to go bye, something is going on.

In the shower he washes himself thoroughly. He gently washes away the slick from his thighs and notes that there is more than the day before and the day before that. He pushes his forehead against the wall of the shower. The closer he cleans to the source, the more slick he produces.

“God dammit.” He bites his lip as he pushes a finger, then two inside of himself. He hasn’t had sex with a cock involved for months, yet already he’s loose enough to add three fingers. He’d stop and get concerned about it but it feels too good for that. He leans The Weapon against the wall to support himself as his fingers curl and reach for that spot inside him that Steve owns. He whines pathetically at the thought of his alpha. Steve’s fingers are longer than his, they can reach easily inside him to massage that spot that makes him gush. His mouth falls into an O as his fingers imitate but can’t quite produce that sensation Steve gives him. That’s just depressing.

He gives up and puts his human hand on the wall next to The Weapon. A drip of slick runs down his leg like a welcome mat for an alpha to come fuck him. Damning as the evidence is, he can’t be going into heat. That just doesn’t happen during pregnancy. Clearly this is just another one of those pregnancy symptoms that his mother never bothered to tell him about. What was she going to say? ‘Bucky dear, if Stevie ever gets you in a family way; just remember to keep him around, you might need him.’ Actually he can vaguely remember someone saying something like that to him once. Fuck he should have stayed in group. He’ll ask Sue when he sees her on Wednesday, that’s the best he can do. It’s not nearly as satisfying to jerk himself off but it’s easier and doesn’t make him think of Steve as much. It takes him a grand total of two minutes before he orgasms, if what he just experienced could be considered one.

.oOo.

Bucky grumps into the living room like someone took his favorite toy away and hasn’t returned it in months. Natasha is preparing herself a light breakfast when he approaches her in the kitchen. She covers her nose and curses in Russian about him smelling like a pot of hot coffee. Her pupils dilate as she watches him intently. Bucky grabs some yogurt out of the fridge and backs away from her.

“Sorry, I woke up in a weird way this morning.” Natasha shakes her head violently then abandons her food. She leaves the kitchen in a hurry. Bucky is just a tad spooked that Nat reacted to his scent at all. Even when he and Natasha did have sex, back when Bucky couldn’t remember his life before The Winter Soldier, Natasha was never that taken with the smell of him. Even when Bucky didn’t know it, he was still a bonded omega. Alphas just aren’t as susceptible to his scent. Even in a heat he shouldn’t do this to her.

Now he’s concerned.

“JARVIS where’s Stark?” Bucky asks as he forgets his yogurt and goes to find the billionaire.
“He appears to be with Dr. Banner on floor 56. Would you like me to inform him that you are approaching and in a state of distress?”

“Yes.” Bucky answers breathlessly as scenarios run through his head. He takes the elevator down to ‘The Floor of Science’, Bruce and Tony’s space for projects that they both work on. He charges out of the elevator and into the lab in search of Tony. Stark sets down the flash card he was holding up when Bucky walks in looking like a cornered animal without a corner.

“Stark, what’s wrong with me?” His voice wavers and his knees go unsteady. Bruce bolts for him and catches his side. The Weapon nearly breaks Bruce’s shoulder in panic but Bucky gets set safely down first. Bruce rolls his shoulder back and forth as he inhales. Before becoming The Hulk, Dr. Banner was a beta. Now he and The Hulk both fall into the Other category that suits those lacking a distinction. It makes him a very good doctor. Tony feels the pheromone soup coming off Bucky making him nervous. Bucky is one distressed omega.

“James, come on I need you to tell me what’s happening.” Banner says from a respectful distance.

“I think I’m going into heat!” Bucky yelps as he struggles to take even breaths. Tony sniffs.

“I agree with your conclusion. Dr. Banner care to challenge his hypothesis?”

“Tony please stop, he’s having a panic attack and you’re not helping.”

“Two days ago he tried to shoot me. Forgive me for being less than sympathetic.”

“He shot your water bottle, stop being so dramatic.” Bruce doesn’t take his eyes off Bucky as he talks. He examines Bucky from a distance before making a humming noise at the back of his throat and standing up from his crouching position. “Bucky I think we should take you to the emergency room, I think I know what’s happening but a nurse could confirm and treat you there.”

“What’s happening?” Bucky asks with his human hand splayed on his stomach.

“It’s called a pregnancy heat. It happens to some omegas when their alpha mates are gone for prolonged periods of time during the first and second trimesters of pregnancy.” Banner explains. “If you don’t want to go to the hospital I understand that completely, I hate those places myself. I don’t want to sedate you without an expert to advise me because of the pregnancy. I could call an expert and ask while we try something else?” Bucky shakes his head.

“No sedatives. It’s too much like it was.” He huffs. “What should we do?”

.oOo.

He can theoretically understand why being buried in Steve’s wardrobe is helpful, he just can’t believe it actually is. Steve is fastidiously clean but his scent still lingers on sheets and clothes. Tony and Bruce had him lie down on his bed while they dumped the contents of Steve’s dresser drawers out on top of him. Clint picked the lock of Steve’s gym locker and found some helpfully unwashed clothes. Those help the most. After that, they made the bed on top of Bucky and tucked him into the pile of Steve scent. The state of calm that Bucky has been basking in is almost euphoric.

Tony sits down on one of the seats by the largest window in Bucky’s bedroom. Bruce joins him in the seat next to it. Tony sighs and leans his head back against the top of his chair.
“I think I’m being very forgiving for a guy who was nearly shot.”

“Let it go.” Bruce says as he scrolls the screen on his Starkpad. He’s researching pregnancy heats and finding nothing helpful. Thankfully Bucky has gone to sleep now.

“Sorry Elsa, I take these things to heart.”

“I think it’s time to tell Fury to bring Steve home. Everything I’m seeing says this is going to get worse without him.”

“I mean I get that I was technically saved by him, but why scare me like that? It’s just so malicious.” Tony continues to ramble.

“This will come and go. But every time he gets hit with a new wave and his mate isn’t here, it’s going to increase in intensity.”

“So he suffers in horniness. Why is that so bad?”

“Because he’s giving off hormones telling alphas that he needs one. It’s a preservation tactic to insure he has an alpha to take care of his young. If it gets bad enough, someone might hurt him.” Bruce sets the Starkpad to the side. “Call Fury, we need to get Steve home.”
Chapter 20

Bucky reaches behind himself, pawing at the open air looking for the familiar bulk of his mate. His hand reaches the pillow and the realization dawns on him that he’s alone. He sits up and finds the source of his confusion. He’s surrounded by Steve’s smell. Bucky lays his head back on the pillow. Despite his best efforts to control himself, he still furrows his brow and whimpers.

“Sergeant Barnes I realize you may still be attempting to sleep, but I have been given instructions to inform you, you have a visitor.” JARVIS says dutifully. Bucky sits up again and takes stock of himself. He’s not dripping wet today, which is a great start. He doesn’t feel feverish or uncomfortable. He looks at his clock and determines he must have slept through the rest of yesterday. It’s Wednesday.

He gets up and uses the bathroom. After relieving himself, he pauses in front of the mirror. He gently rubs the swell in his abdomen. He turns sideways and realizes it’s more obvious than he thought.

“You’re getting big fast.” He comments. His hand stops moving as he realizes what he just did. He just talked to them. He’s talking to his unborn children. They don’t even have ears yet. Do they? Bucky’s eyes dart back and forth, his face contorts in confusion. He walks out of the bathroom before he can become anymore of a lunatic.

He changes out of his pajamas and puts on new clothes. Today’s a sweatpants kind of day, he decides. Careful not to squash anything tender, he pulls on his favorite compression bra. It’s black and he likes the X the straps make in the back. He pulls one of Steve’s T shirts off the pile on the bed. He has no idea who’s waiting for him so he throws on his knife holster and arms it with his favorite tools. He throws on a fleece hoodie and walks out into the common room.

The one eyed man in the black trench coat is not who he was hoping to see. He wasn’t even in the top three. Nick Fury sits on Tony’s couch looking very relaxed. He turns off the TV he had been watching and focuses on Bucky. At the kitchen counter, within eyesight of Fury and Bucky, is The Avengers minus Steve. They are all obviously keeping their distance but not willing to leave Bucky truly alone either. Touching. As if Bucky would need back up to hold his own against Fury. The Winter Soldier holds the distinction of Nightmare in Fury’s book. Not in the way Tony does, Fury is genuinely afraid of Bucky. And rightfully so, the man almost killed him.

“Barnes.” Fury says gesturing for Bucky to sit down. The Winter Soldier does not let down his guard around this man. He remains standing and stone faced. “Alright suit yourself, you stoic motherfucker.” Fury shakes his head. Winter still isn’t moving. “Let me begin by saying congratulations.” He points to the kitchen table which has a new vase filled with lilies on it. “I brought flowers.” Bucky will dispose of those insulting things later. “Dr. Banner has informed me that you’re not doing so well. He says you need Steve to come home. I am here because I wanted to tell you in person that I would love to deliver him to you, but I cannot.”

“Bullshit.” The Winter Soldier snarls. Fury holds up his hand solemnly.

“Honest. I already tried to get him out a week ago but he wouldn’t come home.”

“What do you mean ‘he wouldn’t come home’?” The Avengers tense at the sound of Winter’s
voice. He is rarely angry.

“He declined to meet us at the extraction site. He left us this instead.” He takes a black box out of the inside of his trench coat. The Winter Soldier recognizes it as a VHS case. “Tony has helpfully put the tape in already.”

“Ancient.” Tony blurs from the table. Natasha smacks him and he yelps. Nick picks up a remote which must be connected to the player and presses play. The black screen turns to static then to a slightly off center image of Steve. Bucky fumbles a little as he sits down. He doesn’t take his eyes off the image of his mate trying to make sure the camera is working. He’s wearing a face that says, ‘If this tape turns out blank I’m going to look like a moron.’ He does already, with the tip of his tongue sticking out at the corner of his mouth. Bucky can’t help but smile and start to tear up. Steve raises his eyebrows and looks directly at the camera.

“Alright.” He begins. He takes a short little calming breath. “Fury, I need you to stop trying to remove me. I’m solidly within the trust of Monson now. I can get to Keintz. Just let me get him and I’ll come back. He’s the last one after Monson who knows anything. Even if I can’t get any information from him or Monson, if they’re both dead that’s the last of it. No one else will know about Barbra.” He takes a deep breath. He looks drained. His hair is a darker color and he has a beard. Steve hates having facial hair, he must be suffering. “I don’t know what got said during that phone call but-“ His voice breaks. “I can’t come back now and find out. If I do, I don’t know if I’ll be able to finish this. Please tell him about Barbra and let him watch this tape.” Steve pauses again and looks above the camera. He looks back down. “This part is for my mate.” He’s intentionally not using Bucky’s name. Steve attempts to perk up and somehow just looks more tired. “Hey, jerk!” He stops and puts a hand over his eyes. Steve cringes but keeps going. “Please be safe and waiting for me. I’m doing this all as fast as I can manage so I can come home to you. I’m so sorry about the phone call.” He rubs away some tears. “I love you, I’ll be home soon.” He reaches forward and the camera moves around before the image goes back to static.

Chapter End Notes

Does this count as Steve debut? Kind of. This hurts my heart slightly.
-
The Trollop
They all stay silent after the tape is done playing. Bucky hasn’t moved at all since he started watching it. He feels like he’s got pins in his heart and his stomach is in free fall. Under all the pain, adrenaline builds up inside him. Natasha has migrated to stand next to him. Bucky flinches when her hand rests on his shoulder. His shoulders stiffen, the hair on his arm stands on end. Nat doesn’t remove her hand. Bucky turns his head and nods at her to tell her he’s alright. Her stern gaze tells him she knows he’s lying. Bucky lowers his head.

“What is Barbra?” He asks, his voice is strained. Nick crosses one leg over the other.

“Barbra is the name we’ve given the lexicon of phrases HYRDA used to program you. By saying certain phrases, you can be triggered to do conditioned responses that HYDRA taught you in case they needed to command you remotely. Captain Rogers has been tracking down everyone associated with Barbra. The mission is to learn the codes and kill the people they are learned from.”

Bucky closes his eyes. It all makes sense. When Steve left, Bucky begged him to let him come too. Steve told him that the mission wouldn’t work with Bucky there. Of course it wouldn’t. That phone call…

“What did he mean about the phone call?

“A few weeks ago Captain Rogers was captured and interrogated. They dosed him to get him to give them a way to contact you.” A wave of rage Bucky didn’t know was building crashes through his body. His feral instincts activate at the thought of Steve enduring what The Winter Soldier has.

“They dosed him!” The Winter Soldier yells. He’s on his feet in Fury’s face before Natasha can grab him. “They dosed him with what? The bastards that hurt me touched my mate, they tortured my mate and you didn’t tell me?Idi syuda! Schas po ebalu poluchish, suka, blyad!” No one in the room except for Natasha understood what he said, but nobody misses the meaning when Bucky spits on Nick. Clint and Natasha grab Bucky’s shoulders so he can’t make good on his threat.

“Остановись!” Natasha begs before she or Barton actually has to try and incapacitate him. They could try and maybe even accomplish it, but not without hurting the babies. Nick wipes the spit off his face calmly.

“Damn you sure are charming. Well anyway, Steve got free. Since you didn’t even get the phone call he was so concerned about, I decided to put off telling you. You know, save myself the insults for a later date. I’ll get you back for that, don’t you even wonder.” He stands up and walks past The Winter Soldier. With his arms being held, all he can do is snap his teeth at Nick as he passes. He continues to snarl until the SHEILD director is out of the room. Once he’s gone, Natasha and Barton release him and back up fast in case he seeks retribution. To their relief the wave of protective aggression has abated. Bucky sits down once he’s free. He rubs his hands from his forehead back over his head, pushing the loose pieces of hair out of his eyes. He’s still rumbling as he sits with his eyes squeezed shut.

He can only imagine what Steve must have thought. He vaguely knows the kind of actions he’s programed with. If he was a HYDRA officer and given the chance, he knows what he’d
command. The way things are now, The Winter Soldier has been turned with little chance of recovery. The best action to take would be termination. Steve doesn’t want to come home and find out he’s not waiting for him. The pins in his heart explode.

Bucky stands up, he can’t sit there and just do nothing. Maybe he can’t do anything especially helpful but he’s got to at least move around. Nobody moves to stop him. He grabs a bag with money and a gun and heads out. As he leaves the lobby Darcy comes running after him. Somebody must have called her.

“Wait!” She yells, almost getting hit by a cab as she tries to follow him. She shuffles back and forth on the curb anxiously as she waits for the traffic light to turn. Bucky stops on the other side of the cross walk. As soon as the sign says walk, Darcy runs up to him. “Please tell me you aren’t about to go on some insane mission to bring your mate back?” She leans forward into his space but doesn’t grab him like she did at the doctor’s office. The poor girl looks like she might bust something trying to restrain herself. Bucky blinks at her as he considers his next move. He sighs, throwing his human arm over her shoulders. He hugs her to his side and rests his head against hers. She’s utter stunned by the tenderness of it.

“Darcy, I’m not going to go on an insane mission to bring my mate back. And I mean it. I’m going to see a friend for an early dinner.” Its 11:00 hours. “Well maybe lunch. Fuck I don’t know. I’m going to go break into the Fantastic Four’s tower, or whatever they call it.” Darcy squints and shrugs her shoulders.

“Why?” She asks bewilderedly.

“Because Sue Storm told me I could have some of her baby books. Are you satisfied, Nosey?”

“Nosey?” Darcy tries to escape from her place under his arm. He effortlessly holds her there as she struggles. “Stop it! Let me go, stupid!”

“Promise you won’t follow me like a bad Nosey?” He taunts. Darcy considers elbowing him in the side but knows that’s a bad idea. She stomps on his foot instead. He doesn’t even flinch. “Promise?”

“Yes I promise!” She yells. He spins her as he releases her. Once her world is on right again she realizes he’s disappeared. Damn.

Chapter End Notes

Translation of what Bucky says: Come here! I’ll fucking kill you you bitch motherfucker!
Bucky texts Peter when he gets close to where he thinks he’s going.

**Peter: Dude, I thought we were going for dinner?**

**James: Are you coming or not?**

**Peter: It's dangerous to text and web. Be there in five.**

Bucky waits for him and tries not to think too much. He reads a trash magazine on a nearby News Stand and tells the owner to eat shit when he gets asked to pay for it. Peter comes wandering up to him a minute later than he said.

“Hey.” Peter greets just as Bucky finishes reading up on all the people Stark has been sleeping with this week. Bucky inclines his head to his friend as he sets down the magazine.

“Hey.” Bucky worries his lip tensely. Peter frowns.

“You okay? You smell…” He gestures to him and exaggerates his grimaces. Bucky hasn’t stopped giving off pheromones broadcasting his distress.

“Not exactly.” Bucky says before Peter makes any more facial expressions which belong on cartoon characters.

“Now what’s wrong?” Peter asks then points down the street. They begin walking in the right direction.

“Steve left me a message, I found out why he isn’t coming home, he thinks something bad happened to me, I’m going into some kind of weird pregnancy heat, I kinda called Nick Fury a bitch and a motherfucker in Russian.” Bucky recites as he puts his hands in the pockets of his pants. “Oh and I miss my mate.” Peter raises an eyebrow as he stares concernedly at Bucky. He keeps pace with the super soldier all the same.

“You called Nick Fury a bitch?”

“Yes I did.”

“That’s...”

“What? What's he going to do? Fight me? I'm pregnant with Captain America's babies. He can't touch me.”

Peter shakes his head. "Wow, you're balls are SO much bigger than mine."

.oOo.

They walk into the ground floor of their destination at about 12:00 hours. The grand lobby is elegant and spacious and not at all like the modern entrance to Stark Tower.

“So, elevator or stairs?” Peter asks. Bucky walks over to the elevator door. Peter follows. As they ride up in the elevator, Bucky turns his back to the camera. It takes a lot of willpower not to just destroy the thing. When they get to the top floor, the doors open onto a short hallway and the
The door opens and a young woman with a white streak in her hair walks out. She takes off one of her gloves as she studies the pair. Bucky and Peter look at each other. Neither of them recognize her. She’s definitely not one of The Fantastic Four.

“Can I help you with something?” She says in a thick southern accent. Peter is about to ask who she is when he realizes the X on her belt isn’t just for decoration.

“Oh!” He taps Bucky on the shoulder with the back of his hand. “She’s one of the X men. Friendly, don’t worry about it.” Bucky smells worried. Peter saunters over to the confused girl with a smile on his face.

“Hi, I’m Peter. This is James. We’re friends of Sue’s dropping by for a visit. She wasn’t expecting us until later though, did we come over during a meeting?”

“The Professor is here talking with Franklin right now.” She says warily. She turns her head towards the door. “Sue?” She calls. A few seconds later Sue storm appears next to her. She looks surprised for a moment then very pleased.

“You’re early!” She looks back and forth between her two new guests. “Come on in I was just making a big lunch for everybody. Rogue, they’re friends you can relax.” The four of them go inside. The closer Bucky gets to Rogue the more uncomfortable she looks. A thin sheen of sweat develops on her temples. Bucky eyes her as he closes the door behind him. Peter tries to lighten the mood.

“Rogue huh? Cool name, sorry I don’t know the X men code names. What’s your power?”

“Back off!” Rogue yelps. Peter takes a step back with his hands up.

“Sorry!” He speaks slowly. “Just trying to be friendly.” Peter forces a smile that doesn’t look natural. Rogue fidgets uncomfortably and tips her chin towards Bucky.

“What’s rong with him?” She asks with her brows knitted together. Bucky growls at the implication.

“Nothing’s wrong with me.” He says as calmly as he can while still growling uncontrollably. Sue steps between them and holds her hands up.

“Whoa, calm down everybody.” Sue looks sympathetically at Bucky. “Honey, you smell like you’re ready to bite somebody. Let’s get you some tea. I have something that will calm those hormones right down.”

Sue’s tea is delicious and as soothing as she promised. Bucky sips his second cup of non-caffeinated calming tea in his new nest on Sue’s couch. Peter spins on a nearby kitchen stool next to Rogue. Rogue leans her elbow on the counter, enjoying some of the tea too. She glances sideways at Peter a few times as she lazily stirs the tea.

“Sorry I was so unwelcoming when we met.” She says with a shy smile. “I’m very sensitive to pheromones and I couldn’t figure out what was going on. I thought you were here to make trouble for us. I’m on guard duty so it was my job to be rude. That’s still no excuse for the way
I acted once Sue showed you in.”

“IT’s fine! I think he gets that from everybody.” He winks at Bucky. Bucky flips him off. “What? You don’t exactly look cuddly. Okay maybe a little cuddly but only like this.” Bucky is rather relaxed with his tea and blankets. He idling strokes his bump as he watches Peter make friends with the young woman. She’s also an omega like them and Sue.

Sue comes walking into the longue area with her arms loaded with books. “Here.” She hands Peter and Rogue each a stack. They awkwardly adjust their arms around their cargo and follow Sue to the sitting area. Sue takes the top book off of Peter’s stack and sits down on the same coach as Bucky. “This is my favorite book ever. The Instruction Book for the Omega Body, by Dr. Samantha M Mardock. It’s a guide to every aspect of being an omega. It includes everything from basic health care, to heats and hormones, to pregnancy and family life. Now what was it Dr. Banner said you were having trouble with?”

“Pregnancy heats.” Bucky answers softly as he looks at the dog eared, sticky-note covered best seller. The book is over three hundred pages long and full of pictures. Sue flips through the index looking up pregnancy heats. Peter and Rogue watch from as close a distance as they can.

“Found it.”
Pregnancy Heats

One of the most wonderful but also distressing parts of an omegas life is the tri-yearly heat cycle. During a successful cycle where mating occurs, pregnancy will likely result. That’s great for lots of reasons: One of them is that now the next two heat cycles will be canceled. Instead, the timing works out that the end of the first and second trimesters fall on weeks that would have normally been spent in heat. That’s all fine and dandy if everything is as it should be. If a pregnant omega does not have a mate however, things can work out not so nicely. The result could be a pregnancy heat.

Back up to what ‘as everything should be’ means. How does the body know that it has a mate? The first and best way is through scent. After mating, omegas become hyper sensitive to their alphas scent. The same is true to a lesser extent if the mate is a beta, omega, or an Other. During everyday life mates spend their time immersed in each other’s scents. Bodily contact causes scent marking so that others will know that the pair is a mated couple. Scent marking puts a sign around an omegas neck that says ‘Back off I am taken’ in big scary letters. When scent marking hasn’t occurred in a long time, the sign goes away. The body doesn’t have a problem with this usually. After all, a huge part of our lives are spent unmated. But when pregnancy occurs the body wants a mate to protect the offspring it is working so hard to grow. If a pregnant omega has not been scent marked recently and hasn’t induced the hormones released during sex, a pregnancy heat might result during the time a normal heat would occur.

The Bad News:

- It will be just as unpleasant as a celibate heat would normally be.
- A pregnancy heat will also release pheromones that are extremely alluring to alphas, even more so than a normal heat.
- It can last doubly as long as an omegas normal heat cycle.

The Good News:

- It’s easily treated by reintroducing the omega’s mate.
- It can be treated without a mate by self-stimulating and artificially scent marking with scent marked articles.

The Advice:

If reintroducing the omega’s offspring’s father is not an option, make close friends and invest in a good knotting vibrator. The body can be easily fooled into thinking it has a mate if the omega is around someone enough to be scent marked. The second component is, of course, faking mating practices. Just like a couple where an omega is paired with a non-alpha, sex toys such as a
dildo or vibrator (or particularly skilled fingers) are necessary to stimulate the omega’s glands of aphrite. In female omegas the glands of aphrite are located inside the vagina just deep to the Bartholin's glands. Male omegas have two sets, they are located about an inch past the rectum and deeper inside the cloaca nearer to the cervix. In order to calm the hormones released during heat the glands of aphrite must be stimulated. Specially designed vibrators and dildos are readily available for the task and are priced for any budget.

Sue, Peter, and Rogue stop reading when Bucky slams the book shut. The embarrassed omega hides his face in his hands and resists the urge to whimper. Instead he leans his head back on the couch and yells “Fuck!” Which is his favorite manly form of expressing his dismay.

“I don’t see what the big deal is.” Rogue says with a shrug. “You have one, right?” Bucky’s mouth falls open in disgust. His lip turns up slightly as he shakes his head.

“No!” He scoffs. “I have a mate, why would I need one of those things?”

“Wait a second.” Peter says firmly. “You’re mated to someone who gets deployed on missions that can go on for weeks, or in this case months, at a time and you don’t own any sex toys?” He says incredulously. Bucky looks at Peter as though the younger omega has just put a knife in his back. Fuck, is he the only one? He thinks in a panic. He turns to Sue. She’s mated, her husband is with her all the time. Surely she’s on his side about this. Sue gives the book to Peter and stands up.

“I’m going to go ask The Professor if Franklin can stay at the mansion tonight. Then I’m going to go get a bottle or two of wine and my laptop. Then we are going to sit down and do some shopping.”

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is one of the reasons I have decided to write this story and it’s certainly the reason Steve has been gone for so long. I have nothing to say for myself other than I am not sorry. If you are reading through the anatomy section and wondering what the fuck a cloaca is, it's an opening on reptiles which is used for elimination and in the case of females reproduction. Reptiles excrete urine from their cloaca but since male omegas have penises in stands to reason their urethra does not empty that way. The glands of aphrite are entirely my own invention as are pregnancy heats and the rest of the bullshit that is the 'science' in this chapter. Woooo!

- The Trollop
Bucky and Peter never do see Professor Xavier or Franklin. They don’t leave the couch. Peter goes to get up a couple of times but Bucky gives him a pathetic ‘don’t leave me look’, so he stays. After Sue left to deal with the other people in her life, Rogue turned on the TV. They watch the news together for a few minutes before she disappears for a while. When she returns, she has pizza.

“I like to think I’m an expert on sexual frustration.” Rogue says with a mouth full of pepperoni and cheese. Sue is still gone, so the three of them are just talking. “My mutation makes it impossible for me to have skin contact with other people.” Peter cringes and hisses in sympathy.

“And you’re an omega? That’s got to be-“

“Rub it in, why don’t you?” Rogue says as she drinks some wine that Sue set out for them. Bucky sits silently hoping they might just drop this whole shopping idea and talk about Rogue’s problems. She has plenty. “Anyway it’s my beau you should feel sorry for. That swamp rat’s one of the most tomcatting alphas I’ve ever met.” That gets Bucky’s 1940’s sensibilities’ attention.

“He sleeps with other dames and you still keep him around?” Bucky asks. He already doesn’t like this guy.

“I can hardly tell him not to. Son of a bitch ruts like a bull in a cow pasture.”

“How many animals is this guy akin to?” Peter asks as he looks between his friends.

“Stuff it, if you knew him you’d understand.” Rogue snaps at Peter.

“I don’t understand why you let him use that as an excuse. The rut thing, not the cow thing.” Bucky says. “You’re a respectable, beautiful woman. Why do you keep a cheater around?”

“Better than nothing!” Rogue exclaims. She swallows some more wine and pours herself another glass. “A girl like me doesn’t get many offers. As soon as an alpha finds out he can look but not touch, he doesn’t look twice. Remy, despite all logic, sleeps with the most gorgeous women in the world and still comes back to me.”

“He shouldn’t need to.” Bucky insists.

“But I want him to!” Bucky is about to retort when the sincerity of her words hits him. She is so determined to keep her prospective lover that she’ll let other women have him so he’s satisfied. “I like it when he comes home happy and tells me all the things he did to whoever she was. It’s the closest thing I can get to knowing what he’d do to me if given the chance.” She takes a drink and rolls her eyes. “Well I mean he does tell me what he’d do to me. We play that game all the time. We’re pretty good at it. He watches me and tells me what to do to myself. My favorite dildo really helps.” She drinks more wine. “But it’s better in the stories he tells, because the women can actually ride his cock.”

Bucky has been reduced to silence in his pile of blankets next to Peter. He just didn’t need to know that. Peter snickers at him. Sue comes back with even more wine and a fancy laptop with a big screen. She sets it down on the coffee table ominously. Sue gestures around herself as she
addresses Bucky. “Nobody’s home tonight. My husband has been at a conference since yesterday, my brother’s in California doing…” She looks up at the ceiling trying to remember. She shrugs, “someone. And Ben Grimm is staying with his girlfriend these days.” She claps her hands together, elegantly walks over to the box of pizza, and takes a piece. “Let’s do this.” Rogue throws her arms up and yells,

“Woooo!” She’s had three glasses of wine already. Peter pats Bucky on the thigh. Sue sits between the two of them and pulls her laptop onto her lap. Rogue drapes herself over the back of the couch so that her head rests on Sue’s shoulder. Peter takes a glass of wine off the table. Sue pulls up a new tab and pauses.

“Anyone have a suggestion?” She asks looking between Rogue and Peter. Bucky grumbles.

“Can we just not do this?” He adjusts the blankets around himself. The three super heroes lean over and sniff at him. Bucky leans away as if that might help. He can feel the openness that comes with arousal already. He might even be slick, he tries not to think about those parts of himself. His friends all give him their version of a disbelieving look before concentrating on the screen.

“Try groupon.com” Peter suggests. “The health and beauty section has a sub category called sexual wellness.” Sue types it in and starts clicking. As horrified as Bucky is, he can’t fight the urge to watch. Rogue looks at Bucky over Sue’s head.

“What I don’t understand is your bashfulness. You’ve had a mate for how long?” They still haven’t told her who his mate is. She doesn’t even know who Bucky is. For some reason the distance makes her presence here less abrasive.

“You want the time we’ve spent together or real time?” Bucky asks. Peter and Sue are arguing over who should use their email to sign on.

“Real?” She doesn’t know the difference is seventy years.

“Ten. Our anniversary is in twenty five days. That doesn’t mean I should be comfortable talking about what happens between our sheets.”

“I’m not saying that’s expected of you. I just sort of thought with age comes maturity.”

“If this is maturity, I don’t want any.”

“Oh don’t be so ridiculous!” Sue exclaims. “You’re an omega and you should take care of yourself. You’re not some nun that’s not allowed to experience pleasure. You’ve had enough terrible things happen to you, why don’t you enjoy yourself a little? No one’s going to judge you for that.”

“It’s not the kind of thing my ma would have liked.”

“Does everything you do fit under that category?” Peter asks. He knows the answer is most definitely no. “Like destroying cutlery at restaurants.”

“Or shooting at people’s water bottles.” Sue elaborates as Peter sarcastically applauds.

“She probably wouldn’t approve of the bra thing either, and that was a great idea.” Bucky resists the urge to backhand Peter with The Weapon.

“What bra thing?” Rogue probes. A small devilish smile blooms on her lips.
“Drop it!” The Winter Soldier threatens. Mercifully his friends do, but only because they found the page Peter suggested.

“Wow, that’s cheap.” Rogue says. “You really shop around don’t you?”

“I have to decide whether I want food or a new toy when I go looking. Cheap is basically all I buy.” Peter explains. Bucky isn’t listening.

The world’s most feared assassin has flushed pink. His ears have turned hot and red and his eyes are completely open. The cheaply priced objects on the screen look alien. They have names which include words like expanding, thrusting, vibrating, and dual motor. None of these things even look like a penis. At least not like a penis he’s ever seen. He wouldn’t let one of those things within ten feet of his ass, let alone inside it. Sue takes notice of Bucky’s reaction.

“I take it these are not your style?” Sue asks as if that was not the most obvious thing in the world. “Maybe something more realistic would be better for you.” Bucky eyes her warily.

“What do you mean by realistic?”

“They have dongs that look and feel just like the real thing.” Rogue explains.

“How would you know?” Peter taunts the drunk mutant.

“I can still give hand jobs and blow jobs you asshole! We use a condom.”

“Still doesn’t teach you the texture.”

“Want me to feel the texture of yours? You’ll by the first person ever to die by hand job!” She roars defensively.

“Debatable.” Is all Bucky says.

“Stop fighting children.” Sue scolds. “It’s not helping anybody. What about something very similar to your mate’s?” Now that doesn’t sound so awful. Things that remind Bucky of Steve are always welcome. Something that reminds him of his cock… could be okay.

“Sounds better.” He croaks.

“Okay then.” Rogue says. “Go to alphasistance.com.” Sue looks over at her questioningly.

“What is this?”

“Only the best website for ordering a customized knotting vibrator. You can choose all kinds of specs so you get something that’s just like your mates.”

“What’s a knotting vibrator?” Bucky finally asks. Because if he’s forced to do this, he might as well be educated.

“It’s a vibrator that has an expansion setting, so it feels like you’re being knotted.”

“The greatest invention ever.” Peter explains with a casual shrug.

The website that Sue pulls up is black and robin’s egg blue. The layout is professional and sleek looking. This site is tailored to sell the Bentley of vibrators. The four omegas marvel at the home page which does not have a single phallic object on it. Instead it has their name and a brief
The world’s foremost provider of luxury stimulatory products designed to excite omega anatomy. Our products are customized to our client’s exact specifications. ALPHAssist is a Stockholm based company that manufactures its products in house and ships worldwide.

Below that, there is a button instructing to “begin the product selection process”. Sue takes a breath and unexpectedly hands the laptop to Bucky.

“It’s all you.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter got split into two because it was getting too long. Groupon does have great deals btw.

-The Trollop
Bucky has never needed a drink more in his life more than he does in this moment. The drink he gets is cranberry juice. Peter taps Sue on the shoulder.

“We should give him some space before he hurts us.” Sue nods and pulls Rogue up too. The three of them go to the kitchen to reload their plates with pizza.

As soon as he feels there is a comfortable amount of space between his friends and the screen, Bucky takes a deep breath and clicks the damn button. Just think of it as a questionnaire about your mate’s dick, he thinks. Because that’s something I would answer! Oh god. He can’t believe he’s doing this. He tries to click on the options as fast as he can so he doesn’t have to think about it. It’s all very simple.

For length, they have a ruler without units on it. He just has to click on the number of units to select. The result is phallic looking. The boxes then fall away leaving one box zoomed in. It is now split into boxes horizontally. This is the width measurement. The whole thing is set up so that everything is life sized on the screen. After width and length it gets more detailed.

Circumcised or uncircumcised, level of vein prominence, and knot size are all selectable options. The in progress design morphs according to the selections Bucky clicks on. The next screen has a selection of five penis head types. Bucky actually has to think for a second on that one. The next screen allows the choice of different colors. They have both natural flesh colors and a rainbow of fantasy colors. Bucky chooses to stick to realism. Next up is the material type. Bucky has no idea what some of the options are so he just goes with silicone. As soon as the screen informs him the customization process is complete Bucky sets the laptop on the coffee table like it was on fire.

“Good job.” Peter says from where he stands at Bucky’s side. Bucky didn’t realize he was there until he spoke. Peter takes a drink from his glass. “Can we see?” Bucky opens his mouth but Rogue has snagged the unguarded laptop before Bucky can protest.

Rogue takes it with her to a chair on the opposite side of the coffee table. Peter clearly wants to go look but he stays by Bucky’s side until given permission. Rogue stares at the mock up on the screen. At first she nods approvingly of what she deems is a nice sized cock. Sue walks over and leans on the arm rest. She examines the image for a second. “Push the life size button.” Rogue spots it and does so. As the image adjusts Sue puts a hand over her mouth. Rogue draws in a stunned breath. Peter leans as far over as he can without falling. He finally gives up on the loyalty thing, he takes the two steps he needs so he can see. The three of them take turns looking from the screen to Bucky.

“How?” Is all Rogue can say. Bucky sighs like the weight of the world is on his shoulders.

“Steve was proportional before the serum and now he’s… the serum affected everything in about the same way.”

“Serum?” Rogue asks in her state of disbelief. “And you said his name is Steve. You’re not talking about Steven Rogers are you? Because if this is Captain America’s penis that I am currently looking at I might die.”
“Now that, I am sure no one has ever died of.” Bucky says a little smugly. As possessive of Steve as he is, he still gets a thrill out of how desirable others find him.

“I’ll get the coffin.” Peter volunteers as he drinks the rest of his glass. Rogue blinks rapidly then squeezes her eyes shut. She pinches her brow.

“Oh god! That’s it I’m ruined. Your mate is perfect. Take the laptop I can’t handle this big bastard in my face anymore.” She hands the laptop to Sue. Bucky starts laughing hysterically. Peter leans against the wall holding his side. It takes them all a minute before they can compose themselves. Finally Sue gets back to the task at hand.

“Here, we have to actually pay for this ‘Big Bastard’ now.” She starts laughing again but points at her purse. “Rogue would you get my wallet.”

“Nah, Stark’s got it.” Bucky says as he pulls out his wallet.

“You sure? I’ll pay for this. It’s the least I can do after forcing this on you.”

“You did it for my own good. Besides, Stark is still paying off his eternal debt to me.” He tosses her the card Tony gave him.

“Okay.” She shrugs and types in the information. She scowls. “Dammit they don’t have one day shipping from Stockholm.” Peter and Sue look at Bucky. As strong as his scent is now, it’s going to be doubly so by the time the package arrives. Bucky wipes some sweat off his brow and loosens the blankets around himself. Whatever benefit he got from sleeping in Steve’s scent is starting to wear off. And fast. Sue finishes entering the information. She gets up and gets her phone off the charger. “It says they have what you ordered in stock.”

“Well that’s one stroke of luck.” Peter says as he sinks down in the seat next to Bucky.

“I wonder if we can just go pick it up.” Sue doesn’t just wonder, she calls the customer service line.

“Do you speak Swedish?” Bucky asks Sue. Sue thumps herself on the forehead and goes to hang up but Bucky gestures to give him the phone. He takes it and holds it up to his ear.

“Tillåter du upphämtning i butiken?” There is a brief pause. “Du har ingen aning.” He says with a small smile and a quirk of his eyebrow. The three other omegas watch this unfold in awe. Peter knew he was a polyglot vaguely but had until just then never seen him speak anything but English with a slight Brooklyn accent. “Tack. Vi ses om några timmar.” He hangs up the phone. “He said we can pick it up if we like.”

“Is the Pogo-plane or The Blackbird faster?” Sue asks Rogue.

“Blackbird any day!” She picks her phone up off the counter. “Hold up. Let me call The Professor and ask if we can borrow it for a few hours.” She dials then puts the phone on speaker phone.

“Hello Rogue.”

“Hi Professor! Can I borrow the Blackbird for the night?”

“Rogue I can’t loan out the plane for pleasure flights. The fuel is expensive.” Says the firm voice of Charles Xavier on the other end of the line.
“I know, but we’ll pay for the jet fuel! I’ll even wash it when we get back. I’ll even do it myself instead of getting Logan to do it.” She bargains.

“Who is ‘we’, and why do you need the Blackbird in the first place?”

“It’s a matter of national security.” Is the first thing out of her mouth. She starts giggling leaching all of the credibility out of her lie. The Professor sighs the sigh of a man who has dealt with children and drunk people for decades.

“Really Rogue? Have you been drinking?”

“Nooooo?” She tries. “Please this is really important! We have to go to Sweden to pick up Captain America’s dick so his mate doesn’t self-destruct or something.” She babbles almost too fast to be understood. Peter face palms. Bucky is about to do something violent when The Professor says,

“I take it this is some strange way of helping an omega in distress. Very well, I’ll send the plane to pick you up. I’m including a pilot not of your choosing. I don’t want you flying drunk. And I expect you to make good on that offer to fill the tank. Good night Rogue, safe travels.”

“Thank you, I love you daddy!” She winces, “I mean Professor!” He laughs good-naturedly and hangs up. As soon as the phone is off Rogue realizes The Winter Soldier is furious with her. “Oh calm down. You’ll thank me later when you meet the Big Bastard.”

Chapter End Notes

This story is insane. Swedish translation is something like, "Do you allow in store pick ups?" "You have no idea." and "Thanks. See you in a few hours." Or something, I didn’t write down what I translated. Comment if you love this story, or if you hate me, or if you want to examine your life choices or something. I re-read the comments to motivate myself.

-Deuces

The Trollop
James: I'm going to Stockholm for a couple of hours I'll be back tomorrow sometime.

Natasha: James!? Why are you going to Sweden? Please call me back right away. I don’t think you are supposed to leave the country. What do you mean a couple of hours? Call me now

Bucky takes the sim card out of his phone as the four omegas climb the stairs to the rooftop landing strip.

“You don’t think we’re going to get in trouble for this do you?” Peter asks as Bucky finishes his work by taking out the battery on his phone. He should be untraceable as long as Stark keeps his word to not use the tracking beacon inside his arm.

“Nah, they’ll flip out but I think that’s healthy.” Bucky says with a small shrug. “It’s good to keep them on their toes.”

They open the door to the roof just as the Blackbird lands. The sound drowns out any talk. The wind knocks the door open all the way. Part of The Winter Soldier feels like he should be holding a rocket launcher right now. Rogue walks out onto the landing pad as she shields herself against the gusts from the turbines slowing to a stop. The boarding ramp lowers for them. Rogue confidently gestures for the other three to follow her. They do so.

Once they are inside the plane the noise of the plane is almost nonexistent. Rogue looks at the empty seats curiously.

“Hello?” She asks the seemingly empty craft. Bucky turns just as he realizes there is someone behind him. The Weapon is about the break open his attacker’s skull when the metal arm freezes in mid blow. Winter tries to move it in any direction but it will not shift. He panics so badly he hardly notices the person he was about to kill.

“Magneto, let him go!” Rogue barks.

Erik raises an eyebrow critically. He gestures to The Winter Soldier in the midst of his screaming fit.

“I was being attacked.” He explains.

“You’re scaring him!” Sue cries as she tries to find some way to comfort Bucky as he attempts to bite his own arm off. Erik takes pity on him and releases his arm. Bucky yelps and scrambles down as far away from Erik as he can get. He has no idea how to respond to this situation. Deep breaths he thinks as he pulls out his knife and holds it in front of himself. He bares his teeth and holds his abdomen protectively. The panic he felt a moment ago has been swallowed by his need to protect his unborn offspring.

“Oh god, don’t do this.” Erik complains as he walks over to where Bucky is now crouched. Bucky is absolutely wild with anxiety. Erik kneels down in front of him. The eighty year old alpha in his dressing robe and pajamas is hardly the presence the man would be in battle. Erik tries to smile comfortingly. “I apologize for frightening you. You were about to do serious harm to me. I felt the need to defend myself out weighed the need to attend to your delicate nerves. I can’t
take blunt trauma the way I used to.” He says with a small chuckle. Bucky sniffs at him. He doesn’t smell threatening. He doesn’t seem to be reacting to Bucky’s scent at all. His friends are standing behind the alpha looking very worried. Bucky knows he’s safe. He was just startled, that’s all. He sets down the knife and wipes his face with his hands. He nods at the group to signal he’s alright. Erik stands up and is immediately punched in the arm by Rogue.

“Asshole!” Erik winces and holds his bicep.

“Rogue chill out it was an accident.” Peter says in defense of the ‘feeble’ old man. Erik rubs at the injury that will no doubt bruise. He goes over to the pilot’s seat and reengages the engines.

“Omegas.” He scoffs to himself as he starts inputting their destination into the plane’s guidance system.

.oOo.

An hour into their flight Bucky has recovered to pre-panic levels of calm. The attack he almost waged on Magneto has been all but forgotten by the ageing mutant; who has taken to sitting in the pilot’s seat reading a novel. Rogue, Sue, Peter, and Bucky are strapped into seats behind him conversing and listening to music. Once Bucky calms down, Rogue pulls out some of the emergency whiskey from Logan’s stash behind the camo netting. The female omega sits down in her seat and swivels the one in front of her so she can put her feet up.

“All this drama killed my buzz. I still intend to have fun tonight. Want some?” She asks Sue and Peter. Sue puts a hand over her heart.

“Please?” Rogue takes a sip from the flask then hands it to Sue. Sue looks at the rugged army issue flask that looks like it served in the Vietnam War. “I take it this isn’t yours?” She still takes a long chug. She shakes her head and grimaces. “That’s strong!”

“Logan don’t drink it no other way!” Rogue proclaims taking the flask back. Peter and Bucky watch the two women consuming alcohol like it’s the fruit juice Bucky was drinking all night. Rogue offers some to Peter who shakes his head.

“No thanks, I’ve had enough.” He says with a polite smile.

“You sure sugar? We’ll get ya home safe an sound?” She falls back into a drawling slur as she gets drunker.

“So she has reverted back to her sixteen year old self, I hear.” Erik says without turning around. Rogue puffs her cheeks out and shakes the flask at the back of Erik’s head.

“Don’t listen to him! He’s a bad guy!” She says at an inappropriate volume. Erik pulls the flask out of her hand with his power and puts it safely next to his side where she dare not try and retrieve it. “Hey! See? He’s a villain and a thief!”

“I believe you were the one drinking Logan’s whiskey. That makes you the thief. Not that I’m surprised, what with that mate of yours.”

“Leave Remy outta this!” Rogue continues to yell. Erik looks over his shoulder at Sue, Peter, and Bucky.

“Don’t you think it’s a little irresponsible to let her get this wasted?”
“I’m not her handler. She can do what she likes.” Bucky explains. “She called you Magneto, doesn’t that mean you’re the enemy of the X men?” He asks as Rogue continues to ramble about her boyfriend.

“No more than you are, Winter Soldier.” Magneto and The Winter Soldier study each other. Peter gulps as the two deadly men have a stare off. Sue is distracted by trying to calm down Rogue who has started to cry hysterically. “I suppose you and I have a shared past time. You used to kill Nazi’s, I used to hunt Nazi’s.” This is apparently Erik’s idea of polite conversation.

“I was in a war against them, it wasn’t a hobby. What was your business with them?” Bucky asks, though he suspects he knows the answer. Erik laughs.

“Are you even aware of what was happening in the camps?” He asks. He’s enjoying this. Few things delight Erik like shaming veterans.

“Yes. You were in one of them?” Bucky asks unabashedly. Erik does not show any emotion. He just continues looking at The Winter Soldier with a small, knowing smile on his lips.

“I wonder who has suffered longer. You slept for almost all of the decades of the past seventy years. I lived in the hands of a mad man every day for three. I suppose there is no real way to know for certain, though I can tell from a glance whose scars are deeper.”

“Can you?” Winter asks. Like this man could know anything about scars. He has no idea.

“I commend you for healing so well.” Erik turns around. That sounds like an insult to Bucky’s ears. “You and your mate will make fine parents.” Oh. The hint of sadness in Erik’s voice betrays him. He was being sincere. Bucky leans his head back and tries to take a nap for the rest of the trip.

.oOo.

When the Blackbird lands on top of Stark Tower, The Avengers are waiting for Bucky. Bucky disembarks the plane with a brown box under his arm. As soon as he’s cleared the ramp the Blackbird is taking off again. Bucky walks past the welcoming committee who are all stunned to see the X men’s ride dropping off their antisocial housemate.

“An explanation would be nice!” Tony yells. Bucky stops for just a second before he decides to keep walking.

“Yes it would.” He goes back to his suite.
Bucky wakes when his biological alarm goes off at 8:00 hours. He sits up pushing aside the blankets and arranging the pillowcase of clothes he uses as a pillow into an agreeable position. He stands up and stretches vertically for fifteen seconds before he goes over to his yoga mat and begins his warm-up stretching. At fifteen weeks pregnant, he’s trying to stay as limber as he can. Since he started doing stretching with Peter and Sue two weeks ago, he’s realized he’s getting better not worse. Positive growth makes him happy. There has been no shortage of growth. None of the regular pants he bought with Peter fit anymore except the yoga pants. Those were his favorite so he really isn’t complaining. He still refused to go to that one store, but he relented about the pouch pants once they became necessary.

.oOo.

Clint breathes deeply through his nose as he runs next to Bucky. Bucky gives him the occasional sideways glance to make sure the beta isn’t too strained. Bucky stretches his arm out and yawns.

“Fuck you!” Barton hisses as sweat pours down his brow. Bucky slows down to a stop for Clint’s benefit. Clint braces himself on his knees. “You know, when you asked me to run with you to keep your pace slow-“ he huffs, “I kind of thought you meant we’d be going slow!” He finishes in between much needed breathes. Bucky checks his heart rate, he’s still well within a healthy range for the babies. He puts his hands on his slightly widened hips.

“Really Clint, you need to get in better shape. Natasha-“

“Natasha doesn’t care if I can keep up with you!” Clint interrupts. Bucky smirks.


.oOo.

Natasha screws the silencers onto her pistols and gestures for Bucky to toss her his. He gives her an ‘as if’ look and finishes strapping on the special, gel-filled vest that Tony designed to protect the babies’ ears. Their ears are starting to form now, so Bucky has to be careful. He thought about stopping weapons practice but decided against it. Bucky likes the idea of his children getting acclimated to the sound of gun fire. Knowing his life, guns will become a fixture in his children’s world and he’d prefer they not be terrified. He puts on his safety goggles, attaches his silencers and steps up to the thigh level bench that separates them from the shooting gallery. Natasha keeps her distance six feet to Bucky’s side.

“What do I get if I beat you?” Natasha asks, as she hovers her fingers over the start button. They both have ear plugs in, but Natasha and Winter can both read lips.

“I’ll curl your hair.”

“And?” She quirks an eyebrow.

“I’ll paint your nails. What do I get when I beat you?” He says confidently.

“I’ll give you a foot rub.”
“And?”

“I’ll…” She shrugs. “What do you want?”

“Ask Clint out.” They both stand there silently.

“Beat me by five points.” She says finally. She and The Winter Soldier have never beaten each other by a margin larger than two. The scoring system is by target accuracy and by reaction speed. Natasha engages the system.

.oOo.

On top of Stark tower Clint and Bucky are hanging out sniping pigeons. This was how they got to know each other in the first place. Even before he was The Winter Soldier, Bucky was great at distance shooting. Clint is the world’s best marksman and one of the only people Bucky gets a thrill out of competing with.

Clint lines up his shot. Bucky watches the pigeon take flight half a mile off. “He’s got a bad wing.” Bucky notes.

“I know, that’s why I picked him. He’s going to die painfully anyway.”

“How thoughtful.” Bucky eats a handful of Cheetos.

“Thanks.” Clint holds his breath, he counts his heart beats, follows the bird...

“Natasha lost today, so she has to ask you out.” Barton makes his shot. The pigeon falls out of the sky. “Damn.”

“You really think I’d miss over a petty trick like that? Come on Bucky, you’re obviously lying.” Barton says as he takes a sip of his water.

“Am I now?” Bucky looks through his scope for his next target. That gives Clint pause.

“Wait… are you serious? She’s going to ask me out? Come on you can’t just say something like that to a guy and then not explain.” Bucky takes his shot and kills a pigeon at 400 meters.

.oOo.

Bruce and Natasha are on dinner duty that night. Tony is still down in his work shop and Clint is inexplicable absent. Bucky lies on the couch rubbing lotion on his belly. He hasn’t noticed any stretch marks yet. He’s not sure if he just isn’t big enough for that to happen or if his slightly enhanced heeling is preventing it. It could be either. The lotion is soothing even if it is unnecessary. Who knows, it might be. He rubs his hands around the sides of his bump. He stops suddenly. He gasps.

“Natasha!” He yells joyously for his friend. He dares not take his hands away in hopes to keep the fluttering sensation for just a moment longer. Natasha vaults over the counter, jumps onto the dining table, hops onto the floor and skids into the back of the couch without disturbing it. She gently puts her hand next to Bucky’s. They both hold their breath. It stopped. Natasha groans.

"Dammit.” She takes her hand away. “Was I close?”

“Maybe a quarter of a second?” Bucky says as he pulls his shirt down.
“I think you’re crazy. Nobody else has felt it so far, so it can’t be real.” She teases him while she continues to pout. The babies started moving noticeably three days ago. This is the closest anyone has come to feeling so far.

.oOo.

At night after dinner and a movie with The Avengers, Bucky settles down in his bed and enjoys his time with his custom made knotting vibrator. He can close his eyes and moan Steve’s name and for a second forget he’s alone. The orgasms he gives himself are almost as satisfying as the ones Steve gives him. It’s still not nearly enough. After he cleans himself up, washes off his vibrator, and returns the toy to its home inside the fourth bathroom drawer, Bucky lays down in bed and smells his pillow case filled with Steve’s clothes. That’s how he’s managed to keep his sanity together for the weeks Steve has been gone. A week and a half after his tenth anniversary as Steve’s mate, Bucky goes to sleep alone.

Steve doesn’t turn the light on when he comes through the door.
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Steve had been in a plane for the last fifteen hours on his trip to get back to New York. In that time he took a sponge bath and shaved. To get the dye out, he cut his hair as short as he could then shaved it down to a centimeter in length. Even after his efforts to clean up, he still has some of the desert he just came from inside of his boots. He sets his duffle bag down to takes his shoes off. He leans against the wall as he undoes the laces. He’s probably too tired for sex tonight, Bucky’s going to be upset. A few more steps into their suite and Steve reconsiders that.

He leans against the counter in the kitchen when he gets the first whiff of his mate’s scent. All he’s had is memory for fifteen weeks and it didn’t do this justice. Steve closes his eyes and breathes in Bucky’s unique smell. Steve knows he missed Bucky’s heat, so naturally the suite would still have some of Bucky’s lingering heat pheromones. Still, this is much stronger than he remembers it being. He can’t remember what he was doing in the kitchen anymore. Steve walks down the hallway to his bedroom door and pushes it open. The kitchen was diluted compared to the bedroom. Steve considers turning on the light, but he decides it would be better just to slip into bed. Maybe Bucky will stab him, but it will be worth it to cuddle his mate.

The gun shots are a surprise. Steve stays perfectly still, incase Bucky still has intentions to shoot.

“Buck?” Steve says in his most placating voice. Bucky turns the bedside lamp on with one vicious pull of the cord. He still holds his gun in the hand of The Weapon. A thin trickle of smoke trails out of the silencer. Steve feels his erection start to tent his pants. He bites his lower lip and tries to take Bucky seriously, but that scent is doing things to him he just can’t quite control.

“Bucky I-“

“You missed our anniversary.” Bucky hisses from his sitting position in the bed. Somehow he manages to still look hostile while snuggled up in Steve’s bathrobe.

“I thought it was on Wednesday?” Steve says as he tries to concentrate on something that is not his plan to have reunion sex with his mate. Bucky closes his eyes and grumbles,

“You forgot our anniversary.”

“Bucky our anniversary is on the fourth of May. When did you think it was?” Steve says as he puts a hand over his nose. The damage is done but he can try. Bucky lowers the gun with a puzzled look on his face.

“I thought it was the twenty sixth of April?”

“That’s your mom’s birthday.”

“Oh.” Bucky says feeling a little foolish for being so upset over that. “I knew it was in the late spring.” He sets the gun to the side as Steve crosses the room to him. Steve reaches down at the same time as Bucky reaches up. They kiss chastely but fiercely then break apart.

“I missed you, punk.” Bucky says as he nuzzles their noses together.

“I-“ Bucky cuts Steve off with a gentle nip to Steve’s lips. Steve stops trying to use words
and just kisses his mate back. He wraps his arms around his omega and sits down on their bed. Bucky gets dragged forward into a dipping motion across his mate's lap. Between kissing each other breathlessly they smile at one another. Bucky can feel his mate's erection pushing into his lower back. He wants to attend to that so badly. Steve kisses his jaw, nibbling tenderly at the skin. He pushes his face into Bucky's neck over his scent glands and kisses and sucks until he's sure he'll leave marks. Bucky curls his toes in ecstasy as Steve cradles him. Steve rakes his teeth down over the only scar Bucky actually likes. He cries out like a wanton beast as Steve passes his tongue over their bonding mark.

“Steve!” He squeals in pleasure. Steve’s nostrils flare as a fresh wave of Bucky’s pheromones hits him. He smells different but still so good. Looking back on it, he has no idea how he survived without this for fifteen weeks. He adjusts Bucky in his arms, picks him up, sets him down, and pins him to their bed. Bucky clings onto Steve’s shoulders and parts his legs. He can feel the skin around his hole slicken as his body gets ready to welcome his mate back. Steve stays poised above Bucky taking in the sight and the scent. Bucky tips his chin up inviting another round of kisses. Steve lunes but stops when Bucky puts his hand on his chest. The omega has a far off look in his eye as he scrambles for Steve's hand. He pushes it inside the bathrobe onto the swell of his abdomen where inside, their babies are moving.

Steve freezes. He can’t move, he can’t breathe. It’s like every brain cell he has, has rewired to process the tiny movements inside his mate. His mouth hangs open as he takes a shaky breath. He meets Bucky’s gaze. His mate’s brow is furrowed in concern, his lips slightly parted. At the corners of his eyes tears are prickling up. Steve closes his mouth and eyes and takes a deep breath. The change in his scent, it’s because he’s pregnant. Steve chokes out one brief, hysterically happy laugh. Bucky strokes the back of Steve’s head and draws him down so their foreheads are pressed together. Steve runs his thumb over Steve’s cheek bone and smiles shakily. “Is it okay?” Bucky asks as his lower lip and chin quivers. Steve puts a stop to that with a kiss. He strokes his hand over his mate’s taut skin, reveling in the difference fifteen weeks has made.

“Can I see?” He asks sitting up to give Bucky some space to adjust. Bucky props a pillow under his back and goes to untie the tie of his robe. Steve’s hands get involved in the uncomplicated process and suddenly neither of them can get the other out of the way.

“Stevie.” Bucky scolds. The alpha removes his shaking hands from the equation allowing Bucky to unfasten the robe. Steve’s fists clench and he feels like he’s swallowed his own tongue when Bucky reveals his exposed torso. The omega rests his hands around the bottom of the swell of his belly. Steve lightly runs the tips of his fingers over the crest of the bump just next to Bucky’s navel. Bucky twists slightly. “That tickles.” He mutters.

“Sorry.” Steve says wistfully. He gulps and looks up at Bucky. They smile tenderly at one another until Steve’s face falls. His heart feels like it’s back in the ice again. “Oh my god Buck, I should have been here!” He chokes in wide eyed guilt. He takes Bucky’s hand and strokes it lovingly. He starts to shake his head frantically but Bucky has his arms around Steve before he can start acting crazy.

“It’s okay. I wanted you here more than anything. I did. But so much happened while you were gone. I…” He jerks his head back so he can look Steve in the eye when he smirks and says, “I was hoping I could have a few weeks more to myself.” Steve takes Bucky by the hair and kisses him silent.

They cuddle together, blissfully entwined, until they both fall asleep.

.oOo.
In the morning Bucky wakes up and discovers Steve is already making breakfast. He can smell the bacon in the kitchen. He walks out in a compression bra and a pair of yoga pants with Steve’s robe untied around him. He runs his fingers through his hair as he silently approaches Steve. Bucky wraps his arms around his mate from behind. Steve must have smelled him because he doesn’t startle.

“What are you making me?” Bucky says as he peeks over Steve’s shoulder. Steve sets down the spatula and turns around so he’s facing Bucky. They share a feather light kiss which ends with Bucky licking the corner of Steve’s mouth.

“What?”

“You had grease.”

“Oh thanks.” Steve pulls him in by his waist and passionately assaults him with his mouth until Bucky can taste the orange juice he just drank. Bucky pragmatically turns off the stove behind Steve. He also snatches a piece of crispy bacon off the griddle. He pulls away from Steve and pops a piece into his mouth. His eyes bug out and he opens his mouth to cool the hot piece of meat. Steve laughs at him as he scrambles to get some of the orange juice out of the fridge. Steve hasn’t seen Bucky act like this since before he left for war. That thought just makes him smile wider at his mate and his rare show of goofiness.

“Ha, ha not funny. I think I burned my mouth.” Bucky complains as he goes to get something out of a drawer. Steve watches him. It suddenly dawns on him that his mate is wearing women’s clothing.

“Um Buck... I really shouldn't say, since I haven't been here and all, but you do realize bras are for dames, right?” Steve says as he checks the quiche in the oven. Bucky throws the hunting knife he used for the pregnancy announcement so that it sticks into the wall by Steve’s head.

“You see,” Bucky says with his hands on his hips. “It’s thinking like that that’s had male omegas, like me, walking around in pain because we all feel ridiculous for having breasts! No I will not be lactating. Do I still have breast tissue anyway? Holy fuck, yes! And it all aches without some support. Get over it Steve.” He walks over and sets the picture of the ultrasound down on the counter. “Allow me to go cover up my shame!” He says sarcastically. Steve watches in disbelief as his mate walks off muttering to himself about gender roles. Clearly he has missed more than just the first trimester of pregnancy.

Chapter End Notes

So, as some of you guessed I have returned to college. This means updates may or may not become less frequent. My instinct is to say they will decrease, but depending on how much fan response I get I could be persuaded to find time. You got the latest chapter( this one) posted pretty fast on account of the collective out cry of "STTTEEEEVVVVVEE!!! AHHHH * throwing panties*" and what not. I'm kind of in love with all of you. Seriously, phone numbers. I'll sext you as Bucky (the things I do for love). Anyway, this sort of concludes the unofficial "Part One". Bucky has done a shit-ton of personal growth towards becoming a healthier person, now he needs to grow to become a parent. Steve has rejoined him so they can work on this whole future parents thing together. Upcoming: I will write you all that sex scene you've been
wanting. The actual therapy group of superhero omegas will form (we're still missing a member). Then the part of the title "And The Personal Lives of Other Super Persons" will come into play. And most importantly, I get to write about my favorite Alpha daddy to be being all protective and wonderful.

-Toodles

The Trollop
Chapter 29

Steve follows his mate back to their bedroom with a plate of food in his hand. In the other he holds the ultrasound picture.

“So what are the two black blobs?” Steve asks as he tries to puzzle out what he’s looking at. Bucky finishes putting on his T shirt. It’s the same one Darcy gave him to wear for the festival.

“Um, I think those are amniotic sacks.” He answers as he goes to find one of the many books Sue has given him to better explain.

“And what do those do?” Steve asks with his right eyebrow raised. He sets the plate of food down on the nightstand and sits down on their bed. Bucky comes back with one of his books.

“They contain the baby and some other stuff that’s important, but I don’t understand it.” Bucky sets the book down next to Steve.

“So why do you need two?”

“Because we’re having twins.”

“Tw-wi-ins?” Steve manages to sputter out. His whole body is as ridged as a marble statue making a ludicrously shocked expression. “Twins.” He wheezes like he’s about to have an asthma attack. Bucky leans over and kisses his temple. He drapes himself on Steve’s lap and starts eating his food. Steve strokes his back. “Okay… we’re having twins. I can handle this.” He says like he’s trying to convince himself.

“Liar, you’ll never be able to handle two. You’re not well suited to parenting.” Bucky teases. Steve exhales.

“Buck, please don’t just yet. I can’t take it right now.” He says in his best Captain America voice. Bucky shakes his head and eats some more bacon.

.oOo.

An hour later, Bucky has not returned. Steve, in his worry, has ventured out into the common room where he finds Barton face down on the carpet.
“You okay?” Steve asks.

“No. Your mate is a machine. A snarky, demeaning, athletic machine.”

“That does describe him.” Steve doesn’t know how he feels about Bucky working out so hard. He just read that could cause premature labor. “Where is he, by the way?”

“Defending his winning streak over Natasha.” Barton grunts as he flips onto his back. Steve’s mind races as he tries to figure out what that means. Barton can see the wheels are turning in his head so fast they’re going to fall off the cart. “They’re at the shooting gallery doing target practice.” Steve was sprinting the second Barton said shooting gallery. “Go get’im.” He groans, “Super soldier bastards”

.oOo.

The Winter Soldier reloads a quarter of a second faster than Natasha. The rhythmic gunfire doesn’t falter even for a beat, they are both ready when the target comes up. Winter has gained a slight lead. The high speed cameras will show his bullets hitting the targets just before hers. His reaction time has always been faster. Natasha says it’s because of The Weapon, Winter doesn’t agree. The targets drop and the buzzer goes off signaling the end of the session. They put down their weapons. Bucky notices movement behind him.

Steve has been pounding on the other side of the sound proof window for who knows how long. The whole shooting gallery is sound proofed and they had ear plugs in, he could have been there for the last ten minutes since they started this round. Steve looks angry. Steve usually doesn’t get angry. Bucky leans against the bench and wonders when the last time he saw Steve like this was. He’s actually snarling at him and pointing at the door. Natasha stands beside Bucky, speechless.

“What should we do?” Natasha asks as she takes out her ear plugs. Bucky is reading Steve’s lips. The alpha is yelling, *James Buchanan Barnes, open the god damn door! I mean now!*

“Jesus, he’s pissed.”

“That’s the closest I’ve ever seen him to red-in-the-face mad.” Natasha comments. Bucky considers Steve as he starts demanding other things as well. Now he’s pacing like a caged animal, except Bucky’s actually the one in the cage. When people are inside this room running drills the door locks so that people can’t come in and surprise them. Bucky crosses his arms over his vest.

“Alphas become aggressive during their mates pregnancies. They also display nesting behavior around where their mate has chosen to keep the offspring. New alpha fathers also become extraordinarily protective of their mates.” Bucky reiterates from what he’s read. Natasha smiles as Steve turns his back to them and pouts.

“This is going to be hilarious.”

“This is going to be a nightmare.” Bucky says less than enthusiastically. “Now that my mates back, I’m going to want to nest too.” He runs his fingers through his hair. Something dawns on Nat.

“Is that what you were doing in the bathtub that one time?”

“I think so. Small cozy spaces are comforting to pregnant omegas.”

“So that’s why you’re suddenly into cuddling.” She says in realization. “You should
open the door, this is just sad.” Steve has sat down with his back against the window. He’s leaning his arms and head on his knees. He looks dejected.

Bucky opens the door and lets Natasha escape. Steve gives her a stern look as she retreats but makes no comment. Bucky leans against the doorway of the shooting gallery with his arms still crossed. Steve stands up slowly. He holds up a finger.

“What the hell, Buck?” He says in a slow stern voice. Bucky snorts.

“What the hell, Steve!” He mocks. “What did getting pregnant suddenly make me incapable of using a gun?”

“You could have had an accident!” Steve protests.

“And what, somehow shot myself? Come on Steve, stop thinking with your hindbrain and remember who your mate is.” Bucky actually thinks Steve’s ridiculousness is funny. Steve sighs.

“What about the sound? It’s loud, are you sure that’s okay?” He whines, he’s an illogical worried mess. Bucky pats the vest.

“I had Stark make me this to shield their ears. Nat and I always use silencers anyway.” Bucky walks over to Steve and wraps his arms around the alpha's neck. “Chill out Rogers.” Bucky wraps his arms around Bucky’s middle and holds onto him protectively. With his arms around Steve’s neck Bucky can feel how fast Steve’s pulse is racing.

“Sorry, I just… I don’t know what I’m doing.”

“Neither do I.”

“You have all those books, where did you get those?” Steve asks.

“A friend gave them to me.”

“Who-“ Steve gets cut off by the sound of Bucky’s phone going off. The ringtone plays something about a Spiderpig. Bucky puts the phone to his ear.

“Hey Pete, what’s up?” Steve tries to think of someone they know named Pete. He knew a Pete who owned a bakery but that was in 1935. “Okay, well call Sue and Rogue and meet me here. I think it’s my turn to host dinner anyway.” He pauses and smiles. “No, I won’t try and cook again. My mate’s home so I might ask him to cook us dinner.” He says as he looks Steve in the eye and strokes the back of his neck. As if Steve would ever object to giving Bucky anything he wants. “Well if he’s crying in your arms, I’d say that makes this kind of urgent.” He pauses. “Lunch then?” Another pause. “Call the girls. See you soon.”
Chapter 30

“So are you going to tell me who these people are?” Steve asks as he slices pepperoni for the homemade pizza. He picked up this recipe in Europe from a guy who toured in Italy, its Bucky’s favorite. Bucky vacuums the carpet in the living room a few paces away from the kitchen. Bucky looks up at Steve and turns the vacuum off.

“Just some people I met. It was all sort of an accident. We’ve been meeting up every week, or sometimes more than that, for a while now. It’s nice. My friend Sue taught me how to change a diaper.” He says proudly. “Didn’t even break the baby’s neck or anything.”

“Shocking.” Steve stares. This maternity thing has been treating Bucky well. He’s healthier than Steve last saw him. When he fled HYDRA, Bucky lost thirty pounds in two months. They were all very worried about him. They ran tests to try and figure out if he was sick or something. Eventually Steve figured it out. HYDRA had been feeding him intravenously. Bucky had forgotten how to feed himself. For weeks Steve had to actually watch Bucky eat or else he wouldn’t. When Steve left he’d been terrified Bucky would do a lot of things, losing weight again was one of them. Now as he stands before him, Bucky has put back on the thirty pounds he lost and maybe one or two extra for the babies.

“What?” Bucky asks, bringing Steve back from his thoughts. Steve smiles.

“Nothing. You look good.”

“Really?” Bucky curls his lip. He smooths his hands over his stomach, flattening the creases of his t-shirt. “I feel extremely unsexy.”

“Buck-“ Steve hangs his head. “I meant you look healthy.” Steve’s cheeks start turning pink. His brain has been off of sex-mode since he found out about the pregnancy, now the switch has been thrown. Why do his friends have to come over? He groans. He shouldn’t have. That noise is like signalling the predator in the room to attack. Steve rubs his face and goes to rewash his hands.

“So, you don’t think I’m sexy anymore?” Bucky baits as he slips next to Steve’s side by the sink. The omega sets his chin on Steve’s muscular shoulder and bites his bottom lip. Steve turns his head slightly as he washes his hands, their noses brush. Bucky’s eyes are half lidded and dark as he worries his lip. Steve gulps.

“I find you very…” He’s always had trouble saying that word. “But-“ He turns away, gently pulling his shoulder out from under Bucky’s chin. “If you want me to finish this pizza, you’re going to have to let me prove that later.” He pats his mate’s hip and forces himself to walk away from him. Bucky smirks triumphantly.

“Okay then Captain Mozzarella.” Bucky salutes sarcastically. Bucky goes back to his cleaning, leaving Steve feeling far too aroused by far too little.

.oOo.

Tony is sitting in a chair in front of the elevator when the doors open. Inside the elevator Sue, Peter, Rogue, and a new comer eye the billionaire warily.

“You know if you’re going to keep having your little ‘meetings’ in my house you should at least invite me.” Tony sulks. It’s the same every time with him. Peter turns the corner and walks past him, he politely leads his friend past Tony wordlessly. The new male omega follows Peter with
a hand on the wall.

“Who was that?” The newcomer asks.

“Tony Stark. Don’t acknowledge him, he thrives off attention. And coffee.”

“You won’t even talk to me now!” Tony yells in wounded outrage. Sue pats his shoulder silently. Rogue just snickers as she follows Peter. She gets such a kick out of not inviting Tony to their club. “Susie?” He pleads. “I just want to sit and watch!” Sue shakes her head and follows Rogue.

“Take it up with Bucky.”

“I did! I have! That assassin is an ass! A grudge holding, ass!” He continues to yell as the four of them go down the hall to the Rogers-Barnes suite. Peter knocks on the door which Bucky opens immediately.

“Get in quick before he follows you.” He says all too smugly. They all clamor through the door when they hear Tony’s footsteps behind them. They close the door and breathe easier. Then they start laughing hysterically. Even their newcomer laughs at what he just witnessed.

“Well that was mean.” He says with a smile. He blindly stares at the wall across the room.

“He’s a nice enough guy.” Bucky explains. “But I talk about my mate sometimes and Tony’s always had a thing for him. I’d just prefer he not know some things about Steve.” Bucky explains.

“So would I.” Steve says from the couch. The four visitors turn towards the source of the voice and spot Captain America reading one of Sue’s books. He’s almost done with one about child-proofing a house. Steve stands up when he’s done with his page and walks over to them. Bucky can faintly hear his mate rumbling in his chest. Bucky lets Steve put an arm around him. He can feel the tension in Steve’s body. He guesses Steve subconsciously isn’t so fond of intruders in their home. Invited or not.

“Guys this is Steve. Steve these are my friends.” Bucky pinches Steve’s butt with The Weapon. The alpha jumps, effectively stopping the territorial displays before they start. The guests smile and chuckle a little.

“Oh god, he’s doing the new dad thing.” Sue says, rolling her eyes. “You’re going to have a fun time with this one.”

“Nice to meet you?” Steve says uncertainly looking between her and Bucky. Sue extends her hand.

“My name’s Sue Storm Richards. I’m The Invisible Woman with the Fantastic Four.” Steve shakes her hand respectfully. Bucky’s pinch helped his manners.

“A pleasure. I didn’t realize you were um… super.” Steve doesn’t quite know what to classify them as. He’s not a fan of labels.

“We all are.” Peter explains. The cheery twenty year old beams and holds his hand out to shake hands with his childhood icon. “Peter Parker. Um, Spiderman.” He points at himself a little embarrassedly. It’s moments like these he wishes he doesn’t sound like he was named by a five year old. Steve’s eyes widen in recognition. Steve takes his hand and shakes
“Oh!” He’s about to say the obvious when Peter beats him too it.

“You thought I’d be older? I know.” Peter shrugs. Rogue bumps Peter to the side with her hip. “Hey!”

“Tell him about your collection later!” She jabs but smiles sweetly all the same. She holds out her gloved hand for Steve. “I’m Rogue. I’m with The X men.” Steve smiles and shakes her hand. He’s never heard of The X Men, but she seems like a feisty girl and he likes her instantly.

“Nice to meet you miss.”

“And this one I don’t know.” Bucky says as he eyes the blind man hanging towards the side of the group. The newcomer holds his hand out to Bucky as if he could see where he was this whole time.

“I’m sorry to come during a big reunion.” Bucky shakes his hand and tries to figure out how the blind omega turns and confidently extends his hand to Steve.

“That’s fine, he’s going to be here for a while.” Bucky says as Steve shakes the new guy’s hand.

“My name’s Matt Murdock, but the news reporters call me Daredevil.”
“That’s badass.” Bucky says sincerely. In the background Peter huffs in jealousy. “And you’re totally blind?”

“Yeah, my eyes don’t work. But I still get by just fine.” He pauses. “And then some. I’ve been cleaning up Hell’s Kitchen for years now.”

“I get it!” Steve says happily to Bucky. “Daredevil in Hell’s Kitchen. A devil in Hell.” Bucky doesn’t find this realization impressive. He just stares at his mate, silently informing him he should stop talking. “It’s clever…” Steve rubs his chin bashfully.

“Thanks.” Matt says sincerely. “It was my dad’s idea, the whole devil thing. That was his gimmick when he boxed. I inherited it after he was killed.”

“You box?” Steve asks. He tactfully chose to ignore the painful backstory. Matt finds that amusing.

“Yes I do. When I’m not pretending to be feeble, that is.”

“That’s great! We have a ring, you should stop by sometime. That is, if you don’t mind hitting a ninety seven year old.”

“Ha! Sure, just as long as you don’t mind missing the blind.” Matt retorts. Bucky bumps Steve with his shoulder.

“Okay you made a friend. Time to go.” Steve looks down at him sadly.

“How far away?” He’s been informed already that he has to leave during ‘group time’.

“Go hang out in the common area, or go on the roof and draw.” He kisses Steve’s cheek. “Just give me the suite for a couple of hours okay, Stevie?”

“Sure.” Steve agrees begrudgingly. He’s been introduced to these people now, so at least he’s not leaving him alone with total strangers. And one of them is Irish, which is also reassuring. Steve looks pleadingly at Bucky over his shoulder as he leaves, Bucky doesn’t reconsider his banishment. Once the door is closed the pregnant omega shakes his head.

“Well…” He looks at the others. “That’s my mate.”

“Holy shit.”

“What a man.”

“Nice guy.”

“Can I borrow him?” Bucky jabs Rogue lightly on the arm. “Ow.” They both start giggling. “What? Am I the only one who spent that entire encounter thinking about what’s in the man’s pants?” Rogue asks as she darts away from Bucky.

“No, but keep it to yourself!” Bucky swipes at her from over the counter. Rogue opens up
the oven and checks what’s for dinner.

“Pizza!” She cheers as Bucky comes up behind her and playfully puts her in a head lock. Rogue knows he loves her or else her neck would have broken weeks ago. “Bleck!” She pretends to barf on him. Sometimes that makes him let go, but today he continues to pull her into the sitting area. The other guests sit down and wait for Rogue to get tossed on the couch. She lands like she’s been lounging there for hours. She scratches her nose, blissfully ignorant of how many people have died in the same way she was just boisterously played with.

“Pizza still needs five minutes.” Bucky explains as he sits down on the same couch as Rogue.

“Did you vacuum in here?” Sue asks as she examines some of the tracks in the carpet.

“Yes, the world’s most deadly assassin can clean house. Gaww in awe later.” He looks over at Peter and Matt. “Why’d you call an emergency meeting of The Council of Superhero Omegas of New York?” Bucky asks deadpan, Winter Soldier serious.

“Is that what we’re going with?” Peter questions looking between the other members.

“I think it sounds official.” Matt says expressionlessly.

“I thought we were going with C.O.S.O.P. Council of Super Omega Persons.” Peter says.

“I like CSO of NY better.” Sue says thoughtfully. “I think it would look better on an emblem.”

“When did we decide we’re getting an emblem?” Bucky asks as he rubs his temple.

“I’ve got a project in college, it’s a digital design thing. I was going to say it means something else and make an emblem. That’s okay right?” Peter asks. “I mean, I don’t mind if we do go with CSO of NY. I’d just like it to be a final thing so I don’t make shirts with the wrong thing on them.”

“We’re getting shirts?” Bucky squints at Peter.

“What, you’ll wear Darcy’s silly pro-omega shirts and you won’t wear one for us?”

“Relax!” Sue soothes. “We’ll all wear them. Bucky just isn’t big on uniforms.”

“It’s not a uniform, it’s a shirt.” Bucky grumbles. “I do shirts and uniforms, I just like to be told about them in advance.”

The buzzer for the oven goes off. They all stand up at the same time.

“Let’s just eat and talk. Later, once we’ve done that, then we can talk shirts.” Rogue says sensibly. They agree on that and migrate again.

.oOo.

“How much do you know about female alphas?” Matt asks the group.

“I know enough.” Bucky says from his seat by the counter. “Back when I was still with Red Room I used to have sex with one.”

“That’s good news.” Matt sighs.
“I hardly know anything.” Sue says.

“Me neither.” Rogue adds.

“I brought him here because I have no idea how to advise him.” Peter says with his hands up and eyes open. “All my experiences are in no way like what he’s going through.”

“Go ahead then, we can ask questions later.” Sue says as she takes a bite of pizza. Matt licks his lips and pulls the collar of his shirt back revealing a pearlescent scar from where his mate has marked him.

“My mate’s name is Elektra Natchios.” Peter covers his mouth to restrain himself from declaring he knew it. Matt chuckles. “We work together sometimes and other times we have our troubles. About seven months ago she and I finally decided we should make it official. We’re bonded now, legally and well…” He gestures to his neck. “I love Elektra. She’s sexy, and powerful and… very much an alpha.” He takes a drink of his soda. The rest of them wait for him to continue. “Damn this was easier last night when I was drunk.” He gestures towards Peter. “Peter and I were rounding up some guys who crossed from his territory into mine, he invited me to have some beers this morning when we were done. That’s how this all happened. When I get drunk I cry and tell people my problems, that’s why I don’t drink. That, and when I’m drunk I actually do feel blind. I’m not sure which is worse.”

“Say no more.” Sue produces a bottle of wine from her oversized purse. One of the things Bucky has observed about Sue is that she always has a bottle of something alcoholic. Even Rogue has her limits but Sue doesn’t. She hands the bottle to Bucky who opens it and pours the four omegas a glass. He himself stays with the sodas.

“So she’s a catch, what else?” Rogue prods. Matt drinks the whole glass of wine before he answers.

“To be frank and crude, her dick is bigger than mine.” The group falls apart into a collective moment of ‘oh shit’. “I don’t just mean that literally either!” He says loudly to quiet them down. “We’ve been off again-on-again for five years, not once in that time have I ever fucked her! Not once! This is hundreds of times we’ve been together!” Bucky has started to laugh. Sue smacks his arm.

“Bucky stop it! You’re being rude.” Sue scolds.

“No! Go on! Laugh!” Matt extends his arm. “Be my guest, it is pathetic. It’s pathetic!” He expertly pours himself another glass of Sue’s wine. “I mean I’m an omega. I have no delusions that that means anything other than what it means: alphas are going to want fuck me. But,” he crosses himself, “God damn it, I am still a man! Omega or not, I should not be relentlessly bent over by my female alpha. Five years and I’ve never even had my fingers inside of her!” Peter hugs his head. This might have been a signal to stop but Matt ignores it. “I don’t know what I’m supposed to do! I have tried talking to her, but the woman will just not get it in her head that I’m not her blow-up doll!” Peter snorts and bites the knuckle of his first finger.

“Okay hold up!” Rogue says loudly over the sound of Matt’s ranting and Bucky’s laughter. They both do their best to calm down. “I’m confused, what exactly is going on between her legs? Can I get like a visual or something?”

“I could ask Natasha to come in here and drop trou?” Bucky jokes.

They all yell, “NO!” together.
“I think one of my books has something about female alphas in it.” Sue says more helpfully. Bucky picks himself up off the counter and goes to get the one she means.

“Yeah it’s that other one by Dr. Mardock. It’s called, *What The Magic Eight Ball Didn’t Tell You About Your Mate.*”

They wait for him in silence as they try to figure out where to go with this conversation. Finally Peter says, “Pizza’s good.”

Chapter End Notes

Woo! Two chapters, one day! I really wanted to write this chapter, so I did. When I originally came up with the idea of the CSO of NY, I made it so each of the members has a serious problem which the group will have to address. Bucky's problem is sort of a work in progress because he needs to, (quoting my notes) "Learn how to parent." The most hilarious but still serious of the CSO of NY's issues is Matt's issues with being emasculated by his mate.

- Still Loving You

The Trollop
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Female Alpha

Preface

Of all of the gender classifications the female alpha stands alone as the only one that is distinguishable at birth because she is also the only true hermaphrodite.

Rogue interrupts Sue’s reading.

“Yadah yadah… skip through the preface.” Rogue says as she skips what might have been important. The other omegas roll their eyes, except for Matt who is too drunk and also blind to understand what they’re reading anyway.

Anatomy

First a nod to the “nuts and bolts” (please forgive the pun). Female alphas have two complete sets of reproductive organs. She can both sire and bear children quite effectively. For a very
long time this fact was debated by scientists who argued the female alphas could not be as fertile as their alpha male counterparts because of the proximity of the testes to the body cavity. As you may know, the reason that the testes are suspended outside of the body is because sperm cannot survive at internal body temperature. The female alpha does not have a true scrotum. During fetal development when gender differentiates, the flesh that either develops into the vulva or the scrotum takes on the function of both. The female testes rest in these pouch-like structures which we call the pseudo-scrotum. The result is, the testes of the alpha female are one to two degrees warmer than the testes of a male. This does affect fertility. What early researches failed to document is the rather impressive endocrine reaction to an omega in heat. When a female alpha smells their partner going into heat, her body release hormones which causes it to cool itself by one to two degrees. Since spermatogenesis occurs constantly, the sperm that is manufactured and released during this time is just as fertile as any male sperm. Of course this is all achieved through the highly controversial practice of having a penis.

In a species where the distinction between male and female can be fuzzy, things like penises are used as identifiers for masculinity. Of course this is a false identifier. Female alphas, despite what rumor might say, do have a penis. The female alpha does not have a clitoris or a urethral opening. The functions of both of these structures is served by the penis; which is located in the same geographical region as it usually is. Actually near everything about the alpha female penis is the same as an alpha male’s. Both alpha males and alpha females knot, their sizes are comparable, and they both react the same way when you give them the boot test. That is, kick them in the crotch and see what happens. Aside from missing a clitoris female alphas have the exact same set up as a beta or Other female. Don’t feel sorry for her though. Vaginal intercourse is particularly pleasurable for alpha females because of the extra presence of a prostate. During intercourse the alpha female can stimulate her prostate, her G spot, and in some positions her penis as well.

“And you’ve never had that kind of sex with her?” Sue asks the now very drunk omega at her side. Matt has basically been taking shots for every time the author used the words ‘female alpha’.

“Like I said. Nothing.” Matt cringes.

“I don’t know anything here, so don’t take this too to heart, but it sounds to me like whatever is going on between you two has more to do with her not you. And I don’t think it’s got anything to do with anatomy at all.”

“It’s true.” Rogue agrees. “I’ve never met a single female alpha who didn’t have some kind of chip on her shoulder.” That is not what Peter meant but he doesn’t correct her.

“I thought you said you didn’t know anything?” Bucky asks Rogue.

“Well I don’t know anything about dating one. And I certainly didn’t know anything about their fancy equipment. That doesn’t mean I don’t know a few. There are a couple of female alphas with The X men.” She snaps. “Maybe that’s what I should do. I could go home and ask for some perspective.” It sounds like a reasonable idea, but as far as intelligence gathering goes it’s lousy. If The Winter Soldier were to run an op on this, he’d just go straight to the source and find out everything he can about Elektra Natchios. But his increased knowledge of social graces tells him that would be rude.

“I could ask Natasha.” He could ask Natasha to run a background check on her and then
ask her questions about Elektra. Is that rude? It’s probably not rude if he gets someone else to do it. Then it’s just sneaky. Sneaky isn’t a bad thing.

“Yeah she’d be a great one to ask!” Rogue exclaims. “She sounds just like her.”

“Maybe that should be our homework.” Sue suggests. “Let’s ask somebody we know about… how do we phrase this?”

“Why female alphas are such bitches?” Bucky says with a smirk.

The group of omegas give Bucky a look of disdain. They all react almost identically except for Peter. For a second Bucky expects him to say something. He doesn’t. Peter felt that jibe on a personal level. But Bucky can’t think of why. Maybe he has a female alpha in his family. He’s never talked about his parents. His uncle was an omega and his aunt is a beta. Maybe it’s a close personal friend. Or something else… Bucky has been intensely suspicious of Peter ever since he called. Peter could have advised Matt at the bar they went to, with no need to get them involved. If Bucky had to guess, he’d say this whole female alpha thing hits too close to home. He has a theory but it would take either an intense social exchange or more intelligence gathering. He’s got more to ask Natasha than the thought.

“Okay maybe asking them generally about their disposition is a bad idea.” Sue concedes. “Bucky you’re very close with Natasha, could you at least ask her about Elektra’s… well whatever it is.” She looks over at the man they are inquiring for. He’s leaning on the counter with his forehead pillowed on his crossed arms. “Matt you okay?”

“He’s asleep.” Bucky informs them. “He nodded off about two minutes ago.”

“Oops.” Peter says as he scratches the back of his head. “What do we do?”

“I’ll get a cab and bring him back to my place to rest up for the evening.” Sue offers.

“I’d say he could stay here but quite frankly I don’t want him to.” Bucky admits.

“Nobody blames you.” Rogue waves it off. “Honestly I’m surprised you had us over at all. If you’d told us Steve just got home, we would have given you your space.”

“Like I said, don’t worry about it. He’ll make me pay for it later.” He smiles deviously and waggles an eyebrow.

“I hate you.” Rogue proclaims. “Come on, let’s get gone before Captain Cock gets anxious and jumps him.”

“You still down to help me go apartment shopping?” Peter asks Bucky as he maneuvers himself under Matt’s arm. Rogue gets the other side.

“Sure, but it’s got to be tomorrow. The day after that’s my anniversary.”

“I thought that already passed?”

“Funny story, I’ll tell you later.”

Chapter End Notes
The amount of time I spent thinking about the science behind this chapter is kind of terrifying to me. I could have made this go super deep into strange nuances that ya'll don't care about, but I decided this is enough for now. So yeah in my world this is how female alphas work. I know the description sounds sort of gross, but in my head alpha female genitalia is really pretty cute. It's like taking out the things I find least attractive about male and female genitals by combining them together. I would have drawn a diagram but I felt the graph was sufficient to the task of explaining things.

Your comments warm my heart, next chapter is the sex scene.

-The Trollop
When his friends leave, it’s four in the afternoon. Bucky scratches his head and tries to put aside the things on his to do list. It can all wait until tomorrow. His alpha’s scent has been nagging at him since he got home. Last night went very well, he doesn’t think it will take much to make this night a good one too. Even if it’s for an entirely different reason. Bucky walks out into the common room and discovers that Steve is absent.

“JARVIS, where’s my mate at?”

“He appears to be sketching on the roof, sir.”

“Tell him my guests are gone and he’s expected in our suite in twenty minutes.”

“Certainly.”

.oOo.

Twenty minutes later on the dot, Steve pushes the door to the bathroom open. Steam rushes out of the small room. Bucky is lying in the tub up to his chin in some kind of herbal bath. Steve can smell something mineral in the water too, but he’s not focused on it. Bucky has his hair pulled back in a ponytail, a few loose, wet strands frame his face. His cheeks are pink from the warm bath, his lips are a dark rose color from where he’s been nibbling on them. In Steve’s opinion there is nothing sexier in the world than his mate’s puffy, red, pouting lips. Except perhaps when he turns his head towards Steve, bares his throat, and raises one eyebrow invitingly. Steve sinks down to his knees on the bathmat next to the tub. The water sloshes as Steve’s arms wraps around his omega pulling him forward so that Steve can kiss every inch of that beautifully marked neck. He runs his teeth along the cord of muscle there, until his mate’s hands grab the back of Steve’s head and push their lips together.

They fight for control of the kiss. Steve tries to make Bucky slow down and savor their passionate press of tongues. Bucky can’t decide if he wants to suck the life out of Steve with open wet kisses or pant and growl into his mate’s mouth. Steve reaches down into the tub until he finds his mate’s bottom. Rather than fight Bucky in his terrain, Steve hoists his mate up by the ass until he’s cradled in his arms. Bucky yelps and digs the nails of his human hand into Steve’s shoulder. He balls The Weapon into a fist so he doesn’t rip Steve’s shoulder apart with it. His skin steams as Steve carries him into the bedroom of their suite. Steve sets him down on the bed, still wet from the tub. Steve grabs his robe from its place by the bed and starts drying his mate off with it. Bucky watches Steve as he starts with Bucky’s feet and works up.

“It’s not weird?” Bucky rakes his nails over Steve’s scalp as Steve leans down and kisses Bucky’s thigh. Steve looks up at him from under his long, blonde lashes.

“What, this?” Steve runs his calloused hand over Bucky’s enlarged abdomen. The omega
shivers but stays silent. “Is it weird if it’s kind of a turn on?”

“Not really. Seems to be that way with alphas and their pregnant omegas. It’s a power trip. Feeling powerful?” Bucky teases as he strokes aimless designs onto Steve’s scalp.

“I love you.” He keeps eye contact with Bucky, as he kisses his mate’s belly. Bucky bites his lip.

“You know how I feel.” Ever since he came back, proclaiming affection has been difficult for him. That’s as close to the words as he gets. After the hell they’ve been through, that’s good enough for Steve.

“Turn over.” Steve commands softly. When he’s in bed with his mate he never uses The Captain America Voice. Bucky sits up and kisses his mate on the lips sweetly. Bucky’s lips are warm from the attention of both of their teeth. He pulls away before either of them can get too attached. Bucky knows what’s coming, whenever Steve asks him to turn around like this, it’s always the same. That isn’t a bad thing, after missing it for fifteen weeks, his stomach is doing summersaults in anticipation. Bucky sits on his slightly parted knees and rests his head and folded arms on the pillows. He sighs as the familiar position inspires his body to bristle. Siting forward like this has caused his thighs to part further. He shudders when he feels his mate’s fingertips on his ass. He must whimper because Steve makes a soft shushing noise to soothe him. His alpha’s powerful hands spread the cleft off his ass further apart.

From Steve’s point of view, Bucky is stunning. He’s always stunning, but particularly like this: spread out and amorous. The alpha is hard in his pants. The scent, which the bath had dulled, is now working its way into every one of Steve’s nerves. With his thumb, he gently massages the ring of muscles at the opening of Bucky’s slickening hole. With his other hand, he expertly unfastens his pants. Once he’s done, he uses one hand to part Bucky’s cheeks as he pushes in the first finger.

Bucky howls obscenely. He hears the sound of Steve’s belt buckle hitting the ground in accompaniment to the racket he’s making. Steve’s fingers are so much better at this than his own. And so much more dexterous than that silicone thing that is to be used only in case of emergencies. His internal walls welcome Steve’s finger in with a fresh gush of slick. Steve pushes a second finger in with almost no resistance. “Hold on.” Steve’s fingers get pulled out so the alpha can take off his shirt. Bucky peeks over his shoulder to admire the show. Bucky reaches back with his human hand for Steve’s. They’ve practiced this part a lot.

The alphas senses are totally flushed with Bucky’s scent. Any awkwardness in this situation has been dead and gone since 1930. Steve lays himself down so that he can kiss the dimples on Bucky’s lower back, and lower still. The alpha can’t help but smile, as he licks a runaway drop of sweat from the back of Bucky’s thigh up to the hole he’s been slowly working open. Bucky pounds The Weapon against the headboard as Steve’s tongue grazes him, then dips inside his entrance. Steve’s very good at this. Back when they first became mates this was one of the few things Steve could do for him consistently. So Steve became an expert.

“Steve! Ahhh!” The omega yelps, as Steve accompanies the oral assault on his ass with a knuckle lightly trailing against the underside of his cock. Steve rubs his tongue against the glands inside Bucky that produce slick. Back and forth, until Steve’s chin is glistening with his mate’s natural lubricant. He sits up, much to Bucky’s dismay, and artfully wipes the excess lubricant from his face onto the palm of his hand. Methodically, he applies it to his cock. Bucky rolls over onto his side so he can watch. Steve tries only to stroke himself as much as necessary, but he finds it difficult when Bucky looks at him like that. Bucky flips completely onto his back. Steve swipes the pre-come off his mate’s cock too. Bucky hisses at him. Steve just smiles and tests to see how prepared the
omega is.

“Stevie, fuck me already!” Bucky clenches The Weapon on the unsuspecting headboard. The alpha breathes heavily as his hindbrain roars to oblige him. Bucky’s scent has Steve’s body moving on autopilot. Steve sits up on his knees.

“On your side.” Bucky obeys without argument. Steve manipulates him so that Bucky’s higher leg is bent away from the other leg at a ninety degree angle with Steve straddling the lower leg. “Do you want a pillow?” He asks with his last moment of clear thinking. Bucky stuffs a pillow under his middle so that he’s more comfortable. Steve leans over him and nibbles at their bonding mark. Bucky nuzzles him then pushes him away with a particularly hard head butt. Bucky bears a tooth. Steve can be sentimental later after he’s knotted him. Steve growls back at his mate, which just makes Bucky want him all the more. Steve takes hold of the crests of Bucky’s hips and uses them like handholds to fit their hips together. Bucky groans in relief when the head of Steve’s cock pushes up against his hole. The omega grabs onto Steve’s hand on his hip. Bucky moans as the head pops past his tight ring of muscles. Steve breathes heavily as he restrains himself from carelessly thrusting into his mate. The small thrusts of his hips bury his cock in inch by inch. Bucky howls and pants as he takes it. The stretch invokes more slick which eases the intrusion, but Steve still refuses to give him any more than he thinks he can take. Bucky’s knuckles are white where they grip Steve’s wrist. “Ste!” He pants in between shallow breaths. Steve finally pushes himself all the way in. He’s very mindful of any strain on Bucky’s abdomen as he sets Bucky’s bent leg to rest on his powerful thigh. His hand shakes as he traces a finger down Bucky’s spine. Bucky’s breathing starts to slow. The death grip he had on Steve’s wrist loosens. Steve laces their fingers together as his other hand continues to stroke the omega into a state of calm. Steve waits as patiently as instinct will allow. On one hand he wants to fuck his omega, but on the other he wouldn’t dare jeopardize the offspring growing inside Bucky. Steve’s body is now very aware of what Bucky’s scent change means and it is reflected in every second that he allows for Bucky to adjust to his size. Finally Bucky lets out one long shaky breath and looks up at Steve. His pupils are enormous with arousal. He leans his chin up so Steve can duck his head down and mouth their bond mark. Once this is done, and Bucky is certain to have love bites there in the morning, Steve grunts and settles back into position. Bucky huffs as Steve’s body tenses like a depressed spring.

The first withdrawal makes him cry out only to be silenced by the first real thrust. Bucky’s thighs shake as his mouth remains open in a silent shout of pleasure. Steve’s powerful thrusts are punctuated by possessive growls and groans. Sweat prickles up on the alpha’s back as their slick flesh slaps together. Bucky doesn’t even think to touch himself as his whole world revolves around the spot Steve is mining inside him. Slick splatters on his quaking thighs. His alphas thrusts into him dozens of times. Bucky shakes in his mates hold. Steve changes his angle slightly as his timing becomes more erratic. That little change reminds Bucky he has a voice. The omega mews in ecstasy as Steve’s knot starts to stretch his hole further. Steve thrusts unevenly as he bares his teeth and groans pleasurably. The alpha stutters out his omegas name as his perfectly suited body pistons forward into him. He shakes and roars as he comes inside his mate. As he orgasms, his knot expands locking him inside his omega. The hard pressure on those outward-most glands triggers Bucky’s release in quick succession. Before the knot inflates fully Steve gently directs Bucky’s hips so that he and Bucky are lying on their bed spooning.

It takes them a few minutes before speech seems like a reasonable activity.

“What are you thinking about?” Steve asks as he nuzzles into Bucky’s neck.

“Right now? How stupid all those omegas back in school were when they said I could do better.”
“I think they had pretty good reason to think so.”

“Don’t make me pinch you again.” Steve laughs softly.

“I never asked if it was okay that we did this.” Steve says fairly calmly. “But if there is one thing I learned today, it’s that you know more about this than I do.”

“It’s fine. I think they’re pissed off but they can deal with it.”


“They woke me up to puke every morning for most of the time you were gone. They can be disturbed occasionally.”

“Speaking of disturbances, how often do you meet with your group?” Steve asks with a stroke of bitterness in his voice.

“I see them often. Tomorrow I’m going apartment shopping with Peter.” Bucky explains. He is not bargaining with this. Steve starts rumbling but he’s too tired to really growl. “You’ve got baby books to read and Fury will want to debrief you. You should call up Sam and tell him about the twins. Sometime this week the Richards want to have us over for dinner. And before you say anything I already told everyone Wednesday is off limits.” Steve takes a deep breath.

“You’re right. I should call Sam.”

Chapter End Notes

Woof. First time writing alpha/omega smut. *Runs the victory lap triumphantly* So you got your wish, I'm not sure if I'm going to bump the rating up on the whole fic up just because of this one sex scene. I think I'll just add warnings for now and see what the rest of the fic turns out like. Now for the exciting bit... the other one. If we get to 200 comments, 500 Kudos, and 100 bookmark, I will hold a special contest. Titillated? I hope so.

Oh and here is my musical inspiration for this chapter:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jl8fV1jUQPs
“Get up.”

Natasha opens her eyes, her hand is already on her gun. Skin warmed metal fingers curl around her wrist. She turns her head, through a veil of red curls she glares at The Winter Soldier.

“You startled me.” She says as she lets go of her weapon.

“You know, my shrink told me it’s not healthy to sleep with a loaded weapon.” Bucky says as he sits down on the edge of her bed. She rolls so she can look at him comfortably.

“My shrink retired after our first appointment. I don’t think he’s concerned with what I keep in my bed at night.”

“You really don’t need a gun to be deadly, so what’s the point?” The Winter Soldier asks as he examines the gun.

“Speed. If someone breaks in here, I assume they already have me in their sights. So you’re saying you don’t sleep with a gun?”

“I sleep with my mate. He rolls at night. I can’t keep anything dangerous under the pillows.”

“What do you want James?”

“Breakfast. You and I are going out in twenty minutes.”

“Is Steve coming with us?”

“No, a duo op.”

“What’s the target?”

“Waffles.”

.oOo.

It’s 05:00 hours when they set out. Bucky’s got a half an hour before Steve wakes up and worries.

“Someone’s having trouble extending their right leg this morning.” Natasha comments as she walks with her hands in her coat pockets. The difference in his gate is so nuanced nobody except Natasha would have noticed.

“That happens when Steve fucks me in certain positions. I wouldn’t worry about it.” Bucky assures her as he smirks.

“I’m very happy for you.” She says with far too little humor. “Now that there are no ears on us, will you tell me why you’re doing this? We could have had waffles at home.”
“I find it easier to talk over food and while taking walks, so we are taking a walk to go eat food.”

“What do you want to talk about?”

“You, mostly. Peter brought over one of his friends, he’s been having trouble with his mate. She’s a female alpha like you. I started to wonder how you’re doing.”

“What do you mean she’s a female alpha like me?” She asks suspiciously.

“Ever heard of Elektra Nat-“

“We’ve met.” Natasha cuts him off curtly. “She’s one of the best assassins I’ve ever met. She’s not as good as you are but she’s very close. She’s got her fair share of issues just like all of us. Does she remind you of me? Or does she remind your friends of me?” Natasha asks astutely. Bucky smiles.

“She sounds like a dominating bitch. No, she doesn’t sound like you at all.” He says surprisingly sincerely. Natasha’s head snaps to face him.

“I hate it when you lie to me.”

“You’re not a bitch Natasha, you’re a survivor of a living hell. My guess is, she is too. Women like you don’t grow out of well-tended gardens.” He says thoughtfully as he counts the titles of sidewalk they cross. The go a block in silence before Natasha responds.

“I’m not going to ask Clint out on that date.” Natasha states. That’s the only thing she can think of that this could be about. Winter has never taken an interest in her ops so it must be social. Winter and Barton are pretty much the only people she cares about at the moment. Sure enough she’s right.

“I had hopes, but I knew you wouldn’t.” Bucky says. He’s hitting her in all the worst spots.

“You’re suddenly very knowledgeable about me, aren’t you?” Natasha says harshly. Anyone else would be in danger of being attacked.

“I made you into what you are, I should hope I at least know what that is.”

“I-!” Natasha is about to argue but she stops. The blue eyes of The Winter Soldier have fixed her in her place. It’s like a conditioned response for her. He looks at her eye-to-eye with his face set in that certain way and it’s as if they’re roles are reversed. He can put her under his thumb the way some alphas wish they could make omegas submit. She would do anything for this person, endure anything for him if necessary. A lifetime ago she did endure the worst pain she’s ever felt for his sake. Bucky leans and steps forward, Natasha doesn’t block the knife she’s sure he has in his hand. Instead of a knife in her gut, she finds herself pulled into Bucky’s arms.

“Listen to me Natalia.” He says to her in their dialect of Russian. “You and I cannot be mates. That part of my soul already belongs to Steve. But I will always be your lover, because I love you.” He kisses her forehead and looks her in the eyes again. “You were the only goodness in my life when my life was not my own. I took your innocence from you, I taught you how to kill, I mutilated your body, and turned you into the weapon you are today. You entrusted yourself to me and it has only ever gotten you hurt.” He raises the intensity of his voice. “Do you like what you have become? Are you still happy with the gifts I gave you?” He holds her head in his hands so that she cannot turn away.
“Yes.” She says quietly.

“Despite everything, you would do it again to become the woman you are now?”

“Yes.” She says surely but soundlessly.

“I knew that about you when you were five years old! I have always known what it is you want and God damn me for being able to give it to you! If I hadn’t done exactly what I did, you would have died like all the others. You trusted me to do terrible things to you, believing it would save your life. Now that you’ve endured it all, you have that life. I’m telling you it’s time to start doing something with it. Trust me when I say, you should accept what he has to offer you.”

“Barton?” Natasha asks breathlessly.

“Yes, Barton. He can love you better than I can. As it turns out, love is not what they told us it was. You need it a lot more than a gun under your pillow.” He releases her head from his grip. She doesn’t move. She slowly inhales.

“You want me to live?”

“Yes.” He strokes her cheek with The Weapon. “You care about him so much. Stop wasting time and take what you want already.” Natasha nods and takes a step backward. They continue on a few more blocks before they can spot the restaurant up ahead.

Bucky suddenly stops.

“James?” Natasha says concernedly. Bucky puts a hand over his nose.

“Never mind we have to go home now!” He says as he attempts to not breathe.

“What?” Natasha sniffs the air. It smells like burnt eggs or something. It’s not that terrible. Bucky is already walking very fast in the direction they came from. Natasha points at the restaurant.

“We walked all the way here and we can’t even go inside because something smells bad!”

“Natasha hurry the fuck up!” He yells behind himself.

.oOo.

Natasha eats her homemade waffle slowly. Bucky has already had two.

“I can’t believe you did that.” Natasha says in a particularly judging tone.

“Tell anyone and I’ll do harm to you.” The door to the Rogers-Barnes Suite opens noisily.

“Bucky? Bucky? Buck, where are you?” Steve calls nervously. He rushes into the common room in a panic. As soon as he spots his mate, he charges over to him and engulfs him in an embrace. The alpha nuzzles their cheeks together proprietarily. He eyes Natasha and her waffles suspiciously. “You scared me.”

“I can see that.” Bucky’s voice is muffled by Steve tucking Bucky’s head under his chin. “Do you mind I was having breakfast?”

“What do you mean do I mind?” Steve scolds. “I woke up and I didn’t know where you were. It was terrifying! I thought maybe it was all just some kind of cruel dream and you did die in
“That was your first assumption?” Bucky asks as he is protectively cradled.

“That’s always my first assumption.” Steve asserts. He’s unconsciously pumping out pheromones broadcasting that this is his territory. Steve can still smell Natasha on his mate it seems. The male alpha keeps glaring at Natasha suspiciously.

“Stevie baby, I am going to finish my waffles and go take a nap until 10:00 hours. Then I am going to go meet my friend and help him find a new apartment. I’m going to pretend you didn’t wake up this morning acting like a walking cliché with no regard for my autonomy. You should read the book in your pile about alpha behavior during their mate’s pregnancy.”

“Can I read in bed?” With you goes unspoken. Bucky considers telling him to fuck off but cuddling actually sounds nice.


Chapter End Notes

Natasha's reaction to this conversation is continued in this story:

The Black Widow Is Insecure: How Hawkeye Got The Girl
http://archiveofourown.org/works/2458190
Chapter 35

Steve goes absent after an hour of reading and cuddling. At 10:00 hours Bucky does as he said he would and gets ready to go meet Peter. Steve is still strangely absent when he leaves the suite. Bucky pushes the elevator button with the down arrow on it.

“I am sorry Sergeant Barnes, the elevator system has been temporarily taken off line.” The house AI informs him.

“Taken off line?” What does it take the internet to run the damn elevator now. “What does that even mean?”

“It’s been turned off while repairs are being made.” Bucky grumbles about technology being pointless as he goes to the entrance to the stairs. He tries to open the door but discovers that it won’t budge.

“The fuck…?” Bucky backs up. There doesn’t appear to be any signs of tampering. “JARVIS, why is the door locked?”

“It is not locked, though it would appear that it will not open. My records show that one of Mr. Stark’s metal adhesives has been used to glue the door shut.”

“Why?” Bucky holds his hands up as he makes a face.

“Would you like me to make an inference?”

“Please, go ahead.” Bucky says putting his hands on his hips.

“Since the one who glued the door closed was Captain Rogers, I suspect the purpose was to stop you from attending your appointment with Mr. Parker.” Bucky pauses and takes stock of his options. 1. He could go beat his mate to death and raise their children on his own. 2. He could go shame Steve into remorse. 3. He could chain his mate to the wall of the bathroom and leave him there for the duration of the pregnancy. 4. He could escape anyway, not tell Steve about it, and let him go crazy trying to figure out a way to pursue him.

Number four it is then. Steve has got to learn. This is all just typical alpha male bullshit. Captain America is not the first one to deal with this and he doesn’t get to be a jerk just because he’s nervous. Bucky goes to the walk-in-pantry and closes the door behind him. He goes to the back of the storage area to where they keep large stores of grains and such. He moves a twenty pound bag of rice over to get to what he wants. Bucky takes his knife out and uses it to pry open the twenty five gallon bucket of red beans. He reaches around inside of it until he grabs the plastic waterproof bag around his backup climbing equipment set. In it he has a modified grappling hook gun, 500 feet of wire that will hold up to 2,000 lbs, a tacky glove for his left hand and a padded glove for his right, and a hip harness complete with hooks.

.oOo.

Peter is checking something on his phone when Bucky meets him by the entrance to the subway. Bucky has stored his climbing gear in his backpack. There is nothing about him that would suggest he just repelled down the side of Stark Tower.

“You’re early.” Peter says as he checks the time on his phone.
“I took a short cut.” Peter looks at him questioningly but decides not to ask. Peter falls in step next to him and follows the older omega down into the transit tunnel.

“Okay so I looked online and I think I’ve narrowed down my options to five different places. After what you told me, I decided to look into Brooklyn too.”

.oOo.

“You really liked that one?” Bucky asks as he and Peter walk down the street in Brooklyn. They worked their way through all of Peter’s destinations, having finished them they are now just wandering.

“I liked the side access to the roof. It’s going to make it easier to get out of the house fast and unnoticed.”

“It’s also going to make it harder to defend strategically.”

“What does that even mean?! You’ve said that so many times I’ve lost count!” Peter exclaims animatedly. “I swear if I told you I wanted to live in a concrete box with no windows or doors you’d say, ‘It will be hard to defend strategically’. It’s not that I don’t appreciate the value of security, it’s just not the first thing I think about when I look at a bathroom.”


“Evidence of mold. I assume every one of these buildings has mold in it that some real-estate person scrubs up every morning.” Bucky puts an arm out to bar Peter from continuing. Peter looks over at his friend. Bucky is looking to their right oddly. “What?”

On the corner across the street stands a 6’2” male alpha in a red suit with katanas and guns strapped to his body. He is waiting at the sidewalk with a cooler under one arm. He appears to be talking to himself. Peter shields his face. Wade waves obnoxiously as he balances on his toes. As soon as traffic stops he bounds towards them. Bucky already has his hand on his knife in warning.

“Before you stab me again, I come in peace!” Wade says as he keeps his distance from The Winter Soldier. Bucky gives him the benefit of the doubt and waits for provocation.

“Wade what’s in the cooler?” Peter asks with his eyes still covered.

“Beers and ice mostly. Also human fingers but those take up only a small part of the total volume. Gotta work to pay for beers and ice.”

“Right.” Peter puts his hand down and looks at him awkwardly. Peter isn’t really sure how he’s supposed to act with Bucky there. So far Winter has stayed perfectly still.

“Oh come on sweetums, where’s my kiss? You’re so cold, I shouldn’t let you hang out with Frostbite. Normally we’d be on a roof having loud, sweaty sex by now.” Wade says, throwing the arm not occupied with the cooler over Peter’s shoulder. Peter grits his teeth.

“I thought I made it very clear I wanted to be left alone for a while.” Peter picks up Wade’s arm like it’s got mold on it. Wade pulls it away and messes up Peter’s already puffy hair.

“Oh so that’s what you meant when you told me to shut my trap and get out. I was really confused because of what you did with your trap when my back was up against that door. You really need to work on your communication skills.” Wade rattles off. Peter turns red and purses his lips.
“I don’t know why I did that.” He grumbles and crosses his arms. Wade leans so their sides are pressed together. He looms over into Peter’s space and presumably eyes the young omega suggestively.

“Well your heat is coming up in nine days. Probably just biology telling you not to drive away your favorite heat-fuck. Not that I’m going anywhere. I’m in you for the long run. With you, I mean.” Peter pushes him away.

“God you are such a creep!”

“A creep, he says now. Fuck me breathless, he says later. I’ll take it when I can get it.” Peter’s mouth drops open.

“Get lost! I’m never calling you again!”

“Uh-huh-!” He’s cut off by his spinal cord being severed with a sharp knife. The Winter Soldier cut between the fourth and fifth lumbar vertebra in one swift stab. “Okay not cool!” Wade doubles over as his knees give out. The cooler falls but thankfully stays closed. “Well at least there’s that.” Wade says hopefully. Winter moves so fast a passerby might have thought Wade just fell down. The hunting knife is still embedded in Wade’s spine, stalling his ability to heal.

“You really want him out of your hair until your heat is over?” Winter asks as he bends down and holds the knife in place. Peter scratches the back of his neck and smiles gratefully at his friend.

“Could you make that happen?” He asks bashfully. The Winter Soldier never smiles when he accepts an op, he just does it. Winter nods.

“Oh oh…” Wade whines.

“Flip him over and help me get him to the ally. I’m going to need some privacy.” Winter instructs Peter. The young omega does so without delay.

“Guys can we talk about this? I really regret everything now! Mommy!”

When Bucky arrives back home at Stark tower it’s 20:00 hours. He was not planning on being out so late but he wasn’t planning on dismantling Wade Wilson either. The merc is now in garbage bags all over New York. His head is incased in a concrete block which he entrusted to Peter. He can crack him out when he feels like it. If he ever does. Bucky was careful but he still has blood splatter nearly everywhere on his clothing. He took the least populated route he could on his way home.

He walks into the tower and isn’t even stopped by security. They know him by now. Bloody or not, he’s still a resident. The elevator works when he tries it. He walks in, pushes the button, leans up against the rails, and rests the back of his head on the stainless steel wall. As he waits he rubs his belly in response to where he feels the babies moving.

“I don’t know, maybe we were too hard on your daddy. He’s only known about you for a day and a half. I freaked out too. Hell, I went to go get help I was so scared. I don’t blame him for caring, especially when it’s about you.” The elevator stops moving. He takes his hand away from his bump. The doors open. Darcy and Natasha are standing there looking worried and angry in varying degrees from moment to moment.
“It’s him!” Darcy calls to the living room. Some concerning shuffling noises come from that area. Bucky walks quickly out of the elevator to the source of the noise. Clint and Tony are on either side of Steve trying to calm him down. A venture which is utterly thwarted by Bucky’s sudden appearance. Steve stands up, pushing his friends off him with no regard for their wellbeing, and jolts to stand toe to toe with his mate. Bucky looks up at him. He’s not sure if Steve is going to start yelling, or cry, or some other third option Bucky can’t fathom.

“Plan four worked well I see.” Bucky observes. He is worried about Steve. He feels guilty for doing this to him, in fact. But he can’t just show up and start apologizing right off that bat. He still has to at least make Steve think a little.

“Buck, you were gone for ten hours! You just disappeared!”

“We have a betting pool on how you got out, by the way.” Tony adds. Bucky and Steve both growl at him in warning. Tony puts his hands up.

“Peter found an apartment. We ran into a complication afterward.” Bucky says softly.

“A complication with what?” Steve reaches a hand out for Bucky’s waist. Bucky doesn’t protest.

“Nothing serious.”

“Bucky, you are covered in blood!” Steve barks. “How is that not serious?”

“It’s not mine, so it’s not really concerning.” Bucky answers. “You on the other hand do concern me. You glued the door shut. Somehow I doubt the elevator was randomly out of order at the same time as well.” Bucky raises an eyebrow challengingly. “You gonna explain that one to me?”

“I’m sorry I tried to keep you cooped up.” Steve concedes though it doesn’t sound genuine to Bucky’s ears. “I just didn’t know what else to do. I didn’t want you to leave but I felt so selfish that I didn’t want to just ask.” Steve holds his arms out at his sides. “You’ve made all this progress while I was gone and I’m still trying to get used to it. I just…” He puts his hands on the sides of his head. “Urrggh! I’m losing my mind.”

Bucky laughs at him. He’s too cute to be mad at and this really isn’t totally unforgivable. He should have just canceled his plans with Peter when Steve came home. He leans his head to the side displaying their bonding mark. A wave of relief washes over Steve at just the sight. He pushes his face down onto that spot and kisses it. He wraps his arms around Bucky possessively.

Their friends have kept their distance but still lingered. Darcy clears her throat.

“While everyone was busy doing crazy shit, I took a little time out of my day and came up with some good house-keeping strategies to maintain a better sense of calm around here. Interested?” She asks hopefully. Clearly she thought hard about this and it means a lot to her.

“Sure, Darce.” Bucky says just to be nice. “Get ready and tell us on Thursday. Tomorrow’s our anniversary and we’re doing…” He looks at Steve. “Actually I have no idea what we’re doing. Locking ourselves in our suite?” He smiles the ‘I have a plan and you’re going to like it’ smile.

“Actually I made arrangements for an outing.” He says as he strokes Bucky’s lower back. It makes the omega want to purr.

“Well then I can't wait.”
Beep. Beep. Beep…

Bucky hasn’t heard the sound of an alarm since the last time he triggered one. He can wake himself up almost exactly when he intends to. Steve cannot do this, so he set a goddamn alarm. Bucky bridges across his mate and slams The Weapon down onto the device making the offensive noise. Steve startles into wakefulness but doesn’t go anywhere. Bucky snuggles onto Steve’s chest.

“Hey, don’t get too comfy we have to get up.” The bastard strokes Bucky’s back making that command damn near impossible. Steve gently tries to move Bucky off his chest. Bucky grunts back at him and shakes his head slowly. Steve chuckles and rubs his hands down onto Bucky’s sides. “Come on Buck…” Bucky blows some hair out of his face.

“Why?” He rasps groggily. “I don’t wanna.”

“Come on, you can sleep in the jet.” Steve says softly. Bucky opens his eyes in interest.

“What jet?”

“The Quinjet. Clint’s flying us down to Miami for a mini vacation.” Bucky sits up so Steve can get up. The sleepy omega flops back down on his back.

“Why are we going to Miami of all places?” Steve ducks in the bathroom but answers loud enough for Bucky to hear.

“Because that’s where the Marlins play.”

“Why are we going to Florida to watch baseball?” Bucky asks as he rubs his eyes. Steve walks out of the bathroom so he can watch Bucky’s reaction.

“Because they’re playing the Dodgers.” He says while fighting a smile. Bucky sits straight up.

“We’re going to a Dodgers game?”

“Yep. Bullpen tickets too. I thought about getting cheap seats like we used to but I don’t do so well in crowds anymore.” Steve explains as he ducks back in the bathroom to shower. Bucky lies back down on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

“I thought you decided it wasn’t the same?” Bucky asks feeling all warm and fluffy inside and not just because of the babies moving. The shower turns on. Steve comes back to the doorway as he undresses.

“Well nothing’s the same as it was. That can be a good thing. It’s still the Dodgers and they still play great baseball.” Steve stands there naked. “And you like them more than you let on.”

“I only said I didn’t because you were so upset about them moving.” Bucky sits up and goes to join his mate in the shower.

“So you did lie!” Steve says happily. Bucky strips down and walks past him as realization
dawns on Steve. “Wait, does this mean you do think Clayton Kershaw is nice looking?” Bucky shakes his head at his self-conscious, yet drop dead gorgeous mate. “Buck?” He follows his mate.

.oOo.

Bucky throws his things in his bag as he gets ready. It’s not hard to pick things out, he only has a small selection to choose from. In another two weeks none of this is going to fit anymore. It makes him sad that the pouch pants have to come to the Dodgers game. Next to him Steve packs his bag into perfect military grade order. Steve glances over at the balled up mess in Bucky’s bag. Bucky closes it so he can’t snoop on his ghastly pants. So far Bucky has done a very good job of hiding the pouches.

He’s wearing one pair which just look like dark jeans on the parts that count. The pouch is nicely hidden by the black v neck shirt he’s wearing. He throws his favorite oversized leather jacket over it and zips it up. He puts his gloves on and ties his hair back and he’s perfectly disguised as a normal pregnant civilian. He sits down on the bed and laces up his boots as Steve sets their bags with a third one which has his uniform in it.

“You’re bringing that?” Bucky wasn’t expecting an op. He can do one just fine, he’s just going to have to repack a little.

“Oh, another surprise!” Steve says excitedly. He considers it for a second. “Don’t worry about it.” He changes his mind with a big dopy smile. “Well okay I might as well tell you.” Steve relents with feigned exhaustion. “When I called to buy tickets I asks for as close to the bullpen as I could get. They were sold out of course. This was two days ago, I couldn’t exactly buy baseball tickets in the middle of the Pakistani badlands.” He laughs a little. “So I explained to the woman on the phone who I was, why we’re going, and asked her pretty please can you help me out.” Typical Steve only using his charms for the forces of good, his mate thinks. “So she tells me to stay on the line while she calls some people. Ten minutes later, I wind up on the phone with the Dodgers’ general manager offering us free tickets to any seat we want if we take a picture with the team. Remember the one I took with them in 1942? The manager of the team has passed a framed copy down to his successor ever since! The one I talked to has it in his office!” Bucky can only laugh at how adorable Steve is. “Great, right?” Bucky pulls Steve to him and kisses him tenderly. They take a few seconds to just stay like that before moving. “Happy anniversary.”

“You too punk.” Bucky kisses him again. Steve tightens his hold around Bucky’s waist. Their lips part but they keep their foreheads pressed together.

“Ready?”

“Let’s beat it.” Bucky says as he picks up his bag. Steve throws his duffle under his arm and holds the handle of his suitcase in that hand. With his free arm he holds his mates hand as he leads him out the door.

.oOo.

“So she just walked into my room all of a sudden and told me- fuck I don’t even know if I should repeat that!” Clint retells as he pilots the jet. Bucky is listening with his head leaned on Steve’s shoulder. Steve holds his hand while he strokes it with his thumb.

“I’m happy for you.” Bucky tells him with a sly smile on his face.

“Hey, don’t think I don’t know what you did man! I don’t know what you said but let me tell you, you ever need anything I will do it.” Bucky chuckles at his enthusiasm. “I am not kidding,
anything. You need me to miss a couple of shots to make you look good, I will do that. If you need somebody to stand still while you throw knives at them, I can do that. You need somebody to crawl through miles of raw sewage, I’m your man.” Both Bucky and Steve are now laughing.

“Do you like kids?” Steve asks.

“I love kids. Kids love me. I’m like that cool uncle that can still get the rug-rats to eat their veggies and go to bed on time.”

“We might hit you up for some babysitting.” Bucky says, assuming that’s where Steve was going with this.

“Ah!” Clint shrieks with delight. “I was hoping you’d ask! Nat’s going to be their godmother right?”

“We haven’t talked about it yet, but that’s fine with me.” Steve says as he looks sideways at Bucky. Bucky kisses his cheek and nods his head. Or maybe it’s just him nuzzling, it’s the same affect.

“Gah! So I do get to be Uncle Clint. Sweet!” Clint pulls back on the throttle as they arrive in the air space over Miami. “Where do you want me to drop you?”

“Just at the airport. We’ll take a cab to the hotel.” Steve answers.

“Really? Just drop us off at the hotel.” Bucky says. Clint waits for them to work it out. He is not getting involved in that. Steve leans away from Bucky. He’s got his worried alpha look on.

“I think we should just land some place stable. I don’t know how I feel about you taking a rope down. And you are definitely not jumping!”

“Well obviously, we have luggage.” Bucky says with an eye roll.

“Hey, I can land on a backstreet no problem.”

“Great, thanks.” Bucky says. Steve just gawks at his mate, knowing that he is missing something again.

Chapter End Notes

So fucking cute. These two make me so happy. Go away angsty fanfiction! I want them happy going to a baseball game on their fucking tenth anniversary! Less drama than usual in the next two chapters or so. Thank you for your comments. I am doing my best to keep my update a day pace. This stuff is very easy to write so it's not much trouble.
They checked in at the Holiday Inn and drop off their bags without incident. While Steve is in the bathroom, Bucky tucks a small metal rod that looks like a pen into his jacket. When he clicks the button on it, it extends to a six inch barb. Perfect for puncturing arteries in a crowd. He stores a Taser away, as well. Steve doesn’t need to know.

During the cab ride to the stadium, the driver keeps looking at them like he recognized them but isn’t quite sure who they are. When he drops them off in front of their destination, the cabbie finally asks Bucky,

“Hey, is your mate a model or something?” Bucky snorts with laughter and gives the guy a nice tip.

“Nah just a model citizen.” He snickers. The guy will figure it out later.

They pick their tickets up at an automated kiosk then head over to the entrance. The line has about a hundred people in it. They’re all too close to tell whose scent is whose. Bucky can still smell Steve of course and that’s calming. Steve waits next to Bucky a little on edge. He really doesn’t like having all these people around his mate. They keep looking at him. Some of the people in line idly scent the air. There’s so much going on that the scent of a pregnant omega isn’t even registering for anyone. The territorial alpha next to him is a whole other matter. Steve’s pheromones are detectable even in the crowd. Bucky leans against his mate and wraps Steve’s arm around his middle. It doesn’t do much to calm down the scent but Steve seems to feel better at least. They have to wait in line to be checked by security. Bucky crosses his arms uncomfortably as he watches a man get waved down with a metal detecting wand. Concealed weapons aside, Bucky’s arm is going to set that thing off. Steve frowns. He decides it’s time. People were already giving him strange looks for his scent. Having a concealed disk attached to his backpack only added to the oddity. Well if they’re going to stare, he’ll give them something to stare at. If they wave that wand at Bucky they’re going to have to scan his shield too. Steve takes the cover off and puts his arm back around his mate.

When the security guard gets to them he doesn’t even bother with the wand. Instead he stands in an overly ridged salute. He must have been military, most vets act that way when they meet Steve. Bucky feels a familiar swell of pride as his mate bashfully returns the salute. As they walk to their seats, Bucky notices some people pointing them out to others. A few people try to discreetly take photos, some people pay them no mind at all, a few young omegas very obviously check out Steve. Bucky growls at these. His favorite gawkers used to be the ones who tell their friends the shield’s a fake because ‘blah blah blah’. Now his favorites are the little kids who wave, and point, and gasp when they see them. Steve always waves back. He tries to get Bucky to wave too, but he’s just a little too shy around kids.

They make a stop at a snack stand and load up on treats. Roasted peanuts, hotdogs, Coca-Cola, and some crackerjacks for Steve. While Steve orders, Bucky notices a security officer talking into a mic at a safe distance away. His lips say, "I have eyes on them. They’re buying food. Want me to stop them until you get here?"

“We’re being targeted.” Bucky informs Steve. Steve looks over at the security officer
sternly. Once he realizes he’s been caught, the security officer waves awkwardly but pleasantly at them. Steve decides to just go ask what’s going on.

“Hello officer, is there a problem?” Steve asks as he reverts to his Captain America voice.

“Sorry to bother you sir! I was told to keep a look out for you, the GM’s wanted to find you guys.”

“Well tell them they can find us in our seats.” Steve says with a confident nod. “Have a nice day.” Steve walks away from the guy, Bucky follows.

When they arrive at their seats, a group of men in nice baseball jackets have gathered in the isle way. When the group takes notice of Steve and Bucky they all fall silent.

“Holy shit it actually is him!” One of them exclaims. That one walks forward. “Sorry about that we all kind of didn’t know what to expect. Um, I’m Don Mattingly. We talked on the phone.” The fifty-something alpha says. He’s graying but still athletic looking, 6 ft tall, left handed. He used to play for the Yankees. Steve smiles pleasantly at the man.

“Nice to meet you. Thanks again for helping us out with tickets, it really means a lot.” They shakes hands.

“Well um you know, thanks for saving the world. I kind of take that personally.” The guy is pretty star struck. This is a common thing. Even that hard ass Agent Coulson did this when he first met Steve. A second man approaches them from the group.

“I’m Mike Redmond, the manager of the Marlins. We’ve been talking and we were wondering, would you like to throw the first pitch of the game? It would be really great publicity for us and afterwards we could take that picture Don’s been bragging about.”

“You can’t be in our picture. Get your own!” Don jokes as he slaps his friend on the back. Steve looks over at Bucky. When they were kids and they could find enough people to play ball, Steve always played umpire. In the army, after the serum made him capable of actually playing the game, Steve played in the outfield and excelled at batting. Despite his prowess with throwing his shield, he never figured out the finesse it takes to be a good pitcher. There was never any need anyway because Bucky has always been a damn good left handed pitcher.

“Well I would, but I think I might embarrass myself.” Steve explains modestly. He raises an eyebrow at his mate. Bucky grins and nods. “But if my mate pitches, I wouldn’t mind catching the first pitch of the game.”

.Bucky and Steve stand in the dugout grinning like kids at Christmas as they put on their Dodgers jerseys. Without his leather jacket, it’s much more obvious that Bucky’s pregnant. Bucky just tries to play it off like it’s nothing. Some of the players are looking. Steve’s made a point of standing between Bucky and them. Almost everyone on the team is an alpha which makes Steve nervous. Still, they’re having such a good time that all these little details don’t even phase their good mood. Don the GM has corralled his players into good behavior. Nobody’s signing anything until after the first pitch. Bucky stretches his left arm by playing with its range of motion. It really can’t be called stretching since there is no muscle to be stretched, but habit is habit.

“What are you gonna throw?” Steve asks as they watch the field crew finish prepping the mound.
“Remember my knuckleball?”

“How could I forget? Nobody could hit it! Lord, I hope I can catch it.” Steve chuckles. Bucky laughs and kisses his mate happily. “Buck, not in front of the Dodgers.” Steve says with a straight face. That lasts all of three seconds before both of them are howling.

Once the field crew is gone the announcer starts talking about what kind of day it is and who the two teams are. Then someone Bucky doesn’t recognize sings the National Anthem and everyone cheers. Don walks over with a headset on.

“Hey can I give them the go ahead to announce you two?” He asks as he studies the pair.

“Sure.” Bucky answers. Don tells the headset that they gave the okay. On the loud speaker the announcer says,

“Tonight we have two very big baseball fans here celebrating their tenth anniversary. Here to throw the first pitch of the game, please welcome Captain America and his mate James Buchanan Barnes to the field.” The crowd goes ballistic with enthusiasm as the two of them climb the few steps to the field. Bucky sticks to Steve’s side as he passes the ball back and forth between his hands. Steve waves to the crowd with the catcher’s glove.

“I’m jealous, they actually announced your name.” Steve tells Bucky. Bucky snorts at him.

“Hey, at least your official title isn’t ‘mate’.” Bucky shoots back.


Bucky closes his eyes when he stops at home plate with Steve. Steve bites his lip to keep himself from laughing at the look of humored annoyance on Bucky’s face. Bucky turns and walks to the pitcher’s mound while shaking his head.

Bucky Barnes throws a 98 mph fast ball at his mate. If Steve hadn’t caught that ball, 33,000 people would have watched Captain America get hit in the nuts.

Chapter End Notes

Oh shit I forgot to say. The contest I'm holding in honor of all your support is a go! I have decided that I'm going to let you guys name the twins. Stay tuned for how I want you to enter those names suggestions. I haven't figured out how I'm going to do this yet, so please don't flood me with names at the moment. But I promise this will happen.
Chapter 38

By the end of the game they had talked to every one of the players. When they weren’t talking baseball with one of the Dodgers, they commented avidly on the game. People just don’t heckle like they used to, nobody in the 21st century is on the level of Steve and Bucky when they feel an umpire has made a bad call. Steve is pretty sure he made a grown man cry today. Well, one that wasn’t Bucky laughing so hard he started to tear up. They took pictures, they signed things, they ate a lot of junk food, and left satisfied.

.oOo.

Bucky bites his lower lip as he rides his mate. Steve sits on the hotel bed with a bunch of pillows between his back and the headboard. Steve helps support Bucky’s hips as he thrusts up into his mate. The omega in his lap drops his hips as he pleases so that Steve hits him exactly where he wants him too. Bucky wails every time Steve’s cock is thrust up into him as far as he can take it. His hips increase their movement as he gets closer to his edge. His fingers dig into Steve. Tonight he’s even trusting himself not to hurt Steve with The Weapon.

Steve breathes against Bucky’s neck. He loves it when Bucky gets in his lap and does this. He loves watching his mate face to face as they fuck. Bucky makes the most blissed out open mouthed faces as he fucks himself. The noises he’s making are bound to be making the neighbors jealous. They’re both painted with each other’s fluids. Bucky claws his nails into Steve’s skin.

“Stevie! Mor-!” Steve pins his mouth to his mate’s. He hungrily sucks at the omega’s tongue as he shifts them forward. Bucky shrieks with lust when Steve lays him on his back and takes the control away from him. He wraps his legs around Steve’s waist as the alpha drives his cock inside him. Steve holds Bucky’s hip as he rumbles between the grunts that accompany each thrust. Bucky fists his fingers into the sweaty blankets as he feels himself start to climax. “Back – off-uhlittle.” He pants. “I’m- gonna-come.” Steve slows his thrusts down just enough to keep Bucky on the level he’s at.

“It’s o-kay I-mmmm!” The alpha growls as his knot starts to expand, decreasing his range of motion within his mate. Bucky crosses his ankles. “Almost!” Steve picks his pace up again. Bucky clenches down on his mate’s cock trying to keep it right where he wants it.

“Gah!” Bucky cries as he comes onto his own stomach. His ass clenches around Steve so tight Steve whines. He only has a second to shift his now boneless mate back up into his lap again so he can rest comfortably when they tie. As soon as Bucky’s reseated on Steve, the omega cants his hips and clenches to get Steve off. He comes right away.

“Buck!” The alpha gasps as he presses his head back into the ridge of pillows. Bucky keeps his hips moving until Steve’s knot has filled him to where he can’t. Bucky kisses his mate from his chest, up his neck to his jaw. He licks and sucks over Steve’s scent glands while he waits for his alpha to catch his breath. It won’t be long.

“Are we done for the night?” Steve finally manages.

“Four’s fine, I guess.” Bucky says as Steve picks his head up so that they’re nose to nose.

“Sorry to disappoint you.” Steve says as he nips at their bonding mark. Bucky wraps his arms around Steve’s shoulders, holding his mate’s head against that spot. They stay there as their bodies settle. “Ten years…” Steve murmurs against Bucky’s neck.
“I know. It just seems like it can’t have been more than five. God Stevie, we were so young.”

“We knew what we wanted.”

“How could we? We were just kids! I was what, eighteen? You were seventeen years old! How could we have ever known?” Bucky says in astonishment. Steve’s face shifts against Bucky’s skin. He’s grinning.

“I always knew. You, you weren’t sure even then. We just kind of decided one day eighty years ago, we had enough money to go buy a nice dinner, I wasn’t dying.” Bucky snorts at that. “You were just done with a heat that drew the whole neighborhood to our door, we just decided enough was enough. We were going to be together forever, why wait to be together as mates. So we went and had a nice meal, then we went down to the chapel we always went to. We asked the pastor to bless our union. He did of course, he knew we were meant for each other. So then we went home and I did my best not to disappoint you.” Bucky strokes Steve’s head lovingly.

“I wish I could remember.”

“Are you kidding me? That’s the one thing I’m glad you can’t remember. Trust me you don’t need that memory, your opinion of me is probably much better without it.” Steve says as if it was nothing.

“It was our first time. Everyone wants to at least remember their first time.” Bucky says as he continues to stroke Steve.

“Well I don’t know who this ‘everyone’ is but whoever they are definitely wasn’t deflowered by a 95 pound asthmatic.” Bucky starts laughing. “Stop that, it feels weird.” That only makes Bucky laugh harder.

.0Oo.

Bucky examines himself in the mirror as Steve mops up the water that got on the floor from their shower. He pulls his hair up and looks at his neck. On one side he has the ragged scared skin that is attached to The Weapon, on the other is his bonding mark. He runs his hand over the scarred side trying to feel for any sort of pattern.

“What was the first one like?” Bucky asks as Steve sets the wet towels to the side. Steve looks up at what Bucky is referring to. The scarring Bucky runs his fingers over was intentionally placed there to cover their first bonding mark. The new mark is less than a year old.

“Shallower.” Steve says with conviction. Steve thinks about this question every time he touches that spot. “I couldn’t do as much damage the first time. It was very light. You could tell it was a bite mark though, so there was that.” Bucky sighs and turns around to look at Steve.

“The new one’s okay though right?” Bucky continues to rub the spot where the old one used to be. “It’s not like how it used to be, it’s never going to be that good, but it’s good enough right?” Bucky’s voice starts to shake. Steve charges forward to pull Bucky into his arms.

“Bucky, you are so much more than good enough! You don’t need to be just like you were before. I love you now, just like I loved you then. We’re both different than we were before, but Bucky-!” He turns his head so that they are eye to eye. “I am a different man now because I’ve lived in a world where I have had to go on without you. The end of the line happened for you once, and I had no idea how to continue afterward. When we met again I was barely making it through the
day. I took every assignment I could hoping it would get the better of me. Then you were there again!” He wipes his eyes with the back of his hand. “And it was like everything I’d been through was nothing, because it was all just a path that brought me back to you. You’re worried that you don’t meet my expectations? Buck, I still wake up every day and rediscover that you are alive. What fault could I possibly find in you? You’re my life, whatever you are is all I need you to be.” They kiss each other gently. Bucky brushes away the tears from Steve’s cheeks. Steve tangles his fingers in Bucky’s hair. “Okay?” He croaks.

“Okay.” Bucky says almost soundlessly. “Let’s get some sleep Stevie.”

“Good idea.”
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clint picks them up at eleven the next day. The archer eyes them over the top of his sunglasses as the couple boards the Quinjet.

“You might want to give us a heads-up next time before you go making international headlines. Tony’s been waging war against freedom of speech ever since that announcer said your names.”

“What now?” Steve asks. Bucky suspects the worst.

“Well the good news is, Stark was able to personally buy up all the good shots. The rest are pretty much just Sasquatch photos of what may or may not be Captain America’s oddly plump mate. Your face is unfocused and unrecognizable. And the baby bump’s still a little dubious at this point. Tony’s working on a cover up plan as we speak.” Clint says as he hits the upward thrusters on the jet. They’re on their way in a matter of seconds.

“You have got to be kidding me.” Bucky says as he runs his hand through his hair.

“Not even a little. Stark’s determined to get on your good side.”

“Why does he even care so much?” Bucky groans. Steve just sits quietly and purses his lips. He knows there is nothing he can say about Tony that will end well for him.

“Probably because all of his self-esteem is based on what others think of him. It’s actually kind of sad when you think about it. Major daddy issues with that one.”

“That’s…” Steve begins, he couldn’t resist. “Not entirely true. He certainly seems confident enough.”

“Nah, he’s just good at puffing up and deflecting with humor. Plus, he’s used to people worshiping him. Anytime he feels bad about himself he can go read articles about how he’s god’s gift to technology. The fact that people in his own home don’t like him disturbs him on a deep level.”

“Do they give out psychology degrees at the circus now?” Bucky says flatly.

“You clearly have never spent any time with my people.”

.oOo.

“Now are you actually going to buy a real diamond, or are you just going to cubic zirconium that shit?” Tony asks his digital conference call. Two socialites, a politician’s assistant, and Johnny Storm have been talking to Tony for the past half an hour about how they are going to cause havoc with the sole purpose of distracting the media from Steve and Bucky.

“I still have the ring from my last fiancé, I was thinking of just having the diamond reset.” Johnny says as he messes with a small flame in the palm of his hand.

“Oop! I have a nice setting I could loan you in my jewelry box. You have to give it back
though. It’s worth $11,000 dollars and it was from my mom’s ring before she got it upgraded, so it’s sentimental.” The skinny blonde heiress tells Johnny.

“Thanks Sweetie, I’ll take you up on that.” Johnny coos.

“So who’s your soul mate this week?” Tony asks The Human Torch. Johnny scratches his chin thoughtfully and extinguishes the flame.

“I haven’t picked yet. I haven’t decided if I want to go actress or model. Probably the more famous the better.”

Bucky, Steve, and Clint walk in with their bags. Bucky intends to just avoid Stark but the billionaire has set up mission headquarters in the living room as close as he possibly can to the hallway to the Barnes-Rogers suite. He also might have moved the couch closer to bottleneck their route. Bucky is instantly annoyed.

“Incoming pissed off assassin, watch out.” Clint informs Tony. Natasha is lounging watching Tony’s call. Clint spots her and makes a beeline to sit next to her.

“I’m not pissed off.” He eyes Tony. “Yet.” He amends because Tony is searching for maternity clothes on his Starkpad. “What are you doing?”

“First off, hi.” Tony says as he sets an arm on the back of the couch and mutes his call on both ends. “Second, I think a ‘thank you Tony’, might be in order. I have just basically ensured your continued anonymity. Since you are you, I kind of think you enjoy that.”

“Thanks. Now what are you doing?” Bucky crosses his arms and continues to look down at Tony sternly. Steve takes their bags to their room and lets Bucky handle this. He’ll come back and do damage control in a minute.

“Phase two. Phase one was contain the evidence, now I’m onto misdirection. James Buchanan Barnes meet the trashiest people I know.” He unmutes the call. “Hi friends, so this is Bucky! Bucky say hi to the people that are saving you from the front page.” A chorus of hello’s come from the people on the screen. Bucky studies them but gets stuck on the one that could be Steve’s clone. Bucky looks at Steve as he comes back to his side. Bucky looks between his mate and the doppelganger on the screen. “So here’s the plan. Johnny is going to get engaged and start leaking all kind of wedding planning details. Dutch has signed on to come out about her horrible addiction problems. Paris is going to get in a cat fight with her best friend at a club. Haley is going to anonymously leak about a senator’s affair with his illegal alien boyfriend/gardener. And I am going to be pregnant.” He smiles cheekily. Steve and Bucky stand there in revulsion.

“You’re not actually going to get pregnant are you?” Steve asks.

“No!” Tony scoffs. “I’m 49, I can’t do pregnant anymore. Which is part of why it’s going to be so juicy when I start walking around with a baby bump shopping for baby stuff.” Bucky and Steve are speechless. “Which you two should start doing by the way, I’ve been reading up. You’re supposed to nest, right?” Tony turns back to his conference call. “Okay so I have work to do, so do you all. Best of luck, don’t forget to tip off the vultures. Wouldn’t want any of our sleaze to go unnoticed.”

“Bye Tony.”

“Take care love.”

“See you around, Johnny out.
“Bye.”

Tony turns off the screen and looks back at the silent couple behind him. He flexes his hands as he waits for something to happen.

“I think what you’re doing is wrong.” Steve says with a tiny bit of uncertainty. “But what you’re intending to do is actually quite sweet.” He says much more resolutely. “Thanks Tony.”

Bucky feels much the same as his mate, he just can’t bring himself to admit it. Darcy comes bounding into the room with her laptop in hand.

“I got the pics!” She sets her laptop down and gives Bucky a quick side hug. Bucky throws an arm around her half-heartedly. He’s still very confused by his feelings. “Hi Steve, I’m being respectful and not hugging you but I would otherwise.” That breaks Bucky out of his funk.

“Why do you suddenly care about respecting people’s space now?”

“Not people in general, just Steve. It’s on my guidelines I wrote for you. Its number three: Omegas should not come into physical contact with Steve unless given express permission from Bucky.” She recites as she picks up her laptop and sits down on a couch by Nat and Barton.

“I’m a beta so I can still make-out with Steve till he’s blue in the face, right?” Barton asks with a shit-eating grin. Steve flushes pink at Barton’s candor. Bucky looks amused.

“I think that’s a yes.” Darcy approximates based on Bucky’s reaction. “Tony where do you want these photos?”

“What photos?” Bucky asks, now worried he may have trusted her too much.


“Just tumblr is fine. Your account’s internet famous right?” Tony answers.

“Ever since that gif set of Steve getting out of the shower I am like a god.” Steve stiffens and gives her his most disapproving Captain look. Bucky has seen that gif set, it’s hilarious.

“Okay then, be godly. Clint, Nat got anything you want to contribute to Darcy’s blog?” Tony asks. Natasha takes out her phone, Clint looks over her shoulder to see what she’s doing. He looks away and closes his eyes to try and block out a memory. Natasha sends the video to Darcy.

Darcy, Tony, Bucky, and Steve look up at Clint and Natasha.

“Okay, okay are you ready. Turn the music on.” Clint says in the video which seems to have been taken a while ago judging by Clint’s shorter haircut. In the video Clint backs up and holds his arms out. Bad Romance by Lady Gaga starts playing in the background. Clint’s choreography is spot on. He alternates between sticking his tongue between his teeth and poorly singing the lyrics. The camera shakes slightly, presumably from Natasha laughing while filming.

“Okay, okay are you ready. Turn the music on.” Clint says in the video which seems to have been taken a while ago judging by Clint’s shorter haircut. In the video Clint backs up and holds his arms out. Bad Romance by Lady Gaga starts playing in the background. Clint’s choreography is spot on. He alternates between sticking his tongue between his teeth and poorly singing the lyrics. The camera shakes slightly, presumably from Natasha laughing while filming.

Darcy, Tony, Bucky, and Steve look up at Clint and Natasha.

“Well then.” Steve clears his throat. Tony covers his eyes. Darcy gets to work posting it.

“Can you still do it?” Bucky asks with a mischievous smile on his face.

Clint spends the rest of the afternoon teaching Bucky choreography to famous pop videos.
Bucky’s favorite is the dance to Beyonce’s Single Ladies.

Chapter End Notes

Tony and Clint are silly. Soon to come, nesting.
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Somehow, despite the fact there is always some demand for Steve’s time, the alpha has managed to stay close by his mate. Very, very close. Often in actual bodily contact. It’s been three days since their anniversary and Steve and Bucky have been apart for a grand total of three hours.

It’s not that Steve is limiting him. He stretches with him, he runs with him, he even watches him shoot with Natasha and Barton. He doesn’t chat incessantly or fidget, he just hunkers down like a gorgeous, affectionate sentinel. Just in case Bucky should need him. It’s driving Bucky up a wall. Even sex is affected. Bucky didn’t even know it’s possible to be irritated with Steve during sex. While the act itself is still fantastic, the tying and the cuddling just gives Steve a solid excuse to really get in Bucky’s space.

What’s even worse is his body likes it. It’s like Steve’s scent has become a pacifier for his rampant hormone production. Steve makes him want to just lie around and gestate. Bucky hates it but he’s too content to fight.

Bucky and Steve are curled up together on their couch. Steve has Bucky nestled in his lap cocooned in a light blanket. Bucky leans his face in his hand as he scrolls through backlogged email on his Starkpad. He had Natasha set up a connection so that he gets a copy of all of the electronically transferred notices SHEILD uploads containing the words ‘super soldier’. Currently, he’s reading a document about a recently discovered project HYDRA conducted fifteen years ago that might have been responsible for Bucky’s enhanced night vision. Behind him, Steve is browsing Pinterest for nursery ideas.

“When do we get to find out the genders?” Steve asks as he browses through color swatches and holds them up to the wall beside him.

“I have an ultrasound scheduled in four weeks, we can find out then if you want.” Bucky mumbles as he tries to figure out the English version of the word he’s reading. He doesn’t think there is a translation, so he moves on.

“I was just wondering, were you thinking of doing the traditional baby colors? Boys get blue, girls get pink?”

“You can’t be a hundred percent sure of the primary gender based on an ultrasound. They could appear male but actually be a female alpha.” Bucky comments disinterestedly. Steve purses his lips.

“You didn’t answer my question.” He says with a scowl.

“I really don’t care about the color. They’re going to be born color blind anyway.” Steve stops breathing.

“Our babies are going to be color blind?” He says in horror. Bucky slowly looks over his shoulder at his mate.

“Not permanently. Relax Steve, everyone is born that way.” Bucky explains. Steve groans and sets his Starkpad down. Steve rubs his face and sighs.
“Okay, well thanks for that Buck. I really appreciate your helpful input about our children’s future.”

“No problem. Would you go get me some of the carrots from the fridge?” Bucky asks as he shifts his weight off of Steve so he can move. Steve gets up to go get it even though he’s still disappointed with Bucky’s lack of enthusiasm. “Don’t forget the ranch.” Steve pauses in front of the fridge.

“Do I get a biscuit for doing a good fetch?” He says, now officially bitter. Bucky looks up from his document.

“I’m sorry I was under the impression that you wanted to be useful?” Bucky snaps. Steve roughly dumps some baby carrots out onto a plate. He uses too much force and winds up putting way too much ranch on the plate. Steve huffs exasperatedly at the mess. He opens a drawer loudly to get out a utensil. In his distracted frustration he passes over what he’s looking for a few times. He winds up raking through the drawer. The clattering last for a few minutes.

The noise is chafing Bucky’s already sensitive calm. Another bang from the kitchen and he’s had enough. Bucky stands up and stomps into the kitchen.

“Steve! What the hell are you doing?” He asks in a whiny voice. Steve is in the process of spooning the extra ranch into a Tupperware container.

“Saving the ranch.” Steve explains through gritted teeth.

“Why’d you use so much goddamn ranch?” Bucky throws his arms up gesturing at the puddle of ranch which has drenched the innocent carrots.

“I didn’t mean to! I just did! Pardon me while I screw up everything, are the carrots not good anymore either?”

“I can’t eat that, it’s like ranch carrot soup! I’ll make a mess.” Bucky exclaims. Steve slams the messy spoon down on the counter, bending the stem strait.

“Really? There is nothing wrong with them!” Steve barks in disbelief.

“I don’t want those carrots like that.” Bucky shakes his head in distain of the finger food. “Wash them off or get me new carrots.” Steve gawks at him.

“Wash them off? Wash them off! What- I’m not washing off the carrots and I’m not throwing them away because they have too much ranch on them. That’s just wasteful and ridiculous.”

“You won’t just wash off the damn carrots for me?” Bucky snaps and crosses his arms.

“What is the point? You’re going to dip them in the ranch anyway!”

“I don’t want to get ranch all over my fingers! It gunks up the joints of The Weapon and I don’t like it.” Bucky yells loudly and finally. They glare at each other angrily until Steve picks up a towel, washes his hands off, and leaves the kitchen.

.oOo.

Bucky needs his space and he needs something to occupy himself with.
The CSO of NY is currently indisposed. Peter is feeling the preheat bad, Sue has been with her team doing something space related, Rogue is teaching at The Xavier Institute for the summer quarter, he doesn’t know Matt well enough to track him down just to chat, which leaves him with only his housemates for options.

Bucky stands in the kitchen of the common room fiddling with his phone when he finally makes up his mind and phones a friend.

**James:** Darcy, help.

He shoves his phone back in his pocket as he goes to turn on the TV. Darcy texts him back before he can change the channel from the news.

**Darcy:** Are you okay!? Oh god are the babies okay? What do you need?

**James:** I need you to come visit me. Steve is being ridiculous, I’m losing my mind over carrots, I just need some advice in general.

**Darcy:** I am on it!

She comes racing into the room a few minutes later. She sits down next to him and waits for him to start. Bucky cards his fingers through his hair and adjusts himself on the couch. The TV is still quietly playing in the background. It’s some Spanish soap opera.

“Like I said, carrots.” He purses his lips to one side.

“That’s it?” She says suspiciously.

“He’s just on my nerves in general. He asked me about color schemes for the nursery room…” He slouches and puts his hands on his belly. “I’m just not quite there yet.”

“Where are you then?” She leans her head to one side.

“Thinking about fortifications.”

“Forti- for a nursery?” Darcy raises her lip and squints. She rolls her eyes and pushes up her glasses. “Well I guess you would.” Bucky has already made primitive plans for what he wants. If he could keep his babies in a safe he would. That would be too scary for them though, and he wants his sweet peas to be comfortable. He strokes his bump lovingly. He likes to think they’re comfortable now. Darcy admires the tenderness of his touches. “I think fortifications are a great idea.” She amends. Bucky smiles and nods at her. “I know you aren’t Tony’s biggest fan but you might want to consider working with him. He is probably the best engineer in the world, I’m sure he could give you a tricked out security system.” That is a good thought. Bucky considers it. He’s going to need someone to do the welding on the steel plates he wants to put in the walls. Of course he’s going to have to actually build those walls into the extra space in his bedroom and living room. He’s got to talk to Tony about taking that wall down anyway, he might as well ask. Bucky sighs.

“I might have to let him join my meets at this rate.” Bucky admits. It kills him but Tony might be earning it. Darcy looks at himquestioningly.

“What meets?” Oh crap she doesn’t know.

“Nothing. Nothing at all.”
This is in my top five favorite chapters so far. I love you all. Your comments uplift my spirits.
Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It’s 15:00 hours and Tony is running off of four hours sleep. He’s been up for nineteen hours and is currently on his eighth cup of coffee. His hands are still perfectly still as he uses a cutting torch on his latest project. Hulk Hooked on Phonics requires steel flashcards apparently. Bruce is currently refusing to speak to him about it. Which is funny because he’s trying to teach the Hulk how to speak. So far he’s gotten The Not-So-Jolly Green Giant to grunt in patterns. Tony’s hoping its code or something. Bruce is ridiculously smart, maybe his angry alter ego can grunt out Morse code. That’s not too farfetched right? Tony thinks to himself as he finishes the cut. He turns around to turn off the gas and nearly shits himself with fright.

“Ahhhh!” He screams in a manner far too feminine for a man with his superb facial hair. The Winter Soldier is sitting on top of a crate which contains highly explosive materials. Winter stares at him motionlessly. If Tony didn’t know better he’d think he’s not breathing. Tony twitches. “Uh…” He points at the crate.

“Do you know what’s in that?” He asks cautiously.

“Yes. The better question is, why do you have elemental sodium in your lab?”

“I use it to make my Titanium alloys. Actually the best question is, why are you sitting on it?” The Winter Soldier doesn’t respond immediately.

“All your other surfaces have clutter on them and my ankles are swollen. This thing’s very well sealed, correct?”

“Yes… that does not mean I recommend sitting on it. Would you get down please? Let me get you a chair.” Tony unceremoniously pushes a bunch of metal parts off of one of the wheeling chairs in the room for Bucky to sit on. He looks up and Bucky is two feet from him.

“Stop that!” Tony says as he flinches backward. “It is so unnerving!” Bucky sits down unapologetically. “Okay so other than to make me seriously reconsider how I store my chemical reactants, what are you doing down here?” Tony pushes aside some crap on one of his work benches and sits on it.

“I need your help with a project. Darcy recommended I talk to you.” Winter explains simply. Tony nods and tries to figure out if there’s a way this could end badly. He’s certain there is going to be.

“Okay so far so good. What do you need my help for?”

“Building my nursery for the babies.” Tony waits for him to say he’s joking. The Winter Soldier just stares right through Tony’s head.

“You’re serious?”

“I wouldn’t be down here just to mess with you.”

“Really that’s not something you would do? Because I’m almost certain you would do that.” For the first time this conversation, Bucky reacts. He smiles wryly and shrugs one shoulder.
“Maybe, I don’t know. I’m not joking now. I need your help outfitting the walls with a security system. I also need help getting a hold of some of the materials. I could use a good welder too.”

“All of those things are something I am perfectly capable of doing. Wow, you’re actually asking for my help?” Tony says in astonishment. “I thought I was going to be asked to shred a body or something!”

“I can do that best by myself.” They sit there in awkward silence for thirty seconds. “You should help me build my nursery.”

“I am going to help you build that nursery. I will help you build several nurseries, just don’t shred my body.” Tony says rapidly.

“Deal.”

.00o.

“And I know I’m being a little clingy but I’m not being ridiculous. I’m just doing what comes naturally and it seems like it’s all wrong.” Steve tells Sam on the phone. Steve has spent the last hour on this secure line telling Sam about Bucky and the babies. “I screwed up carrots and ranch for Pete’s sake.”

“What happened to the carrots?” Sam asks in a voice that is too amused for Steve’s liking.

“I ate them before I called you.”

“So I take it he’s not in your house anymore?”

“No he’s not I looked-but I didn’t go looking!” He catches himself. He pulls his hair. “Okay I went looking. But I was looking for where he was so I could avoid him, not so I could find him. I understand that it’s related just-!” He groans. “I wanted to know where he was but I didn’t want to be near where that was!” He finishes. It still sounds like crap to his own ears but he figures that’s the best it gets.

“Man this is gonna be so much fun. You are a riot.” Sam says as he laughs.

“Thanks Sam, I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself.” Steve says flatly.

“You’re not?”

“I’m more stressed now than I was when I was blowing up Nazi tanks in World War II.” He rubs his face with one hand. “At least then my mate was happy to see me. Well most of the time, sometimes he screamed at me for being reckless but at least he kissed me afterwards. Now he just looks at me like I’m ruining his life.” Sam makes a tsking noise four times.

“That’s you Steve, a total life ruin-er. Nah, I’m sure he’s just cranky. Pregnant omegas get really, really cranky. It’s normal. I’m sure you’re being perfectly obnoxious too.”

“Hey.” Steve says though he doesn’t protest more than that. Sam’s right of course.

“He’s doing okay though, right?”

“Better than okay!” Steve exclaims. “I came home and all of a sudden he has friends. He goes on outings. He has parties in our suite. I don’t even do those things. I work and I take care of
him and then I go work some more.”

“You have like… two friends. That’s something?” Sam says and then starts laughing.

“It’s not funny. It’s really not funny because that isn’t an exaggeration. I have pleasant acquaintances. Other than that I have you and I have Bucky. I used to have Natasha but now whenever I see her I feel the need to growl.”

“Oh man, you are so screwed.”

“Okay, I concede that.” He pinches the bridge of his nose and scrunches up his eyes.

“What do I do about it?” Sam hums thoughtfully as he thinks.

“Ever heard of a barbeque?”

“Have I ever heard of barbeque? How old do you think I am? Yes I know what a barbeque is.”

“You should have one. Invite his friends over, meet their mates, make their mates your friends. That’s how these things work. It’s nonthreatening friendship because they’re already with someone, and chances are you’ll have something in common. Then when they least expect it, you can get some on the side with one of the husbands.” Sam jokes.

“Some what?” Steve asks in utter ignorance.

“Barbeque, Steve. Barbeque.”

“Oh. Okay. You’re serious about the party thing though?”

“Why not? You just got back from a long mission, it’s the perfect time to have a welcome home party. Plus, Captain America really doesn’t need an excuse to have a barbeque.”

“You’re invited.”

“As one of your only two friends, I thought that was implicit.” Sam chuckles.

“I’ll call you when I know the date and time.”

“Great. If Bucky has a beautiful, single, female omega friend invite her too.”

“Well Darcy was already on the list, but will do.”

“Wait he actually has one of those?”

“Yes he does. This is all her fault!” Steve says as he forces a bitter smile.

Chapter End Notes

Sam Wilson everybody. He's also an alpha by the way. If Nat were on better terms with Steve they could form the CSA of NY, Council of Super Alphas of New York. Reed, Erik, Logan, Remy, Wade, and Elektra could join too. That's not going to happen though, putting that group of people together would end badly.
-The Trollop
At 22:00 hours Bucky comes back to his suite having finished his discussion with Tony about his plans. He walks in with his hands in his sweatpants pockets silently dreading the awkward crawl into bed tonight. Maybe Steve will have the good sense to sleep on the couch. Steve is sitting on the couch where they had been together earlier. He looks up when he sees movement. Bucky inclines his head to his mate and makes to continue to their bedroom.

“Wait.” Steve says calmly. Bucky takes a deep breath and rotates on his heels to face Steve.

“Yes?” Steve puts down his Starkpad and walks over to where Bucky is. Steve stops a body’s width away from his mate.

“What happened today was stupid. I called Sam, he said this whole pregnancy thing is supposed to make us act that way. I’m alright with that, just as long as we’re fine at the end of the day. Do you really think I don’t care about you because I won’t wash off carrots?” Steve asks in the sincere, endearing voice he only uses when he’s talking about something important. Bucky closes his eyes and smiles. His eyelashes flutter against his cheeks. He looks back up at Steve then sweetly averts his eyes.

“No.” He says as he wobbles his head.

“You want to just forget about it?” Steve says as he raises one eyebrow on his otherwise stoic face.

“That would be preferable.” Bucky mumbles.

“Okay then.” Steve says with a small nod. Bucky smooths his tongue over his teeth.

“So…?” Bucky trails off as his eyes wander over Steve’s body. Steve grabs Bucky’s hair and wraps his arm around Bucky’s waist at the same time as Bucky pulls Steve’s face down to meet his. They kiss ferociously as Steve backs his mate towards the wall behind them. Bucky moans savagely and shoves his hands in Steve’s pants as Steve pulls on his hair. Steve pins Bucky’s shoulders to the wall as Bucky shimmies out of his sweats. “In me, now!” The omega pleads as he wraps his arms around Steve’s shoulders. Steve grabs Bucky by the biceps and pushes his mate’s arms up over his head and holds them there by the wrists.

“Keep them there.” Steve commands as he lets go to lift Bucky’s hips up to just above his hips.

“Ungh!” Bucky reflexively wraps his legs around Steve’s waist. Steve shifts his body mass so that the angle of his hips holds Bucky up. Bucky digs the fingers of The Weapon into the wall so he has something to grip. Steve probes Bucky’s hole and finds him plenty receptive. It’s going to be tighter than usual but that kind of fits their mood. Steve lines himself up and thrusts into his mate. Bucky curls his toes and screams pleasurably.

=oOo=

Bucky turns to press a kiss into the sweaty skin on his mate’s neck. The two of them are lying on the couch together in almost the same way they were that afternoon, only naked and covered in sweat and bodily fluids. Bucky’s pretty sure there’s semen running out of his ass right now. Thank god Steve thought to put the sheet from earlier under them. From his place curled up on Steve’s chest, Bucky watches Steve scroll through his nursery board on Pinterest.
“I like that color a lot.” Bucky says as he scratches his nose. Steve selects the one he thinks Bucky means.

“This one? I saved this because I like the crib not the wall. You really like that color?”

“I’ve always liked red. That’s a good red. Blue based not yellow based. Babies can see black, white, and red when they’re born.”

“Really? So that’s what you meant earlier. Are you sure the red’s not too much? It might be kind of scary.”

“Their mother has a cybernetic arm, I think they can handle some red walls.”

“If I find out this is some kind of Red Room thing…” Steve says suspiciously. Bucky laughs and turns so they’re back to chest.

“I hadn’t even thought of that! I like it. The walls are going to be red now.” Steve still isn’t convinced but this can be debated later.

“So on an unrelated note, I was thinking of having a party. A barbeque actually. I was thinking we could invite your friends and their families, Sam, and the Avengers and have a big gathering. What do you think?”

“Are you cooking?”

“I think so. I’ll ask if other people want to cook too, but yes my plan is to cook.”

“Fuck yes, let’s have a barbeque.” Bucky says, now suddenly very hungry for ribs.

.oOo.

Two Days Later…

The first part of the guest list was easy, if you live in the tower you are invited. After some discussion about the possible blow backs of going potluck, Steve and Bucky decided that the right to bring food was reserved for those who can actually cook.

Sam showed up early that day with two coolers full of meat that he had let marinate overnight. Steve let Sam deal with the fancier meat like pulled pork and ribs. Steve set to work on hamburgers and hotdogs. Natasha and Clint, to everyone’s surprise, turned out to know how to make a kickass pasta salad. Rather than attempt to cook himself, Tony bought several pounds of vegetables. He helped Pepper chop them and put them into lovely vegetable trays. Bruce made enough fruit salad to satisfy The Hulk and Thor. Thor was unfortunately unable to attend.

Darcy made sugar cookies. She went out and bought Avengers cookie cutters. The shapes include, an arrow head, Ironman’s helmet, Cap’s shield, the black widow diamond, Mjolnir, and a cartoon fist. Darcy didn’t think the Hulk fist looked like much, so she made her own cookie cutter and made cookies that look like little pants. Blessedly Jane elected not to cook.

Sue RSVP’d saying she and her family would bring pies. Tony couldn’t shut up about apple pie jokes when he heard. The Fantastic Four and Sue’s children are all slated to attend. When Rogue heard the word barbeque she immediately volunteered to make hushpuppies. Remy then offered to make some of his grandma’s Cajun stir-fry. Bucky is pretty excited about the food that couple is bringing. Elektra and Matt decided to bring the beer. Steve feels confident the Irishmen is going to do a good job selecting. Peter promised to dope himself up to the eyeballs with suppressants
and be there no matter what. He and MJ are bringing mac n’ cheese.

While Sam and Steve grill and smoke the meat, Bucky decorates. The common living room and the deck attached to it are where the party is set to happen. Bucky admires the card tables that have been set up to accommodate the extra guests. Bright red tablecloths adorn the surfaces in the room. Bucky strung up Christmas lights to make it look more festive. Other than that, Bucky just moved the furniture around so that people can move around more easily. Everything is ready.

“The Fantastic Four have arrived on the landing pad.” JARVIS announces. So the party begins.
"Now Johnny, you’re going to behave right?” Ben Grimm says in his gravelly voice. The Fantastic Four and Franklin get out of the Pogo-plane together. Sue carries Valeria in her arms. Johnny looks sideways at Ben and rolls his eyes.

“Please Ben, this is me we’re talking about. I’m the definition of good at parties.”

“I was talking about what you say to The Avengers.” He points a rocky finger at him. “Don’t be rude.”

“When have I ever been rude?” Johnny laughs. Sue, Reed, and Ben silently pray he knows what he’s getting into. Just incase Sue warns,

“Two of the people at this party are trained assassins. I watched one of them casually kill a man a few hundred yards away with an antique rifle. If you mess with them, they will hurt you.”

“This is the pregnant cyborg?” Johnny asks.

“Yep, he’s dead.” Ben croaks.

The roof access door opens. Bucky comes walking out.

“Hey honey.” Sue says as she walks up to him and gives him a side hug. She kisses his cheek and he smiles. He waves at the baby in her arms. Val reaches forward for his hand. He gives her one of his fingers to hold.

“Hi there my little test subject.” Bucky coos at the baby. He practiced changing her diaper a few weeks ago. Franklin comes up to Bucky too. Bucky tussles the kid’s hair fondly.

“Hey!” Franklin covers his head and turns pink. “You can only do that with the cool arm!” Franklin loves Robots and thinks Bucky’s arm is about the coolest thing ever. Reed is still fussing with the Pogo-plane. Johnny comes strutting over to the two omegas confidently. Bucky looks up at him and glares confusedly. It’s Steve’s clone. He actually makes him a bit uncomfortable. He looks like Steve but he doesn’t act or smell like Steve. He smells like a weird kind of beta. Johnny has that presence that makes a guy want to punch him in the face. His beautiful, beautiful face. Which looks just like his mate’s.

“Hi there! I’ve seen you before on a conference call but that doesn’t really count as a first meeting. I’m Johnny Storm or equally famously known as The Human Torch.” He extends his hand. Bucky looks at it contemptuously. Johnny takes his hand back like he’s throwing something over his shoulder. “Wow you are just as friendly as they say you are. It’s rare you find someone this antisocial, it’s actually kind of a treat.” Johnny rattles to soften the rejection. Ben saunters over and smacks Johnny on the arm.

“What’s wrong with you?!” He barks and shakes his head. Ben gestures towards Johnny. “Sorry, the kid’s an ass.” Bucky nods at him in greeting. He’s trying to figure out the best way to stab Ben if need be. There might not be one. Several other anatomical questions come to mind but now is not the time to ask.
“Who’s ready to enjoy some grade A American cooking?” Tony yells from behind Bucky. The polite introductions start up again. Tony and Bucky are the welcoming party apparently. Just as Tony finishes telling Reed he should check out his lab, the Blackbird comes into view. JARVIS probably told him it was coming. The plane sets down next to the Pogo-plane making the smaller ship look a little silly. Reed frowns. The ‘gangplank’ comes down and Rogue comes scrambling out.

“Bucky, Sue!” She hugs them both at the same time making Val squirm.

“Careful, careful.” Sue warns.

“Oh sorry baby, Ah’m just excited!” Rogue drawls particularly hard. Bucky doesn’t quite understand why until he hears the Acadian nonsense her mate is spewing as he tries to back a cart loaded with heavy, probably very hot, steel pots down the steeply inclined ramp. Rogue groans and rolls her eyes. She turns around and puts her hands on her hips.

“Just use yer powers ya idiot!” She screams.

“An do what exactly?!” Remy hollers back. “I don’t want’ta spill da cookin we work so hard on!” Bucky doesn’t even know how many languages he speaks and he’s having a hard time understanding Remy. “Yo bra! Make yo self useful an help Remy!” He yells into the plane. Logan appears at the top of the ramp with a cigar in his mouth. He surveys Remy. Switches his cigar to the other side of his mouth, then kicks the cart with his boot. Remy jumps, putting his feet on the bottom shelf of the cart. He holds onto the cart as it rolls down the ramp. Remy uses his powers to stop the food from sloshing backward and spilling everywhere. Remy blows some hair out of his face when the cart stops moving. “Real nice a yah ta help out. Do it against some time, Remy dares ya.” He jumps down from the cart and flips Logan off. Logan shrugs.

“Fine by me bub. Rogue, gimme a call when you need to be picked up. And don’t pick any fights you can’t win.”

“Yeah sure, Ah won’t.” She grumbles like it will be a hardship. Remy pushes the cart over to where they are and grins at Rogue. She folds her arms. Logan disappears and the Blackbird is on its way in just a minute.

“Nice to see you again.” Ben says with a nod to Rogue once the noise clears.

“Hi Ben, hey Reed.” She says pleasantly. “Johnny.” She says through gritted teeth. Johnny blows her a kiss sarcastically. Tony interjects before Rogue picks the first fight of the evening.

“Let’s go downstairs, we’ve got more people coming and I think they’re going to use the elevator.”

.oOo.

“So I turn around and he’s sitting on a crate of elemental sodium.” Tony explains to Reed. The other scientist’s eyes bug out.

“My god!”

“Pfft!” Johnny scoffs. “Don’t act like you don’t leave like ten kinds of dangerous machines all over the house. If I wasn’t fireproof that thing I stepped on last month would have killed me.”
“Shame.” Ben says as the group walks into the party area. Everyone’s head turns when they walk in. Sam, Steve, Bruce, Nat, and Barton were all doing something in the kitchen. Bucky braces himself for the first person to react to Steve. His bet’s on Johnny. Reed gasps and walks over to Bruce looking very star struck.

“Dr. Banner, it’s so nice to finally meet you!” Reed says as he takes the man’s hand and shakes it vigorously. “The paper you published last month through Culver University was the best research document I have read in ages. It has completely changed how I was going about researching particle physics. Your method section…” He sighs contentedly. “I went and practically redesigned my supercollider after reading it just so I could try out 16 b!” He laughs and wipes his eye. Banner inclines his head.

“Thank you, really I should be praising you. The research you’ve gathered on cosmic radiation has helped me test so many hypotheses I never would have been able to otherwise. You really ought to talk to Dr. Foster when she gets here, I think she’s still in the lab, she’s actually using the dataset you published in 2009 for her current project to track Einstein—Rosen bridges in deep space.”

“Really? Jane Foster? The Jane Foster? Lab-!” He points down. “This lab?”

“Yes, actually would you like to go see?”

“Would I!” Reed goes rubbery at the knees. Tony stands there holding up a finger looking for a place to interject. The two physicists scamper off to go play, leaving Tony standing there feeling left out.

“I also have a doctorate in physics! I just like my other two doctorates and my masters more!” Tony yells even though they’re gone already.

“Well there goes my husband, never to return again.” Sue says as she bounces Val on her hip. Johnny snorts.

“Nerds.”

While this has been happening, Ben realized they forgot the pies. He and Sam went to go get the pies from the plane while Steve helps Rogue put the stir-fry and hushpuppies in the oven to keep warm.

“That smells amazing.” Steve says to Rogue.

“Thanks, you guys sure did good on the meat. Not bad for a bunch’a people from New York.”

“I didn’t catch it before, let me guess… Mississippi?”

“Bet your ass Ah am! Caldecott County. Ah ran away when Ah was a teenager but the accent stayed. It’s worse when Remy’s around.”

“Which Remy is. Laissez les bon temps roulette!” The Cajun says as he returns from bringing the cart back to the roof. “Nice ta meet ya Cap. Dis Cajun’s name is Remy Lebeau.”

“Is that your actually name?” Steve says suspiciously. Remy is a very handsome man for sure, but a name like that just doesn’t seem probable. Remy starts laughing.

“Oui, dat’s ma name chief. Mon maw-maw named me dat. Dat’s ma grammy, not ma
maman.” Steve stands there only understanding every other word Remy says. He talks so fast and so mush mouthed that is doesn’t even sound like English.

“Okay, that’s great.” Steve says in an awkward attempt to be nice.

“It’ s all right if you can’t understand ’im. Slow down Sug.” Rogue elbows him lightly.

“Remy didn’t begailler, s’ not ma fault.”

“One second I’ll go get my mate he’s better at this.” As he walks off Remy and Rogue start bickering about something Steve can’t understand. Steve finds Bucky sitting down with Sue, Natasha, and Barton. Off to the side Johnny, Tony, Sam, and Ben are talking sports. Bucky has Val on his chest. The ten month old baby is peacefully dozing off despite all the activity. The sight makes Steve particularly happy. He bends down over the couch so he can talk in Bucky’s ear. “I can’t understand your friend’s boyfriend. He’s Cajun right?”

“I believe so. I could try French with him if you think that’d help.” Over by the stove the two Southerners have started really arguing. “We should give them a few minutes though.” Rogue slaps Remy hard and stomps over to where they are.

“What happened?” Sue asks.

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Remy rubs his cheek and walks over to go tell the sports guys which games are fixed.

“Ms. Natchios and Mr. Murdock have arrived in the lobby.” JARVIS announces.

“So we get to meet Elektra.” Sue says with interest.

“You invited Elektra?” Natasha says with none of Sue’s enthusiasm.

“Oh hell, this is going to be a scene.” Clint says as he covers his face.

“Only if she makes one, I’m not backing down but I’m not going to start something either.” Natasha clarifies.

“You better behave Natalia, I don’t want to have to break up anything.” Bucky tells her.

“Well you’re not going to be the one to break up a fight between Natasha and Elektra anyway.” Steve says firmly.

“Ah think Ah’d get in on that.” Rogue says. “If Ah took Remy’s powers Ah could win that fight.”

“Without them you wouldn’t.” Natasha says dangerously.

“Why couldn’t this have been a mud wrestling party?” Barton asks wishfully.

“I could break that up with my powers with no trouble.” Sue says with a wave of her hand.


“I meant the fight not the wrestling. Go wrestle yourself!” Sue says tipping her chin up at him.
“You know I saw Thor do that once.” Barton tells the group. “Not as sexy as one would think. Still sexy, just not as naked as it could have been.”

“Barton there is a child present.” Steve scolds to stop him.

“Oh don’t even worry about it, he’s probably reading our deepest sexual fantasy’s right now.” Sue says dismissively. It takes Steve a second to process that.

“What?” He asks still not quite believing what he just heard.

“Franklin is currently the world’s most powerful psychic. He dives in and out of our consciousness and memories without trying. He hears everything you’re thinking and knows everything about you almost immediately after meeting you. He’s also particularly fond of pleasure related thoughts.” Sue’s hand shakes a little like this is the point she would be having a drink. Bucky observes the twitch and sees the desire but decides it’s best to say nothing. Franklin sits next to her swinging his feet.

“Jesus.” Clint says as he scratches the top of his head and looks at Nat. Natasha stays still, she’s not fond of telepaths.

“So when you say Professor X is helping him, you mean he’s trying to put up shields like he did with Jean?” Rogue asks.

“Yes exactly, but Franklin is stronger than Charles and so far the shields will only hold until something powerful breaks through them. Sometimes it’s his emotions, sometimes it’s someone else’s.” Sue explains drearily. Bucky nudges Steve in a silent plead for him to break the tension. Steve takes the hint.

“So Barton, I’m pretty sure Tony has an inflatable pool some place but where are we going to get the mud?”

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god there are so many damn characters in this "episode". I have favorites obviously that I am going to focus on but I still want to keep as many people actively involved as possible. This is my opportunity to show off my favorite Cajun! The last thing I wrote that was this long was a Remy/Rogue fic. Remy just has such a weird speech pattern, it's so much fun. Johnny is also a fav. Obviously Bucky is going to be highly involved and so is Steve. We're slowly uncovering the problems Sue and Peter have. I think Sue's is kind of obvious at this point. Peter's is guessable as well. Also alpha female showdown! Black Widow vs. Elektra, taking bets now.
Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

READ THIS IT REALLY DOES APPLY: Trigger warning for mentions of miscarriage(that didn't turn out that way), postpartum depression, and alcoholism. Eesh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Elektra and Matt arrive together carrying a varied selection of beers. Elektra as it turns out is just as beautiful as Natasha but slightly taller with more muscle definition. The Winter Soldier can tell this woman spends the majority of her days training intensely. Her whipcord body is at odds with her sweet smile and kind eyes. She’s definitely only happy skin deep. Natasha and Barton slip away from the gathering through the back door when Elektra and Matt walk in. They’ll be back.

“Hello again.” Steve says to Matt as he takes some of the boxes and six packs Matt’s carrying.

“Thanks for inviting us over. I was such a mess last time, I was honestly surprised.” Matt says congenially. Bucky gives Sue back her baby and gets up to go greet the new arrivals. He feels bad for having to excuse himself during this conversation. He can’t think of what to say. Once he stands he bends over and kisses the top of Sue’s head. Sue looks up at him in shock. She’s honored by the tender gesture she was just completely unprepared for it. Sue feels herself start to tear up. She bites her lip.

“Do’ya want me ta go get Reed?” Rogue asks as she looks concernedly between her friends.

“No.” Sue says resolutely. Rather unexpectedly Johnny joins the trio by the couch.

“Hey Susie, sun’s going down up on the roof. I think our view’s better but this one ain’t bad. You want to leave the kiddos with Ben and go watch with me?” Based on their brief introduction, Bucky didn’t think him capable of it, but it seems like Johnny might have just done the exactly right thing to help his sister. She could definitely use a break. Sue nods and stands up. Ben comes sauntering over to them.

“Ben would you-?”

“Say no more, I’m on it.” Ben says with a wave of his hand. Sue hands over the baby to Ben and goes with her brother up to the roof. Ben smiles and gently pats Val. Bucky stares at where Sue disappeared to. “Sue’s been having a hard time for about a year now.” Ben explains to Rogue and Bucky. Steve and Tony have taken to interviewing Matt and Elektra, they have a few minutes to listen to what Ben has to say.

“She drinks quite a bit.” Bucky says based on the observations he’s made. Ben purses his rocky lips.

“I’m sorry to hear that she’s doing that again. She told us she quit six months ago.” Rogue gasps.
“Oh no! Ah had no idea. All those times Ah got wasted with her, she was tryin to quit?”

“It’s okay, she wanted to. She was going to do it no matter what anybody did. Susie likes to drink but her problem goes deeper than that. I shouldn’t give any more details but I’m going to tell you this anyway because you guys are her good friends now and she needs you. It’s all very complicated but the bare bones of it are, little Valeria here died when she was still inside Susie.” Bucky feels those words like they’re a slug to his chest. The gripping horror of that situation makes his ears ring. He holds himself around the middle to try and comfort himself. It’s not working.

“So how is she here?” Rogue says as she reaches forward and strokes the baby girl’s back.

“Frankie traveled to another dimension with his psychic powers and somehow brought an alternate reality version of Val to come live inside this version’s body.” Ben puffs. “Or whatever.”

“That shouldn’t be possible.” Bucky says in disbelief.

“Well unfortunately Susie feels that way too. She’s still not sure how to work all this out. Anyway, be gentle with her. She puts up shields, but once they’re down she’s very vulnerable. Sorry for the powers metaphor.”

“No problem. We’ll do our best now that we know.” Rogue shakes her head as she continues to process what he just told them. Bucky sits down on the couch and leans his head in his hands.

“You okay buddy?” Ben asks concernedly. Of all the times he wishes his children would just move.

“Don’t worry. Your babies are perfectly healthy. They’re not moving because they’re sleeping.” Bucky startles at the voice in his head. He inhales sharply and snaps his attention to Franklin where he sits on the couch next to him. The little boy is playing with a Starkpad Tony snuck him. Bucky can’t order his thoughts into anything that resembles simple speech right now. “Oh don’t worry I understand you just fine. I’m getting all of it but I can keep up, even if it is very out of order.” Franklin clicks on a game about bathtub water and starts playing.

“Bucky?” Rogue says putting a hand on his shoulder. Steve is looking over interestedly. Bucky is about to say something about Franklin talking to him, then everything freezes. The people around him all freeze in the midst of what they’re doing. Bucky himself can’t move at all.

“It’s an illusion you know. They aren’t stopped you’re just processing what I’m telling you so fast they appear to be. I gave you some of my speed. This is one of Professor Xavier’s favorite tricks. What do you think?” Unhappy. Don’t play with my head! Guns. Shots to the head. A bite plate. Pain. Electrocution. Reset, start over. Wipe him. “Very well, I admit it’s not for everyone. I’ll make this brief then. I love my mother and my sister both dearly. The hardest decision of my short life was to bring my sister back. I had the power, it seemed wrong to do nothing when there was something to be done. I know it has hurt my mother deeply, emotionally and physically, to care for Valeria and myself. If given the choice I would do that same thing again. I am not powerful enough to see the future, but I am certain there will come a time when my mother can forgive me for what I did to her. She will heal from this just as you will heal from the horrors you have endured. Please do not be angry at me for what I have done.”

The room returns to normal as if nothing had happened. “Bucky?” Rogue says leaning in closer. Bucky blinks a few times and rubs his temple though there is no pain.
“Sorry. I really spaced out there didn’t I?” He says breathlessly. Steve excuses himself and goes over to Bucky. Steve kneels down in front of Bucky. Rogue backs off. Remy’s at her side looking worried. Whatever argument those two got into seems to have been forgotten.

“What happened?” Steve gently strokes the side of Bucky’s head. Bucky shakes his head against Steve’s hand. Some of his hair falls in his face, Steve pushes it behind his mate’s ear.

“It was nothing.” He looks over at Franklin. The psychic child looks back at him.

“I’m sorry I scared your friends.” Franklin tells him guiltily. Bucky messes up Franklin’s hair with The Weapon. Franklin giggles and kicks his feet. *Raspberry!* Bucky grins as he pulls Franklin into his lap. The kid struggles but is unable to stop Bucky from pulling the back of his shirt up and giving the kid a wet raspberry on the back. Franklin shrieks with joy as he struggles for freedom. Steve’s mouth drops open as he watches them play. If not for the metal arm, the interaction could have happened seventy years ago. Bucky manages to catch Franklin and do it again. Franklin flails powerlessly but finally manages to escape because Bucky let him. Franklin goes running down the hall with Bucky fast on his heels.

“Not chase! Hide and seek! You count!” Franklin yells. Bucky slows down to a stop.

“Well… okay.” Bucky says, conceding that he is now playing hide and go seek with the gifted child. Franklin disappears. “Tell Nat and Barton we’re playing! But tell Barton to tell Nat, don’t get in her head.” Bucky yells.

“Okay!” The assassins are sure to be hiding as they speak telepathically. Bucky walks back to the kitchen. Darcy has just arrived with a big tray of cookies. Sam’s curiosity has been peaked by the pretty omega. Bucky can smell the interest on him. He chooses to ignore it.

“Um Franklin wants to play hide and seek if anyone what’s to join.”

“Oh! Yes I want to play!” Darcy yells. Rogue and Remy look at each other.

“We’re in!” Rogue says as the two of them split up and run to go hide. Darcy sets her cookie sheet down and disappears as well. Sam watches her run off interestedly.

“Wow.” He says to Steve. “Please tell me that’s the friend?”

“That is the friend.” Steve says with a knowing smile.

“Holy shit. I think I’m playing hide and seek.” Sam takes off the apron he was wearing and gives it to Steve.

“Good luck. Beware, she has a Taser.” Steve warns.

“Beware, she has friends.” The Winter Soldier tell him in a way that gives Sam much greater pause than a Taser ever could.

...So that's Sue's problem. The worst thing in the world is when you are trying to hold it together at a big event and suddenly something happens and you can't get yourself under control. Bucky gets his shit back together. I am so proud of my baby. Look at him bonding with that scary child and playin and shit! I would like to say for those of you who have not gone and googled Franklin at this point, everything I am saving here is true. Franklin's life is all canonical. Sue's reaction is more my own thing. Some serious feels, sorry if anyone is reflecting on their own life feeling awful. I think Sue's issues are some of the most disturbing of the CSO of NY.
The Winter Soldier goes to his room and puts on his favorite steal toed, waterproof, high-top, lace-up, modified military issue combat boots. In his stretchy cotton yoga pants, t-shirt, and cardigan he can be perfectly silent when he goes looking for his targets. He straps a knife to his thigh just in case.

As he walks down the hall he effortlessly makes absolutely no noise. Distantly he can hear talking coming from the kitchen. Steve is monitoring the food while Ben watches the kids. Elektra and Matt are still talking to Tony. Other than the sound of the air conditioning there is no other noise. Winter chooses his route thoughtfully. Based on where he saw Natasha and Barton exit, he guesses they found a place within a few yards of Barton’s suite. A few yards in any direction, meaning they could have also gone lower or higher. Winter stops by the entrance to Barton’s living area. It’s down the hall almost opposite to where Bucky and Steve live. He eyes the ventilation duct which Barton occasionally hides in. The cover has been taken off rather carelessly. No asset would ever do something like that intentionally if they had a head start. Franklin could know this as well, but been physically unable to reattach the grate from inside the vent. Alternate persons who could be in the vent include Sam, Darcy, Rogue, or Remy. If he went and got a flare he could smoke out his target. Wait. No that wouldn’t be favorable.

He decides to leave that for later. Barton’s door is locked. This could mean he is hiding inside, or he simply doesn’t want anyone going in his room. Barton understands this game, he wouldn’t put obstacles in Winter’s path to achieving his goal given the parameters of the assignment. He decides to let it be. That exhausts his only two leads, time to survey all possible routes to hiding places and look for signs of disturbances.

Darcy runs into a closet that’s generally only used to store cleaning equipment. She looks around for something to hide behind. The door gets opened behind her. She almost yells but realizes it’s just Sam.

“Oh my god you scared me! This is my spot go find your own!” She whispers.

“What we can’t share? I mean I’m not going to fight you, I think I can find a better spot, I just thought..”

“Safety in numbers? Not a thing in this game.” Darcy says slyly. Sam flashes her a pearly smile as he opens the door and makes his exit.

Natasha and Clint are lying together in a storage cabinet in the room next to the shooting gallery. The wall is just one long set of cabinets where things can be stored. The compartment they are in is about twelve feet long and two feet wide. Getting in through one of the doors was an interesting process. They are laying on their backs with their heads set next to one another. They only have about a foot of space from their chests to the top of the compartment. Their cheeks are pressed together in the tight space.
“How does this rank on places you’ve staked out?” Natasha says in a voice only loud enough for Clint to hear. He can feel her jaw moving.

“I still think you should have just climbed in on top of me.” Clint whispers back. Natasha smacks her head into his.

.oOo.

Winter walks into the gym confidently. He takes his knife out as bait.

“Wait don’t hurt me!” Rogue pleads from her hiding spot inside a laundry bin.

“I wasn’t planning on it.” Winter answers as he approaches.

“You sly dog!” She yells as she tips herself over so she can climb out.

“You boyfriend going to be this easy to flush out?” Bucky asks as he offers her a hand.

“Ah hope not! That was embarrassing.”

.oOo.

Winter finds Remy hiding in the shower of the gym. He was planked between the walls so his feet weren’t visible on the ground. Winter isn’t quite sure how knew he was there. Maybe it had something to do with the way sound moved in the room. Winter is very good at picking out presences.

.oOo.

Sam and Darcy are both easy to find. The two of them are caught aggressively flirting in their new shared hiding spot under one of the tablecloth covered tables in the common room.

.oOo.

“You better still have clothes on.” Is all Winter says to Nat and Clint when he walks past them in the weapons locker. Nat wound up giving into Barton’s teasing. They are now pressed chest to chest kissing and rubbing on one another. Neither of them care much that they were caught.

.oOo.

“I know you’ve been there.” Winter says as he makes his way back to the common room. These shoes make his feet feel good but they are still swollen. He’s looking forward to sitting down.

“How!” Franklin exclaims as he drops the illusion that the space right next to Bucky was empty. Franklin has been following Bucky around blocking out anyone’s sensory awareness of him.

“I don’t know, I just did.”

“You shouldn’t have!” Franklin pouts and crosses his arms.

“Don’t be sore about it.” Bucky offers him the hand of The Weapon. Franklin, having forgotten his momentary unhappiness, takes it eagerly. When they walk back in Sue and Johnny have come back from the roof. Sue is looking much better. She’s smiling as she talks with Tony. Peter and a red headed girl Bucky has never met have arrived. Bucky seems to have missed the latest round of introductions while he was finishing up the game. Everyone except Barton and Natasha has
“Okay I think we’re about ready to dish up.” Steve announces to the delight of all. Pepper, Steve, Sam, and Darcy set out the varying food dishes on the counters so that they can serve themselves buffet style. Sue spots her son and walks over to him. She bends down and gives the little boy a hug. She nods gratefully at Bucky. Peter approaches Bucky at the same time. Bucky knows just by the sight of him that Peter should have skipped this dinner.

“Hey man.” He hugs Bucky tightly and rocks the other omega in his arms. Peter is very, very heat high. He smells horny but not super fertile like he should. That’s probably due to the suppressants he must have taken.

“Hi Peter.” Bucky tries to pull Peter off but finds that Peter is clinging.

“You smell like a mommy. I brought the mac n’ cheese.” Bucky tries not to squirm when Peter sniffs him under the ear. It’s not really sexual, just very odd. Omegas in heat tend to get very cuddly with other omegas. Bucky must smell particularly enticing because of the pregnancy. Bucky clears his throat as he meets eyes with several onlookers over Peter’s shoulder.

“Peter I think you should probably only stay a few minutes. You’re drawing a lot of attention.” Peter drapes himself over Bucky and sighs. He probably didn’t hear what Bucky just said. Behind him, Peter’s girlfriend appears with two plates of food.

“Pete, food time. Come on, I know you’re hungry.” She says in a voice intended for use on babies. Peter is about on that level tonight. He turns his head the wrong way and winds up with his face in Bucky’s neck. Bucky’s had enough. He pulls Peter off of his body out to an arm’s length away. Peter wines. That gets the attention of the group as well. Steve approaches warily.

“Um…” Steve doesn’t quite know what to say as he holds a plate of food. At this distance Steve is only a foot away from an omega who might go into heat at any time. Bucky lets go of Peter and grabs Steve by the waist. He physically maneuvers Steve so that Bucky is between the two of them. It is a testament to Peter and Bucky’s relationship that Bucky doesn’t bite Peter for the way he looks at his alpha. Peter’s girlfriend grabs Peter’s wrist and drags the heat high omega over to the most distant couch. Bucky turns to his mate to inspect the damage.

Steve is looking down at Bucky just as concernedly. He doesn’t seem to even care that an unbonded omega in preheat just checked him out. Oh right, Peter just had his face all over their bonding mark. No wonder he’s irritated. Bucky looks up at his mate questioningly. Steve pushes the plate of food to Bucky as he leans down and kisses Bucky’s temple. Bucky smiles and takes the plate. Once Steve’s hands are free, the alpha rubs his mate’s swollen belly proprietarily. Bucky is about to chastise him for being ridiculous but then he tries one of Rogue’s hushpuppies and all capacity for rational thought leaves him.

The earlier tensions in the room have been forgotten once the food is served. Like earlier, they pocket themselves into groups with similar interests as they sit down to eat. The science bros, Tony, Bruce, Reed, and Jane, sit together by the counter as the converse in a language foreign to the rest of the group. Franklin sits next to them with his Starkpad occasionally jotting down something that makes them all want to cry. Ben, Johnny, Clint, Pepper, and Sam sit together, having bonded over their common love of entertainment. Despite what she said earlier, Natasha gets along alright with Elektra. The two female alphas have a lot in common even if they don’t really like one another. Matt, Elektra, and Natasha sit together swapping stories of assignments they’ve done. The CSO of NY sits together along with Remy and MJ. Since Peter has been rather touchy, Remy has been
keeping his distance since the omega settled down. Darcy has split her time between sitting with
them and going to visit Sam.

Steve, ever the good host, goes back and forth between all the groups and checking on his
mate. It’s not as annoying as it usually is tonight. It make’s Bucky happy to know with the slough of
hormones in the room Steve’s mind is still always half focused on him. Bucky’s currently working
on his second plate of food. He can’t remember the last time he ate this much. He feels even more
bloated than he already did but he doesn’t give a damn. He really wants a piece of pie. He serves up
just as Steve is making his round to him. Bucky sets down the pie server as Steve wraps his arms
around him. He kisses the omega quickly before releasing him.

“Hey!” Bucky protests as he reels his alpha back in. They kiss again. Bucky rests his head
on Steve’s shoulder. “Stevie I think I’m going to pop.”

“Not yet you’re not.”

“That is less than comforting.”

“Pardon the interruption.” JARVIS says in his British voice.

“Go ahead.” Steve responds. The party quiets.

“There appears to be a masked man attempting to enter the premise. He is attempting to
scale the building. He has thus far made it to the 33rd floor.”

“JARVIS give me his location I’ll take care of it.” Steve says as he departs for the stairs.

“I think that’s my cue to go home.” Peter says standing up. Peter must think the masked
man is Wade. Bucky wonders if MJ knows about him. Probably not. The group says their goodbyes
to Peter and MJ quickly. Peter really wants to get away.

Five minutes later Steve still hasn’t returned. This is bad, he might be having a heartfelt
conversation or something. He gets up to go look.

“Remy wants to talk to you.” Franklin tells him. Bucky looks up and sure enough the
Cajun is leaning next to the door to the balcony. Bucky sighs.

“Nat would you go check on Steve?” He asks on his way to go talk to the Cajun. Natasha
nods and goes silently. Bucky walks up to the alpha mutant and gestures to outside with his head.

“You sure yo mate wants ya outside wid moi?” Bucky switches over to French hoping it’ll
be easier to communicate.

“He can just deal with it.” The Winter Soldier says with an accent that sounds like he’s
from Paris. Remy looks impressed as he follows the pregnant omega outside.

“This any better?” Remy speaks French rather than his native Acadian dialect.

“Much.”

“You speak French a hell of lot better than I speak English.” Remy comments as he
gestures for Bucky to sit on a bench. Bucky doesn’t need to be offered twice.

“I have a feeling you can lose the accent more when you want.”
“Not naturally. I’d have to think about everything I say. The Almighty forbid I think about what comes out of my mouth.” Bucky hums.

“Franklin said you wanted to talk?”

“Yeah I wanted to ask you a favor.”

“I’m not sure we’re on a favor level.” Bucky clarifies. “But ask anyway.”

“It’s for Marie.”

“Marie?” Bucky tries to think of Rogue ever referring to herself as Marie.

“Rogue’s real name is Anna Marie. She doesn’t tell anyone her last name but it doesn’t really matter to me. I’ve been waiting to tack on Lebeau to that girl for a while now.” Bucky scoffs at that. Remy gives him a curious look. “Why so skeptical?”

“She told us that you sleep around.”

“Did she now?” Remy smiles. “Let me guess, I leave for a few days and come back conveniently after her heats are over? When I come back, I tell her about all the tail I got and we do our thing?”

“That’s the sum of it.” Bucky says with not even a little doubt that’s what actually happens. Remy chuckles.

“Good it works.”

“What’s that supposed to mean? You’re doing a pretty terrible job of hiding your cheating.”

“No, actually I’m doing a great job of pulling off an elaborate con.” Remy says as he shoves his hands in his jacket pockets. Bucky growls low in his chest.

“Marie thinks I’ve been bedding other women for most of our relationship. Now see, that simply isn’t true. I started telling Marie stories of conquests past after it became clear I was distressing her. After a year of being together she seemed to think I wasn’t getting something I needed. I’ve got no idea what that was and I told her that, but she wanted us to break up over it. I simply wasn’t having that, so somehow we managed to work out this arrangement where I go off and have these trysts. Course they never happen. Well they did, but they happened before I met Marie. A believable lie has to have some kind of truth in it. I go during her heats because I’m not so sure I could resist and Remy doesn’t have a death wish. So here I am, a cheating jackass and a faithful suitor.”

“And you expect me to believe this, why?”

“You think I’ve been with Maire as long as I’ve been and not had a dressing down or two from her guardian fur ball? Logan The Wolverine Howlit is her friend and protector. He would never let me be with her if he caught even a whiff of another omega on me. If he ever had, I would not be alive today. I love that girl more than I love anything, and that includes good old fashioned sex.” That is actually a good point.

Rogue has talked of Logan at their meetings before. He’s her other surrogate father figure. Charles was her legal guardian when she was a minor but Logan was her parent in effect. Though by the sounds of it neither would ever admit it. Logan is very protective of Rogue. Very protective like Bucky knows he’s going to be of his children. He rubs his stomach thoughtfully. If he knew
someone was cheating on his babies he’d tear them apart in a slow calculated way. If this really has been going on for years there’s no way Remy would be able to hide it from Logan.

“Alright. So what do you want?”

“What I want more than anything is to be with my girl. I don’t want her to think I’m missing something with her and I certainly don’t want to have to keep lying to her for the rest of our lives.”

“How can I help?”

“You’re real chummy with the fellows of science, yes?”

“I have a good relationship with them.”

“I’d like to have them look us over and figure out if there’s some way to make this work. We had another doctor look us over before but he couldn’t figure it out. Would you at least ask them?”

“Sure.”

Chapter End Notes

Well that was entirely different than the last chapter. Bad feels go away come again some other day. Tell me what you think, lots happened.
After all what’s the harm in just asking.

“My name is Bucky. I have a full stomach but I’m going to do this. I have a full stomach but I’m going to do this.”

Bucky leaves Remy where he is and runs to his bedroom. There he knocks over the antique record player that holds his primary emergency climbing kit. He fastens the harness around his waist, checks the launching device as he walks to the deck, shoots the hook around the balcony and jumps off. He hardly uses the hand brake as he falls. He feels very uncomfortable doing this with his full stomach but he’s too focused right now to pay it much mind.

He slows down just enough to not hurt his knees when he gets to the ground floor. He detaches the hook and runs to the entrance where he can hear Peter yelling.

“How could I make this any clearer?!” Peter sobs somewhere where Bucky can’t see him. Steve spots Bucky and ushers MJ toward him.

“I’m going to get her out of here and on her way home. Please take care of Peter, I don’t know how to help him.” Steve says worriedly. MJ looks shaken under Steve’s arms. She might actually be shaking. She tries to take deep calming breathes. Bucky nods and walks towards the origin of the noise.

“Look Peter you shouldn’t be alone during this! Every time you go into heat you start obsessing over her again. You either have to tell MJ about her finally, or you have to let me take care of you!” That sounds like Wade, though not like Bucky’s ever heard him before.

“I’m sick of this protector alpha shit from you!” Bucky looks up. Wade and Peter are having this conversation stuck to the side of the building. Peter is using his powers, Wade has some kind of magnetic climbing device. “You only want me for my heats! That’s the only reason you have ever cared!” Peter is beside himself with emotion.

“Are you kidding me?! Your heats are the worst part about being with you!” Wade fires back at him. “If this is why I’m with you I must be more of a masochist than I thought because I’d rather be gutted than deal with you like this! Yet here I am, climbing a god damn building so I can make sure you’re not falling apart!” Wade jumps off the wall, landing on an overhang. Peter follows him.

“I didn’t ask you to! I asked you to stay away!” Peter flails his arms.

“That’s when you need me the most you idiot!” Wade steps forward.

“I’m not an idiot and you’re wrong! You don’t respect me, you don’t honor what I ask you to do, you fuck up everything! Now MJ’s going to break up with me! What am I supposed to do without her?”

“Oh let’s see…” He taps his chin. “Try not hiding from this relationship like a fucking adult! I know you’re young but I at least thought you were grown up.” Wade snaps viciously.

“You have no idea Wade! You have no idea what I’ve been through! What this feels like! You’ve never cared about anybody like I cared about her!”
“DON’T TRY TO TELL ME ABOUT WHAT I FEEL!” Wade roars. “You confuse me enough as it is! Come home with me now before you hurt yourself!”

“I’m not going to hurt myself!” Peter shrieks. Wade reaches forward backing Peter up to the ledge. Wade put’s his hands around Peter’s throat. Bucky expects him to choke Peter but that’s not what he’s doing. He’s just holding his neck.

“You did last time.” Some memory must overtake Peter. He curls inward and presses up against Wade’s chest. Wade puts an arm around Peter’s shoulders and puts the other hand over his eyes.

“God damn Peter.”

Below this scene Bucky goes back inside the tower. Whatever that was, it’s over and he is certain of only one thing; He should not have seen it. Inside the building the CSO of NY is waiting for Bucky. Rogue, Sue, and Matt all look worried by Bucky’s entrance. The pregnant omega is uncertain and disturbed by all this. Too much has happened that night. Bucky sits down on the ground and puts his face in his hands. The three other omegas wait for him to speak.

“Peter’s not okay either.” Is all he can think to say. Sue nods.

“I don’t think anybody is without their struggles in this life.” Bucky has never seen Sue look so haunted.

“Ben told us what happened to Val.”

“I know.” She says with a firm lip. ”I didn’t want to tell you because I thought it might scare you.”

“It does scare me. But I would rather know that my friend is dealing with something like this than be spared.” Bucky says as he looks up at her. She nods, she’s all cried out for the night.

“What are we going to do about Peter?” Rogue asks.

“I think we should wait.” Sue says firmly. “What’s done is done, but given the chance I would have rather revealed my own issues when I was ready. If Peter hasn’t said anything, we should just assume he’s not ready yet.”

“Has he told you anything that might explain what’s going on?” Bucky asks Matt. The blind omega has known Peter longer than any of them and is apparently in a close work relationship. If Matt tells Peter his problems it stands to reason it might go both ways.

“I know he stopped being Spiderman for a year. He never explained what happened when he came back. He just carried on like nothing happened.” Matt answers. Bucky rubs his face to try and relieve some of the stress.

“What I just saw was so out of character for Wade Wilson I’m not sure it was even the same person under that suit.”

“Well damn.” Rogue huffs. “What do we do with that?”

“Nothing.” Sue says resolutely. “Bucky, is Peter safe?”

“I’m betting on it.”
“Then let’s go back to the party and try and continue as if all is well. I’m sure our friends and family are worried. Let’s just get through tonight and let this unravel as it will.” After what Bucky learned about her tonight, Sue seems like the authority on this matter. Bucky gets up.

“Okay then. Let’s try.”

.oOo.

After the guests have gone home, the residents are on clean-up duty. Steve, Bucky, and Tony put the living room back in order. Tony knows something is up.

“So is someone going to clue me in on what the big emergency was earlier?”

“It was complicated. We’re not making a move yet.” Bucky says as he folds up tablecloths. “When are we starting our project?”

“You mean the baby room thing?” Tony’s question draws Steve’s attention.

“Yeah.” Steve looks very interested now.

“Well we could start tomorrow. We can take down some walls while we wait for the supplies to come in.”

“We’re starting on the room?” Steve says now alight with interest. This strongly excites his nesting instincts.

“I think so. Feel like wielding a sledgehammer?” Bucky asks mischievously as he pictures his mate shirtless, sweaty, and wielding a large dangerous blunt object.

“Sure!” Steve says with an expression that reminds Bucky of a happy puppy.

Chapter End Notes

Uggg! Because nobody gets left out of the angst fest, here's Peter's turn. Poor baby, he's had a very hard time. Spoiler alert: If you've seen any of the new Spiderman movies you know who the 'her' Wade is referring to is. Okay, okay enough I've had enough. Time to put this whole angsty nut house on hold for a few chapters and get back to the baby stuff. So sorry for all the bad feels. This story has to have conflict somewhere. Hey at least some stupid villain no one cares about didn't randomly attack. XD Comments are the life blood of this story, keep it's little heart beating.

-The Trollop
“Crap…” Bucky whines as he lies on his back in bed. Four weeks have passed since the night of the barbeque. The nursery’s bones are almost finished. The walls are up, the hardware has been installed, and the external fixtures for the security system have been mounted. Steve’s working on the plaster right now. For the purpose of keeping clean and also not exposing Bucky to construction debris, Bucky and Steve moved their bed into the living room and put up plastic sheets to isolate the construction site. The suite is a bit of a mess at the moment. It bothers Steve way more than it does Bucky.

The omega has had other things on his mind. Namely soreness, the seemingly constant need to pee, the new found tendency to waddle, lack of agility, growing difficulty breathing, and of course the rapid growth of his uterus. He rolls onto his right side. He feels absolutely enormous and he’s only half way done. He rubs the swell of his stomach and tries to will his children to stop kicking his bladder. “Come on that’s just not nice.” He grunts as he tries to sooth them. As a last ditch resort he turns to humming. It’s some big band song he used to dance to back before the war. The babies like it but not as much as when Steve sings to them. Steve actually knows lullabies. He puts Bucky to sleep too, which is nice.

“Buck? You okay?” Steve peels pack the plastic and wipes some dust off his face. Steve knows Bucky’s miserable if he’s humming. Bucky groans and pushes himself so he sits up. This should not require this much effort.

“So much for that nap I wanted.” Bucky smiles haggardly. Steve continues to brush himself off.

“Heartburn?”

“No just kicking. I think I’m going to eat a plum. Do you want one?” Bucky scoots over to the side of the bed and puts his feet on the ground. He looks past the side of his bump so he can line up his feet to his slippers. He huffs as he gets up.

“Yeah sure. Want me to make lunch?”

“No I think I’m just going to have one of those yogurt things with the fruit when I go out later.” Steve still gets nervous when he goes out but he’s gotten much better about letting it happen.

“Who and where?” He asks with a sigh. Bucky chuckles at him.

“Peter and Sue. We’re going to Macy’s to add to our list thing.”

“The registry? I thought we updated that last night?” Steve says as he washes his hands in the sink.

“Yeah I know. We’re looking at more than just baby stuff. Peter needs some things for his apartment too. Also, I wanted to get Sue’s opinion on some of the fabrics we picked for the blankets.”

“Oh okay.” Steve concedes that’s a valid reason. He’d let Bucky go even if he didn’t have a good reason. He likes that Bucky has his own life with his own friends. It’s taken some getting
used to, but after the party Steve understands now that Bucky is doing a lot more than just socializing with his friends. They need each other for support. Steve used to be worried that any friend Bucky made was going to treat him like he’s broken because of his past. He couldn’t be happier to find out that isn’t the case at all. His new friends value him for what he’s experienced because he can use what he’s endured to help them get through their experiences. Really this is everything Steve could ever have hoped for his mate. Bucky tosses Steve a plum and takes two out for himself. Bucky takes a bite and wipes away some of the extra juices. Steve watches him in total adoration. Bucky looks up at his starry eyed mate and crosses his eyes. Steve snorts and looks down realizing he probably looked like a dope in love. He is of course, but it’s embarrassing to get caught. Bucky takes another bite out of his plum and licks the juice away. Steve looked up just in time to see that flick of his tongue. The super soldier turns red at all the memories that brings up. Bucky smiles toothily and waggles an eyebrow.

“So soldier, are you going to rub my feet and put lotion on my belly after I go pee?” Bucky asks.

“Whenever you like.”

“Think you can do it without getting turned on today?” The omega challenges with a knowing smirk. Steve’s eyebrows jump up to his forehead.

“Depends, are you going to make noises like I’m making love to you today?”

“It’s not my fault you’re good at it.” Bucky mutters with a mouth full of plum.

“Bucky you’re intentionally obscene and you know it.” Steve scolds halfheartedly.

“Not my fault I’m horny. Blame biology. I’m trying to keep you around remember? I need an alpha to protect my young.” He says as he imitates Bruce’s science voice. Steve crosses around the island counter to where Bucky is and kisses him.

“As if I’m going anywhere.” He kisses his mate again hungrily. Bucky hums and pats the alpha’s shoulder to signal him to back off. Steve pulls away.

“Well I’m going to the bathroom. To be continued Cap!” Bucky kisses Steve’s cheek and fast walks to the toilet.

.oOo.

“Geezes you’re getting fat!” Peter exclaims in fake shock. Peter trots up to Bucky out on the sidewalk in front of Macy’s. Bucky scowls with his arms crossed over his belly. The now quite obviously pregnant omega is wearing large black sunglasses and a hoodie to try and look incognito. Peter ignores the symbol on Bucky’s shirt instructing not to touch and rubs the omega’s stomach. Bucky snatches his hand by the wrist and pushes it away as he growls. The black shirt with a pictogram of a hand in a circle with a slash through it was a gift from Darcy. He’s got two more in different colors. Peter rubs his belly every time he wears one of the shirts, just to spite him.

“Shut up Peter.” Bucky grumbles. Sue comes scampering across the sidewalk waving at them.

“Hi boys!” Sue hugs Peter then side hugs Bucky. “I’ve got four hours until my babysitter wants to go… actually I have no idea what Johnny is planning on doing and I’m kind of thankful for that.”

“Four hours is plenty long for my feet.” Bucky says as they walk into the store.
“How are you feeling today? Grumpy?” Sue giggles.

“Peter called me fat a minute ago.” Bucky grousches. Peter laughs quietly and covers his face at how put out Bucky is by that. Sue looks sternly at Peter.

“How why’d you do that?” She asks in a disapproving mother tone.

“He is! He looks like somebody stuck a soccer ball up his butt!” Peter exclaims.

“Peter!” Sue is aghast.

“He’s not wrong.” Bucky continues to grumble sourly. “I own a mirror Sue. I know he’s right.”

“Bucky you look great! I’m just kidding.” Peter says as they take the escalator up to the home section.

“No, no I am fat. But I don’t care what I look like, I care about how much functionality I’ve lost.” Bucky complains. “I can’t run at all. I can’t do most of my stretches anymore. I can still aim a gun accurately but I’ve lost almost all of my stealth. The only reason I’m comfortable being out in public is because I know Sue can do defense for me if I need it. I feel so damn vulnerable.” The assassin confesses. Peter grimaces knowing he’s right. The extra fifteen pounds in his abdomen has really messed with Bucky’s center of gravity. They walk into the baby department and instantly Bucky spots one of the things he and Steve were looking at online. “Oh look! I love that blanket!” He says suddenly having forgotten his woes. He hurries over to it excitedly. Bucky feels the cotton knit blanket thoughtfully. Sue and Peter walk up and examine the dark blue blanket with small white stars on it. Sue looks for the tag to check out the washing instructions.

“It says machine wash cold on a gentle cycle. You want blankets that can be easily washed, they’re going to get filthy all the time and it’s important to try and keep them clean. This would be a good one, its nice quality.” Sue says helpfully. Bucky nods.

“Well it’s in my online registry but I think I’ll just buy it today. I feel kind of anxious at home with nothing for them yet. Steve’s almost done with the room but we still have to paint before we can move things in.” He runs his fingers through his hair thinking about all the things they have to do still. He fixes his hood afterward.

“Don’t worry about the stuff!” Sue says. “You’ll be drowning in stuff after the baby shower. We’re going to spoil you rotten.” She assures.

“And I am going to write you a very nice card.” Peter adds. Bucky chuckles with them.

=oOo=

Sue looks through the racks of women’s clothing while Peter gives his opinions of her choices. Bucky left to go to the bathroom a few minutes ago. When he comes back he’s carrying an arm full of sports bras. Peter gives the other omega a very impressed look.

“Did you just go pick those out all by yourself?” Peter asks in disbelief.

“They were right by the bathroom… and they’re having a sale.” Bucky explains bashfully.

“How many are you buying?” Sue says, equally as surprised as Peter.

“Six. I don’t have a white one so I got one of those. They also had a white one with the
cross back so I thought I’d get that too. Then they have this cool black one with gray sides. There’s also this one style that has these really soft straps. I got two of those, one in light gray and one in my skin color. Then this last one is like my blue one that I sleep in. Mine’s getting worn out.” The other omegas stay silent.

“Okay then.” Peter says.

Chapter End Notes

Look how far he's come. Love him.
“So do you want to read the latest sleaze?” Sue asks as they enjoy their lunch. True to his word Bucky is having a parfait.

“Sure.” Bucky says as he licks his spoon. Sue reaches into her purse and pulls out the newest issue of a popular gossip magazine. The slightly crumpled magazine has Tony and Steve on it. Both of them are looking candid and clearly not even remotely near one another in their respective pictures. They don’t even look photoshopped together, there’s just a line separating the two. The headline underneath them reads,

**Tragedy!**

**Iron Man Loses His Child, His Alpha, and His Best Friend**

Down in the corner there is a picture of Pepper looking angry. Bucky snorts as Peter takes the magazine and flips through it.

“So what are they spinning?” Bucky asks his friends.

“So according to my research,” Peter sniffs and tries to sound official as he spews utter bullshit. “Tony and Steve have been having a secret affair since Loki attacked New York. They were trying to be private about it. You know, because Tony knows the meaning of that word.” Sue covers her face. “Tony apparently got pregnant, lost the baby (or according to some faked the whole thing) and has now broken up with Steve. Pepper is involved in varying degrees depending on who you ask.”

“Where do they get this stuff? There is nothing to suggest any of this.” Bucky questions as he scrapes the bottom of the plastic container with his spoon.

“Tony himself mostly. He feeds them all kinds of shit and the newspapers lick their lips for it.”

Sue grimaces. “Eww Peter, can you not? This salad was awful before you said that, it doesn’t need your help.”

“Anything on what’s actually going on?” Bucky asks, completely overlooking Peter’s word choice.

“So far it’s kept out of printed news. I’ve seen a scattering of info about the baseball game and a couple of pictures on tumblr of a person who could be you. I couldn’t tell.”

“That’s probably a good thing.” Bucky says as he pushes aside the garbage from his lunch.

“I think the so called ‘credible’ news sources are ignoring your story because it just doesn’t seem possible. James Buchanan Barnes is dead and buried as far as the media is concerned. Saying you’re alive and pregnant is a bit much. They’d have to explain how you survived a well-documented fall to your death and then managed to remain the same age for seventy years.”
“Good luck with that.” Bucky says smugly. Sue dabs her mouth with a napkin.

“I understand why you’re keeping it a secret. I’m not even that surprised that it’s stayed hidden so well.” Sue says. “But you have to realize the world is going to find out eventually that Captain America is a father.” Peter and Bucky stay quiet. Bucky has thought of what Sue’s saying a lot but he’s still not ready to talk about it. There is a four page spread on Johnny’s upcoming nuptials right before the main article about Tony and Steve.

“Is Johnny even getting married?” Peter asks to break the tension. Sue shakes her head as she sips her diet coke.

“Not to this one at least. Johnny doesn’t like omegas all that much.” Sue explains as she pushes some hair behind her ear. Peter looks confused and points at a chart of who Johnny’s dated in the past five years. There are a lot of names.

“A third of these people are omegas. How can he not like omegas?” Peter asks.

“Oh those are just the ones the public knows about. He’s dated lots of other people and slept with even more, all the real ones were mostly alphas and betas. He’s got a few people he comes back to but mostly he just takes his pick of whoever is available.” Peter and Bucky look at each other. They’re thinking the same thing and it is not complimentary to Johnny. Sue takes a deep breath. “I might as well spill. Johnny pretty much pulls double duty. He beds the people the public thinks he should be with, you know as an alpha-.”

“But Johnny’s not an alpha?” Peter asks. He would know. If Johnny had been, Peter might have jumped him at that party. Sue’s eyes open wider and she ramps up her volume.

“As I was saying, Johnny does have quite the appetite. He also keeps a selection of smoking hot alphas on speed dial because Johnny is actually an omeg-!”

“Nooo!” Peter and Bucky yell in disbelief. Luckily they are in a noisy diner where no one is paying attention to them during the lunch time rush. Sue nods and pulls her lips between her teeth to keep from smiling.

“Totally in denial!” She bursts before covering her mouth.

“He’s worse than Tony was! Wow!” Peter cards both hands through his hair and grips onto it. When he pulls his hands away his hair is sticking in funny directions. “He needs some serious help!”

“And you need a haircut.” Sue says as she leans across the table and smooths it back.

“Can’t. Love to, but can’t.” Peter says as he shoos her hand away. “Stop fussing with me!”

“Stop being so scruffy.” Sue insists. “Why can’t you clean up like Bucky?”

The other male omega spent a minute to brush his hair and pull it back into a ponytail while it was still wet. Other than that he took a shower today and that’s it. Healthy or not, he still looks vaguely feral. Bucky’s eyes flick back and forth between his friends.

“Ha?” He says uncertainly.

“Maybe we should take you both some place to get spruced up. Bucky your skin looks great, Peter you’re a little…” She tries to think of a good way to put it.
“Like my face spends four or five hours inside a sweaty, spandex mask every day?” Peter supplies humorlessly.

“I was going to say tired.” Bucky says as he leans his chin in the palm of his hand.

“Well however you look, a spa day couldn’t hurt.” Sue declares.

“No.” Bucky says firmly.

“Why?!?” Peter says, very put out. Peter has never been to a spa but has always wanted to go. If Sue takes them, she will likely bankroll the trip and that would make it all the better.

“I am a highly skilled asset with a cybernetic arm and battle scars I don’t know the stories behind. I can’t go get a massage and I don’t want some fancy skin treatment.”

“You know they do have special massages just for pregnant people? They are so relaxing. I got them all the time in my second and third trimester with both of my babies. It really helped the aches and pains.” Sue tempts. Bucky’s nostrils flare as he inhales. He looks like he’s about to agree but then he slams his fist down on the table.

“No! I don’t want to go to a fucking salon! Salons are for…” He can’t believe he’s about to say this but he can’t help himself. “Girls!” What is he, five? Peter and Sue don’t look happy with him.

“You’re off the hook today. I have to get going.” Sue says as she stands and picks up her purse. “But we are going to talk about this.”

.oOo.

“Honey, I’m home!” Bucky quotes as he walks into the suite. He closes the door and bolts it behind him. Something distinctly electronic sounding hits the ground at almost the same time Steve curses. Bucky walks into the living room/temporary bedroom with an amused saunter to his waddle. He spins his keys around the index finger of The Weapon as he strokes his stomach. “Let me guess…” He says as he closes his eyes. “Starkpad?” He opens one eye to peek. Steve is on the floor scooping up his Starkpad off the carpet. The screen didn’t fracture thankfully.

“How could you have possibly guessed that? It fell on carpet.”

“This is your fifth Starkpad since Tony gave you one last Christmas. You’ve been going through one a month. I think the only things you ever drop are Starkpads.” Bucky smirks.

“So it wasn’t a sound thing?” Steve asks as he sits on the couch and lets his mate approach him.

“Hmmmm…” Bucky hums thoughtfully as he leans down and kisses his mate softly with lots of tongue. “No, it was a sound thing.” Steve loosely wraps his arms around his mate’s sides so that his palms rub Bucky’s lower back.

“God you’re good.” Steve whispers against Bucky’s lips.

“Thanks.” Bucky kisses Steve’s forehead and fixes Steve’s hair kind of like Sue did to Peter earlier. Bucky finds this oddly satisfying. Steve does have this problem where at least one part of his hair almost always looks stupid right after a haircut. This is because Steve cuts it himself, except for the back which Bucky does. Natasha always has to more or less redo Bucky’s part. Really Bucky shouldn’t be allowed to cut Steve’s hair after the tenth or so bad haircut, but Steve insists.
What’s sad is that Natasha does a good job of cutting Steve’s hair, Steve is the one who messes up. Right now there is this chunk about an inch lateral to the middle of Steve’s head which is really short compared to the rest. They would have had to cut it as short as it was when Steve came home in order to fix it. Steve decided he doesn’t mind. Bucky tries to paw the rest of Steve’s hair so it covers that spot.

“Why is it whenever you leave you come home with clothing and bad habits?” Steve asks as he allows Bucky to mother him.

“I don’t know Steve, why do you wish death to all Starkpads?” He asks, mocking Steve’s tone.

“I was watching something that scared me. Alarming images give me butterfingers.” Steve explains guiltily. Bucky puts his hands on either side of Steve face and forces him to look up. Bucky’s thumbs smush Steve’s cheeks towards his mouth.

“Please tell me you didn’t just discover Redtube?”

“Wherts Rdtube?” Steve says through his contorted lips.

“You know, it takes a uniquely gorgeous person to still look good with their face like this.”

“Tank kou?” Bucky pulls his hands away.

“Okay fun’s over.” He sets his hands on Steve’s shoulders. Steve moves his jaw to work out an ache. “What did you find?” Steve freezes. He looks frantic at just the thought.

“Did you know people film births and post them online?” Steve asks anxiously. “After watching that, I don’t know if I can let you do this!” Bucky closes his eyes and lets his head fall back as he groans. If not for Bucky’s irritation Steve would find this very alluring.

“Steve, birth isn’t really an option. They have to come out.”

“I-I know I just. It seems so unpleasant. When I picture you going through that I…” Why are you laughing?”

“It’s just another painful notch on my belt.” He leans down and presses their lips together. “But this time I’m looking forward to it.” Steve frowns in confusion.

“I think you should watch these video before you say things like that.”

“You’re going to hold my hand?”

“Of course!” Steve assures.

“I get to hand you our newborn babies when I’m done?” Bucky says with a smile. Steve’s face falls as he pictures it. His eyes drift down to the swell of his mate’s belly. His hands brush around the omega’s middle so they hold Bucky’s stomach.

“Okay, so it’s a necessary evil.”
So as you are probably aware we are coming up on the big Five O chapter milestone. Very arbitrarily exciting stuff. For me it certainly is. As of about five thousand words go this is the longest thing I've ever written. I'm quite proud, even more so because of the loyal following this story has developed. You guys are awesome opossums. Now as a reward I have decided to have a special treat for you lovelies. If you submit a question for Bucky or Steve (and maybe someone else if you specify) today or perhaps very early tomorrow, I will have Steve and Bucky answer your questions in a special extra segment after the regular chapter (Chapter fifty, not tomorrow's chapter). Picture the cast and crew (me) sitting behind a table at a Comic Con waiting for you to ask them things. I am excited to see what you want to know, they don't feel that way.
Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Steve wakes up alone. It’s not uncommon for Bucky to sneak out of bed and go do something physical that Steve is less than thrilled about. He’s obviously not in their suite at least if Steve can’t see him from the bed in the living room. Steve gets up and gets ready for the day as he would have if Bucky were there. Most likely his mate will come walking in like he usually does and make some comment about Steve flipping over things to look for him. Steve did that one time, one.

Steve puts on what Steve considers a disguise. He’s wearing jeans with rips in them, a shirt with some music group he doesn’t recognize, and an oversized hoodie. The jacket does a little to disguise his frame, Captain America wouldn’t be caught dead in jeans he didn’t rip up himself, and he’s not fond of whatever a Skrillex is. He completes the disguise by not shaving for the third day in a row. He might be mistaken for Johnny Storm if not for the bad haircut.

He goes walking out with cash to pay for the visit and the ID Bucky made for him. It’s altered in the same way Bucky’s is. On paper they are nearly the same people just much, much younger. Bucky isn’t in the common room either. He takes out his phone and calls Natasha.

“Steve.” She says on the other end of the line.

“Where is he Nat?”

“SHEILD’s New York base just upgraded their shooting course. It’s incredible. Fury called him and asked him to come test it out.” Steve can hear gun shots in the background. A hell of a lot of them.

“He-he’s- Natasha how intense is the obstacle course?” Steve is on the move in a rush.

“I can think of maybe ten people in the world who could get a perfect score on this thing.” That freezes Steve’s blood.

“He’s not doing it now is he!?” Steve says as he paces in the elevator. This thing is not nearly fast enough, he has got to figure out a better way to move when he’s in a hurry.

“Doing it? Steve, he’s destroying it! I think Fury would hire him on the spot if it weren’t for his record.” Blessedly the doors open. Steve runs to the garage where his bike is. He knows where the SHEILD base is, he can get there in three minutes if he drives like he’s got a death wish.

“Natasha you are in so much trouble when I get there! I’m grounding you from any Avengers assignments! You’ll have to watch the next five missions with binoculars once I’m done!” He hangs up before she can retaliate.

.oOo.

Natasha stares at her phone after Steve hangs up on her. Barton looks over at the shocked alpha questioningly. He looks back at the live camera footage of The Winter Soldier doing the course.

“Damn!” Barton yells as Bucky executes a maneuver Barton isn’t quite sure he followed. “Did he just-? How can he still move like this and be that pregnant? This cannot be good for the
babies.”

“He’s doing an incredible job of keeping all the strain and impacts away from his abdomen. He’s being extremely careful.”

“Really? Because I think he’s showing off? That right there-” He points at an unnecessary trick shot, “That is showing off.”

The maze of obstacles is poorly lit by red emergency lights. Targets appear for only a matter of seconds. The mission is simple. Get from one side of the football field sized building to the other. Eliminate 54 hostile enemy targets armed with a variety of weaponry. Protect his abdominal region above all else. The bullets are all rubber but it doesn’t matter to The Winter Soldier. He’s not going to get hit today, the machines are too loud. They have tried to cover up the telling sounds with a siren, it doesn’t distract him. The earplugs dampen the noise but he has no trouble picking out the significant nuances in the cacophony all the same. The targets are mechanical drones that imitate human bodies. They don’t remind Winter at all of real bodies but he can appreciate the work that went into them. He turns the corner, puts the nose of his shotgun against the wall, and pulls the trigger. He “kills” the 49th drone through a wall without ever seeing it. His shot gun is out of ammo. He started out this course with four knives, two handguns, and the ammunition in the guns. So far he has taken eight shots with his own guns. The shotgun was something he scavenged off one of the targets. He gained a machete on the 23rd kill and lost it on the 46th. He really liked that thing too. It was a lost cause after he broke it off inside the head of a target.

Bucky Barnes has difficulty completing everyday tasks at this stage in his pregnancy. The Winter Soldier does not understand the concept of difficulty. If there is a task he can do it. The effort it takes to complete the task shouldn’t factor into it. Why should it when experience is only relevant with comparison? The Winter Soldier never had any data to compare to describe difficulty. Bucky Barnes is toying with the idea of letting The Winter Soldier take care of the birthing of his children.

As he thinks this he dismantles the remaining targets on autopilot. The thoughtless state he goes into when he acts tells him these kills were “easy”. The rest of the course wasn’t bad though. Bucky disarms himself as he walks out of the course. He only gets a few meters before he spots Steve running towards him.

“Buck!” Steve barks. Natasha slowly approaches Bucky to takes his weapons from him. Steve bares his teeth and growls at her. “Drop your weapons and let’s go! We have a doctor’s appointment in thirty minutes and forty five minutes of traffic to get through.” Steve snarls in a voice which isn’t recognizable as Steve’s.

“Stevie-” Bucky tries to placate but is cut off.

“Don’t Stevie me! We are leaving NOW!” The alpha declares, half wild with rage. Bucky flinches and ducks his head down when Steve really yells at him. Steve pulls him under his arm protectively and stewards him to the parking garage.

It’s so rare that Steve chooses to assert his dominance that when he does, Bucky finds it almost frightening. He makes himself as small as he can in front of Steve as they ride. Physically he draws in on himself. It’s a necessity really, the two of them fit together very snugly on Steve’s custom motorcycle. Bucky holds onto his middle while Steve is pressed against him with his arms baring Bucky on the sides. He knows doing the shooting course was a bad idea now. They pull into
the parking garage of the hospital and miraculously find parking close to the door.

Steve gets off the bike and checks his watch. “We’re five minutes late, let’s move.” His angry alpha voice has been downgraded to his angry Captain America voice. Bucky obeys silently.

.oOo.

In the waiting room Bucky fills out a form about how he’s been feeling. Steve is still in a bad mood next to him even as he holds Bucky’s gloved left “hand”. There is a pile of trash magazines on a nearby table. The issue Sue showed Bucky is sitting close to the top. When Steve spots it he sighs and covers his face.

A nurse comes out of the back holding a clipboard. “James?” She looks at the waiting patients. Bucky raises his hand with the pen in it. “You can finish that in the room. Why don’t you come on back?” Bucky and Steve both stand up and follow her. It speaks volumes that Steve does not politely introduce himself to the nurse. He keeps holding Bucky’s hand though.

Inside the doctor’s office Bucky recluses back on the patient’s examination table. It feels good to lie down after all the strain he put his body through this morning. He’s not nearly as nervous this time around. Instead he’s focused on trying to gauge how mad Steve is by the grip on his hand and by the way the alpha anxiously bounces his leg. They don’t wait long before the doctor comes in. Dr. George Vasil smiles at them both as he opens the door.

“Good morning! Nice to see you again James.” He reaches his hand out. Bucky lets go of Steve’s hand to shake it. Dr. Vasil turns and shakes Steve’s hand. The doctor pauses as he takes Steve in while he shakes his hand. “Nice to meet you, I’m George Vasil. Are you dad?” The answer is pretty obvious by the scenting on Bucky.

“Yes I am. I’m Steve Rogers, it’s good to finally meet you.” Steve shakes his hand heartily as Dr. Vasil processes what Steve just said. He looks over at Bucky questioningly.

“Special Forces huh?” He put it all together. “It’s an honor to meet you Captain Rogers.” Steve just takes the recognition in stride.

“It nice to finally get to be here for this.” He says a bit more at ease. When he sits down he takes Bucky’s hand back firmly. Bucky really wishes he wouldn’t.

“I bet. So how have you been James?”

"I’ve been doing good.” Summarizing what has happened to him in the past thirteen weeks seems like it might be impossible.

“That’s good to hear. How long have you been back?” He asks Steve.

“A little less than five weeks.”

“So you’ve seen what’s been going on too. Good. So before I ask a bunch of questions, is there anything you’re concerned about?”

“He’s been getting way too much exercise.” Steve answers before Bucky can voice any of his concerns. Dr. Vasil looks from Bucky to Steve.

“How much exercise is too much exercise?” The doctor asks.

“Hey!” Steve wipes his face with his hand. Bucky looks away at the wall. “He was
running several miles a day until two weeks ago. He does some stretches which don’t seem so bad, but then he also does these ridiculous training routines! Today he went to an obstacle course!”

“Why would you do that?” Dr. Vasil says as he takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. This is not in the realm of typical complaints from parents.

“It seemed like fun.” Bucky mumbles. He’s officially ashamed now.

“That is not good for you at this point in your pregnancy. You could put yourself into early labor or else seriously injure yourself. While I applaud the fitness it must take to do what you’re doing, you’re actively putting yourself in harm’s way. Right now your uterus is large enough that it’s starting to press against arteries inside your pelvis. When you exercise vigorously your body needs more blood flow to your legs that it can’t get as easily as it used to. Especially since you’re carrying twins. Have you been having any cloacal bleeding?”

“No.” Bucky says softly.

“Swelling of your hands and face?”

“No.”

“Have you been experiencing any severe headaches or dizziness?”

“No.”

“What about blurred vision or stomach pain?”

“No I’ve been fine. I’ve looked everything up and I’ve been perfectly fine!” He snaps. “I don’t hurt, I don’t even feel bad right now after working out this morning. I feel just like the dozens of books I have read say I am supposed to feel.” Bucky takes his hand away from Steve and crosses his arms over his chest. Dr. Vasil nods and backs off respectfully.

“Okay then, sounds good. I’m going to go get the ultrasound tech and we’ll just take a look. You know the drill?”

“Yeah.” Bucky says as he pulls his shirt up and pulls down the hem of his pants. The doctor leaves the room.

“I’m not being over protective.” Steve asserts. “You have got to start cutting back. Today was bad. You could have been shot, or landed wrong, or about a hundred other things. ‘But I didn’t’ isn’t good enough. Did you ever stop to think about what you would feel like if you did hurt them?” Bucky strokes his exposed belly.

“I get it Steve.” He says uncharacteristically meekly. “I’ll stop.”

Chapter End Notes

... So when I said you could ask questions I was assuming you realized that I am not going to give away major plot points. Also the characters can’t answer questions they themselves do not presently know the answers to. So! If you have a question that is basically just about fluff, ask away. Today is the last day for the question asking. So if you have a burning desire to know what weird stashes of Bucky’s stuff Steve has
discovered or something, ask. Thanks guys I love you all. And I will answer those plot questions but I'm going to do those in chapters! The question about the genders is going to be answered next chapter anyway so, there is that.
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bucky isn’t as frightened by the ultrasound equipment this time. He’s done enough research on how the thing works that it’s no longer intimidating. However, as soon as the technician applies the gel Steve starts to rumble. The technician backs off with the wand and looks to the doctor for instructions. Steve clears his head. He clears his throat.

“Sorry!” He rasps. “Please continue.” He say in embarrassment. The tech smiles at Steve but watches him warily. She goes to move the wand towards Bucky and Steve Loses it. He lunges forward, leaning over Bucky so that his shoulder blocks all access to his mate’s stomach. At this distance Bucky is drowning in Steve’s pheromones which clearly broadcast the chemical equivalent of ‘fuck off’ to the medical staff. The tech jumped backwards when Steve lunged. She’s fine, though now officially spooked. The doctor puts himself between the tech and Steve protectively.

“That’s enough!” The beta orders. Bucky reaches forward and pulls Steve’s head down to his chest to calm him.

“I’m so, so sorry!” Steve apologizes to the technician. He presses his face against his mate’s chest and clenches his eyes. Bucky whimpers at the hard pressure on tender area. Steve sits bolt upright. “Sorry! I-!” He picks his chair up and carries it to the corner of the room two or three meters away from his mate. “I’ll just stay over here.”

“That’s probably a good idea.” The doctor says. The technician bounces back fast and re applies more cool gel. As the technician turns on the wand and finds a good angle the doctor gestures curiously towards Bucky’s chest.

“Is the tissue that sensitive?” The doctor asks curiously. Bucky is about to tell him but the picture comes through before he can formulate his thought. The image is much different than it was before. Bucky covers his mouth with his human hand. The image on the screen actually looks like two babies.

“Holy shit.” Bucky says wistfully into his palm. Despite his promise to stay in the corner, Steve is standing by Bucky’s side mere moments after the picture pops up. This time he’s no threat to the technician, he just wants to see. Bucky gaps from his stomach up to the screen trying to reconcile the two images. The babies must sense his excitement because he feels one of them move. A second later one of the babies on the monitor moves one of its tiny limbs. Bucky covers his mouth again as tears start to well up in his eyes. The technician gestures to the screen as she keeps moving the wand.

“Oh wow, look at him go… wait actually that’s a her.” She says. Doctor Vasil leans forward.

“Can you go to the left a little?” She does. Bucky and Steve are absolutely transfixed by the screen. “Yeah that’s a female alpha I think. Can you move to get the other one?” The technician spreads more gel to the left. The images changes slowly as she gets a different angle.

“Boy?” She suggests.

“I agree.” He turns to the two parents to be. “Looks like you’re having a boy and a girl.
The secondary gender of the boy won’t become apparent until birth at the earliest.” The doctor clicks his pen and starts writing this down on Bucky’s chart in the notes.

“Are those their… spines?” Bucky asks. He knows how to interpret an ultrasound, he’s read about it enough times to practically run the machine now, the question just slips out anyway.

“Yep. Do you want us to print you a picture?”

“Yes please.” Steve says immediately as he sinks down to Bucky’s level. The two super soldiers look at each other for the first time since the machine showed them their babies. Bucky wipes his eyes with the back of his hand. The tech takes the wand away and gives them some wipes to clean Bucky off.

“I’ll go print that out, would you too just hang tight for a second?” Bucky nods. The doctor finishes writing on his form.

“So I want to see you again in three weeks just for a checkup. You’re having multiples so this is considered a higher risk pregnancy than normal. Don’t worry though, based on what I’m seeing and hearing you and the babies are in great health. Go home get some rest and call back in the next few days to schedule an appointment. Sound good?”

“Sounds great.” Steve says breathily. “Thank you, really if you ever need anything.”

“You know, I might be giving you a call around Christmas time. The children’s ward here at the hospital is full of big fans.” Dr. Vasil replies thoughtfully.

“Anytime at all.” Steve says sincerely. The two men shake hands.

“See you in a few weeks.” The doctor says to Bucky as the omega continues to tear up. He’s doing a terrible job of wiping his eyes and cleaning off the gel at the same time. Steve decides to take over. Bucky is still crying when Steve finishes cleaning him up and bends down to kiss his navel.

“Come here?” Bucky asks as he reaches for Steve’s head. Steve gladly wraps his arms around his mate and kisses him passionately. Bucky pulls away and sniffs. “I’m sorry, I won’t do it again. I really mean it, I don’t want to hurt them.” He says slowly between sobs. Steve kisses Bucky’s forehead.

“Shhhh. It’s okay, stop now. I know you won’t. Hey…” He nuzzles the side of Bucky’s head and pulls the omega up so he’s cradled in his arms. “Let’s go home.”

One nice thing about being crammed together on Steve’s bike is it feels like a hug the whole way home.

.oOo.

Bucky is tired from crying when they arrive back at the tower so he takes a nap with Steve until dinnertime.

At dinner, the Avengers are all gathered in the common room enjoying some delicious homemade lasagna courtesy of Steve’s instinct to provide for his babies. Bucky sits on his favorite couch with his feet propped up on an ottoman. Steve hands him his plate and sits down by his side.

“Okay, we’ve been served! Tell us already!” Darcy begs from where she sits cross-legged on the floor. Steve gently nudges Bucky. Bucky finishes chewing his food before answering. The
whole gathering waits on baited breath.

“Boy and a girl. The girl is a female alpha.” Bucky says calmly. The room instantly bursts into congratulations. Natasha puts her hand over her heart though her face stays calm. Her lip trembles just enough to give her away. Bucky knew the news would do this to her. Darcy squeals.

“Oh my god, yeeee! Did you get a picture!?” She asks in near hysterical excitement. Steve gets up and quickly goes to get it from the counter in his suite. He comes back a minute later and shows it to Darcy. A bunch of the other housemates crowd around to see. Darcy gasps. Natasha looks between the picture and Bucky and smiles.

“They look great.” Bruce says from his standpoint as a doctor.

“I should have had kids.” Tony realizes suddenly. Pepper rolls her eyes at him.

“No you shouldn’t have Tony.” She says teasingly.

“Awww. But I want one.” Tony pouts. “I could have been a good mother or father. Or goodish at least.”


“Can we talk names?” Darcy asks. “We know their genders now so we can kind of think about it more right?” Bucky looks at Steve.

“Are we ready for names?” He asks his mate. Steve looks a little confused.

“You’ve thought about it right? I certainly have.” Now Bucky looks bewildered.

“I haven’t thought about it at all. What have you thought of?” He takes another bite.

“Well at first I thought maybe we should name them after people in our lives but that would require picking people to give that honor. There are too many in my opinion.” Bucky nods in agreement. “Steven is a family name, but I really don’t feel like continuing that on. I think two Steven Rogers are enough.”

“There’s another Steve Rogers?” Darcy asks. Bucky nods.

“Steve’s named after his weird ancestor. Fought in the revolutionary war. It’s funny, people used to say Steve’d never live up to the legend.” Bucky explains. Steve looks at Bucky in surprise.

“That’s a strange thing to remember.”

“Not really, I remember everything about you. It’s me I’m foggy on.” Steve smiles bashfully at that. Bucky pecks his cheek which makes him blush.

.oOo.

That night as Bucky brushes his teeth before bed Steve sets down a piece of paper in front of Bucky. He reads it over as he brushes.

**Boys: Jesse, Warren, Alvin, Vernon, Jay, Charlie, Roland, Wesley, Sammy**

**Girls: Faye, Valerie, Penny, Beatrice, Gayle, Esther, Grace, Thelma, Edith, Eleanor**
BONUS!

Q and A with Steve and Bucky is a packed affair. The audience is antsy to take pictures and cat call the two soldiers. The facilitator reads the questions from the audience off of cards.

**Are Steve and Bucky going to go to birthing classes?**

Bucky looks out at the crowd with dead eyes. “What’s a birthing class?”

**Hey Bucky, do you think Steve would be able to handle being pregnant? Or would he just be insufferable?**

Bucky laughs and shakes his head. Steve looks at him a bit hurt. “No! I think he’d just curl up in a ball and hyperventilate the whole time.”

“I would not. I think I’d handle it well. I’m only being intense right now because it’s you going through this. I think I’d handle it alright if it was me.”

“No you would just cry.” Bucky insists.

**Captain Rogers, I have a twofold question for you: what weird food cravings has the Sergeant sent you to get him and how have you been dealing with the increased sexual appetite of your mate: the pregnant super soldier with boiling hormones and a VERY short refractory period?**


“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He says to the audience. “Steve’s the one that’s gone sex crazy!”

“Bucky!” Steve flushes red.

“This whole pregnancy thing has really been a huge turn on for him. I’m the one that has to deal with being bloat and uncomfortable while he’s got a hard on pressed up against me.” Bucky says with a flirtatious smirk. Steve rests his head on his folded arms on the table.

“Okay so maybe I’ve got it too. But not as bad as Steve.”

**What did Peter do to hurt himself?**

“I don’t know.” Bucky says as he scratches his temple and adverts his eyes. “We’re not talking about it.”

**How are you going to go with announcing Bucky being alive and the mother of Steve's kids?**

Bucky blows air out of his puffed up cheeks. He shrugs.

**Bucky and Steve: What is one super sweet habit that your partner has that you secretly love and one annoying habit you wish they'd quit?**
Steve sits up. “I wish he’d stop being so vocal about our sex life!”

“And I wish you’d stop sneaking into my dresser and refolding all my clothes.” Bucky retaliates. Steve pauses.

“I do that because I care. Um sweet things he does…” He looks over at Bucky who flutters his eyelashes and leans his chin on his hand.

“Go on.” He says expectantly.

“He doesn’t leave hair in the drain. And he’s very good at doing the dishes.” Steve says as he rolls his eyes.

“Steve polishes the hard to reach places on my arm.”

Does Bucky ever pitch or does he only catch? And which does Steve prefer?

“Well I am an omega so I prefer ‘catching’ because I like being knotted. We’ve tried the other way around before back when Steve didn’t have much of an appetite for sex when he was sick all the time. It was tough for him to get hard so he’d let me top. Which do you prefer Stevie?” Steve glares at his smug mate.

“What did I just say about oversharing?”

Why are Natasha and Clint not urging Bucky to be easier on his body? Will Sue and Co. be there for Bucky and convince him to be easier on his body now that he is carrying twins?

“They are, trust me. They just know they really can’t stop me if I want to. I’m stopping now though. I’m going to be better about risk taking from now on.”

How is the nursery going?

“Peter is coming over to paint with me tomorrow.” Bucky says, he looks over at his mate. “You have that thing right?”

“Yeah I have to go in and talk to Fury. I’ll help you finish up later.”

“Okay.”

Is JARVIS excited about babies? Any special programming or things he is looking in to to cope with infants?

“You know, I have no idea.” Steve says with interest. “I would have to ask Tony if he’s doing anything. I have some ideas about using JARVIS as a baby monitor and getting him to play lullabies. I have no idea what Tony’s thinking.”

“Oh fuck.” Bucky says realizing he has no idea what Tony is thinking.

Is anyone else in the tower now starting to get baby fever because of Bucky and the twins?

“Not that they’ve confided in me.” Bucky answers. “I think Tony is curious but he’s almost forty nine years old, he’s kind of past the childbearing years of his life. I don’t think he and Pepper have the kind of relationship that involves kids anyway.”

“I think Darcy would if she had a partner.” Steve supplies.
“Better tell Sam to look out.”

“Wait what?”

“I think they’re a thing now.”

“He hasn’t said anything to me.”

“We might have to rough him up and make sure his intentions are pure.” Bucky jokes.

“We might.” Steve says in all seriousness.

What is the most ridiculous time Bucky has had a craving and demanded Steve go get for him??

“Scallops.” Steve says with a nod. “I once had to go get him scallops at four am because he was hungry and he wouldn’t eat anything else.”

“Don’t judge me Steve. You don’t understand.”

Chapter End Notes

Hugs and kisses!

-The Trollop
Chapter 51

Peter comes over at around 10:00 hours to help paint. The tools are bought and the prep work is all done, now they just have to paint the damn wall. Of course Bucky picked a color which is going to need multiple coats if there is any chance at all it’s going to be even.

“So which one’s your favorite name?” Peter asks. Bucky’s been filling him in on yesterday’s events for the past hour of painting. They are only occasionally distracted by an interesting tangent.

“I like Wesley, Jay, and Jesse for the boys.”

“Prince’s Bride jokes for days.”

“Seen that one, good movie.”

“Steve still kicks that guy’s ass in a contest of princely-ness.” Peter says confidently. Bucky holds his stomach as he laughs. His bladder is full and it kind of hurts.

“Steve does tend to woop ass at the whole gentlemanly thing. I don’t know, that guy had a lot more charisma than Steve has.”

“You don’t think Steve’s charismatic?” Peter asks in surprise.

“Not in that way. Of course Steve’s loveable and a good leader, people bend over backwards to do stuff for him now but it wasn’t always that way. Captain America has charisma, Steve’s kind of awkward by nature. That guy in the movie didn’t have an awkward bone in his body.”

“Kinda like you?” Bucky scoffs at that.

“I do stupid shit all the time I just hide it better than others. Also when I fuck up it sometimes involves a deadly weapon, people don’t generally laugh at that.”

“I somehow highly doubt that. The fucking up with the deadly weapon, not that it’s funny.”

“Last week, I put dishwashing soap in the dishwasher. It foamed out and soaked the whole kitchen floor. Apparently there is a huge difference between dishwasher liquid and dishwashing soap.” Bucky sighs. He adjusts himself on his chair so he’s not slouching as much.

“How does that involve a deadly weapon?” Peter asks as he fans himself. It’s going to be a very hot day.

“I keep a stash of grenades and a submachine gun under the dishwasher. It’s nice. The dishwasher has wheels on the back so I can just yank it out, use it for cover, and get my SMG. Isn’t that great? The dishwasher is even made out of stainless steel.” Bucky says happily. Peter looks sideways over at Bucky.

“You spend a lot of time thinking about these things don’t you?”

“Some people count sheep, some people think of new places to hide weapons from their mate.” Bucky puts it simply. Peter shakes his head. He’s sweating a lot in his hoodie.
“Screw it.” Peter strips off his hoodie which was covering up his suit. He pulls the top part of his suit off too. It comes off in pieces, boots, gloves, pants, turtleneck, and mask. He just took off the turtleneck and feels much better for it. “Okay that’s a marked difference.” Peter sits down and drinks some water. Bucky looks over at the younger omega. Peter is sitting so his left shoulder is the closest point to Bucky. From this distance Bucky has an excellent view of the array of scars that dot the kid’s skin. The most prominent of these is a fist sized patch of pearly scar tissue on Peter’s neck. Bucky’s seen parts of it before but most of the time Peter keeps it hidden. It’s not an ugly scar. With the lights out it wouldn’t even be noticeable unless you were looking for it. “What?” Peter says when he catches Bucky looking for too long.

“Nice scar. Reminds me of mine.” He turns his head to show Peter where HYDRA burned off his first bonding mark. Peter adverts his eyes from Bucky.

“I guess they are kind of similar.” Peter admits hesitantly. He stands up and faces the other way as he begins painting again.

“So are you going to try and play that off like it was an accident or are you going to tell me the truth?” Bucky says as he picks paint off his nails. Peter rubs his neck.

“I got it in a fight. Not much to tell.” Peter says as he paints another stripe on the wall. Bucky cocks his head to the side.

“I’m really curious as to why you suddenly think I’m an idiot?”

“I don’t think you’re an idiot. I do think you should mind your own business.” Peter snaps.

“Sue says we should wait and let you tell us.” Peter stops painting and turns around to look at Bucky.

“Tell you what?” Peter asks very sternly.

“Whatever happened between you and Wade the night of the party, it was loud and I caught enough of it to figure out you’ve been hiding something from us.” Bucky leans back in his chair and strokes his belly. Peter puts his hands on his hips.

“Why are you bringing this up now?”

“I witnessed Deadpool having a serious conversation, I think I have cause for alarm. I’m worried about you. Wade said you hurt yourself during a pre-heat once and then he held your throat. I’ve been trying to figure out why for a while. I think I just did.”

“Go ahead! Humor me! What is it you think you know?” Peter is starting to fray at the edges. The younger omega is clearly very sensitive about this topic but Bucky’s gone too far now to just drop it. Bucky takes as deep a breath as he can.

“I grew up in a generation of kids whose father’s went off to war and died. That left a lot of mates at home without even a body to bury. It’s always been a hard question to answer, what do you do when your mate dies? Steve didn’t want to live in a world without me in it. I know a lot of other people who felt the same way. Some, the ones who had people they needed to take care of, tried to move on. The problem with moving on is, once you’re marked you’re marked for life. The solution seemed simple to a lot of people, take off the mark. If nothing else, at least every time you look at yourself in the mirror you don’t have to think of the one you loved and lost.” Bucky glances over at Peter when he finishes. Peter slowly sinks down so he sits on the ground.

Bucky watches Peter’s mouth twist and his chin quiver. Peter runs his fingers through his
hair as he bites his lip. With his free hand he wipes his eyes. He opens his mouth and looks at Bucky. The older omega stares back at him calmly. To Peter he seems wise. Peter nods.

“You’re a fucked up asshole Bucky.” Peter says as he tries to get himself under control.

“Well yeah, how do you think I got pregnant?” Bucky smirks. Peter swings his head and looks at him hard for a few slow blinks. Peter sniffs and scoots over so he can put his arms around Bucky’s middle. Bucky strokes Peter’s head maternally as the younger omega rests his forehead on his stomach. The babies kick at Peter’s face which makes Peter’s mood perk up.

“Aww man, I’ve never felt them before.” He says wondrously as he rubs over the spot where the babies kicked.

“Feel like a Wesley?” Bucky asks as he tolerantly allows Peter to continue to touch his stomach.

“No not really.” Peter says in much better spirits now. For as much as Bucky can rile him up, he can also bring Peter back down. Peter experimentally pokes the pregnant omega on his distended belly button. Bucky smacks the palm of his human hand onto Peter’s forehead and pushes him away.

“Oww, harmful.”

“Don’t touch me there. I already have to pee.” Bucky pushes himself up and walks to the bathroom to handle his business.

Over the speaker system Tony says, “Hey Martha Stewart, would you call up your Cajun mutant friend for me? Bruce thinks he won the challenge.” Still at the toilet, Bucky instinctively looks up. He zips up his fly.

“Wait you think you found a solution?”

“Bruce thinks he found a solution. I think Bruce is going to cause a massive viral outbreak.”

"Not contagious." Bruce says in the background.

“And turn us all into zombies with Cajun accents.” Tony finishes.

“Not how viruses work.” Bruce tells him.

“I’ll call Rogue!” Peter yells from down the hall. Bucky washes his hands and shrugs.

.oOo.

Remy and Rogue borrowed the Blackbird again. How they negotiated that has yet to be explained. They might have just taken it. In any case, fifteen minutes after Peter calls Rogue, she and Remy are in the lab. Peter and Bucky takes a break from deep conversations and painting to come see what the team of science has come up with. Tony, Bruce, and Jane have been trying to crack how to solve Remy and Rogue’s touching problem for the past four weeks.

Remy sits on the lab bench. Rogue sits in a chair next to him as Bruce looks over his equipment.

“So what I came up with is pretty simple actually. We can’t mess with Rogue because that
would ruin her powers.” Bruce explains in his calm way. “So whatever we do has to be done to
Remy. Dr. McCoy never considered that. Hank is a great scientist but he has the typical problem of
the highly intelligent, overlooking the simple.” As he talks he goes over to another bench and holds
up a syringe. “Meet the answer to your problem. Well okay-.” He holds up a jar of something also.
“These together. This infects you internally.” He holds up the syringe. “This covers you externally.”
He holds up the jar.

“Remy’s not understandin ya bra.” The Cajun says with an eyebrow cocked.

“Okay. So what we did was simple. We took a virus, a retrovirus which shall remain
unnamed, and stripped it of the proteins that code into your cell’s RNA to make them function
improperly. We then inserted an artificially designed plasmid which will cause the virus to produce a
protein inside your cells which acts as an antagonist to the electro chemical-.” He chuckles. “Soul
sucking, of Rogues mutation. We didn’t have to figure that part out. Dr. McCoy came up with that.
So once this virus infects you, your cells will be immune to Rogue’s powers, permanently. The jar
has what looks like a bunch of rocks in it. Before you touch Rogue, we recommend you take a bath
with some of this in the water. It will dissolve and cover you. It’s actually a tiny microorganism
which we designed to act as a primary barrier. You won’t even see them or feel them. It doesn’t
reproduce unless it’s in water and it has about a two day lifespan, so you will have to use this stuff
almost daily to keep it’s affects. We did that intentionally so you don’t spread this stuff to the whole
mansion.”

“Dat was simple?” Remy says, now officially lost as a sinner in heaven.

“So after I inject you with this you should wait for 48 hours so that it has time to replicate
in all of your cells.”

“Ah get it, you give him the flu and fleas. Isn’t this kinda dangerous?” Rogue asks. Tony
nods vigorously. Bruce shrugs.

“Not as dangerous as directly exposing him to your powers.”

“Psht! Or you know, very.” Tony says.

“Tony you don’t do life sciences.” Jane reminds him from where she watches and sips her
coffee. Tony points at her.

“Just because I don’t have a degree in biology doesn’t mean I can’t still be against not
doing irreparable cellular damage to people!” Tony exclaims. “I can’t believe I’m the voice of reason
here.”

“Tony the worst thing that could happen with this is it doesn’t work.” Bruce says patiently.

“I’m just reluctant to do this whole genetic modification thing.”

“Remy’s already a mutant. He don’t see no harm in dis if Dr. Banner approves.” Remy
says.

“The things people do for sex.” Tony says knowing he been beat. Bruce walks over and
Remy rolls up his sleeve.

“Dis gonna hurt?”

“I’m not sure.” Bruce says as he flicks the syringe. Bruce takes a plastic tube and ties it
around Remy’s arm. Rogue looks worried but excited at his side.
“Here goes nothin.” Bruce injects him.

.oOo.

Two nights later, Steve and Bucky are curled up together in bed having a good night’s sleep when Bucky’s phone starts ringing. It’s the tune to Daryl Hall and John Oates – Maneater. He stretches to get it. He grunts and wiggles so he can grab it. Steve stirs next to him.

“Hello?”

“Bucky! Bucky! I love you! Remy loves you too! We both would blow you until you cry at the same time if you’d let us! Oh my god!” Rogue yells and screams excitedly into her phone. Bucky holds it away from his ear. Steve opens his eyes when he hears screaming. Bucky points at the phone. Steve nods and settles back in.

“That good huh?” Bucky asks groggily.

“I had no idea! None at all! No wonder you don’t like your vibrator as much as Steve’s real dick!” Steve perks up at the words ‘Steve’s dick’ and ‘vibrator’. Bucky pushes his head back down to the pillow while not making eye contact. “How have I lived without this? Better question, how did Remy live without this?! He told me by the way. That dirty swamp rat lied to me for years! I’d be mad at him if it wasn’t for his mouth. My god that mouth! UH! Did you know he can-!”

“Rogue I really don’t need to know this about Remy.”

“Fine.Fine.Fine. Listen Sug, I’m having a sleep over in two weeks when the kids go home for break and I want you to come. Invite Nat, Darce, and Tony would you?”

“Sure. Can I go back to sleep now?”

“I gotta go try some more stuff with Remy anyway. Sweet dreams ya grumpy, badass mama!”

“Goodnight Rogue.” He hangs up and drops his phone on the floor. He snuggles back into Steve.

“You own a vibrator?” Steve asks unsteadily. The alpha is terrified of this unknown side of his mate.

“Go to sleep Steve.”
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

So sorry but I edited this and added the part I was originally going to put on tomorrow’s update. If you read this earlier it has been added to! Sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Why are you always the one that drives?” Tony asks Nat as they, Bucky, Darcy, and Peter sit in traffic. It’s been two weeks. The group is currently on their way to the X mansion for Rogues party. Bucky is sitting by a window listening to the chatter in the SHEILD Issued SUV.

“Because I am the best driver if there is an emergency.” Natasha answers simply.

“Says who?” Darcy asks with a lot of pluck.

“She’s good.” Bucky says as he looks out the window. Darcy accepts that Bucky would be the authority and shuts up.

“So remind me again what to write on the card?” Tony says from his spot in the front seat. He bought Rogue and Remy an Avenger’s hallmark greeting card. It says congratulations on it but is otherwise blank.

“Ummm.” Peter says thoughtfully with a smile. “Get fucked?”

“No, no ‘Get bent’ they could kind of fuck before.” Darcy says.

“How about ‘We knew you had it in you’?” Tony asks as he gestures at a headline with the hand with the pen in it.

“Are we giving this to Rogue or Remy?” Natasha asks as she finally gets them onto the freeway.

“I think we’re aiming for Rogue, right?” Tony asks Bucky.

“I think so, but either one is fine.”

.oOo.

They wind up writing something about ‘Snu Snu’. Bucky doesn’t get it but the rest of the car thought it was hilarious. Darcy and Peter’s eyes bug out when they catch sight of the Xavier mansion.

“Holy crap!” Darcy exclaims.

“What were you expecting? It’s called the Xavier Mansion, not the Xavier Travel Trailer.” Tony informs.

“It’s nice.” Natasha says in approval. She tends to like old buildings like this more than modern ones. They pull up to the front door and park for now. As soon as they stop the doors to the
“Bucky!” Rogue yells. Bucky gets out first to greet her. She carefully hugs the pregnant omega so that she doesn’t make skin contact.

“Hi there.” Bucky strokes her head with his metal hand. They beam happily at one another while Tony, Peter, and Natasha get their sleepover gear out of the back of the SUV. “So, let’s see.” Rogue pushes her hair to the side and shows him the healing teeth marks on her neck. “How does it feel?” Bucky asks amusedly.

“Oh you know, like my world’s finally complete.” She turns towards the house. “REMY! Git down here and help these people with their bags!” She hollers.

“I’m comin Chére, but Remy can only do so damn much at a time!” He hollers back with the same intensity. Remy appears in the doorway looking like he hasn’t had a full night’s sleep in two weeks and couldn’t be happier for it. Remy’s medium length hair has been pulled up into a ponytail leaving nothing to cover the mural of purple marks on his neck. Rogue smiles mischievously when her mate appears.

“Would you help take these up to the second story library? Ah thought we’d camp out in there tonight, the air conditioning’s real nice in that room. And did you get a hold o’that twin bed with that nice mattress for Bucky? Ah don’t want him and the babies bein’ uncomfortable.”

“Yes Chére!” Remy drawls back at her as he rolls his eyes. The Cajun picks up a bunch of bags and uses his powers to carry them more easily. He and Peter manage to pick up everything. The group follows those two inside. The mansion is just as beautiful from within.

“So pretty much nobody’s home. Skeleton crew really. Just Logan and me and Remy. The team’s all off with the kids on a vacation, the little ones who still like their families went home, and The Professor is in London with a friend.”

“Friend?” Tony asks suspiciously. “Who’s his friend?”

“Who do you think?” Rogue shoots back. Bucky takes the stairs at an easier pace than he normally would. He’s been better lately about not charging around like he’s invincible. These stairs are just one of many things he’s been wary of since he became concerned with dangers to his babies. Natasha stays by his side at his pace without a word. “Sue and Matt will be here in about an hour. Matt had to work until six. I thought we’d order pizza when they get here. Sound good?”

“Sounds great!” Darcy agrees. Bucky thinks pizza’s a good idea too.

Two hours later…

“He followed me around for about a day. I think he might have been trying to see if I’d lead him to it.” Bucky pinches the bridge of his nose. He tells this story while curled up on a couch with Darcy, Peter, and Natasha. Darcy giggles. “Finally I think I kind of… snapped.” He says as he stares distantly at the wall. In his spot draped over an arm chair, Tony chokes on his beer a little as he laughs. He holds up a finger and clears his throat.

“So in this context-.” He coughs. “What does that mean?” He wheezes. Bucky lowers his eye level so he’s looking at Tony now. Bucky smiles wickedly.

“I decided I’d had enough. Steve was folding his laundry one afternoon, just like he
always does, when suddenly he realized there was something else in the pile.” The gathering of friends looks amongst themselves with varying degrees of controlled laughter. “He isn’t quite sure what the object is, and it wouldn’t be the first time he’s found something dangerous in the laundry, so he goes and gets a stick.”

“Where the hell did he get a stick in New York?” Matt asks, knowing from experience there aren’t many.

“It wasn’t actually a stick, it was an antenna or something.” Bucky corrects.

“Where the hell did he get an antenna in my tower?” Tony asks in even greater confusion.

“It wasn’t actually an antenna or a stick!” Bucky says exasperatedly. “It was a telescoping assault baton! And before you ask, we keep those in our kitchen in the drawer full of pens and random office supplies. Can I keep going now?” Bucky asks in a huff. Natasha pets his head soothingly and gives a warning look to anyone who would continue to stress out her mentor. Nobody interjects this time. “He flicks the clothes off the foreign object with the baton until he finally uncovers part of it. He physically pales. I think he might have gasped. I was shaking pretty hard at this point from laughter. I think it took him a second to figure out that there wasn’t a chopped off penis in the laundry. Once he realized there wasn’t any blood he continued to use the baton to excavate the thing until…” Bucky puts his face in his hands. Darcy pats his leg insistently.

“No! No don’t stop there please!” She pleads. Sue, Rogue, and Peter give Bucky encouraging looks.

“Until he realized he recognized it.” Bucky continues.

“Wait.” Tony holds up a hand. “You’re telling me you own a dildo that looks enough like Steve’s dick to be recognizable?”

“It’s a knotting vibrator. And yes I do.” Bucky says amusedly. Rogue snaps in a Z formation. The group breaks down into laughter.

“Oh.”

“Alright next one.” Darcy takes out the straws they were using to pick who has to tell a story. She goes around and makes everyone take one. They compare their stick lengths quietly as music plays in the background. Natasha frowns at hers which is apparently the shortest. She looks down at Bucky who is leaning his head on a pile of pillows in her lap. He looks up at her and smirks then pokes her in the nose with his longer stick. Natasha sighs. Darcy picks Bucky’s legs up so that she can slide in under them. She and Peter are sharing the role of pillow for Bucky’s legs. It’s a highly sought after honor apparently.

“Anyone want mo’pizza?” Remy asks from where he examines the remaining supply over on a desk.

“Can I get a soda?” Peter asks Remy over the back of the antique couch. Remy goes over to the bucket of ice with sodas in it.

“Anybody else?”

“Me too.” Sue says. “I want one of the Orange Crushes, please.” Sue’s been sober now for eight weeks ever since Ben told her friends about her drinking problem at the barbeque.

“A Crush fo’da ladies it is!” Remy winks at Peter. Peter scowls at him.
“Oh so that’s how it is!? Why am I suddenly a lady?” He catches the soda Remy throws him.

“Remy don’t mean no offense by dat. C’est just common slang fo’ a bra dat’s an omega down the Bayou.” He explains as he hands Sue her soda.

“Do you call female alphas gentleman then?” Matt asks unapprovingly. The omega is thinking of his mate of course. Remy pauses.

“Nah, we got another word for dem. S’not exactly complimentary.”

“Of course it isn’t.” Natasha says. Remy’s hair stands on end as he realizes he might have just entered dangerous territory. “Do tell, I want to find out if it’s any nicer than the word we have in Russian.” She says through a mask of interested amusement thinly hiding her resentment.

“Woah now! Dis Cajun is innocent a dat hate! Remy don’t mean ta make a misere.” He placates sincerely. Rogue tugs him down onto their loveseat for safe keeping.

“Fine, let me tell my story about sex.” Natasha says confidently. Bucky is a little worried but he knows Nat will probably be okay. “Let me start out by saying I’ve had my share of trysts for work and for play over the years.” The right corner of her lip curls. “It doesn’t matter if I’m being fucked or the one doing the fucking, I never have a bad time. My first partner taught me how to use my body so that I can always get what I want in any situation. Now here I am decades later having finally found the right person to fall in love with and it’s all because my stupid mentor set me up for it again.” She pokes Bucky in the nose with her finger. Tony squints.

“So you actually are with Barton now?” Tony asks in wonder.

“Yes!” She says as she and Bucky get in a poking fight. They each block and try to poke the other on the nose. She’s smiling toothily now.

“And when you say your first partner you mean…” He points at Bucky. Natasha gives up trying to poke Bucky’s face, his defenses are too good. She jabs downward and lightly pokes Bucky on the crest of his engorged abdomen.

“Ugk!” Bucky yelps and holds himself. Natasha gasps and looks in panic between his face and his stomach. Bucky pokes her on the nose. “Попалась!” He smiles revealing it was all a ploy. Natasha frowns.

“Мудак.” She grumbles.

“That certainly explains some things. I always wondered about that one time I walked in on you two making out on the couch about a week after Bucky first came home.” Tony says as he rubs his chin.

“That actually happened!?” Darcy says excitedly.

“I still hadn’t figured out who Steve was to me yet.” Bucky says with a shrug. His ploy to scare the hell out of Natasha has turned into him rubbing his stomach. “I remembered Natasha first and it felt right so we did.”

“Did… what?” Rogue asks mischievously. Nat and Bucky both look over at her critically. When neither of them respond for thirty seconds. Tony yells,

“God damn!”
“Please tell me you filmed for posterity?” Darcy asks. Bucky kicks her lightly in the boob. “Oowie!”

“That two destroy cameras as fast as I can set them back up again.” Tony grumbles as he looks at his nails. He snaps his attention up at the two assassins. “Oh by the way, I don’t use those to make porn, I use them to keep us all safe. They are kind of important and also expensive. Stop fucking with them!” Tony barks.

“Remy is a firm believer dat cameras belong in two places: vacations et ma chambre à coucher.” Everyone there except for Peter and Matt understood that. They all look at Remy like they might be about to go debug his bedroom. Rogue looks at all her concerned friends.

“And his mate agrees!” Remy looks down at her and grins mischievously. Rogue elevates an eyebrow at her alpha. An instant later, Rogue and Remy are tangled together on the coach kissing like the lovebirds they are. Bucky can see why Rogue was going on about Remy’s mouth. He averts his eyes from the couple before his body gets any ideas.

.oOo.

In between Tony telling a story about his life in college and Sue explaining what a ‘Hot Air Balloon’ is, Matt sits down in the closest seat to where Nat and Bucky are curled up.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you for a while now,” Matt says to Natasha, “What did you think of Elektra when you saw her at the party?” Natasha blinks and considers it for a moment.

“I thought she seemed upset about something.” She answers. “And I thought she seemed tense.”

“I agree and I can’t figure out why.”

“You really can’t figure it out?” Natasha says amusedly. Matt and Bucky look at her questioningly. It doesn’t seem so obvious to them. “How often do you two get demeaned because you’re omegas?”

“Not as often as I used to.” Bucky answers, ‘used to’ in this case means in the thirties.

“Elektra makes comments sometimes. Things about being womanly.”

“Well let me tell you, it’s tougher the other way around. When I was in the Red Room, being an alpha was prized. Out here in the real world it’s like you’re not a real woman if you’re an alpha. And when it’s not that stigma, it’s ‘you aren’t a real alpha if you’re a woman’. You can’t win. Some woman get over it. Others like Elektra show the idiots of this world that she is just as much an alpha as any man ever was. If you want my opinion, here it is: Elektra is overcompensating.” She blinks and looks away having said her piece.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god, these friends... Ugh.

Okay so the lovely catlyon has written some supplemental reading for anyone interested. The story is basically some kinky smut between Peter and Bucky. I'm not saying the events of Omega Squared happened, but I'm not saying they didn't either.... you get to
interpret that as you will. I love it. Go read it, it will make you smile. If you would like to write a story that happens in the same universe as mine, tell me about it and I will read it and probably be more than happy to link it to this one.

PS: Why is the comment game so low on this chapter? What's that you say? I suck dick? I'm a whore for comments? That's not very nice. It's true but it's not very nice.

-The Trollop
Chapter 53

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning for the most cursory discussion of pregnancy complications ever.
Make sure you've read the extra part that got added to yesterday's chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So it’s simple. You have five fingers up at the beginning of the game, if someone says they haven’t done something and you have, you have to put a finger down. I’ll start.” Darcy instructs. She holds up a hand. “Never have I ever flown a plane.” She says the group grumbles. Tony, Natasha, Bucky, Rogue, Remy, and Sue all put down a finger.

“That was dirty!” Rogue accuses. Darcy shrugs innocently.

“That’s how the game works. Now since Tony’s on my left he goes next.” Tony has to stop and think for a second.

“What happens if nobody else has done the thing I haven’t done?” He asks.

“Then you have to put a finger down.”

“Okay then… um. Never have I ever been to Mississippi.” He says having come up blank on everything else. Rogue and Remy both put their fingers down. Next up it’s Sue’s turn.

“Never have I ever owned an automatic weapon.” She says as she looks around the room. Tony, Remy, Bucky, and Natasha all put fingers down.

“Man, Remy sucks at dis game. Why couldn’t we’a played spin da bottle or something wid mo’ gogo in it?”

“Patience Remy, I’m pretty sure I’ve committed more debauchery than you have.” Tony tells him. Up next is Matt.

“Never have I ever needed glasses.” Matt says with a smile. Darcy and Peter put down their first fingers. Sue also puts down a finger.

“Damn, Ah could have killed you all at this game two weeks ago.” Rogue complains. It’s her turn now. “Um, never have I ever been in free fall!” She says as she snaps her fingers. Most of the group has done that. Tony, Peter, Natasha, Bucky, Matt, Remy, and Sue all put a finger down. Darcy and Rogue shrug at each other.

“Nice!” Darcy congratulates. Remy has to think for a good one, he only has one finger left.

“Never have I ever been an Avenger!” He says smugly.

“Low blow dude.” Tony puts down his second to last finger leaving only his middle finger remaining. Now Tony, Nat, and Remy are all tied up and it’s Bucky’s turn. Bucky folds his hands
over his stomach and thinks about what he wants to pick. He kind of wants Natasha to not lose but the two of them have too many common life experiences.

“Never have I ever been to the north pole.” He says hoping to throw the round and have to put down one finger himself. His prediction is correct, no one has been.

“ You just want Natasha to win!” Tony accuses accurately.

“I won’t win anyway. I just won’t lose like you Tony.” Natasha says with a curt smile. “Never have I ever been a man.” That puts Bucky, Tony, and Remy out at the same time.

“Oh-kay next game!” Sue announces as she gets up. Some of the others get up also to go throw garbage away and refill drinks and snacks.

“Scary stories?” Rogue suggests.

“Imagine, one day you wake up and find out you’ve been infested by a rapidly growing parasites which are slowly ruining your body by turning you into their nest. This is the story of my life.” Bucky says as he rubs his eyes. Sue laughs in understanding.

“Oh it’s not so bad. Wait till birth, then you can complain.” She snickers.

“Ugh! Don’t remind me.” Bucky groans.

“Have you gone to see a birthing coach yet?” She asks as she grabs some pretzels.

“A what?”

“Oh god!” Darcy thumps herself on the face with her palm. “I knew I forgot to give you that pamphlet! You should really start going to these classes. They teach you how to breathe and push and stuff.” Darcy informs. Bucky’s mouth hangs open slightly. He was under the impression that nothing else was going to surprise him about pregnancy. Turns out he was wrong.

“Sue why didn’t you give me any books on this?”

“I’m so sorry.” Sue says. “It totally slipped my mind. I have a friend who’s a doula. She teaches classes too. She loaned me all of her books and I gave them back to her after my babies were born. Oh no!” She laughs at the ridiculousness of the situation. Bucky inhales slowly.

“Classes? Really? What do they even teach you?” He asks bitterly.

“Pain management techniques, positions, proper breathing.”

“Positions?” Bucky asks wide eyed with his lip raised on one side.

“For giving birth. To make it easier to get the babies out.” Sue explains as she sits down on the floor in front of him. Bucky gulps.

“Yeah the books generally just talk about the pregnancy part, the birth sections are mostly just about what can go wrong. I thought you kind of just lie down and… do it, I guess.” He says as his eyes dart around unseeingly.

“I’m not saying it’s not sometimes done that way but that’s pretty uncommon.” Sue says. “You really should go talk to someone about making plans. There is so much to plan for.” Bucky covers his head with his arms. Natasha gives Sue a warning look. Nat doesn’t like how distressed Bucky’s getting. Sue takes the hint. “Okay we can talk later.”
They play this weird game where they try to put on lipstick while holding the tube between their boobs. Some of them don’t have boobs but try anyway. Bucky does not participate. His breast tissue still hurts too much to mess around with like that. He’s beginning to wonder if something else is going on there. As he lies in his special bed stroking his stomach he gets into his new bad habit of worrying.

Mostly he’s just thinking about the birth. He’s heard too many horror stories he realizes. Most of the deliveries he’s heard about ended alright for mother and child but there were a few… Back before the war, medical technology was not what it is today he reminds himself for the millionth time. He came from a poor neighborhood, nobody had money to pay a doctor. If something went wrong there was almost nothing to be done for it. That is not his situation, he thinks. The positive voice in his head sounds like Steve. Besides he’s being foolish. He’s survived the unsolvable more times than he can even remember. Somehow his worried brain makes that into a whole other nightmare. His greatest fear is it will be time for the babies to be born and he just won’t be able to do it. He’ll be in so much pain but his body just won’t move them no matter what he does because there is something deep inside of him that is broken. He’ll cry and scream but be able to do nothing. The doctors will try and solve it, but he’ll turn the knives on anyone who tries to give him a C section. In these fears Steve is always absent for some reason. He’s never frightened for himself, always for them.

“So clearly you’re still awake.” Peter says as he gets up and comes over to Bucky. “Scoot.” He gestures for Bucky to move towards one edge of the bed. Bucky doesn’t protest when Peter crawls into bed with him and pulls the covers over both of their heads.

“You do this often?” Bucky asks once he finds words.

“Shut up. What are you snuffling about over here? I have enhanced hearing, don’t tell me no lies.”

“Matt must have ear plugs in.”

“You are correct, don’t change the subject. Why are you upset?” Peter insists.

“I’m just worrying.”

“Go on…”

“That I’m going to carry them until the end and then not be able to give birth. What if this whole time there’s been something wrong and I just never knew?”

“Do you want to bring it up with your doctor?”

“What’s he going to do about it?” Bucky sniffs.

“Check, see if there is any basis for your fears. To me this just sounds like a pregnancy thing not a ‘I survived HYDRA’ thing, but what do I know. Do you want to go see a doctor? I’ll go with you if you don’t want Steve to know.” Maybe that makes sense to Bucky. More sense than just waiting and worrying.

“Okay. I’ll call in the morning and see if my doctor can make some room in his schedule. And Peter?”

“Yes?”
“If we’re cuddling, switch sides so I can lean on you.”

“Okay then.”

Chapter End Notes

Bro, do you even cuddle? Leave me a comment! I run on comments! I am starving. Feed me!
At nine in the morning Bucky sneaks out to the lawn in front of the mansion and calls the office of Dr. Vasil. After some clever language he manages to get the doctor on the phone.

“Sergeant Barnes. Is this an emergency?” Dr. Vasil asks as soon as he’s on the line.

“Do you really want my mate to come in for Christmas?” Bucky asks as he stares at some trees. The doctor pauses then sighs.

"Alright go ahead."

“I want to make an appointment to come in and be looked at.”

“I thought we were avoiding doing that?” They had discussed this when the doctor first started seeing Bucky. Bucky was pretty explicit that there would be no unnecessary examinations of any kind.

“I’m worried that there might be something wrong with me.” Bucky says around a lump in his throat.

“What kind of symptoms are you having?”

“None, I just have this deep down feeling I’m- I’m not right inside.” Bucky manages.

“So, you’ve been physically abused and you’re worried that your body isn’t going to be able to function normally?”

“Yes.”

“I’m looking at your charts right now. By all accounts you are actually in better shape than most of the omegas and woman I see. Your blood tests show your hormone production is perfect, your urine samples show your kidneys are functioning flawlessly, both of your ultrasounds show your babies are developing normally. I can have you come in and examine you but that involves me manually looking inside of you at your cervix. We do that later anyway when we’re checking on you in your last weeks of pregnancy. It’s my professional opinion that you are in perfect health and you don’t need to worry. If there are any structural abnormalities that are going to interfere with the birth we might not even be able to tell until it’s time. In any case, that is something to worry about later. If there was something to be done it can’t be done now anyway. But James, seriously. You show no signs of damage to your omega reproductive organs. Whatever it was they did to you it didn’t involve that system. If it’s a hormonal signally problem you’re afraid of, that can be easily done artificially. We do that all of the time. If you are still worried, and I know you still are. Ask your mate if he’s ever noticed anything odd.”

“He doesn’t have much basis for comparison.”

“Google it. You still want that appointment?” The doctor asks. Bucky takes some deep breaths.

“No.”
“Good to hear. Now if you’ll excuse me I have a patient that’s going into labor right now.”

“Oh!” Bucky suddenly feels very guilty.

“Yeah, ‘oh’. This is why I asked if this was an emergency. Goodbye James, I will see you at your appointment.”

.oOo.

Bucky chooses to sit quietly in a drawing room while the other guests eat breakfast and visit. He’s not really in the mood to be social. The same is true for the car ride home. By the time he gets home he’s ready for a nap despite his inactivity. He lays himself down carefully on his bed and curls up on his side. Steve comes out from behind the plastic in the construction area a few minutes later. He didn’t hear Bucky come in.

“Hey, Buck.” He says quietly incase Bucky’s sleeping. Bucky isn’t quite there yet so he grunts back in response. Steve smiles fondly at his mate. He strips off the shirt and pants he was painting in and walks over to sit down by Bucky. “You doing okay?” Bucky shifts so his head is partially leaned on the outside of Steve’s thigh.

“I’m fine I guess.”

“That doesn’t sound convincing.” Steve says as he smooths some hair away from Bucky’s forehead.

“It doesn’t? Damn. Here I’d been trying so hard to deceive you.” Bucky mummers.

“What’s going on Buck?” Steve asks in a voice no one, especially Bucky, could not answer. It’s not that he’s commanding, he’s just so invested in wanting to know. Bucky decides to give him part of the answer for now.

“So I guess we should sign up for some classes or something.”

“Lamaz or yoga for labor?”

“Are you serious right now?” Bucky says as he squints in annoyance at his mate. “You knew about this?”

“I have done some pretty extensive research on google. I got into it after I watched that video. I’ve been meaning to ask what you had in mind for the birth.”

“I have no idea what my options even are.” Bucky presses his face against Steve’s leg to try and hide from the world.

“We could go talk to a midwife.”

“Go find us a midwife then, this can be your new project. I’m so done with trying to be on top of things, it’s just one thing after another. I feel like I know what I’m getting into one second then I find out everything I thought I knew has been outdated for seventy years.”

“I know how you feel.” Steve says sympathetically.

“I know you do.” Bucky turns his head to he can peek up at his mate.

“If I can’t handle this, how am I supposed to handle two babies?”
“With help.” Steve grins at him.

“I-…” Bucky trails off then recovers, “You know how I feel.”

“Yes I do.” Steve says in no way sad that Bucky couldn’t say it. The fact that he wanted to is enough. Steve gets up to go get his Starkpad and do research. He comes back to bed a few minutes later having found pants and a t shirt somewhere along the way. He settles in next to the pile of blankets which is currently cocooning his mate. Bucky drifts off after he gets back.

He wakes up with the fierce need to pee. It’s dark out so he must have slept for a while. He gets up and goes to the bathroom. It’s getting harder to aim every day now. God damn it he does not want to pee sitting down. He manages and washes his hands. As he washes he glances up at his reflection in the mirror. He leans against the sink once he’s dried his hands.

He doesn’t usually bother to look at his own reflection, usually what he sees disturbs him. Today though he notices something entirely different. Despite everything he’s been fighting with internally, he looks like he’s a mother. Back when he first went shopping for maternity clothes he thought he looked out of place, looking at himself now there is no way anyone could say that. It’s not just the added volume to his chest or the rounded fullness of his stomach that makes him feel this way. When he looks at himself what he sees more than anything is his children. The rest of him really doesn’t matter as long as the babies growing inside him are safe and healthy. What did the doctor just tell him today? Everything is fine.

“You’re fine.” He says as he strokes his swollen belly. “You’re doing great. You’re doing exactly what you are supposed to be doing. Sweet peas…” He holds himself tightly. “Mommy loves you.” He inhales in shock as soon as he say it. He didn’t even try, it just happened all of a sudden. When did he become Mommy? He exhales shakily as the feelings all settle inside him.

“Buck, I ordered Chinese. Do you want to watch a movie or something with dinner?” Steve calls obliviously in the other room. Bucky thinks about it really hard for a second. He tries to focus on how he feels inside right now. “I- I love him too.” He’s even more alarmed by his ability to repeat the sudden development. He scrambles out of the bathroom as fast as he can out to where Steve is in the kitchen.

“Stevie I love you!” He says excitedly. Steve drops the plate of Chinese food he was holding and doesn’t give a shit about it. He’s been waiting for this moment since the first time he saw The Winter Soldier without his mask. Steve surges forward and wraps his arms around his mate.

“James Buchanan Barnes I’m more in love with you than life itself.” Steve says as he looks Bucky in his beautiful pale blue eyes. Bucky smirks playfully even as his chin quivers and his throat clenches up.

“You talk real pretty Punk.” He manages to say.

“Are you really hungry?” Steve asks as he stands straight as a board.

“No.” Bucky croaks.

“Good.” With that Steve picks Bucky up and carries him to their bed.

Chapter End Notes
Oh yes! Yes! YOISS! Ugh! Thoughtful introspection chapter completed. I kind of wanted him to hold off telling Steve he loves him until the babies are born but then I realized that timing would just be cliche. On top of that it just seemed like the kind of thing that would just happen all of a sudden. So it did. Sing it Whitney. Did I want Steve's response to be "I will always love you"? Yes I did. Could I have any respect left for myself after doing that? No, no I couldn't. In response to resent smut I think I am going to write more smut. Seems like an appropriate time. If you don't fuck your mate after this, when do you even?

Remember many moons ago when I told you guys I was going to let you name the babies. Well I still plan on doing that. Come up with one name (ONE ONLY) name per gender. And post it. I will pick the ones I like best from that list and make that Bucky's list. Somehow this will work out where we have a final selection between the names but that won't be for a awhile yet. This fan fiction is about 80% done currently. There will be a sequel.
Chapter 55

Chapter Notes

Warning, in these waters there be smut.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh fuck me!” Bucky yelps as Steve sets him down on their bed and climbs between his legs. Steve’s right eyebrow quirks adorably for just a second as he eyes his mate.

“That would be the idea.” Steve says in all seriousness. Bucky smiles and covers his face while Steve gets him out of his pajama pants and underwear. “God you’re beautiful.” Steve leans forward, supporting himself with his hands on either side of Bucky. He brushes their lips together invitingly. Bucky takes his hands away from his eyes so he can wrap his arms around his mate’s neck.

“I can’t believe you actually still feel that way.” Bucky presses a chaste kiss to Steve’s lips. “Have you seen your ass in those yoga pants you like to flounce around in?” Steve says as he rubs their cheeks together.

“Flounce?” Bucky catches Steve’s earlobe between his teeth. He sucks it into his mouth, swirling his tongue like he would if he had other parts of Steve in his mouth. Steve shudders and gulps. Bucky makes an obscene slurping noise against Steve’s skin as he laps up the extra saliva he got around his mate’s ear and jaw. Steve fumbles distractedly with Bucky’s T shirt until he gets it up under Bucky’s arms.

“Lift.” Steve tells him as Bucky nibbles the skin over Steve’s scent glands in between pressing his nose against the alpha’s skin and taking in the pheromone rush. “Buck…”

“Hmmn?” Bucky’s getting a lot of pleasure just from that smell alone.

“Let me take your shirt off before I rip it off.” Steve says with surprising calm for a man as turned on as he is. Bucky draws his head back and gives Steve a taunting, sassy look. His gorgeous mouth is flushed from use. He holds his arms up as he sucks on his lower lip. Steve pulls the garment off in a flourish. A stitch or two definitely pops. Bucky still has his sports bra on but is otherwise bare. As soon as the fabric is clear of his arms Bucky pushes Steve’s chest hard so that the alpha flips to the side. That was a little rougher than necessary. It does things to Steve.

Bucky pushes his mate’s legs apart so that he can sit between Steve’s knees. Bucky watches his mate through half lidded eyes as he runs his hands up the inseam of his jeans until his hands frame Steve’s erection. Bucky leans his head to one side as he surveys Steve squirming for his touch. Steve’s aroused alpha scent is making all of Bucky’s thoughts go a little cloudy. He takes a deep breath through his nose as he unzips Steve’s pants. Steve can’t help himself from assisting. He lifts his hips and shoves his pants and boxers so that they rest on his thighs. The omega watches Steve move with great interest. Internally he’s already preparing to take his alpha’s cock. As he leans forward, he can feel the slick gathered between his cheeks. Steve can smell it in the air. If given the choice between breathing air and smelling Bucky’s aroused scent, he’d suffocate happily. Good thing those two things are not mutually exclusive.
“Stevie? Don’t you want to watch?” Bucky says sweetly. Steve must have closed his eyes at some point. They flutter open and look down in time to watch Bucky lick the underside of Steve’s cock in one long stripe up to the head where he proceeds to suck it into his mouth.

“Aaah!” Steve gasps at the sudden wave of pleasure. Bucky sucks in pulses as he takes one of Steve’s hands and sets it on his head. It has gone unspoken that Bucky has kept his hair long because he loves when Steve pulls it during sex. Steve obligingly curls his fingers around Bucky’s brown locks. The alpha tries very hard not to thrust too much into his mate’s mouth. Bucky runs his hand under Steve’s shirt along Steve’s tense abs as he continues to tease his mate’s erection into full hardness. He might have been there a minute ago but Bucky’s always been a fan of overkill. He hollows out his cheeks as much as he can around his mate’s girth and sucks as he bobs his head downward. The tip of Steve’s cock brushes against the back of Bucky’s throat but it doesn’t bother him. Steve’s clenched fist shakes where it’s planted on the bed. Bucky is vaguely conscious of the pain of his hair being yanked particularly hard. The omega just snakes his tongue against Steve’s heavy erection. “Buck!” Steve pleads between panting like he’s running. Bucky backs off to just suck the head in his juicy mouth. Steve’s pre-come mixed with his saliva is the taste Bucky ascribes to sex. Steve swallows hard when Bucky pulls his mouth away. A thin trail of saliva remains between Bucky’s mouth and the tip of Steve’s flushed cock. Bucky sweeps it off his lip with the tip of his tongue as he looks up at Steve hungrily. The dark, smoldering look the omega gives him is Steve’s undoing. “Jesus Christ!” He grunts as he sits up. He strips his shirt off and throws it hard. Bucky straightens up with him as Steve puts his hands on Bucky’s sides and guides him down so the omega is on his back. Once they’ve swapped positions, Steve lurches forward and bombards Bucky with wet passionate kisses. Bucky moans as his mate strokes from his ribs down to his ass then back up again before finally pulling him up so Steve can hold him as they kiss. Bucky shifts his hips down and crosses his ankles behind Steve’s back. This isn’t as easy to do with the babies between them but Bucky thinks he’s still be able to manage for a few more weeks to come. With his newly acquired leverage he grinds their erections together between their bodies. Steve’s breath hitchs as he gasps between kisses. Their tongues twist together between their mouths like they’re trying to hold each other. They could do this forever.

“Ste-!” Bucky tries to say before his mate silences him with another hot, drawn out kiss. Bucky whines loudly to inform his pheromone drunk mate that he wants something. That makes Steve back off. The super soldier blinks rapidly to try and focus.

“Sorry, sorry hmm?” He does a terrible job, as soon as he’s done speaking he darts his head down under Bucky’s jaw to nibble their bonding mark. Bucky lets out a deep guttural groan.

“Fuck me!” He instructs. One of Steve’s hands wanders down to Bucky’s ass where he discovers a viscous layer of slick between his cheeks and upper thighs. Steve’s alpha senses have him licking down to lap at the fluid eagerly. Bucky whines again in protest.

“Steve!” He begs like an exasperated child waiting for their turn on the slide. Steve exhales and steel himself. He’s so hard. Bucky’s just so perfect against him it didn’t even occur to him that it gets better. Steve adjusts himself then fits them together so that he can push inside his mate in one long thrust. “AAAAHHHh!” Bucky screams at finally getting the feeling of fullness he’s been chasing since this started. He’s so slick and accustom to his mate that he only feels pleasure when Steve’s inside him. His legs quake where they lay parted around Steve. The trembling flesh jiggles slightly as Steve adjusts them. The alpha rumbles in his chest as Bucky’s internal walls flex around his length. Bucky moves his hips just a little so that Steve’s hard dick rubs against that spot that makes him tremble even more. Steve pulls a pillow over and stuffs it under Bucky’s hips so Steve can get on his knees without straining the pregnant omega. The little twists and turns of Steve’s hips do promising things inside Bucky. Bucky sighs contentedly as Steve takes hold of Bucky legs.
Bucky huffs in time with Steve as the alpha withdraws and thrusts back in. “Oh-!” Bucky pushes his head back against the bed as Steve rubs a particularly good spot inside him. Steve keeps his thrusts even and long, almost coming out of his mate before each thrust. Bucky’s hole grips him greedily with every movement. Sweat drips off of Steve’s nose from some combination or exertion and arousal. He doesn’t get this undone in any other situation. Bucky bites his lip as he pushes his hips into Steve’s thrusts. They build up gradually. Steve watches Bucky’s face for signs of when he’s getting close. As soon as Bucky squeezes his eyes shut while he keeps his mouth open it usually means it’s time to change his pattern. He goes from thrusts of consistent lengths to uneven speeds of no consistent length. The pattern is different but much more forceful. It makes Bucky’s eyes shoot open with alarm. The omega scrambles for some part of Steve to hold onto, it winds up being his shoulders. Bucky grinds his hips down until he can feel his orgasm building in another way. Pretty soon Bucky is making his face again. His thighs are shaking hard.

“Touch yourself.” Steve orders in between shortening thrusts. Bucky lets go of Steve’s shoulder so he can stroke his straining cock. He can’t focus on doing it evenly with Steve’s knot starting to expand. The omega whines as he tries to find some kind of rhythm with Steve’s thrusts and his strokes. Steve speeds up so he’s easier to match. He can feel that he’s only moments away from knotting. He turns his hips a little hoping to find that spot in Bucky that makes the omega gush. Sure enough it’s right where it’s always been. Bucky screams as Steve’s cock expands and hits his prostate at the same time. The omega is swimming in so much pleasure that he only weekly stroke’s his own cock. He doesn’t need that to get off, anyway. He takes his hand away so that he can cling onto Steve. The alpha’s knot is almost too big to slip out of him. Steve draws out and in one last time before he can’t anymore. Bucky comes as Steve locks into place. The omega yells with abandon as he ejaculates between them. Steve comes with his knot fully formed at nearly the same time. Steve rumbles as he inhales and exhales. Bucky shivers from the intensity of his orgasm. Both of them are covered with sweat. Bucky’s hair is stuck to his cheeks and neck in every which way. The blissed out omega is now flushed pink in most places as is Steve. This isn’t the ideal position to tie in but Steve doesn’t mind sitting so that Bucky’s leg doesn’t get trapped underneath him.

Steve watches Bucky as he unclenches from his hold on him. He lays down, now a boneless fucked out mess. The omega’s eyes are barely open and he looks close to sleep. Steve’s not going to stop him if he wants to. He uses a sheet to clean the mess off of Bucky. The alpha sits there tied to his mate idly stroking the omega’s swollen abdomen. It takes fifteen minutes for them to untie. As soon as he’s able to disengage without jarring Bucky, Steve pulls out and lies down next to him. The omega did fall asleep. Steve gingerly brushes away the hair that’s stuck to Bucky’s face and neck. He carefully maneuvers Bucky so he’s on his side. Sleeping on his back could depress an artery cutting off the blood supply to the babies. He drapes his arm around Bucky’s waist and thinks about his lot.

There was a time in his life when he thought things can only get better because he was living in hell. He lost the one person in the world he couldn’t live without and was stuck living that way. He never imagined at that time that this was even remotely possible. He dreamed about it though. He dreamed about exactly the position he is in right now and he screamed in the morning when he woke up and realized it wasn’t real. He’s so worn out from the day. He trained harder than usual to keep his mind off of his absent mate. Funny, that has always been his strategy. He did the same thing when he thought Bucky was gone forever. He inhales Bucky’s scent just to make sure that’s not the case.

He told him he loves him. He would have happily lived his life never needing to hear those words again from his mate so long as he could still have him like this. It seems now he doesn’t have to go without. Midwife… He can do that.
So the rating probably should change. I know, but I feel like a careful reader could get around it if they wanted to and still enjoy the story. It's not like one of those stories where the smut is the bread and butter of the plot. It's more like the garnish on top of the...pancake. Okay maybe this isn't a 'pancake' of a story but that about describes how I feel about it. It's delicious and easy to make. Yo I used to RP on a chat thing for years. I am accustomed to writing like a maniac. 2,000 or so words a day ain't nothing but a thing.

Names: So thank you for giving me such lovely suggestions! I think all of them are super sweet and any of them would be fine with me. I think I might write them all on slips of paper and pick out of a hat. Is that too random? Unana-uh.(That was my shrugging noise)

Question: If I was to make a blog and post my inspirations for this story as well as links to other stories that I feel vaguely resemble this one but are not necessarily associated, would anybody be interested?
“Mumah…” Bucky mumbles in his sleep just before he startles awake. He puts a hand on his stomach and groans. The babies are kicking hard. Bathroom time. It’s almost light outside at least which means he made it through the night. That’s a win. Bucky gets up carefully as he takes stock of how sore he is. He can’t go too slowly though. He really, really has to pee. He puts a hand on his stomach as he gets up. Steve is already awake apparently. Bucky walks funny as he darts to the bathroom just in time.

Steve left him a note of the mirror. He reads it as he washes his hands.

Buck,

Went for a run. Going to box with Clint afterward. Parfait in fridge. Ask Nat if she’s free later. Need her help with project.

-Stevie

That’s new. Steve’s been giving Natasha a wide berth since he came back. Project? Finding a class and a midwife. What could Natasha-? Background check, he thinks. Good thinking Steve. He pulls on Steve’s robe before he leaves the bathroom. He’ll wait to take a shower with Steve when he gets back.

He’s got some free time now. Lately he’s been struggling to find things to fill his time in lieu of training. T.V is kind of boring to him so he usually reads. He’s working on reading through all of Fyodor Dostoevsky’s books in English and in Russian. He doesn’t feel like reading today, so he sits down with the blue prints of the tower and continues working on his plans to foil the security system. He doesn’t actually want it to fail, he’s looking for weaknesses so he can eliminate them. So far he’s discovered five ‘major’ flaws which he’s brought to Tony’s attention. He’s certain there are at least three more.

He spends ten minutes looking that over before he decides he’s hungry. He gets up and snatchers the parfait in a mug Steve made for him out of the fridge. As he eats he wanders into the construction zone to check on the progress.

Steve has been working on something special for the room. After they painted the walls deep red, Steve was concerned it was too severe for a nursery. So in his Steve way he sought to fix it. Steve went through some of his sketchbooks that were returned to him from the Smithsonian to find what he wanted to paint. He and Bucky finally settled on a pastoral scene set in France. During the war they camped out in an unmarred farmland for a night while they were on their way to their next target. Steve had some spare time so he broke out the simple watercolor set Bucky gave him for his birthday. He painted the hills and distant trees during sunset. The artwork is magnificent. Steve decided to recreate it on one of the bare walls. Bucky smiles at the pristinely organized acrylic paints and jar of brushes that waits in a box for when Steve gets back to work later. He’s still finishing up the way the light hits the pastures. Bucky smiles at Steve’s work and shakes his head. Steve is too good for this world and certainly too perfect for him.

Bucky turns his attention to the other parts of the room. The walls appear normal but are in fact only superficial coverings for a five inch, reinforced, steel box that makes up the bones of the
room. There is a small vent in the corner fitted with a filter that will neutralize anything harmful in the air. In the ceiling there is a one way mirror which hides where JARVIS’s sensors are located. He has video and audio in this room. He also has all the usual advanced sensory technology he has in the rest of the house. Bucky had Tony install a high quality speaker system to play music through as well. Apart from the steel plates, those features were mostly Tony’s normal accessories. Bucky came up with the other ‘provisions’ for the room. Below his feet under three inch, removable, epoxy laminate tiles is a small arsenal of Bucky’s favorite weapons and supplies that could support four adults and the two infants for up to two weeks. The weapons are his fallback supply. On the opposite wall from Steve’s mural is a large cabinet for storage. The cabinet has a false back made out of centimeter thick balsa wood which can be easily broken through in case of emergency. Behind the false back is the real arsenal. Compared to what he has in the cabinet the stashes he has around the rest of the tower are insignificant.

The outside of the room is fitted with charges that, while they won’t destroy the protective steel casing, will blow anything trying to get in to pieces. The explosives are fitted with a special shrapnel of Bucky’s own design that has been coated with a toxin which causes paralysis and potentially death. If that doesn’t work, the six foot area around all of the walls has nail like pins fitted into the carpet. When triggered, the nails will push through the carpet and electrocute whatever happens to be on top of them. The voltage would be fatal to any human attacker. All of these features are controlled from inside the nursery by a small tablet integrated into the wall. It has its own power source so even if the power to the building were somehow cut off the room could still maintain all of its defenses. JARVIS is also capable of triggering the system remotely if someone is not in the room. In the event somehow someone tries to use those defenses against one of the designated family members, the system has been programed to recognize the faces of a select few who cannot have the system activated against them. This list includes Bucky, Steve, Natasha, Tony, Clint, Darcy, Sam, and Peter. No one, absolutely no one, is going to harm his children.

Watercolors… Steve’s birthday. Shit what day is it? Bucky walks out the nursery to go look at the calendar. It’s the fourth of July in two weeks. Steve’s birthday. He’s got to plan something for that. He thinks as he finishes his parfait and throws it in the trash.

Chapter End Notes

I would totally write the next section of this if I wasn't already spending too much time doing non-essential things. I should be doing school work right now but honestly I am so swamped and so damn tired writing is more necessary than ever. Plus your comments make me feel good and that's worth spending forty five minutes writing for. In case you were wondering absolutely none of my classes involve fiction writing. I'm taking Statistics, Molecules to cells (biology), Social Psychology, and Figure drawing. This is my outlet.

I'm working on putting that blog together. It is going to be NSFW if it happens. Like... wow the gifs are pretty damn intense. Where do people find this stuff?

-The Trollop
Steve comes home looking sweaty and gorgeous at about 10:00 hours.

“Hey Stevie.” Bucky says from where he’s sitting in bed with his Starkpad. Steve smiles at his mate and walks over to him.

“Hi.” Steve leans down and kisses his mate’s cheek. Bucky smiles and he turns his cheek towards Steve’s mouth slightly.

“You got up early. You even beat the twins.”

“I felt like running before I get busy later. I’ve got to work on my project and then Fury wants to talk to me about something.”

“No missions.” Bucky says firmly.

“No missions!” Steve says resolutely. “No I’m not going anywhere, don’t even worry. If some kind of crazy disaster happens I might consider it but I am by no means going because Nick Fury tells me to.” Bucky nods his head and clears his throat. “What?”

“Nothing. I had something in my throat. Probably a seed. I’m going out to visit with Matt and Peter. Matt wants to buy me lunch apparently.”

“Is this more of you saving the home-lives of Super Heroes?” Steve asks. He’s more than a little proud of his mate.

“Seems so.” Bucky grunts and puts a hand on Steve’s shoulder to give himself leverage to get out of bed. “I’m taking a shower. You coming?”

“Yes Sir!” Steve follows him eagerly.

.oOo.

Later, Steve sets up base in the common room so that he doesn’t have to bring another alpha’s scent into his home. He knows that’s kind of counter to what he’s trying to do but his living room is kind of also his bedroom. It would be awkward to bring her into the house. Natasha shows up at 12:00 hours after coming back from a short mission. She sits down on the couch across from Steve. Natasha crosses her legs as she tosses her hair behind her shoulder.

“So, you want to talk to me all of a sudden. Interesting.” She says with an appropriate amount of bitterness. Steve owes her a lot. If it wasn’t for her help Bucky wouldn’t have come back at all.

“I know I’ve been acting badly towards you since I got back. I really am sorry and I hope you know it’s not personal.”

“Explain exactly how this isn’t personal?” She says in the cold way she reserves for people she intends to hurt.

“If it was any other alpha I would be doing the same stupid, primal thing.”
“I feel the same way.” She says as she narrows her eyes. Steve takes a deep breath.

“You’re not making this apologizing thing easy.” He says.

“I don’t see why I should. You’ve been a prick. James is my best friend. Whatever James Buchanan Barnes is to you, The Winter Soldier was to me. I know it’s hard for you to accept that I have this kind of role in his life but I do. He’s not my mate and I have no interest in trying to fill the role. I don’t want to fuck him again and I’m certainly not going to try and take over raising your children. Do you believe me?” She raises an eyebrow questioningly.

“Yes.” Steve answers sincerely.

“Then start acting like it.”

Steve lets a beat pass as he considers what he should do. He gets up off the couch once he’s made his decision. Natasha watches Steve as he walks around an ottoman and sits down next to her on her couch. He turns his head and looks at her.

“I’ve missed you.” He says honestly. Natasha is a little stunned. Not many people say that to her and mean it. Maybe she’s being overly critical of her friend. She understands the drive to protect Bucky. If it was a romantic love she could even seeing herself being territorial.

“Alright, you’re forgiven. But I want to be in the room when the babies are born.” She bargains. Steve knows he’s going to hate that but oh well. Bucky will probably demand the same thing.

“Okay, you’ll be there. But before that, I need your help now.”

“Oh?”

“I’m looking for a good midwife to consult with about how to prepare for the birth. I’d do the background checks myself but I know you can do it better than I can.”

“Give me a list and I’ll get started right away.” She says with a small smile. This feels like trust. Steve gets up to go get his Starkpad and send her an e-mail of links to webpages.

Bucky, Matt, and Peter walk through central park as they talk on their way to lunch.

“It was weird to have the conversation. The five beers made it easier. Turns out Natasha was right on the money. I’ve known Elektra for years and I’ve never seen her that open about how she was feeling. She actually talked to me instead of throwing something sharp at my head.”

“So how was the makeup sex?” Bucky asks with his hands in the pockets of his hoodie. Matt is a little bashful but he’s still a good sport.

“We tried it the other way around. You know what, I actually kind of prefer her on top. She’s really pretty spectacular.” Matt answers. Peter snickers and pats his friend on the back.

“Well that’s certainly interesting.” Bucky responds sardonically.

“I can hear your face stretching. Careful, if you smile this way all the time it might stick.”

“Fuck off.” Bucky says playfully. As they pass a pond they admire a family of ducks. There is a group of goslings with their mother gliding through the water. Bucky rubs his stomach
thoughtfully. He’s already planning on taking his children here to see the ducks. The scratching sensation is back again. He coughs to try and clear his throat but to no avail. Peter turns and looks at him concernedly. Matt studies him in his own way as well.

“Bucky are you okay?” Peter asks. Bucky coughs into his sleeve but nods all the same.

“It’s just a thing. I’m fine.” His say in a raspy voice.

At lunch it only gets worse. He tries drinking water but it doesn’t work. Matt and Peter are both getting more and more worried with each new coughing spell. Some of the other customers take note as well. Bucky’s not comfortable with all the attention. He eats his sandwich fast. It doesn’t taste like much. As he eats he realizes it’s getting harder to breathe through his nose. His sinuses must be swollen. He stops eating so he can catch his breath. He looks up at his friend’s worried expressions. He’s trying not to feel panicked and those two are not helping.

“I think I better go home.”

“Yeah that might be a good idea.” Peter says nervously.

Steve comes back into the suite after finishing his meeting with Fury. Judging by the kettle on the stove Bucky made himself some tea. Then he hears Bucky cough. The hair on the back of Steve’s neck stands up as he experiences an over whelming feeling of dread.

“Buck?” Steve says as he hurriedly searches for his mate. Bucky’s not in bed. He goes and looks in the only other places he could be. He goes to the bathroom first and thankfully finds him. Bucky is taking a steamy bath while drinking his tea. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, my throats a little scratchy that’s all.” Bucky says in a hoarse voice. He sounds like his nose is completely plugged. Steve sits down next to the bathtub.

“Are you sure? You look a little clammy.” That’s putting it nicely. Steve feels Bucky’s forehead.

“Stevie I’m in a bath, of course I look clammy.” Bucky says like his mate is being ridiculous. He’s really just trying to convince himself. Steve isn’t reassured. Bucky sniffs.

“I’m fine.”

“I think we should go see a doctor. Being ill while pregnant can cause some bad things.”

“They’re just going to tell me to take it easy and do exactly what I’m doing.”

“I know but I really want to take you in anyway. Just to be sure.”

“I’ll be fine in the morning, if I’m not we’ll go. Okay?” Bucky asks. Steve strokes his mate’s wet head and tries to decide if he can submit to those terms.

“If you get worse, we’re going.” He says resolutely in his alpha voice. Bucky tries to hold back a cough.

“Fine.” He says before letting loose, coughing into his hand. His coughs sound wet and very familiarly to Steve. This sounds like the coughs Steve got before the serum. Steve can
remember how sick he got and so can Bucky. Bucky doesn’t meet Steve’s eyes as he drinks some of his tea.

.oOo.

Bucky props himself up in bed but still keeps coughing. Every time a new fit starts Steve wants to cry and just carry Bucky to a doctor already. He thinks this constitutes getting worse but Bucky doesn’t agree. He says he’s coughing less. Neither of them are talking about how Bucky’s breaths sound short and croaky. Bucky was already starting to have trouble with breathing because of how the twins are pushing up on his diaphragm. Now with this illness he feels like he has to consciously work at it. Bucky’s out of tea. He gets up before Steve can offer to go for him. The pregnant omega makes his way over to the stove and turns it on to warm up the water in the kettle. Steve watches him from their bed. Bucky turns away from Steve as he feels the need to cough come over him again. All of a sudden he’s coughing very hard wheezing then coughing very hard again. He tries to breathe but he can’t catch his breath he’s-

“Bucky!” Steve rushes out of bed as he watches in horror as his mate sinks down to the ground struggling to catch his breath. He pulls his mate into his arms. “JARVIS help!” He yells.

“Calling emergency services now!”

“Bucky?” He tries to gently shake his mate into alertness. He knows how to resuscitate someone but not while they’re pregnant. “Buck?!”

Chapter End Notes

If you look closely you can see the exact moment where Steve has a heart attack.

Way to go on the 500 comments! You guys are freakin awesome. I might have picked a name for the girl because when I think of her now she goes by a certain name.

Still working on that blog.
Chapter 58

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a SHIELD chopper that came a few minutes later to take Bucky to the hospital. Steve met the EMT’s on the roof with Bucky in his arms. The omega was breathing but weakly. Steve cried when they put the oxygen mask on Bucky. He knew it was what mate needed but the image was just so disturbing.

Now three hours later, Steve sits in SHeILD’s hospital stroking his mate’s hand as he waits for Bucky to wake up. A bad flu bug, the doctor told him, that’s what did this to his mate. Bucky passed out because he couldn’t catch his breath. They still have the oxygen mask on him. There is also an IV running into his arm which is giving him antibiotics. Steve nuzzles his mate’s wrist and whines. His heart is still pounding in his chest from the horror of watching his mate collapse three hours ago.

The friends they’ve been able to get in contact with are in the hospital for support. Sam’s on his way now. Natasha restlessly paces the hallway with Barton by her side. He’s tried to talk her into sitting down or hitting the gym or slapping him in the face or something. So far she’s not talking or responding in any way. Just walking. Darcy has been bawling in the hallway with Pepper and Tony trying to comfort her while being terrified themselves. Bruce and Jane were there for the first two and a half hours but have since left but only to go get a decent breakfast for everyone. Peter, Sue, Remy and Rogue are sitting with Darcy too. Matt was there until ten minutes ago but he had to leave because he has a trial in an hour.

“I can’t get over it. I saw him coughing, I knew he was sick, I should have just taken him to the doctor.” Peter says with his face in his hands. Tony personally feels that way so he says nothing. Sue rubs Peter’s back.

“Shhh. Peter you couldn’t have known it was going to get so serious. People get colds all the time.” She says as she keeps a comforting hand on him.

“I don’t get it!” Rogue bursts as a fresh wave of tears springs up. Remy is just so thankful that he can actually wrap his arms around her now to comfort her without fear of injury.

“Don’t get what?” Sue asks in an understanding voice.

“How can he even get this sick!? He’s a super soldier. Isn’t he immune?”

“Maybe normally, but during pregnancy your immune system compromises itself so that your body doesn’t reject the baby.” Sue informs.

In the other room, Bucky’s wrist presses up against Steve’s cheek. The alpha snaps his attention to his mate’s face and discovers that the omega is awake. Bucky realizes there is medical equipment around him and begins to panic.

“No! Buck it’s okay! Bucky please stop!” Steve cries as Bucky tries to tear the mask off his face, pull the IV out, and pull off the heart monitor all at the same time. Steve holds Bucky’s arms to the bed but can’t stop him from thrashing. Steve actually is crying as he watches his frightened mate struggle. “STOP!” Steve orders him in his growly alpha voice. Bucky stops and gasps for air under the mask. The oxygen is making it much easier for him to breathe. Steve lets go of The
Weapon to gently caress his mate’s face. “You’re alright. You’re in the hospital. You passed out but the doctors say you’re fine.” He says soothingly. Bucky uses his free hand to feel his stomach. On cue or by chance the babies kick to tell their mother they’re alright. Still he asks,

“The babies?” Bucky’s voice is muffled but understandable through the mask.

“They’re unharmed. Everything’s alright.” Steve grimaces. “Well other than my nerves. I think I’m going to have nightmares about this for the rest of my life.” His joke isn’t really that funny considering it’s true. Bucky is still itching to get the medical equipment off.

“Buck, you have to keep this stuff on. The IV’s giving you antibiotics and the mask is making sure you’re getting enough oxygen. Please don’t fight this.” Bucky anxiously observes his surroundings. Aside from Steve, this is all eerily similar to places where he was badly hurt. The beeping electronics and the IV especially.

“Bucky!” Darcy yells from the door where Tony is trying to hold her back until they’re invited. Steve bristles at the intrusion but only for a second once he sees that Bucky is smiling. If there is one thing that is nothing like how he was treated in the past, it is Darcy Lewis.

“It’s okay Tony, let her go.” Steve says. The billionaire is surprised but he lets her escape all the same. Darcy scrambles to Bucky’s side on the opposite of Steve. She wraps her arms around The Weapon and whines. Bucky doesn’t quite know what to say yet. At the door his other friends are peeking in. Bucky gestures with his human hand to come in. They flood the small room in a herd. Natasha pushes past all of them until she stands next to Steve. She can’t even bring herself to touch Bucky she’s so freaked out. Bucky knows it’s time to say something. He slips his mask off to speak.

“Am I dead?” He asks groggily but still smiling.

“No!”

“Am I mortally wounded?” He asks now sounding a little clearer.

“No.”

“Have I suffered any lasting injuries?”

“No…”

“Am I in any way injured?” He asks, eyeing all of them especially Nat and Steve.

“No.” Natasha says quietly.

“The babies are alright.” He says with an eyebrow quirked. He rubs his belly where they are kicking like they’re pissed off. “So let’s talk about what actually happened.” He pauses for dramatic effect. “I fucking swooned.” Some of the crowd titters at the way he says it. “Now can we all shut up about it? It’s kind of embarrassing.”

.oOo.

The nurse comes in and checks his breathing. As long as he’s propped up he doesn’t have to have the oxygen mask anymore but he should still wear it while he sleeps. Steve winds up curled up with his mate on the hospital bed.

“Not much wiggle room.” Bucky says into Steve’s shoulder as his mate holds him.
“It’s not so bad.” Steve responds with his eyes closed and chin perched on Bucky’s head. “We’ve slept on beds a lot smaller than this one. A lot less comfortable too.”

“I’m willing to bet I wasn’t twenty two weeks pregnant with twins those times.” Bucky says amusedly. Steve puffs air onto Bucky’s head as he almost laughs. He’s not quite calmed down enough for that yet.

“No, no you weren’t.” He strokes Bucky’s back. “You wanna hear the story?”

“Sure.” Bucky says as he adjusts his belly against Steve’s stomach. The omega is not quite on his side or his back as Steve holds him. Steve waits for him to get comfortable and wedges the pillow supporting Bucky’s lower back further when Bucky asks him to.

“Okay. So I used to have this old bed.”

“It was meant for kids right?”

“Yeah, it was.” Steve says a little surprised. “We weren’t much more than kids ourselves when I inherited it from a garbage bin. Ma had to sell my old bed for medicine, I was real lucky to have found it. Where you found the mattress for the thing, I’ll never know.”

“I think I sucked someone off for it.” Bucky says like he’s trying to remember a long forgotten pastime.

“Bucky!” Steve exclaims, now aghast at his mate’s previous doings.

“I’m kidding, God!” Bucky chuckles. “Keep telling your story.”

“Okay then…” Steve is still suspicious because despite what Bucky just said he wouldn’t put that past Bucky if it meant he could take care of him.

“Don’t analyze. Tell the story about the small bed.” Bucky chides. Steve sighs.

“So we curled up together like this almost every night when you stayed over. It got cold and we were best friends, so why not? I was thirteen you were fourteen and we liked the smell of each other.”

“Oh boy.”

“No kidding! At least when we got hard we got hard together. The mutual embarrassment would have been a lot worse if you hadn’t made it all seem like it was just biology. It kind of was I guess but I’d been in love with you for years already. And then…” Steve trails off thinking. Bucky pushes on his chest to weakly shake him.

“What?”

“One day I woke up in the middle of the night hard as a rock because you were rubbing up against me.”

“Oh fuck!” Bucky cringes at just the thought of how embarrassed he would have been.

“It was your first heat. Well it was a lot of firsts actually but it started out as just that.”
“What was it?”

“Huh?”

“What were the firsts? I want to know.” Bucky asks.

“Um…”

“Come on we’ve been having sex since forever, you can tell me.”

“No it’s not that! I’m trying to sort out which firsts it was. It wasn’t our first time, you
know, doing it how we do now. But it was our first time getting each other off.”

“How?”

“Hands. You made me put my fingers inside you and you jerked me off.”

“How was it?” Bucky nuzzles Steve’s neck.

“Awkward but also perfect.” Steve says simply.

“Did we kiss?”

“Yes.” Steve kisses the top of his mate’s head. “And you were really, really good at it.”

“I seem to recall having to teach you.” Bucky mumbles. He’s drifting off for a nap it
seems. He’s extremely comfortable and not coughing so it’s the perfect time for sleeping.

“I was not a quick study. But I might have just been bad at it just so you’d keep having
to teach me.”

“Devious…”

“I know, don’t tell.” Steve strokes Bucky’s back as he feels his mate drift off. Bucky
murmurs something but is asleep before he finishes his words.

Chapter End Notes

Did you really think I would do something to hurt this fucking adorable family? No! This is not that fan fiction! If you want that fan fiction go read Devour or something. Devour is the one that comes to mind. Good fan fiction except for the first part which is basically Captain America being a rapist. I had a really tough time getting over that. In fact I’m still not over it. Ugh.

Alright well in any case crisis adverted. I like to keep you on your toes. You know, just for fun. Thank god for the weekend I was so stressed out this week! Too much damn homework.

Here’s my tumblr. At one point it stops being a blog about this fandom and becomes a blog about whatever I was interested in at the time. Enjoy.
http://thenotorioustrollop.tumblr.com/

Remember to comment.
The CSO of NY and Remy come over for dinner. The small hospital room is a little cramped so Bucky decides they should move to a much more appropriate location. Like a room with a sparring ring. This room is a part of the physical therapy wing of the hospital. Bucky knows it well from his recovery after returning from HYDRA. He whooped the collective ass of SHEILD’s agents in this room.

“Bucky we aren’t letting you fight anyone.” Peter clarifies right away when they get to the room.

“That’s fine with me. I don’t want to fight anybody anyway.”

“Why’d you bring us to a ring then?” Matt says as he runs his hand along the rails of the elevated ring.

“No reason. I just wanted to move around a little.” Bucky lies with a shrug. Steve makes him sit down in a comfy looking chair right away. Bucky does so and lets Steve go get a table for them as well. Remy surveys the ring.

“I feel like I should be takin bets or somthin.” Remy says as he fondly reflects over days when he was a bookie. He was thirteen. Good times. Steve gets back a few minutes later with a table small enough to be fit through the door. Steve found Sue looking for them in the hallway.

“There you are!” She says as she carries in bags of Chinese food and what looks like a giftwrapped bag for a bedspread. “I looked everywhere for you guys. Good thing I ran into Steve or I’d have to eat this all myself.” She says as she sets the food down on the table. “Here honey, this is for you.” Bucky looks at the large wrapped up bag he is given confusedly.

“What’s this for?” Bucky asks Sue. Sue sits down on one of the chairs Peter found for them as she talks.

“It’s an early baby shower gift. You’re getting big fast and I thought this might be just what you never knew you needed. I feel bad about not cluing you in on the classes so,” She gestures to the gift “I’m making up for it.” Bucky nods as he strips the paper off his present. The rest of the group dishes themselves up some food. Steve and Remy are allowed to hang out with the CSO of NY but only because neither of them would leave for long even if they were forced. Bucky can smell Rogue already. She’s probably a week and a half away from a heat. It’s their first heat together as a mated pair, Bucky understands how intense that can be.

Once he’s done taking the paper off, he examines the thing he has been given. The picture on the big plastic bag it comes in has a pregnant lady curled up in this big hook shaped pillow thing.

“What does it do?” He asks Sue curiously.

“It helps support your belly and your back and keeps your spine in a good alignment. It’s heaven. There’s another kind with a different back part to it, but I thought this one would be easier to use with Steve curled up behind you.”

“Huh, thanks Sue. That sounds easier than what we were doing.” Bucky sets it to the side.
and digs into his share of the Chinese.

“Ah can’t get over how fast you bounced back! You were so sick this morning!” Rogue says distraught.

“When I do get sick I don’t stay that way long. Steve’s the one who actually doesn’t get sick at all.” Bucky explains as he watches Steve eat his second box of shrimp fried rice. Steve hasn’t eaten in almost twenty four hours because of all this drama. Bucky rubs Steve’s back and leans on his shoulder.

“Stupid Punk, you should have just had a snack.”

“I wasn’t hungry.” Steve says honestly in a pause between bites.

“Don’t eat too much you can’t go getting all slow and full on me.”


“Because I really, really want to see you fight Matt.” He answers as he eyes his fellow omega. Matt sets down his spoon and turns towards Bucky. He takes off his sunglasses so Bucky can see him reflexively squinting and scowling.

“Really? I’m wearing my best trial suit.” Matt says but in a tone that suggests he’s going to do it.

“SHEILD’s got a locker with some sweats somewhere.” Bucky counters. They did get Steve a set of clothes earlier so it stands to reason there are more. Remy stands up.

“On it, mon amies!” The Cajun says as he gets to work.

“Don’t steal nothin but sweats, ya hear?!” Rogue hollers.

“Oui Chére!” He laughs as he disappears to go hunt.

“Now why did you have to go and do this?” Steve says as he puts an arm around his mate.

“Because I needed a break and you need to hit something.” Bucky tells him. Steve thinks about those words for a minute before turning and kissing Bucky on the nose. Bucky is powerless to stop the tender gesture. Steve lets go of his squirming mate and stands up. Steve stretches his arms up and out and behind his shoulders. The strip of exposed abs distracts everyone for a second.

“So are you sure you’re down for this?” Steve asks Matt who stands up as well. The omega takes off his suit jacket and sets down his glasses.

“You say that like I could turn down the chance to spar with Captain America.” Matt answers.

“I’m not Captain America tonight, just Steve.” The alpha explains as he goes and picks some wraps up out of a bin.

'Ha! You’re always Captain America. The things that make you him don’t come off. Really, you of all people missed that? That’s Superhero Psych 101, ‘you are not defined by the costume you wear’.”

“Is there a book now?” Steve says as he looks from the group of onlookers and Matt.
“Take it easy on him he doesn’t know how to not be heroic.” Bucky says as he rolls his eyes.

“Remy’s back!” The Cajun announces as he presents Matt with a pair of sweats. Matt takes them and nods his thanks.

“Sue?” He asks hoping she gets where he’s going.

“Sure.” Sue concentrates and puts up a barrier that makes Matt invisible while he changes out of his suit.

“Where are you when I need you every day?” Peter asks.

“Oh you know, places.” Sue says with a shrug.

“Good Sue, thanks.” Matt signals. Sue takes down the force field revealing Matt dressed in SHEILD issues sweats just like the ones Steve has borrowed. If you had no idea who they were they might be mistakeable as regular SHEILD agents.

“Sug, why ain’t you getting yo ass in on this?” Rogue asks.

“Dis? Ce n’est pas ma style. Dis Cajun prefers a weapon.” He sits back down with his mate. “If Cap had his shield’ough, den I’d be interested.”

“Why?” Peter asks like he’s crazy for wanting to get in a fight with Steve when he’s armed. In the background Matt and Steve discuss rules and such while Matt wraps his hands.

“Because he could do some really interesting things with the energy that shield absorbs.” Rogue says with a tone that suggests she would really rather Remy didn’t. Remy smiles like he’s pleading his innocence. Matt and Steve get in the ring. Bucky hunkers down excitedly.

Steve is arguably one of the best hand to hand fighters in the world. He’s had the best in the world to tutor him and taught them a thing or two in turn. His enhanced strength makes him the better of any regular human in a fight if they also have his training. Bucky’s fought Steve to a stalemate a few times but said fights usually developed into sex rather than find an actual winner.

That is not what is happening here. Bucky regrets making this happen now. There is no question that Steve is stronger than Matt but that makes absolutely no difference if Steve can’t hit Matt. Matt on the other hand can hit Steve but he can’t do it hard enough to do damage that will slow Steve down. The two men attack and counter back and forth only ever occasionally making a point. Matt is winning by virtue of his technique in scoring. Steve has hit Matt a few times and he did it good. The omega is going to have some hideous bruises on his ribs tomorrow. Eventually, once the two men have been at this for an hour they decide to call it. Steve doesn’t mind losing to a man who is clearly an incredible boxer. Matt’s just happy to get out of the ring alive.

“I think my mate might try to kill you.” Matt says as he feels one of the places he suspects his ribs are broken. Steve feels absolutely awful about it.

“I should have just stopped when I hit you, I knew I felt something snap.”

“Please, cracked ribs are the only kind of ribs I have. I think you just found a spot that wasn’t quite healed yet. Don’t worry you weren’t hitting me as hard as you think you were. If you want to call that ‘hitting’, more like getting baited.” Matt says proudly. It’s true, the only times Steve
made body contact were times that Matt managed to jab-hook Steve in the face.

“Right.” Steve agrees.

“Is it over?” Sue asks nervously. This was more intense than the impromptu wrestling matches that sometimes materialize in her living room.

“I think so.” Peter answers with similar concern. This kind of hand to hand has never been Peter’s forte either. Rogue and Remy have been whispering and gesturing to each other for the duration of the fight. The pair has gone from board, to flirtatious, to impatient. Rogue more so than Remy. Remy’s reactions seem to depend entirely on Rogue’s. Kind of like a tired dog chasing cars in either direction. He’s going eagerly but not as fast. Finally once the fight seems to have ended Rogue sees her opportunity.

“Good! Cause I got somthin to tell ya’ll and I’d like Steve and Matt to not be poundin the snot outa each other when I do!” She says excitedly. She would have said something before the sparring match if she’d known it was going a last a full hour. Steve and Matt walk over with towels as Rogue looks around the now interested group. She throws her arms around Remy’s shoulders as the Cajun digs out a velvet box from his coat. “Remy and Ah’ve been talkin about you know, ‘us’. And we’ve decided two things…..” Remy extricates his mate’s engagement ring from its box and puts it on her dainty finger.

“We’re engaged!” Rogue shrieks as Remy kisses her cheek. Everyone around Bucky breaks into their own form of heartfelt congratulations. Bucky just stares at the wedding ring. The rock on her finger is spectacular looking and the biggest diamond Bucky has ever seen in person.

“Did Remy steal that?” Is Bucky’s knee jerk response. The clamor stops for a breath before Remy bursts into belly laughs. Rogue shakes her head and giggles with him.

“No! It’s a family heirloom.” She fidgets with her mouth as she tries not to howl like Remy.

“Ma great, great granddaddy stole it!” Remy declares proudly between laughs. Rogue cracks and laughs into Remy’s chest at some private joke. Bucky looks from Rogue’s hand to the faces of the newly engaged pair. Remy, as it turns out, meant exactly what he said the night of the barbeque.

“Rogue that’s incredible! You’re getting married!” He Bucky says happily as it finally sets in. He’s never had a friend get married before. Everyone he knew before the war was too poor or already a bonded pair.

“It might not be for a while yet though.” Rogue says to try and temper their excited-ness. “Ah’ve got other plans first.”

Chapter End Notes

Sweet baby Jesus this chapter took a long time to write! This is my chapter about rings. Get it? Hahaha. I'll stop that now. So I guess I broke my streak of chapter a day updates. Very sad but I was super tired and not in the mood. This chapter does not count as the chapter for 10/5/14. Tirreeedddd. Also comment game was not strong last chapter which I thought was very odd. Not sure what was up with that. Huh.
Rogue never did explain what that second thing was. They talked wedding for a while after she announced the engagement. Apparently it’s going to be a huge affair. Remy’s got an enormous family and an ex-wife whose family loves him just as much. The Thieves and Assassins Guilds are getting in on this but even they have nothing on the wedding Charles is going to throw them. Charles has of course insisted on paying for the whole thing which means he also gets to get his hands in the planning of the thing. Rogue is so excited it’s going to be lavish. They’re setting the date to about a year from now.

“It’s going to be so fabulous! Ah’ve already been looking into dresses.” Rogue says as she and Bucky walk up to Bucky’s overnight room arm in arm. Bucky had to use the bathroom and Rogue offered to go with him then take him up to his room. The guests said their goodbyes except for Remy who is waiting for his mate. It’s gone without saying that Rogue’s wanted to talk to Bucky all night.

“And you’ll be in my bridal party right? Ah won’t make you wear a dress Ah promise.”

“I promise.” Bucky says with a small smile. “I’ll even throw you a sendoff if you like.”

“You mean like a bachelorette party?!?”

“If that’s what you call a bride’s last hurrah. Though I guess it’s really just a party for you.”

“No kidding! My life’s just going to be one big, long hurrah. Always has been.” She says contentedly. “Buck Ah wanted to ask you somethin.”

“Go ahead.”

“Do you think Ah could do what you’re doing?”

“Walking?” Bucky teases.

“No, Ah mean have a family.” She says solemnly. “Ah’ve always wanted one. For the longest time Ah was afraid Ah’d never be able to. Dr. Mccoy ran some tests and said as long as Ah have a C section Ah should be able to. We’d have to do the same thing to the baby that we did to Remy and it ain’t gonna be easy but…”

“Rogue.” Bucky says as he squeezes her arm reassuringly. She looks up at him. “If I can do this. You can do this.” Rogue keeps eye contact with him.

“Ah’m off my suppressants and we’re not going to use birth control during my heat. Ah’m so excited but I’m also so scared. I can already think of a million things that could go wrong.” She gulps. “What if I hurt it?”

“You won’t.” Bucky tells her softly. He looks at her and smiles confidently. “Ask me how I know.” Rogue sniffs.

“How?”
“Because you already love it so much.” Bucky quotes. He bites his lip and nods at her as she ducks her head carefully onto his clothed shoulder so she can hug him.

.oOo.

Steve is brushing his teeth in the sink when all of a sudden Bucky gasps with delight.

“Oh fuck me!” He says like he’s in heaven. Steve rotates on his heels so he can see what the hell Bucky is doing. The omega has curled up with his new body pillow.

“Buck?”

“Not you! The pillow!” Bucky groans as he hugs it.

“You want the pillow to fuck you?” Steve says with a mixture of horror and amusement.

“Yes Steve. Between this thing and my vibrator, you are replaced.” He says into the fabric of the pillow. Steve puts his toothbrush back in his mouth as he tries to think of a comeback to that. He spits out his toothpaste.

“So do you want me to give you two a room?”

“Get in here Steve.”

“Okay then. Do me a favor then, don’t name the pillow.”

“When you say things like that it means I am now obligated to name the pillow. Let’s see… Lucy! Remember that one dame I used to go with just to piss you off?”

“Don’t name the pillow that.”

“Damn, Lucy’s a good name for a pillow.” Bucky says as Steve gets into bed behind him. “How about David? You remember him right?” Steve adjusts himself around the little back support attachment of the pillow.

“There’s this weird lumpy thing back here. I think it might be your butt.” Steve says without the least bit of sarcasm. Bucky smacks his shoulder.

“Fine! I’m going to name the pillow Falsworth!” Bucky says with conviction.

“I really hate you sometimes.” Steve says into the back of his mate’s neck.

“That’s okay, because Falsworth and I are soul mates.”

“Can I tell you something that has nothing to do with the pillow?”

“Go ahead. Just as long as you know I love the pillow more than I love you.” Bucky cuddles into the pillow just to make his point.

“Why do you do this? Just to torment me?” Steve puzzles.

“Basically.” Bucky snorts. “Okay really, what do you want to share?”

“It’s about The Fourth, Fury called me in to talk to me because they want to interview me on Good Morning America.”
“Really?” Bucky says like that’s a surprise.

“Fury of course had some things to say about what they can and can’t ask me, but it’s still neat right?” Steve asks like a puppy who just brought his master a stick.

“Yes it’s still neat.”

“You didn’t make plans yet did you?”

“I was starting to but I got sick.”

“Okay well, whatever you do don’t pencil me in for anything at about 10:00 o’clock.”

Chapter End Notes

Did you guys miss that I updated yesterday(last night?) I guess. Weird.

-The Trollop
Two Weeks Later

“Stevie…” Bucky says as his mate escorts him along the sidewalk. Steve has his arm around Bucky’s waist as he guides him along with a big dopey smile on his face.

“What?”

“Try not to look like a man who got woken up with a blow job. It’s unbecoming on Captain America.”

“That’s not why I’m peppy.” Steve scratches his nose. Bucky frowns.

“Why are you peppy Steve?” He says as he sees a joke on the horizon.

“Because you’re walking funnier than usual.” Steve says just before he starts walking faster. Bucky waddles after him angrily. Bucky may have been a little too enthusiastic during birthday sex this morning. He’s put on two pounds in the last two weeks and he’s not used to it yet. It’s only going to get worse before it gets better. Bucky catches up to Steve and pounds on his back childishly. Steve spins around and wraps both his arms around Bucky. The alpha leans down and kisses his mate. He smiles even as Bucky nips his lip.

“Hey! None of that now! There are children around here!” Sam Wilson yells at them. He’s got two collapsible camping chairs under his arms. Each chair is built for two. Darcy bounces along next to him wheeling a big cooler filled with their lunches.

“I’ll kiss my man if I want to.” Bucky tells them with a pleased smirk.

“Which way?” Steve asks more pragmatically.

“Stark Basecamp’s down this way. The rest of the Avengers have already assembled. Where were you guys?” Sam says knowingly.

“Oh you know, birthday breakfast in bed.” Bucky says suggestively. Steve chokes on nothing. Sam shakes his head and high fives Bucky. It’s comments like that have made them fast friends.

“Yeah, happy birthday man. What is this one hundred?” Sam asks Steve.

“Ninety Nine.” Steve answers in a croak as he recovers.

“Come on Birthday Boy, let’s get to our seats. Mommy’s feet don’t hurt yet and I’d like to keep it that way for as long as possible. I want to go on that tour later and I don’t want to be in pain the whole time.” Bucky says as he drags the group along.

“How are those compression socks working out for you?” Sam asks.

“They’ve helped a lot with the swelling.”

“Think we could get one big enough for your middle?” Sam jokes.
“You are walking into dangerous territory, I suggest you turn back now.” Steve comments as he rubs his mate’s sore lower back. Bucky grumbles about no one finding the body.

“Somebody’s sensitive.”

“What I am right now redefines what I call sensitive.” Bucky says in a tone that promises grievous bodily harm if the issue is pressed further.

.oOo.

The Stark booth near the announcer’s bench is across the street from where Steve is going to be interviewed. In his space, Tony has basically recreated his living room complete with TV under a tent and invited all his friends. This booth was supposed to have something to do with Stark industries but as usual it’s really just a homage to Tony’s need to impress others. Bucky doesn’t care. Bucky gets a couch. Bucky gratefully sits down on what he deems to be the best seat for lounging and watching the parade. Steve sits down next to him and checks his watch. Bucky holds his weighty abdomen as he gets situated.

“You okay?” Steve asks as he joins his hand with Bucky’s on his stomach.

“Sometimes I wonder how there is room left in there for my organs.” Bucky says as he leans his head back on the top of the couch.

“Three more months.”

“Three more months.” Bucky says exhaustedly. He blows some hair out of his face. Natasha approaches Steve with a file under her arm. She sits down next to the other alpha on the couch.

“I got the information back on the final candidate. She used to be involved with a smuggling operation in Cambodia.” She says as if this was typical of a midwife. Steve looks at her like her head’s shrunk.

“Not another one!” Steve exclaims. “That was really the last one? They all have some kind of background?”

“Don’t get me wrong they’re all good midwives, they’re all just in some way connected to an undesirable past.” Nat explains. Bucky is listening in on this.

“Project not going so well?” He asks.

“It’s hard to find good help these days.” Steve explains. “What about you, have you found anyone?” Steve asks Natasha. Natasha holds the file out to him.

“You brought a dossier on a midwife to The Fourth of July parade?”

“Yes, read it.”

“Just tell me about them fast. I’ve got to get going in about five minutes.”

“Ingrid.”

“Ingrid?” Steve and Bucky ask almost synced.

"She’s the only midwife under the employ of SHIELD.”
“Why only one? It’s kind of a big organization.”

“You’re correct. Ingrid made them all quit. She now oversees every high profile/high risk birth SHEILD gets involved in. She’s a monster but she’s the best. She also has a background but as an employee of SHEILD she’s got contracts and monitors who will keep that from becoming a problem. I know you guys were hoping to go private sector for this but I really think you should at least consult with Ingrid.”

“Hate to interrupt but I think you’re supposed to be in costume.” Pepper says to Steve from over the top of the couch. She hefts up his pack which he takes from her.

“Okay, I had better go. Make sure to watch on the TV.”

“Try not to make the whole country fall in love with you even more.” Bucky says as Steve kisses him goodbye.

“Will do!” Steve salutes informally.

“No you won’t.” Bucky mumbles as he rolls his eyes and watches his mate go with Pepper to wherever she’s taking him to suit up.

“Is he going to be okay?” Natasha asks a little worriedly.

“He’s surprisingly good at this whole Captain America character when he wants to be.” Bucky says as he reclines and closes his eyes.

.oOo.

The whole tent is crowded in so that they can watch the TV interview taking place about a block away. George Stephanopoulos will be the interviewer. The show queues up. The camera is zoomed in on Stephanopoulos.

“Good morning and happy Independence Day everyone. Today I have the honor of having Captain Steven Grant Rogers here to answer some questions for us on his birthday.” The reporter says with a star struck expression he probably hasn’t had in years. The camera pans out and there Steve is sitting across from him shaking the man’s hand. He’s in full consume with his shield propped up on the couch. As always he looks great on camera. For some reason it gives Bucky butterflies to see his mate like this. He rubs his stomach to try and quiet them before the babies get woken up.

“It’s a pleasure and an honor to be here.” Steve says in return.

“Is this your first TV interview?” Stephanopoulos asks.

“It is.” Steve nods his head. “So far so good.”

“Well I’m sure this is nothing compare to what you do regularly. You know, saving us folks who need it. I say ‘us’ meaning me personally. I got caught in a taxi cab during The Battle of New York. If it hadn’t of been for what you did with the NYPD I don’t know if I would have been here. So really, thank you. My family says thank you too!” The anchor says sincerely.

“You and your family are more than welcome. If there’s something I can do to help I always try and do it, alien invasions and...” He glances upwards and smiles. “Backed up sinks included.” He is referring to the day before when the sink got clogged in the kitchen. The occupants of the tent laugh and make comment that Steve’s the only person alive who can make plumber’s
crack look good.

“Home life?”

“Yeah. The little things are sometimes harder.” Steve says as he sits back in his chair.

“Good to know it’s the same for everyone.” The anchor writes something down. Steve chuckles. “So Captain, here we are talking about household chores and outside people are waving signs with your shield drawn on them, the internet has fallen in love with you, and you have an exhibit at The Smithsonian. How do you feel about all the fanfare?”

“It’s not the same as it used to be.” Steve says thoughtfully. “Before the only people who published stories about me were the people trying to sell bonds. The papers sold their stories too I suppose, but they had a sense of what was private and what’s not. Nobody used to print anything that made me uncomfortable being a public figure. Now-!” He gestures broadly and the anchor laughs. “The things people want to know about me go way beyond what I would tell even a close friend!”

“Has that been the hardest adjustment to make?” Stephanopoulos asks.

“No!” Steve says in something between a laugh and a grimace. “The hardest part was the loss of everything I used to know. It’s gotten much, much easier than when I first woke up. Now I actually have more in my life than I did before I joined the army.”

“That brings me to something that’s been eating at investigative journalists the world over.”

“Oh shit.” Tony says as he watches what he feared would happen unfold. Everyone under the tent stiffens fearing the reporter will ask THE question.

“On May 4th you went to a Marlins-Dodgers game down in Florida to celebrate your tenth anniversary with a ‘James Buchanan Barnes’. After your ‘deaths’ in the war your fellow Howling Commandos confirmed you were mated to your childhood best friend bearing that name. Is this person one and the same?” The reporter finishes. Bucky is sitting on the edge of his seat holding his stomach with both hands as he stares at the television. Steve frowns and cocks his head to the side slightly.

“Who else would he be? I only have one mate and I only know one James Buchanan Barnes.”

“STEVE!” Bucky yells at the screen. They had not discussed this. They hadn’t even talked about how they were going to tell the world about him. Bucky was hoping they never would.

“I’m sorry I really can’t explain any of it for both of our sakes. It’s private for our safety. If the public really wants to thank me for my service, they’ll respect that in our world the things that make interesting news to all of you can get us killed.” Bucky’s heart hammers in his chest as Steve stands up and extends his hand to shake with the speechless reporter. “I think that will be all.” George Stephanopoulos shakes Steve’s hand and nods.

“Thank you Captain.”

.oOo.

Steve comes back dressed civilian. He walks through the back flaps of the tent and is immediately greeted by his mate holding a knife to his neck.
“I’m in trouble?” Steve asks as he tries not to accidentally lean into the blade. All he’d have to do is breathe too deeply. Bucky rolls his head to one side and gives him one of his trademark simpers. Bucky pulls the knife away and walks it across his knuckles until he throws it, grabs it, and stashes it in its holster.

“Just a little.” Bucky quirks one eyebrow before he leans up and gently presses their mouths together. He backs off just enough to speak. “You did good.” Now that he’s not being threatened, Steve pulls his mate’s body as flush as he can to his own while Bucky is still comfortable. Steve kisses Bucky back, slowly increasing the intensity.

Darcy takes a picture and makes sure to examine it to determine you can’t see Bucky’s face at the angle the shot is taken at. Steve’s face and Bucky’s hair combined with the angle make it impossible to tell what the omega really looks like. She posts the picture to her tumblr and captions it.

**No face pics pls. Butts and coconuts ONLY!**

Chapter End Notes

We are drawing to a close here, there are maybe 3-5 chapters left. I will not be posting tomorrow because I wrote a shit ton today and I need to think through my ending carefully.

-The Trollop
The weeks drag by slowly for the pair as Bucky gets more and more incapable of doing the things he’s always done. The media went insane over the announcement of course. Bucky and Steve have taken extraordinary measures to make sure they’re not recognized in public. They don’t get out much anymore anyway. The only trips they make are to go see Ingrid at SHEILD and the occasional excursion to go visit one of Bucky’s friends. Ingrid turned out to be everything Natasha promised she was. Bucky likes her because she bosses Steve around. As the weeks tick by Steve’s getting more and more antsy. It’s like he’s just found out about the babies all over again and this time he has reason for concern. Bucky is not as capable of protecting himself as he used to be.

Bucky’s at twenty eight weeks when an incident requiring Steve’s attention happens in New York, they both lose their minds. Natasha of all people is shocked at how viciously Steve dealt with the threat. It’s like it was a personal attack to him. Bucky locked himself in the nursery until Steve got home hours later.

It takes two weeks for things to calm down after that. The CSO of NY insists they have the baby shower finally and Bucky caves. They have the party on Valeria’s first birthday so that Bucky doesn’t need to deal with two parties. Large groups, even of close friends, are starting to make Bucky nervous.

“It’s all natural.” Sue explains as the CSO of NY sits in the brightly decorated common area of Stark Tower. The party has been going on for a few hours now and they’ve all just finished cake. Peter had classes but will be by shortly. The group that attended the barbecue has all gathered together tonight. The mates of the CSO of NY are doing dishes before Bucky and Valeria open their presents.

“I know it’s natural.” Bucky says as he flips through his book on prenatal omega behavior. “Knowing doesn’t help. If I had a cave to go hide in I would. But this is the twenty first century and I can’t do that.”

“Damn right! You can’t just leave all of us just because you’re pregnant.” Darcy says as she sets the presents down on an ottoman near Bucky.

“I’m going to have to for a while you know?” He’s had to warn her about the procedure multiple times. The last couple of days before an omega gives birth are usually spent alone with their alpha because an omega’s mate can sometimes tell when they’re going into labor before the omega detects it. Having other people around can sometimes confuse this small change in scent which can lead to all kinds of problems. Mostly just spent nerves before its even time to really worry. The first couple of days after the birth the mother and father spend with their new offspring alone so that they can settle and imprint. These first few days are when the baby will learn how to identify their parent’s scents.

“I know, but we still get to be in the room when it happens right?” Darcy asks as she sits down on the floor in front of Bucky. Sue and Rogue are by his sides. Bucky rolls his eyes as he tells her for the fifth time,

“Yes Darcy you can be there for that. Steve is going to hate it but that’s his problem.” Over in the kitchen Steve feels like he’s going to cry. He knows he’s going to be absolutely insane
through the whole birth.

“Tough luck, bra.” Remy says from his seat on the counter. Steve hands him another dish to dry.

“See how you like it when it’s your turn.” Steve grumbles. The Cajun beams in the knowledge that he will be getting that turn sooner rather than later.

Reed has not fled to the lair of science today. Instead he’s helping clear the table by handing Steve the dishes to wash from over the counter. The stretching arms makes it easy.

“You know they have some lovely drug cocktails that will take the edge off if you’re really concerned. It might be better to ask for a sedative beforehand rather than need one and get stabbed.” Reed informs them from his position of experience.

“Get stabbed?” Steve asks as he gets lost.

“I was panicking, an orderly had to sedate me so I could stay in the room.” Reed explains. “I was stabbed with a needle.” Remy flinches and cringes.

“No! None a dat fo’ Remy! Dis Cajun’s doin somethin else.”

“I don’t know if that kind of sedative would even work on me.” Steve ponders worriedly. “I’ll have to ask Ingrid.” He decides.

“How is she by da way?” Remy asks.

“She’s very German.” Steve says with a firm nod. “And she has a picture on her wall of her delivering a human-sasquatch hybrid.” Steve’s still not sure how he feels about that. Remy and Reed are about to ask when JARVIS interrupts.

“Sergeant Barnes, Mr. Parker has asked if it is alright if he brings Mr. Wade Wilson with him? He says he made something for you and would like to see you open it.” The British voice from nowhere explains.

“Is it explosive or poisonous?” Bucky asks as he scowls.

“No it is not, sir.”

“Fine.” Bucky says with a sigh. At least he asked. That’s a hell of a lot better than last time Wade showed up. Bucky has heard some vague comments from Peter that the merc is back in his life again. The alpha went overseas for work for a while to give Peter some space but has since returned.

Steve puffs up when he hears that Deadpool will be in the same room as his mate.

“I’m really not comfortable with this.” He tells Bucky from the kitchen.

“I’ll just open his present and tell him to go.” Bucky says unworriedly. “ Seriously Steve, what is he going to do with this group of people around me?” He gestures to just the people in his immediate one meter radius. He pokes Darcy with his foot.

“I can count on you to Taser Deadpool, right? You’re my first line of defense.” Bucky tells her playfully.

“Bet your pregnant ass I am.” Darcy nods as she grabs his foot and takes off his slipper.
“Tickle me and I will pee on you.” Bucky says in warning. He’s actually completely serious. Darcy laughs hysterically.

Tony comes walking in pushing a stroller that he built from scratch to include all kind of helpful features. Like a place to stash a water bottle and a secret compartment to store the worlds most compact rocket launcher. The rocket launcher comes with the stroller.

“Did I just hear you give the OK to invite a merc into my home?”

“Yes.” Bucky tells him without hesitation or inflection. Tony sizes up the deadly, irritable, hugely pregnant omega and realizes he’d rather take his chances with Deadpool than get in an argument with The Winter Soldier. No telling what Bucky would do if pushed. Other than roll, Tony thinks.

“I’ll get some cake out for him then.” He says as he puts the brake on the stroller and goes to the fridge.

The elevator opens and all heads turn to see Peter and Wade walk in together. Peter looks nervous and tired next to Wade. Wade is carrying a really big garbage bag full of something light and soft. The garbage bag looks this it has been assaulted with duct-tape and sparkly bows.

“Hi cool Superheroes!” Wade says as he waves vigorously. Peter immediately face palms. Bucky smiles at his friend.

“Hi, why don’t you set that down?” Steve says as he puts himself between Deadpool and his mate. Steve pats Peter on the shoulder as Peter slips passed him to go greet Bucky. Peter goes over to his friend.

“Can I?” He gestures to Bucky’s now enormous belly. Bucky rolls his eyes.

“Why not? The buggers are putting on a show.” Peter feels excitedly.

“Oh!” One of them gives his hand a good kick. Bucky grimaces and takes some calming breaths like Ingrid’s been showing him. Peter takes his hand away. “That was impressive.” Peter says as he takes a seat next to Darcy.

“My ribs are aware of that. I swear if half of them didn’t have metal brackets they’d be broken.” The omega groans. On the couch opposite of them Matt winks. Bucky nods at him sympathetically. Elektra is situated snuggly at her mate’s side looking peaceful. She looks sideways at her mate and pats his ribcage.

“Wade what are you doing?” Peter asks as he leans back to look around Darcy. Steve is standing there looking alarmed as Wade takes off all of his weapons. Wade hands Steve a third set of handguns to go along with the impressive pile already accumulated in his arms.

“No swords, those stay with daddy.” Wade says to Steve before turning to face Peter. “Oh you know making people nervous, trying to be friendly, strip teasing.” Wade says as he takes the hint to not approach the group of omegas. He wanders over to the table they just ate at and sits down as he babbles.

Steve looks down at the pile of weapons in his hands then glances over at the swords on Wade’s back. He looks at his mate nervously.

“How about we do the presents now?” Steve asks hopefully.
“Sure.” Bucky agrees for Steve’s sake. “Which one first?”

“I think Val should open one of her’s first.” Sue says as she bounces her daughter on her shoulder. Sue has been sober now for fifteen weeks. Her relationship with her children is still a work in progress but from where Bucky’s sitting now, by her side watching her play with her daughter, the future does look promising.

“Go ahead.” Bucky tells her. Sue points at a small one in a white bag with pink crepe paper inside.

“Darcy would you give me that one please?” She asks. Darcy reaches back for it and hands it to Sue. “Do you want open?” Sue coos at her daughter who has turned interestedly to look at the bright paper. The infant reaches for the paper and pulls. Her soft little arms yank the paper out in one pull. Some of the guests chuckle at how she holds it fascinatedly. Sue reaches inside the bag and pulls out a box from a jewelry store. She opens it and shows Val. “See what mommy and daddy picked out for you.” She looks up and meets eyes with her husband. Mr. Fantastic looks on at his wife proudly. It’s been a long times since her mate has seen her acting so adoringly towards the daughter she was having a hard time accepting as hers. Val traces her finger over the gold bracelet in the box. Sue takes it out. “Bucky would you hold her for a second so I can put this on?” Bucky transfers her confidently onto his shoulder like he’s been handling infants for years. He pushes his hair behind his ear so hopefully she won’t get a handful. Sue clips the bracelet into place and runs her finger over the inscription. Bucky peeks at it curiously.

Valeria 613

“What does the number mean?” Bucky asks. Sue looks over at Reed.

“Would you explain? It’s your theory after all.” She says with and eye roll and a smile.

“Sure!” Reed says excitedly. He’s so rarely asked to explain his theories to anyone. “613 is the name that I’ve given our universe. So far I’ve identified dozens of realities that exist. The real number may be infinite. Not just pocket universes like the ones my son can make, whole other realities. I’ve been to a few.”

“Ditto.” Deadpool says as he munches on cake. Reed looks at him quizzically before continuing. He will ask later. “This one is called 613. Well you see it had to be called something and 1 was sort of boring so I just came up with an arbitrary number and that’s been what I’ve been calling it.”

“The bracelet means that this is our Valeria.” Sue says much more simply as she takes Val back.

“Yes, that too.” Reed says with a chuckle. Nobody else speaks for fear of ruining the moment. Finally Bucky feels the need to move on.

“Okay then twins next. Wade how about yours?” He says as he makes grabby hands at it. Darcy hands the present to him.

“I hope you don’t mind if they’re homemade, you really can’t buy these in stores.” Wade explains excitedly. Peter thunks his head against Bucky’s knee. Bucky tears the garbage bag with The Weapon. As soon as it’s open a fluffy stuffed animal springs out of the overstuffed bag. Bucky doesn’t get it. It doesn’t look homemade. He pulls that one out followed by another one and another. There are ten stuffed animals of varying sizes inside the bag.
“Thanks, I don’t get why it’s homemade?”

“No… look harder.” Wade says in a voice that suggests he’s imitating something. Bucky doesn’t understand that reference. He inspects a bunny rabbit. Along the back he discovers there is a Velcro opening. He pulls it apart and discovers the inside of the stuffed animal has a pouch inside it. Bucky grins as he looks up at Wade. Wade makes little fists which he waves close to his chest.

“They’re little hiding places for weapons!” He squeals. Bucky gasps as he examines the others to see how big the pockets are. He can fit so many useful things inside these!

“I knew you’d love them.” Peter says as he hangs his head. “Because you are weird like that.”

“Damn.” Rogue says as she shakes her head. “That’s good.” She says to Wade. He preens under all the attention.

“Well you know, from one crazy killing machine to another.” He shrugs.

“Thanks Wade.” Bucky says sincerely once he’s done checking out his present. Peter reaches into his pocket and hands something to Bucky. Bucky looks at it as he tries to puzzle out what it is. It’s a sock with one end sewn closed and some kind of heavy contents. Wood chunks and rocks he suspects. He hears rice as well.

“Other hand.” Peter instructs. Bucky continues to wonder as he switches it to the palm of The Weapon. “Squeeze, hard.” Bucky grips the thing solidly. It suddenly dawns on him.

“It’s a stress ball.”

“So you don’t break Steve’s hand during labor.” Peter says amusedly. “I figured the regular kind would be too wimpy so I made one.”

“Smart.” Sue admires. Tony gestures over at the elaborate also homemade stroller.

“Hello? Can I get some love here?” The genius asks.

“Yes Tony you are also very pretty.” Bucky tells him.

Chapter End Notes

Tying up these loose ends is nice. Look at all them dopes making peace with their issues and solving them and living happily until the next big crisis. Ingrid will show up later. I was going to write a chapter about them going to meet her but I realized I could accomplish what that chapter would have accomplished in summery and save from for more interesting things. Waters seem calm? Don’t worry, it’s just the calm before the storm.

-The Trollop
“Ingrid called she said she can’t do today, there’s a delivery.” Steve says loudly to talk over the sound of the vacuum as he walks into his bedroom. Bucky looks up and takes one of his ear buds out.

“What?”

“Ingrid can’t do our appointment today. Somebody’s having a baby. She didn’t say anything other than ‘it’s going to be a big one’ and then say made this kind of giddy noise that I think was a laugh.” Steve explains with the phone still in his hand. He sets it down on the dresser.

“She is capable of laughter?” Bucky says as he squints and leans on the vacuum.

“You want me to do that?” Steve asks as he points at the vacuum.

“I wouldn’t mind you unplugging it, I’m done with this room.” Their bedroom is back in order now, the nursery is fully outfitted after the baby shower, they even redecorated so that the room doesn’t look like Tony just bought an antique store and called that their furniture. Now all they’re missing is the babies. It’s been three and a half weeks since the baby shower. Absolutely everything Bucky was feeling then has grown exponentially in the past three weeks. And even though he is so sick of being pregnant he’s also so terrified that in just a few short weeks he won’t be.

“Sure.” Steve bends over and unplugs the cord. Bucky watches him enviously. He hasn’t been able to bend over like that in months.

“Show off.”

“Says the man whose record still hasn’t been beat on that damn obstacle course.” Steve says critically. Bucky is never going to live that down.

“Would you just plug this in in the living room?” Bucky huffs. Steve takes the vacuum and drags it along with him.

“I could do this ten times faster than you can.”

“Not the point.” Bucky says as he slowly waddles his way after him.

“I tell you what, let me do this and then you can assert your capableness by going out tonight.” Steve offers. Bucky takes his other ear bud out and wraps the cord over his shoulders. He looks at his mate like his head’s on backwards.

“I’m sorry what now? I thought you just suggested we do something that requires me not just sitting around like a lump. But that would be crazy because you have not done that literally since our anniversary.”

“That’s not true.” Steve says as he tries to think of something that counts as a date. He can’t think of anything so he pursues his lips and crosses his arms. Bucky sighs.

“What did you have in mind?” He asks.
“I kind of want to go see this movie.” Steve says. “It’s been out for a while and it’s a Tuesday, if we catch a matinée there will be nobody there to complain when you talk the whole time.”

“You’re the one that talks I just answer all your stupid questions. What movie?”

“The Dawn of The Plant of The Apes.” Steve says hopefully, as if Bucky for some reason would say no.

“Have you seen the 2011 one?”

“Yes!” Steve says proudly. He has a bad habit of watching sequels without seeing the first one.

“Let me get ready then, you vacuum.”

.oOo.

Bucky puts on a pair of tights that look like jeans and a huge T shirt. He throws on a hoodie and his favorite black leather jacket to stay warm. “Steve!”

“Yeah?” Steve walks in. Bucky pouts and looks down at his sockless, shoeless feet.

“Help?” Bucky says pathetically.

.oOo.

There are three other people in the theater and no one seems to recognize them. It’s all going very well. Bucky sits with his feet up on the metal railing in front of him. Steve’s feet are next to his like birds on a wire. Bucky eats a third of the popcorn before the movie even starts.

Bucky sucks at a piece that got stuck between two of his teeth when all of a sudden his abdomen seizes painfully. Steve feels Bucky fold in on himself. The contraction stops a moment later. Bucky didn’t make a sound.

“Buck?” Steve says worriedly. He’s growing more panicked by the second. He rubs Bucky’s back. “Talk to me what’s going on?” Bucky shakes his head. He’s not sure if that was a Braxton-hicks contraction or if it was the real deal. Only time will tell. Bucky eases back into his seat and pats Steve’s hand.

“I’m okay, just a contraction. It probably won’t happen again.”

“And if it does?” Steve says in concern he leans over and smells the scent glands on his mate’s neck to see if he can tell a difference. He can’t detect anything strange.

“Then we call Ingrid and go to the hospital.” Bucky says calmly. It’s probably nothing.

.oOo.

Three fourths through the movie it happens again. Bucky doesn’t scream or shout he just grips onto the seat and tries to breathe. The Weapon cracks the armrest to bits.

“Is it getting stronger?” Steve asks. Bucky gasps when it lets up.

“Oh fuck that hurts.”
“How bad?”

“How bad?”

“Not the worst I’ve had but not pleasant.”

“Shhh!” Some person hushes behinds them.

“How bad?”

“Fuck off!” Steve growls. Bucky immediately starts laughing. Steve’s never told anyone to fuck off in his life. Steve sighs with relief to see Bucky laughing. “You wanna stay for the rest of the movie?” The alpha asks.

“A few minutes go by and suddenly it happens again. Steve calls for help.

.Bucky has another contraction between when Steve calls and help gets there. Ingrid had a helicopter land in the middle of the road during rush hour traffic to pick them up. She wasn’t even in the chopper. Dr. Vasil was also notified to meet them at the hospital.

Bucky’s already panicking. He can already think of a million things that could happen. The biggest one is that he goes into labor and the babies lungs aren’t developed enough yet. Oh god, how could he fuck this up now? He’d been doing so good for so long. Steve is by his side as the medics help him into the chopper but they aren’t medics. These are people trying to take his babies. Steve is confused. These people are trying to hurt him and he’s just handing him over.

“No!” Bucky yells as he tries to pull away from them. He puts one of them in a submission hold and breaks one’s nose with the elbow of the weapon. Steve is yelling. He can’t trust Steve. Steve is letting these people take their babies. Why can’t he see they’re dangerous? The pilot of the chopper has a gun. The Winter Soldier will kill him. He grabs the pilot by the neck and knocks the gun away. The only thing that saves the pilot’s life is another contraction. Bucky feels something warm leak out of him. What is he doing? He needs a medic, oh fuck he’s having the babies it’s too soon! Steve gets in between the pilot and Bucky.

“Buck!” Steve yells in his face. Bucky screams back at him. Not in pain, pain is nothing to The Winter Soldier, in fear. He is afraid that he will not complete his mission.

Air strike. Another plane. Quinjet.

“James!” Natasha yells out the window as Clint expertly lands the thing with next to no space. Steve has had enough, he picks up Bucky and carries him to the Quinjet. “Clint get us to the hospital NOW!” Natasha yells urgently as she climbs back in the copilot seat. Steve has to restrain Bucky as he thrashes confusedly for the two minutes it take Clint and Nat to get them to the roof of the hospital. The EMT’s sedate Bucky immediately out of fear for their personal safety. Steve has to help them and it still takes four people to get him still enough to give the shot. Bucky screams and turns his head away as they inject him. Steve tries to soothe him by holding the omega but he just won’t stop crying dementedly. He babbles in different languages and whimpers as he fades into unconsciousness. The only parts of what he said that everyone understood was Steve’s name.

“Move!” Ingrid yells as she charges towards them. Ingrid is a fifty six year old, six foot two, body building champion, ex-Stasi agent who has been employed by SHEILD since the Berlin Wall fell. “His labor is premature, we must get him to the doctor now.” He snaps twice at Steve. “Pick him up and carry him we do not have time.”

.oOo.
Rather than leave it too chance that Steve will quietly allow the doctor to stick his hands inside his mate, Ingrid has handcuffed Steve to herself and is currently keeping him just close enough so that he can touch his mate and nothing else. Steve hates her but also adores her for the efficiency of what she just did. The entire floor is now guarded by SHEILD staff in case they are needed but no one has any guns. Bucky is being restrained but only by bed sheets. “There was some bloody fluid leakage but it looks like it’s stopped, it’s not a hemorrhage. His cervix is dilated but only about two centimeters. I want to give him something to stop the contractions because it’s still a little early. This is just prodromal labor, it could be a couple of days it could be a couple of weeks. I’d like it to be a couple of weeks.”

“Does he need to stay here?” Steve asks.

“I would recommend he be sent home Doctor.” Ingrid says in her stern voice. “Due to his history of trauma in a medical setting and given what we saw tonight we should consider sending him back to his own bed as soon as possible.”

“As long as he’s on bed rest that should be fine. If the contractions start up again and are painful like these were or if there is any sort of bloody discharge coming out of him, he needs to come right back here. If the contractions start back up and they are not painful, he’s probably fine. Just as long as they don’t last long and don’t happen within five minutes of each other.”

“I will instruct them in what to do.” She pats Steve’s shoulder. “Come on Captain, it would be best if he was at home when he wakes up.”

.Bucky quietly cries as he curls up with his body pillow. He banished Steve from the room as soon as he woke up. He’s still terrified and ashamed of what happened. Having Steve there was making it worse. Very late at night there is a knock at the door. Bucky punches his pillow.

“Stevie I said leave me alone!” Bucky yells angrily.

“Not Steve.” Peter calls from the other side of the door. Bucky pushes his face into his pillow. Peter has nothing to do with this. Oh hell why not, he’s calmed down a little.

“Fine!” He yells. The sound is muffled but enough so that Peter can hear. He opens the door and closes it behind himself after nodding to Steve. “Steve called you?” Bucky continues to talk with his face hidden.

“Yeah. He cussed at me. I don’t even know what he said but I wish I had recorded it because it was hilarious. Something about kicking the shit out of me if I didn’t get my ass over here. Or at least I think that’s how it translates from nineteen forties soldier speak.” Peter comes over and sits on the corner of Bucky’s bed. Bucky peeks out from his pillow.

“Uncharacteristically foul language is actually a symptom alphas experience during their mate’s labor.” Bucky rasps and he wipes the snot away from his nose.

“Really?” Peter says skeptically.

“Yup.” Bucky shifts a little so he can lie at a diagonal and look at Peter easier.

“That’s what happened then?” Peter asks.

“It triggered something else. I wasn’t me for a few minutes, or less me anyway. I haven’t done it in a while.” Bucky rubs his already red rimmed eyes. “All of a sudden I got confused
and thought I was under attack. I really fucked up.” Bucky grimaces. “Peter what if I did that to my babies? Steve was right there and I did it anyway.”

“I don’t know, I guess it’s possible it just doesn’t seem very probable. You didn’t hurt Steve did you?”

“No” Bucky croaks.

“I have a feeling the last three people on earth you’d ever harm are Steve and your babies.”

“Yeah.” Bucky coughs to get some phlegm out of the way. He pushes his face into the pillow.

“Stop worrying, you have better control than you’re giving yourself credit for.” Peter says assuredly. “Here’s the better question though: Why is your mate out there losing his mind worrying about you and I, not your mate, am in here talking this through with you?” Peter asks.

“I just don’t want to see him right now.” Bucky grumps. ”He was a part of why I was so scared.” Peter nods even though Bucky isn’t watching. Peter looks over at the open door that leads to the nursery.

“Can I look in the babies’ room?” He asks.

“The security’s inactive, go ahead.” Bucky tells him. Peter stands up and walks to the entrance. He puts his hands on the frame of the door. He doesn’t turn on the light he just stares at the darkness.

“Can I tell you something and have you never repeat it ever, unless I tell you it’s alright?” Peter asks as he hangs his head.

“Yes.”

“Her names was Gwen Stacy.” Bucky looks up at Peter, abruptly realizing that this moment goes way beyond Bucky just having a panic attack. “I was so in love with her, it hurt to be apart for a night knowing I’d see her the next day.” And she was his alpha. “Just like you and Steve we bonded when we were seventeen. She was too good for me but she wouldn’t have anyone else and I didn’t want anyone else. I still don’t want anyone else.” Peter says as his eyes water and his throat starts to hurt. “I wake up every day knowing my other half is gone!” And you cut your bonding mark off your own neck to make it go away, Bucky thinks. Peter’s voice shakes. Tears streak down his cheeks. “And there’s no magic turn of events that’s going to reunite us until the day I die too!” Peter huffs to catch his breath. “I had her! I caught her with a web as she fell! But I-!” He breaks down into shuddering sobs. “It - too late! She hit her head - She was gone before I got to her!” He runs his fingers into his hair and grabs it by the roots and pulls. “I held her - but she didn’t wake up! I had to move her someplace someone would go looking- her family doesn’t even know what happened!” Another round of sobs has him collapsing to his knees.

Bucky sits down next to him and pulls Peter’s head to his chest. “It’s okay Peter.”

“No it’s not okay! It will never ever be okay for me! But don’t you get it?” Peter gulps down some air. He sits up so he can look at Bucky. “Get back on the bed man, if you go back into labor I’m fuckin dead.”

“Yeah you are.” Bucky tells him as Peter helps him get re-situated with his pillow. Peter flops down onto the bed. He wipes away some of the lingering tears and sniffls.
“What you don’t get is that you are going to have that life you never imagined you were going to get.” Peter says as he wipes his face. “That perfect fucking fairytale ending, or close to it, that’s your life from now on. Or maybe it’s not I don’t know but at least that’s a possibility for you.” He swallows. “Your babies are going to grow up to be beautiful and the perfect mixture of you and Steve. You are never going to age until you actually are ninety years old and then you’re going to just decide to lie down with Steve one day and drift off and that will be how you go.” Peter wipes his eyes and nose. “All the bad stuff’s over so stop letting it taint all of the good stuff that’s happening now!” Peter yells, “And for fuck’s sake be happy because I don’t know how I’m going to carry on, but it sure as hell helps to watch you keep doing it!” Bucky embraces Peter protectively. He stays like that with Peter as the younger omega sniffles.

“Thank you.” Bucky whispers.

Chapter End Notes

The Trollop cried intensely while writing this and listening to 'I dreamed a dream' performed by everyone who has ever sang it. For those of you who have no idea what I'm going on about: Watch The Amazing Spiderman 2 it will assist your understanding of this chapter(or you know, the whole story) by so many levels.

Follow my tumblr so you can be a part of important things like my love affair with Micheal Fassbender and the discussion of what I'm going to write next.
http://thenotorioustrollop.tumblr.com/
Steve has been sitting with his back up against the wall outside the door. During the yelling Steve covered his ears and hummed ‘you are my sunshine’ so he wouldn’t hear. It’s been quiet for a while now. He’s starting to wonder if he should check on them when Peter opens the door. Peter looks worn down to nothing. His face is still all red and puffy from crying.

“Bucky says it’s okay if I sleep on your couch, if that’s alright with you?” Peter asks. His nose sounds plugged. Steve gets up.

“Of course! I’ll get you a blanket out of the linen closet.”

“No that’s cool I know where it is I’ll grab something. Bucky wants to talk to you now, go do that.” Peter waves him along as he drags his feet to the linen closet like he’s come back from the dead. Steve doesn’t mind his manners and play good host, he does what Peter said and hurries into his bedroom to go see his mate.

Like Peter told him, Bucky’s curled up with his pillow waiting for him. Steve walks over and sits down next to him on the carpet so they’re eye to eye. Bucky reaches out and strokes the side of Steve’s face. Steve takes his hand and holds it there.

“We never did talk about all this did we?” Bucky says out of the blue. Steve had already formulated an apology that he hoped would put him back in Bucky’s good graces. This he is unprepared for.

“What?” Is all Steve can think to say.
“I was in such a dark place for so long when I was recovering. You were the only thing I had to cling onto. When you left I had nothing. Then I found out I was knocked up with your babies and suddenly my world wasn’t about me anymore. I knew I had to get better for their sake and I didn’t have you to hold my hand. I never thought it was going to turn out like it did but look-!” He shrugs as much as he can while laying with his pillow. “Here I am.” Steve wipes a tear away from his eye with his thumb. “Once you got back I had no idea how to work you into the new life I built while you were gone. But I’ve been trying.”

“I was so confused when I got home.” Steve says as he keeps wiping away stray tears. “I wasn’t sure who you were and if it was okay that I still loved that person. It’s hard with you. If I love one version of you more than another, it’s like I didn’t love you enough before.” Steve averts his eyes. “I just wanted to keep seeing you happy, and safe, and by my side.”

“I missed you so much when you were gone.” Bucky says softly. “Stevie you’re my best friend. No matter what I always want you to love me.”

“No worries then.”

“Let me finish. We don’t say these things enough.” Bucky chuckles. “I know it makes you happy to see me readjusting to life. My new friends help me do that but you do too! I like it when we fight, make up, and learn then do it all over again. Peter can talk me down, Darcy was a charm at the hospital, Natasha is dear to me, but you’re the one I always want when I feel like I just can’t get a hold of myself.”

“I am going to get so many things thrown at my head for listening to you.” Steve says as he slowly shakes his head and grins.

“But I’ll always miss.” Steve rests their foreheads together.

“About the kids, I know this wasn’t planned but I couldn’t care less. Doing this with you is the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Back in the army we used to sit around and talk about what we would do after the war. The guys used to tease us about how many kids we were going to have. They thought we were going to have a whole house full. You used to give them the dirtiest looks…” Steve closes his eyes. “I liked the idea so much I was too embarrassed to bring it up.” Bucky leans forward and presses their lips together.

“Well wish granted. We’ve got these two, and Barton, and Tony, and Darcy-.”

“And Peter, and Rogue!” Steve laughs. They quiet down and just look at each other for a while.

“Come to bed okay?”

Steve gets up and goes around the bed to climb in behind him.

.oOo.

Four weeks later.

Bucky has officially had enough of this shit. He doesn’t care how fucking painful it’s going to be, he would rip his other arm off if it got these babies out of him. Anytime now Ingrid tells him, whenever he’s ready. Oh he is so ready! He’s currently sitting in his living room on day three of his seclusion. He’s actually watching T.V which is something he only ever does when he feels like crap. He has his Starkpad next to him in case someone Skype calls him. Darcy checks on him every couple of hours. The rest of the CSO of NY does so less frequently but just as reliably. He’s sitting...
on the carpet leaning his folded arms on his birthing ball. This is a position Ingrid taught him how to do if he needs to rest during labor. It’s also one of the few comfortable ways he can sit anymore. He’s been in pre-labor now for now for a day and a half but he has yet to have any consistent contractions. He reaches down and grabs his mug of tea that’s supposed to help induce labor. He has another stupid Braxton Hicks not-going-to-get-his-babies-born fucking contraction as his sips. He’s grown accustomed to these fucking things now. Steve walks over with their liquid lunches. Bucky’s been drinking fucking pediasure shakes for the past three days. Male omegas can’t have solid food once their baby’s head has dropped because the baby’s head completely compresses the junction between the fucking colon and the cloaca. Steve’s been drinking these stupid things with him even though he still has to eat these weird protein bars because his metabolism is so fast.

“What are you watching?” Steve asks as he sits down next to his cranky mate.

“The Silence of The Lambs.” Bucky says before he takes another drink of his tea. “I’m not hungry by the way.”

“You really need to eat so you have some strength for when it happens.”

“My stomach is so fucking squished the tea’s really enough. Useless though it is.” Bucky grumbles, “I wish it at least didn’t taste so terrible.”

“Can I try it?” Steve asks curiously. Bucky hands him the mug. Steve takes a sip and grimaces he tries to rub the taste away on the roof of his mouth. “Nasty!”

“Shut up, I want to just do this already!”

“Drink the pediasure, it’s better than that and it’s better for you.”

“I don’t wanna.” Bucky moans as he flops his forehead dramatically onto his ball. Bucky grunts. “Oh fuck there they go again.” He breathes slowly in through his nose out through his mouth as one of the babies turns. Steve rubs his shoulders and lower back to try and comfort him. He freaked out when this first started happening but has since mellowed by focusing on trying to make his mate feel good. Bucky rubs his stomach as the babies kick outward. This weirds him out so bad when they do this. They actually push out so their arms and feet make bulges on the surface of his stretched skin. He never did get stretch marks, there is one benefit to being a guinea pig. “Fuck!” he breathes as deeply as he can once it stops. Steve kisses him in between the crosses on the back of his sports bra right over a vertebra.

“Which position are they in.”

“I don’t know right now. One of their heads is right down in there though.” Bucky’s referring to his pelvis. “Any fuckin time you like body. Any time.” Steve snorts and scoots over so he’s behind Bucky. He wraps his arms around his mate and feels for where they are. Ingrid showed him how to do this. Oddly enough he’s better at it than Bucky is. Steve perches his chin on Bucky’s shoulder as he leans over him and gently palpates his mate’s womb.

“I think they’re both facing down right now.” Steve says. He stops checking and just wraps his arms around Bucky. Bucky takes another sip of his tea. On the screen Hannibal Lector bites a guard’s face. “Gross. Why are you watching this?” Steve presses his face into Bucky’s neck so he doesn’t have to watch this gory part. Bucky groans and sets his head down on the ball. “What was that?”

“My back hurts.” Bucky mutters into his arms. That’s not entirely strange, Bucky’s back always hurts. Steve rubs his hands over the crests of Bucky hips in and down.
“Where, here?”

“Yeah.” Bucky’s a little defeated at the moment. This new backache is just cheddar. Steve presses his face back into Bucky’s neck. “What?”

“Noth- Actually you know what, you smell weird.” Steve says as he keeps rubbing his mate’s back. “When’s the last time you had a contraction?”

“Like fucking an hour ago when we called. Before that is was almost five hours.” Bucky tells him tiredly. Steve keeps smelling his neck. As he tries to puzzle this out. He decides to update the warden. He leans back and takes Bucky’s phone off the coffee table. He dials Ingrid’s number.

“Geht es Ihnen gut?” She asks. Steve has absolutely no idea what she just said but he assumes it was a greeting.

“Hi Ingrid. It’s Steve not Bucky.”

“My apologies, I thought you were the educated one. How is he?”

“Grumpy.” Steve says as he pets his mate's back. “And he smells different, and his back hurts, one of their heads is still where it was an hour ago, and the other one just moved.”

“When was his last contraction?”

“An hour ago when I called.”

“I am predicting that they will start coming very soon.”

“Oh fuck!” Bucky clenches on his ball and starts taking more deliberate breaths. Steve startles, then looks at the magic phone.

“He just had one didn’t he?” Ingrid says in her usual deep monotone.

“That was one right?” Steve asks just to be sure.

“Oh, Stevie! God!” Fluid is running from between the omega’s legs. “That was my water!” Bucky sounds very happy and very much in pain but mostly just excited. Bucky starts laughing joyously. “Oh thank fuck!”

Steve is totally speechless. He stammers on the phone but can’t find words.

“Buh!” He winds up exclaiming. Any and all calm he had been attempting to build up for this moment evaporates as he watches Bucky laugh like a mad man leaning on his birth ball.

“His water just broke, ya?” Ingrid says disinterestedly.

“Yes it did!” Bucky is so overjoyed he could cry.

"I predict this is going to progress very fast Captain. I'd get a move on if I were you."

Bucky yells happily. “JARVIS tell Nat and Darcy to get the car ready, it’s time to go!”
Oh god.

-The Trollop

The Trollop's tumblr: http://thenotorioustrollop.tumblr.com/
Chapter 65

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Steve feels like his heart and lungs are going to explode out of his chest. He hasn’t felt this physically awkward and uncomfortable since before the serum. He runs from place to place in their suite trying to find where he put everything despite the fact he meticulously organized everything days ago. He actually stubs his little toe on a stool. He yelps but keeps doing what he’s doing. Everything is all in the suitcase he packed. He knows this, he made several lists and repacked multiple times. Still, Steve feels like he’s forgetting something.

“Do you think I need to bring my ball?” Bucky asks as he sits on it. Steve looks from the ball to the suitcase.

“How are we going to carry both of those and you?”

“I can walk just fine Steve. It’s uncomfortable but I can still do it.” Bucky moves how he’s sitting so his pelvis is more open. He is so ready for this. He closes his eyes and strokes his belly imagining the things he’ll do when he has his body all to himself. Sniping, going toe-to-toe will a mob of bad guys with just a knife and his fists. One side of his mouth slants upward at the sweet, sweet memory of being able to touch his toes. Rocking his hips to open up like this will help speed this up. Steve is keenly aware of his mate’s movements and what he’s intending them to do.

“Please stop trying to hurry. I don’t want you to get stuck here.”

“I’m not going to get stuck here. What are you even doing?”

“I forgot something…” Steve says as he paces.

“Nesting cradle?” Bucky says helpfully.

“Right!” Steve dashes back to their room to go get it. The nesting cradle is a flexible fabric bed that newborn infants sleep in next to their mothers, kind of like a dog bed with taller walls. This one is built for twins with a shallow little wall in the middle so the babies can still touch while not crowding each other. It was still in their bedroom because they’ve been getting used to sleeping with it and letting it get saturated with their scents. Steve collapses it and rolls it up like a mat. “Ball, bed, clothes, money… help me out what am I missing?”

“Hauh!” Bucky holds his stomach as his uterus contracts. This one lasts for about five seconds. Bucky takes deep breaths as he holds out his hand for Steve to help him get up. Even as he’s wincing from pain he’s still grinning. Steve gets his arm around Bucky’s back. Bucky suddenly realizes he’s greatly over estimated how much time they have. Steve can smell more fluid coming out of his mate.

“JARVIS help!” Steve yells. A second later the half the household is in their suite. They apparently were waiting outside. Tony’s in his suit.

“I’m going to go clear traffic!” Tony yells as he disappears to the launch pad. Clint picks up the suitcase and Bruce grabs Bucky’s ball.

“Nat and Darcy are already in the car. Darcy’s calling everyone.” Clint informs them as Steve helps Bucky stagger along. They take a whole two minutes to get to the elevator, a trek which
usually would’ve taken fifteen seconds tops. As soon as they get into the elevator Bucky grips onto Steve so hard Steve thinks The Weapon might have just bruised him down to the bone.

“Nahha!” The omega yelps and grits his teeth. The sound tapers off into a laugh. Clint and Bruce are a little terrified of him.

“Breathe, breathe.” Steve says with only a thin layer of calm.

“Keep telling yourself that and you’ll do fine.” Bucky says with the biggest shit eating grin. Bucky’s knees really don’t want to hold him but Steve has no idea how to carry him while he’s in labor. Bucky takes a few breaths as the elevator goes down.

“How far apart were those two?” Steve asks.

“Three minutes and eighteen seconds, Sir.”

“Holy shit.” Clint says nervously. He just vocalized how everyone is feeling perfectly.

“Can I have my stress sock?” Bucky asks.

“Front pocket.” Steve points for Barton to get it. Clint digs around frantically and until he finds it and gives it to Bucky. Bucky holds the stress ‘ball’ Peter made for him in the palm of the weapon.

The Elevator lets them off at the parking level under the tower. Natasha has the SUV pulled right up to the doors, they only have to go about ten feet to get in. Barton and Bruce throw their stuff in the back. Natasha looks jumpy behind the wheel as she watches Steve help her mentor into the middle back seat. They have a towel laid out for him so he doesn’t get super soldier amniotic fluid all over the seat. He knows the boxers he threw on are probably ruined. Clint and Bruce get into the row of seats in the back. Darcy is in the front seat.

“Oh my god! Oh my god! Are you okay? Do you hurt?” She says very fast all at once.

“Yes I hurt but I’m fine.” Bucky adjusts himself so he’s comfortable. “Okay Nat drive.”

Natasha puts the SUV in gear and drives like she’s being chased. The streets to the hospital are suspiciously clear of cars. Natasha is doing eighty at least.

“Natasha please be careful!” Steve begs as he holds his mate’s hand. Bucky slowly inhales and presses his head back into the seat.

“Gah!” He yells loudly as he instinctively parts his legs. He gasps and exhales forcefully three times before the contraction ebbs.

“That one was three minutes apart.” Bruce informs them as he looks at his watch.

“Holdon! Holdon! Holdon!Holdon!” Darcy bounces in her seat. Bucky opens his eyes and looks at all of them. He snorts and rubs his stomach as he laughs.

“Why does he keep laughing?” Clint asks finally.

“Because this shit ain’t got nothing on being Wiped! Try having every muscle in your body contract tight enough to break bones. Now picture living through that being done to you dozens of times.” Bucky puffs out his cheeks. “Oh!” He holds up the weapon and extends his index finger while still holding his sock. “For some reason I just had the craziest memory hit me!” He
wriggles so he can lay his shoulders in Steve’s lap. “When I fell from that train, I actually woke up before they found me. They say birth feels like having twenty bones broken at once, I think I must have broken forty of them because damn!” He throws his flesh arm over his eyes. “I could not move at all!” He says like he had a flat tire on his car. Nobody in the SUV is moving at all as Bucky tells them about the most horrific moment of his life in the way Steve sometimes describes their pastimes together. “You’d think I’d bleed out right? Well I would have, but it was so cold my blood actually froze my wounds closed! Ain’t that fucking incredible? Oh shit here we go again!” Bucky screams in pain but resists the urge to push because he has no idea if he’s dilated or not.

“Nat how much further?!” Steve yells even though she’s two feet away. Natasha turns the block and pulls into the emergency room parking lot at thirty miles an hour. The car stop just as Bucky’s contraction ends. Natasha bales and goes sprinting to get the EMT’s but halts when Ingrid comes running past her carrying a wheelchair under her arm. The passengers other than Steve and Bucky get out of the car and stand back. In the car, Bucky breathes through his nose.

“Shit.” He murmurs. Steve strokes his mate’s hair out of his face.

“What?” Steve asks as he squeezes Bucky’s hand.

“We forgot the fucking hair ties.” Bucky rolls his eyes and gently flicks Steve in the forehead and smiles at him. Steve’s all watery around the eyes. He beams affectionately at his omega.

Ingrid yanks the closest door to Bucky’s feet open. She does a cursory look at Bucky before she pulls the robe he was wearing open and pulls down his boxers. Steve growls as she handles his mate. She makes eye contact with Steve, purses her lips, and snaps.

“Enough!” She commands. She then pays him no more mind as she gently maneuvers Bucky’s legs up and apart. She takes out a pair of surgical gloves and puts them on to protect Bucky. Her face takes on a surprisingly tender quality as she gently prods the currently completely relaxed ring of muscles at the entrance of his cloaca. With her other hand she does as Steve did earlier, feeling his distended abdomen for the way his babies are positioned. Finally she makes eye contact with Bucky. “You’re doing very, very well.” Her smile is unpracticed and crooked but well meant. “You’re going to have another contraction any second now, correct?’

“Yes.” Bucky nods he can feel the tension building up.

“I’m going to feel inside you and see if it’s time to push.” She tells him like she’s not about to stick her hand up his ass. Steve tenses up but then Bucky’s crying out in pain again and neither of them really notice what she’s doing with her hands. “Oh yes! We’re ready!” She says happily. “Captain help me get him in the chair when this contraction is over, I want to get him inside. We’ve still got a long ways to go.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was too damn long so it's now two.

-You're welcome,

The Trollop
Chapter 66

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Ingrid got them a room with a bed big enough for Steve to sit with Bucky while he’s on his knees draped over his ball. Bucky rocks forward gently on the ball between contractions as he waits for them to last longer. They’ve been happening consistently every two or three minutes since the elevator. They’re getting stronger and now last about sixty seconds. Ingrid got him a smock that provides him a little modesty.

“How do you feel?” Ingrid asks.

“Like I need to push.” Bucky grunts. Ingrid takes Bucky’s ball away so he can lie down on his back. Steve puts two pillows in his lap and Ingrid helps Bucky lie down so he’s comfortable. A flash goes off in the room which makes Bucky roll his eyes particularly hard. He looks over and Peter and his fancy camera and glares.

“Could you at least turn the flash off?” Bucky asks with a sarcastic sneer. Peter shrugs and turns the flash off. Darcy and Natasha hide like frightened rabbits together in two chairs by the door. Peter takes a picture of them too.

Bucky takes a deep breath as the pain gets really horrible. He turns his head towards Steve’s neck. His mate kisses the top of his head. Bucky bares down hard. He makes low humming noises which get higher in pitch as he pushes.

“You’re doing very well. I can see the head now.” She nods. “Come on, more more more!”

“Ah!” Bucky stops to catch his breath.

“Keep going!” She says as she and Steve meet eyes. Bucky cracks the rocks inside his stress stock as he pushes.

It is so god damn painful but also hilariously easy compared to the things he’s had to do in life. When he told them in the car about the memory the pain brought back, he told them the most painful memory that belonged to the life before he became The Winter Soldier. It was not the most painful experience he’s ever had. As The Winter Soldier he learned how to ignore physical pain even when it is excruciating. He remembers once after finishing a mission in some hot place, he was resting under a tree with a bullet in his gut slowly killing him. Of course his handlers found him and fixed him up and froze him again and all was forgotten. The whole time he sat there waiting and admiring the color of the sand. Actually The Winter Soldier understands pain better than anyone but he does not feel it. He doesn’t understand the emotion of it. The worst pain James Buchanan Barnes and The Winter Soldier have ever experienced was the night he suddenly remembered how to feel emotional pain again. A wave of backlogged guilt and rage tore into him, but nothing was as bad as the realization he’d very nearly killed the man he loves more than life itself. That memory stabs him just to think about. Bucky and Winter writhed on the ground in agony where no one could hear the jumbled up nonsense he screamed as he remembered what he’d tried to do to Steve. The worst part of it was his mind was so fractured he couldn’t even remember if he’d completed his mission or not.

What he is doing now no longer registers on what James Buchanan Barnes or The Winter Soldier considers painful. Doing this with Steve is the best thing that’s ever happened to him. And he
really wants to hand his mate their babies.

The whole ordeal is over in five minutes once Bucky starts pushing. His daughter is born first and his son is born in the next contraction two minutes later. His baby girl gets handed to him as soon as she’s born. She squalls right away as the assistants wipe her clean. Steve says something passive aggressive and the assistants let him dry off their girl. Ingrid cuts her cord so Bucky can hand her to Steve and deliver the second baby. He’s just as perfect as his sister.

When the afterbirth is delivered, Dr. Vasil confirms the placentas detached whole and agrees with Ingrid that mother and babies are in fine health. They get Bucky out of the smock he gave birth in and get him his favorite robe. He doesn’t put on his compression bra because the babies should have skin contact with him. They are given back to him after they’ve been weighed. The girl weighs in at seven pounds ten ounces and the boy comes in just shy of seven pounds eight ounces. Ingrid thinks they are enormous considering they’re twins. Once they get Bucky covered up the whole extended adopted family crowds over to the doorway to come take a peek at what Bucky made.

“So the world wants to know: What are their names?” Peter asks. Bucky looks over his shoulder at Steve.

“I’ll name her if you want to name him?” Bucky says in a tired voice. Steve nods. Ingrid hands him their new baby boy’s paperwork on a clipboard. Steve fills it out without showing his mate. Bucky looks at him funny. “Fine Mr. Secretly Naming Our Children, I’m not showing you either!” He says with much more pluck and a dazzling smile. Bucky however has two babies in his arms and can’t really bring himself to move them now that they are settled. “I amend that, Ingrid will right down that her name is Alexandra Barnes Rogers.” He says as he kisses her head. He kisses his son’s head next. “And my son’s name is…?”

“James Barnes Rogers.” Steve says as he proudly admires his little family. The group in the doorway have mostly broken into awws, tears, and covering their faces. Natasha just left in a hurry so she isn't emotional publicly. Clint followed her though, so she’ll be fine. Bucky raises an eyebrow at Steve.

“That wasn’t on your list.” Bucky doesn’t really know how he feels about it just yet.

“Of course not. I couldn’t bring up the one I really wanted or you would have said no.”

“I would have said no.”

“Too late now, he’s our Jamie.” Steve announces. Bucky isn’t delighted with the name but he’s overjoyed with the baby, so it’s not so bad. Steve helps him tuck them in more securely inside his robe. Bucky must close his eyes because Ingrid is shooing the visitors away from the door so that Bucky can rest. Ingrid says something to Steve but Bucky’s nodding off and he doesn’t hear.

Bucky gets woken up by the absolute weirdest sensation he’s ever felt. It kind of hurts but it also makes the achiness that’s been in the tissue of his chest kind of feel better. It’s actually kind of rhythmic. Bucky startles awake but gets held by Steve before he displaces the newborns… who are currently suckling his nipples. Bucky has to fight very hard with himself not to detach them immediately. Steve is having a conversation with Dr. Vasil. The odd tingling sensation makes Bucky whimper in distress.

“Oh hi you’re awake.” The Doctor says. “Sorry I got here just at the end, I had to
commute to get here and the trenches preventing certain routes were a challenge.” So that’s what Tony did.

“It’s fine. Can I ask what they’re doing?”

“They’re nursing.” Dr. Vasil says with a particularly amused look on his face.

“What?” Bucky says in shock. “I’m a guy. I don’t do the milk thing.” Judging by the fact his newborns are definitely being fed at the moment, that’s not true.

“It’s very rare.” The doctor begins. “1.36% of the male omega population lactates and it’s becoming less common. I’ve seen it before twice.”

“It never ends does it?” Bucky says as he gives up and tries to figure out how the little buggers figured this out without his help.

“What?” The doctor asks.

“The surprises.” Bucky says as Steve helps him adjust himself to be a little more upright. Dr. Vasil starts laughing.

“Welcome to parenthood James.”

.oOo.

Epilogue

The Winter Soldier’s sparring partner misses him with his jab. Winter uses the momentum of his dodge to turn around and jump off the ground, knife in hand. He exerts perfect control and jabs his sparring partner in the wire mess of his vest. He could puncture it if he wanted, he could use The Weapon and puncture the vest, the left scapula, and jab this knife right between the fourth and fifth ribs into his quarry’s heart. Instead he gives him a nasty bruise, twists his hips and knees the SHEILD agent in the skull. Winter rolls as he lands and is back up on his feet an instant later. His sparring partner drops to the ground unconscious. Good thing he was wearing a helmet. Bucky stands up and takes stock of the two other top ranked SHEILD agents who are resting on the ground against the wall after getting their asses kicked. He tries to make each match go on for at least two minutes. He doesn’t take pleasure in instant kills when he’s training.

Nick Fury walks through the door into the training center. He shakes his head at his best field agents. Bucky stands there in a hoodie with the arms cut off and the bottom part of the uniform he usually wears. Bucky nods to the SHEILD Director.

“You’re doing pretty damn well for being three months post-partum.” Nick says. It’s been three months and aside from his slightly wider rib cage he looks and fights almost the same as he did before he got pregnant.

“Yup. Super Soldiers apparently do that. Can I help you?”

“I’ve decided to ask-.” Nick gets cut off by the sound of Sasha crying. Bucky can tell the difference in their cries now. Sasha, short for Alexandra, is always the one who starts. Bucky rushes over to where the twins sit in their little carriers.

“Shh, shh, shh. Mommy’s here Sweat Pea. Don’t wake your brother up.” He unzips his hoodie, unclasps his compression bra, throws the blue blanket with the stars over his shoulder, and tucks Sasha under it so she can nurse. Bucky adjusts how he holds her so she can get a good latch.
then turns around so he can talk to Nick. Nick Fury stands there, uncertain if he should avert his eyes.

“You were saying?” Bucky asks, his face total deadpan. Nick clears his throat.

“I’ve got three candidate we’re considering hiring on as operatives. Problem is they’re cocky b- operatives and they’ve never lost a fight. I’ve also got some requests from of few friends of mine in the military and intelligence community who would very much like the have the metal of their top people tested by the best.” Bucky blinks at him unenthused and adjusts his daughter. “In other words, I’d like you to do some work for me. If you do good work we might talk about your future role here. I know you’re interested in going on missions with Steve when you can.”

Bucky considers what Nick’s asking of him. “Okay but I have one condition.”

“Yes?”

“You’re paying Darcy to babysit.”

Chapter End Notes

There you have it. This is the longest work I’ve ever written and I love it so much. This has been such an awesome experience for me as a writer and hopefully an enjoyable one for you all as readers. Thank you to everyone who has faithfully commented, you are the ones who got this story updated daily for the past six weeks. The universe I’ve created is much, much bigger than what I’ve written about in this story. I do have favorites to concentrate on obviously. As I have said before I am going to write a sequel to this. It will be set when the kids are in grade school a few years down the line. I think you’ll enjoy it a lot. I want to focus that story more broadly so I can tackle Peter’s life problems better. He really didn’t get his happy ending unfortunately and I feel obliged to write some kind of closure on that. Also I fucking love Wade and I really want to write about him. He is a fascinatingly complicated character (Like someone I just wrote a damn book about) and hilarious to boot. Oh the references that will be made.

There is also going to be a story about Charles Xavier and Erik Lennsher down the line where I will write about basically how a divorce works in this universe. That story’s also going to have to do with a faux history of every civil rights movement in the United States since the 1920’s so I need some time to research before I write something thoughtful but also not a history lesson.
The Squeal has launched! http://archiveofourown.org/works/2509112/chapters/5572643

The twins were born today October Tenth 2014, which also happens to be The Trollop’s 21st Birthday.

Works inspired by this one, Omega Squared by catlyon

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!