Unexpected Pleasure

by Lemonalt

Summary

You and Bucky have been together for some time now and while your relationship is great, you feel like something is missing. One day, you get exactly what you wish for. But is it too good to be true?

Notes

Disponible en español [aquí](#)

See the end of the work for more notes.

It’s was a long day at work and you’re glad to be home. You’re in the kitchen trying to decide what to do for dinner since Bucky should be back soon as well. The two of you aren’t officially living together but he spends the night in your apartment often enough that you might as well be.

You and Bucky have been together for a while and it’s better than you could have ever imagined. You used to hate those couples that would walk down the street, holding hands and kissing and being adorable. Now, you are one of those couples. When you’re together, he’s always holding your hand or has his arm around your shoulders or is kissing your cheek. Sam makes fake gagging noises whenever the two of you are being extra adorable, and then you up the ante just to piss him off.

You love Bucky and you love being with him but, somehow, it feels like something is… missing. It’s not that you’re dissatisfied or anything, because you’re not. Bucky is fantastic and he’s a perfect gentleman in every aspect of your relationship, particularly in the bedroom. Whenever you have
sex it’s always sweet and gentle and passionate and he always makes sure you come.

The only thing is that… well… Bucky tends to hold back. He’s always very careful because he’s afraid he’ll hurt you if he’s not. You understand, given his enhanced strength and all, but sometimes you feel he’s too careful. He never uses his metal arm with you—he always tries to make sure you’re on his right side, away from it—and seems to act as though you’re made of glass sometimes. You know he loves you and he’s just trying to protect you, but you still want… a bit more. That’s not selfish, right?

Last night you brought it up with him and the two of you talked about it. You made some suggestions for how the two of you could switch things up—being a little rougher, maybe some dirty talk. It was definitely an awkward conversation for both of you. You told him how you trust him, that you know he’d never hurt you, and he said he’d try. Even so, you could tell he was uncomfortable with the idea. You reassured him that if he didn’t want to that it’s fine—you love him no matter what and it’s not that big of a deal—but, seeing how uncomfortable he was, you decided to table the discussion for later. After that, the two of you went to sleep.

This morning Bucky got called in early for a mission with Steve and Natasha. He had to leave before you woke up, so you haven’t seen him since your conversation last night. The note he left for you said that he’d be back in time for dinner. He seems to be running a bit late but that’s fine since you got distracted working on some painting.

You realize you don’t really feel like cooking so you get out some frozen stuff to microwave. You’re at the kitchen counter, in your old, paint-spattered t-shirt and jeans, getting things ready when your apartment door opens and Bucky walks in.

"Hey, Bucky. Dinner's almost ready. Well, sort of," you say as Bucky walks into the kitchen. Suddenly, Bucky grabs you by the hips and spins you around so you’re facing him. He kisses you forcefully as he grinds into you, his hands gripping your ass. You gasp and he takes the opportunity to explore the inside of your mouth. You grab onto his arms, feeling the strong muscles on one side and the hard metal on the other. When he breaks the kiss, you’re breathing heavy.

"Yeah, dinner can wait," you say, out of breath. You pull him into another kiss and he seems surprised for a moment, but it passes quickly and he pins you against the counter, grinding into you again. You can feel how hard he is and you can feel how wet you’re getting because of it. He abruptly pulls away from you and takes a step back. You’re confused for a moment but it doesn’t last long.

"Get on your knees," he says, his voice deep and commanding, and you comply without hesitation; it seems he listened to what you said last night. You didn’t expect him to do something like this so soon but hey, you’re not complaining. You look up at him expectantly as he unzips his pants, pulling out the cock you know so well.

"Suck," he orders, and you do. You eagerly wrap your lips around the head of his cock and run your tongue around it, savoring the taste, before you begin bobbing your head along his length. You’re really liking this more dominant Bucky.

“Хорошая девушка,” he says. You don’t know a lot of Russian but, when you hear him speak it, it turns you on even more.

Then he grabs you by your hair and starts thrusting. You grab onto his thighs to steady yourself as he fucks your mouth. His cock is so big and thick in your mouth and throat and his grunts and
growls of pleasure are delicious. You’re loving every second of it. Then he holds you in place with
his cock shoved deep down your throat and your lips around the base of his cock. "Так
прелестна..." he says as you look up at him, your pupils blown wide with lust.

Suddenly he pulls himself out of your mouth. He picks you up and puts you over his shoulder as he
-carries you to the bedroom. He drops you onto the bed before grabbing the neckline of your paint-
spattered shirt with both hands and ripping it apart. Then he grabs your pants and does the same.
He pulls off your bra and panties leaving you naked.

He licks his lips as he looks you over, anticipating what he’s going to do, before climbing on top of
you, still fully clothed except for his dripping cock. He leans his head down and begins sucking on
your neck as he squeezes your breasts. Then his hands move down your sides, feeling every inch of
your skin along the way. Finally, his metal hand slips down between your legs, feeling your slick
pussy.

“Ммм… Твоя пизда так влажная для меня,” he mutters into your neck before pressing two cold
fingers into you. You moan in delight and roll your hips up into his hand. He curls his fingers
inside you as his thumb rubs over your clit. You whimper and squirm as you can feel the tension
inside you growing.

“Потерпи,” he says. “Я еще с тобой не закончил.” The fingers are soon replaced by his throbbing
cock. He slides into you slowly at first before he grabs your hips, hard enough to leave bruises, and
slams into you again, and again, and again, picking up speed. Your legs wrap around his waist as
his arms move up your back to hold you by your shoulders while he continues his ministrations on
your neck, leaving a trail of hickies behind while he fucks you.

“Ты моя,” he growls, ”Моя маленькая шлюшка,” and you can feel your climax fast approaching.
Just a few more thrusts and you arch your back as you are sent over the edge. He comes soon after,
filling you to the brim before pulling out of you.

You lay on the bed, limp and out of breath, floating on a cloud of endorphins. The last thing you
see is Bucky’s satisfied smirk as he zips up his pants before you drift off to sleep.

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About an hour later, you wake up to the sound of someone knocking on your door and calling your
name. You realize it’s Natasha so you throw on a robe and go to let her in.

“Oh, thank God,” she says when you open the door, clearly relieved but you’re not sure why.

“What’s up?”

“Are you alright?” she asks, definitely worried about something.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Why? What’s going on?” you ask, confused.

She takes a deep breath before starting. "Something happened on the mission today…"

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Natasha tells you everything that happened.

She tells you about the mission they were on, how they were going after some rogue Hydra agents.
She tells you how she, Steve, and Bucky got separated. She tells you that one of the guys they were
after must have had the trigger words and, when they found Bucky, he attacked them and ran.
They've been trying to find him ever since.

Your head is spinning, trying to process what she's telling you. None of this is making any sense. He was just here and he was… he was fine, right? It was all just him doing what you’d talked about last night. There wasn't anything out of the ordinary except for… well… everything…

Natasha gets a text from Steve saying that he found Bucky and also sends her their location. You quickly get dressed and you and Natasha head out as you try to figure out how you could have not realized what was going on.

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It has been a couple of weeks since the mission and things seem to be getting back to normal. Bucky only remembers bits and pieces of what happened, and hardly any of what happened with you. He remembers going to your apartment. He knew he was supposed to be there, and he knew he had a key, but he didn’t know why. Then he saw you. He felt… something. Maybe it was recognition on some level? He remembers walking up behind you, and that’s it. Nothing else. The rest is a blank until Steve found him. He was scared that he’d hurt you or worse and was beyond relieved when he saw you and Natasha.

He doesn’t know exactly what happened but he knows you’re ok, that he didn’t do anything to hurt you. He knows that you’re not scared of him and that you love him just the same as you did before. For now at least, that’s good enough for him.

Bucky is still rattled by what happened but Wanda has been helping him with his memories. The more he remembers, and the more it sinks in that nobody was hurt, the more he starts to feel like himself again. Even so, the gravity of what happened is not lost on either of you. You know how badly things could have turned out and you’re both grateful that nothing worse happened.

The two of you don’t really talk much about exactly what happened. He doesn’t bring it up, other than to say how things are going with Wanda, and you weren’t even sure what you’d say if he did. You figure, for now at least, it’s best to just not bring it up.

You're getting back to your apartment after another long day at work and, when you walk in, you see Bucky sitting on the couch. You already start to feel a bit better.

"How was your day?" he asks, and you tell him, glad to be able to complain to someone.

You're so busy trying to hang up your coat while you’re talking that you don't hear Bucky get up. You aren’t expecting it when he wraps his arms around your waist from behind.

"I'm sorry you had a bad day, but I think I know something that will take your mind off it," he says. "Это ты бы хотела, Кукла?"

You gasp in surprise when he kisses your neck.

“What did you have in mind?” you ask and he chuckles a bit.

“More of my memories came back today. Memories of what we did,” he says, nuzzling your neck. "I remember how eager you were, how much you loved me taking control." He pulls you closer to him. You can feel how hard he is already. "Do you think you could help me remember the rest?” he asks with a smirk.

You smile. “Absolutely.”
End Notes

This is a list of all the Russian used in the fic. I am not a native speaker so, if anyone finds any mistakes, please let me know so I can fix them.

- Хорошая девушка (Khoroshaya devushka) = Good girl
- Так прелестна… (Tak prelestna…) = So pretty…
- Твоя пизда так влажная для меня. (Tvoya pizda tak vlazhnaya dlya menya.) = Your pussy is so wet for me.
- Потерпи (Poterpi) = Be patient.
- Я еще с тобой не закончил. (Ya yeshche s toboy ne zakonchil.) = I'm not done with you yet.
- Ты моя (Tih moya) = You are mine.
- Моя маленькая шлюшка (Moya malen’kaya shlyushka) = My little slut
- Это ты бы хотела, Кукла? (Eto tih bih khotela, Kukla?) = Would you like that, Doll?

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