### Everything Has Changed

by RogueWitch

**Summary**

With the SHIELD files hitting the internet, something interesting gets flagged in Darcy's file, by Hydra. The Avengers send Bucky to bring Darcy to safety.

Beta read as of May 29, 2017

**Notes**

This just popped into my head over night. I couldn't shake it all day, so here it is.

I just want to take this space to thank my amazing and wonderful beta, ktravierso, who has tirelessly gone through and edited this entire story. You're awesome, thank you so much.

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter Notes

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Everything Has Changed

Chapter 1: Savior

The bar was dingy, drafty and smelled like stale beer, but the booze were cheap, and her paychecks had dried up when SHIELD fell. Darcy sighed, she never thought she’d find herself back in nowhere Kansas. But here she was sitting in a crappy bar with no job prospects and an unfinished degree, broke. At least the hot guy at the end of the bar seemed to be checking her out. She could use some free drinks and maybe some drunk, uncomplicated sex in the back of her car. She sent him a wink and threw back her vodka shot. His clear blue eyes shone with mischief and he sent her a devastating grin and slid off his stool.

Darcy wasn’t surprised when a pair of strong hands came around her hips, one resting on her waist, the other sliding over her arm and cupping her hand over her shot glass. His breath was warm as he pressed close along her back, he smelled like vodka and leather with something deep and dark underneath.

“Darcy Lewis,” he whispered in her ear, she stiffened and went to turn around. “Act natural,” he slid the hand on her hip up into her hair. “I’m going to put something in your ear, I need you to smile and look at me when you talk.” His fingers touched the shell of her ear and slipped what felt like a Bluetooth in her ear. She looked up at him and gave him a shaky smile. “Good girl.” He leaned back and put his hand in his pocket, the other trailing down to rest on her jean clad thigh.

“Darcy?” Jane’s voice was tiny and breathy, but it was undeniably Jane. “I’m so sorry Darce, if I’d known you were in danger we’d never have let you leave.”

“Jane,” she felt like her heart had stopped. Jane had been devastated when she had to let Darcy go, but with no funding, she hadn’t needed an intern. “What’s going on?”

“Apparently your SHIELD file piqued the interest of Hydra when it hit light. Coulson buried it pretty deep, but when they dumped all their files, it eventually came up.” Jane wasn’t making any sense, what SHIELD file, the one that said she was a loser college dropout who couldn’t let go of her six science credit internship, or the one that said she was an absolute nobody. “The Avengers have all gone to ground, they sent Bucky to get you.” Darcy’s eyes went wide, Bucky, as in Captain America’s best friend from the 40’s? She’d listened in history class, Bucky Barnes died in 1944. The dark haired man just winked at her and ran a hand through her hair. “Listen to everything he says, he’ll keep you safe. I’ll call you when I can.” The line went dead and Bucky leaned in, brushing her hair back and retrieving the Bluetooth.

“You see those three men behind us,” Darcy went to turn, but his hand on the back of her neck stopped her. “No don’t look, you can see them in the mirror over the bar.” She glanced up out of the corner of her eye. They looked like goons, how had she not noticed them before? “They’re Hydra,” his breath was hot against her ear and his hand tightened on her leg. “They think I’m still working for
them, so I need you to play along, and I’ll get us both safe.”

“Okay,” Jane told her to trust him, so she had little choice. “What do I do?”

“Act like we’re flirting,” he told her, shifting even closer. “They want me to isolate you, and get you outside so they can grab you. Keep smiling. I’m going to order us some drinks, then I’m going to get fresh. It’s all part of the plan they’ve laid out, so they won’t be surprised. I want you to slap me,” he smiled at her and twisted a piece of her hair in his hands. “Don’t hold back, it needs to look good. You’re going to stalk out of the bar and then turn left into the alley, let me catch up to you. I have an empty needle, it’s going to hurt.” He looked down at his hand on her leg, she’d just let it stay there, no comment. “I’m sorry.” He leaned in as if he were kissing her neck, his lips ghosted over the skin and set goose pimples alight all along her body. “Let yourself drop to the ground, I’ll talk care of Hydra. I’ll explain everything else once we’re safe.” She reached down and squeezed his hand, her heart was beating so hard in her chest that she was sure he could see it, but he just smiled and signaled the bartender for another round.

“So, Bucky,” Darcy fidgeted in her seat a bit and he slid in between her legs. “I’m assuming since you’re practically dry humping me in a bar, I can call you Bucky.” He bit out a sharp laugh. “What brings you to bum fuck Kansas?”

“You’ve got quite the dirty mouth there, doll,” Bucky chuckled. “Steve’s going to be so sore he missed this.”

“Captain America likes girls who swear like sailors?” she quirked an eyebrow.

“Yeah, he likes some sass in his girls,” Bucky smiled at the bar tender and slipped him a couple of bills. “I’m tracking you, sweetheart. I was closest when your file surfaced, it helped that Hydra still thinks I’m working for them, it’ll throw them off our tail long enough to go to ground.” He handed her a shot. “Take the shot, I’m going to take advantage, my hands real cold, nothing I can do about it, hit me hard and walk out.”

“To the left, down the alley,” Darcy clinked her glass against his and threw it back. He leaned in close and slipped his hand up under the front of her shirt. It was like ice against her ribs, her eyes went wide, though that was probably what he was going for, gasping as the metallic hand rested just below her breast. She hauled back and punched him as hard as she could, feeling a little bad when he hit his head on the bar as she stalked out.

He caught up with her in the alley, his eyes full of amusement. “Baby, that was impressive,” he pushed her up against the wall of the bar. “Wait until those goons round the corner, fight with me, I’m going to jab you with the needle, I need you to drop to the ground, do not brace yourself, just fall.” Out of the corner of her eye she saw movement. Bucky pushed his knee between hers and grabbed her hands, pulling them above her head and holding them there with his very cold hand. She struggled and squirmed, not that it did her any good, his hold was like a vice. She was a little embarrassed when she realized he was enjoying their little charade more than she thought he should. He caught her eye and winked, then jabbed the needle into the side of her neck, he was right, it fucking hurt. He dropped her, and she let herself hit the ground and didn’t move.

Darcy kept her eyes closed, trying to keep her breathing even, while she tried not to listen to the sounds of flesh hitting flesh. Something slid to a stop near her face and she cracked one eye open. One of the goons had dropped their knife right in front of her. She watched Bucky take out one of the remaining two goons as the other one snuck up behind him. Bucky hit the ground, slumped against the far wall, a needle empty next to him. The last goon stalked over to her and leaned down. She gripped the knife and swung it in an arc in front of her. It was obviously very sharp, but it took all of her power to force it through the flesh it caught. Blood washed over her face and arms and the
man slumped down, his eyes wide and unseeing.

The blood was tacky on her hands as she wiped the knife off against her jeans before tucking it in her purse. Three dead bodies lay in the alley between her and the unconscious form of Bucky Barnes, one of which she’d help put there. Her stomach lurched and she put her head against the filthy alley wall and vomited. Darcy crouched down and took long deep breaths. ‘Gotta get yourself together, Darcy. You don’t know how many more might be coming.’ She stood up. She could freak out after she got the crazy not-so-dead man with the weird metal arm that her best friend told her to trust, out of the alley and away before someone looked down the alley and saw all the death. Not looking at the cooling bodies, she made her way over to Bucky and checked on him. He was still breathing, but it wasn’t looking like he would be moving on his own any time soon. A few of his stab wounds were leaking blood, and she was really going to have to do something about that before he bled to death. She was pretty sure Captain America would just let her die if she let that happen.

She could feel the adrenaline slipping away, her hands shook as she searched his pockets for keys and a phone. She found both, sticking the phone in her back pocket, and palming the keys, before giving her new friend a critical eye. She hefted his arms up and pulled him over her shoulder in her best attempt at a fireman’s carry, glad she’d opted for her boots and not the nice pair of heels she had in the back of her closet. He was heavy.

The clicker on his keychain led her to a big black SUV, because of course he’d drive a car she’d need help getting into. It took some careful maneuvering, and she was pretty sure she’d added to his injury count, for her to get him up into the back seat, but she finally managed, huffing and puffing as she climbed into the driver’s side door and scrolled through his phone. Darcy scrolled down to the name ‘Steve’ and said a little prayer that Captain America was the only ‘Steve’ that Bucky knew, and made the call.

“Hey Buck,” a kind voice came through the phone. She’d always imagined that Captain America would have a nice voice. “Everything okay?”

“We had a bit of a hiccup,” Darcy said into the phone, cradling it between her shoulder and her ear, turning the key in the ignition and pulling the SUV out of the lot.

“Who is this?” The nice voice grew angry and and demanding, oh Captain Voice, all commanding. If this wasn’t so serious, Darcy would have laughed.

“Darcy,” she sighed.

“Where’s Bucky?”

“Sleeping it off in the back,” Darcy looked into the rear view mirror, he still hadn’t moved. “Listen, I need to know where he was taking me, cause I don’t think our handsy friend’s gonna be very useful for a while.”

“What did he do?” Steve sounded suspicious, he also sounded like he knew his friend very well, and wasn’t surprised.

“A little groping, some teasing, nothing I couldn’t handle,” she laughed at the groan on the other end of the phone. “One of those Hydra guys stuck him with something and he’s got some stab wounds I’d like to look at, so a destination would be nice.”

“There’s a little motel off of Highway K on the way to Topeka, Buck’s got a room there,” he said. “Sorry if he got too fresh.”
“No worries,” Darcy said, pulling up the GPS and setting the destination. “He gave me fair warning before he stuck his hand up my shirt. Got a little excited when he told me to struggle.”

“Yeah, I’m not going to touch that one,” he said. “Look, get to the motel, clean up, Bucky will come around in a few hours, maybe less. I’ll meet you in a day or two.”

“You can do, Captain,” she said into the phone.

“You did good, sweetheart,” he disconnected the call before she could respond.

The motel was dingy and old, but clean. Getting Bucky back out of the car was much easier than getting him in, she lay him out on the bed and sat astride his legs with the first aid kit she found in the back of the SUV, and cut his shirt off to get to the stab wounds. She had just finished bandaging the last one when her patient groaned and gripped her hips with his large hands, pushing his hips up into hers.

Darcy made the most undignified squeak, and Bucky’s eyes flew open. “Hey doll,” he said, groggily and tried to raise his hands above his head casually, stretching. “What did I do to earn this unexpected lap dance?”

She could feel her face heat up as she ungracefully dismounted his hips. His hand shot out and caught her before she went tumbling off the bed. “It was easier to reach all your wounds.” He smirked and took a good look at her. Dried blood covered her arms and was matted in her hair, her jeans were nearly black with tacky blood. Bucky shot up and started pulling her shirt up. “Hey, hey,” she slapped at his hands. “The little slap and tickle at the bar was fun and all, but I need at least dinner before you get access to the girls.”

“Are you hurt?” he was undeterred by her slapping hands, running his fingers over her stained but unmarked skin.

“None of it’s mine,” she snatched his hands. “Most of it’s the asshole who got the jump on you.”

“You’re okay?” he said, satisfied with her nod. “What happened to the third agent?”

“I stabbed him,” Darcy tried not to look pale as she looked down at her hands.

“Seriously?” Bucky puffed out a big breath. “Hot and deadly, I’m so never complaining about babysitting duty again.”

“Whatever,” she rolled off the bed. “Where to next, cause I need a shower and I’ve got nothing to change into, and I kind of killed your shirt, not that I’m complaining, cause, damn, but you need a shower too.”

“Mutual attraction, I can work with that,” he put his hands behind his head, displaying his chest and giving her an appreciative look. “We’ll leave at first light,” he jumped topic. “We need a new car, we’re heading to St. Louis, there’s a safe house for us there. Steve will meet us in a few days.”

“He said,” Darcy sat back down, digesting everything he’d said. Her thoughts flitted around her like fireflies that she couldn’t quite hold onto, so much had happened in too few hours. She was well and truly ready for the day to be very over.

“Good,” Bucky smiled, a nice smile. “Curl up, doll, we can shower at the house tomorrow. There’ll be clean clothes there.” She must have looked dubious. “I won’t take advantage. Not unless you say it’s alright.” Darcy nodded and lay down. “You did good, doll face. I’m impressed, and I’m hard to impress.”
“Thanks, Bucky,” she smiled and curled on her side.

“We’re going to be stuck together for a while, sweet girl,” he told her.

“I can handle that,” Darcy mumbled.

“Good, cause I think this is the start of a beautiful friendship.”
Paradise Lost

Chapter Notes

I want to thank everyone for the wonderful response to this story, I'm really enjoying writing it.

Paradise Lost by Hollywood Undead

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 2: Paradise Lost

Bucky shook her awake all too soon. Too little sleep made her head wonky and her lips numb, but he just threw his arm around her waist and led her out to the car, opening the door and helping her in. She let the pat on the ass slide. She was alright with a little inappropriate touching, as long as she got to give as good as she got.

“Coffee?” she asked hopefully, curled up in the big front seat.

“No until we changed cars, darling,” Bucky pulled out of the parking lot. “Hydra can track this one too easily, and by now they know I’ve made off with their take.”

“That’s a flattering way to put it,” she grumbled, slipping down in the seat, if she wasn’t getting coffee, she was determined to go back to sleep.

“Good looking take,” he patted her head.

“Flattery will get you everywhere, soldier,” Darcy mumbled.

“I’ll keep that in mind, doll,” he pulled onto the highway, looking for a full diner, or an unattended car lot, somewhere he could snatch a car. “Don’t get too comfortable.”

“Not comfortable, comatose from lack of coffee,” she shifted her legs up onto the seat.

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Darcy woke up in the front seat of an old caddie, her head against Bucky’s thigh, a screwdriver in the ignition. He had a screwdriver but not another shirt. She filed that away for later contemplation. “We’ll be there in a few hours, sunshine,” his metal hand glinted in the sunlight where he gripped the steering wheel.

“Nice car,” she pushed herself up and got a good look at them both. Bucky hadn’t found a shirt with the car, his side arm bare in his under arm holster, bandages white against his bloodstained skin, and she looked like an unfortunate extra from a horror movie. “How have we not gotten pulled over?”

“Don’t poke at our good fortune, sweetheart,” he winked.

“Any chance you picked up coffee and food?” Darcy’s stomach grumbled, reminding her that the
only thing she’d had in the last twelve hours was a couple of shots of vodka, and she’d left that in the alley by the bar.

“No such luck,” Bucky told her, keeping his eyes on the road. “As you pointed out, we’re not fit for human consumption right now. I’m sorry babe, but we’re flying under the radar right now.”

“What happened?”

“Hydra,” he said, a shadow ghosting through his eyes. “Stevie found me, made a lot of noise looking. Hydra’s infiltrated everything, made the Avengers wanted, then your file came up. I kept my nose in, those that had been taking care of me were all gone, so the new guys didn’t pay any attention to the fact that I was acting autonomously. I wanted to keep a step ahead, but not get put back under.” Darcy didn’t know what that meant, but made note to ask later, apparently she’d missed a lot. “Hydra made noise about picking you up, got a whole plan together, I shared, and Thor had a bit of a storm attack, apparently that’s his thing, and I found myself in a bar with a feisty brunette.”

“What was in my file?” Darcy slipped her feet under her, buckling her seatbelt when she got a look at the speedometer. “I’m an orphaned, ex-science intern, with an unfinished degree in Political Science.”

“Not just an orphan, doll face, you’re adopted,” he told her. She didn’t see how that made her special, lots of people were adopted. “I’d really rather we discuss this at the house, I’ll pull out your file, we’ll talk. I don’t want to have to stop the car before we cross over into Illinois.”

“It’s that bad?” Darcy twisted the seat belt in her hands.

“It’s good, bad and ugly, sweetheart,” he held out his hand, taking hers and rubbing the back with his thumb. “Lay back down and sleep, you need it and it does an old soldier good to have a pretty little thing like you so close.” Sadness leaked across his face.

“I liked the groping better,” Darcy lay down, her head on his lap. “Your sad is making me sad.”

“Go to sleep, doll,” Bucky ran his fingers through her hair. “I promise to grab your ass when you get out of the car.”

“Okay,” she wiggled into a more comfortable position. “But only if I can return the favor. You got all kinds of nice ass.” The soldier just chuckled and kept petting her hair as she dropped back off to sleep.

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Asphalt gave way to gravel, and the shocks on the old car weren’t up for it, jostling Darcy awake. Farmland as far as the eye could see, interspersed with groves of trees. She rubbed her eyes and looked out the window, pulling down the sun visor to shield her eyes from the early afternoon sun.

“Are we there yet?” she smacked her dry lips, wanted nothing more than a shower and a toothbrush. Her teeth felt fuzzy.

“A few more miles, sweetheart,” Darcy could see the Soldier needed sleep, his eyes were pinched at the corners and there were dark circles under his eyes. “Look out for a green mailbox, Stevie said that’s where we turn.”

Darcy watched out the window, the scenery going slower now that gravel had become dirt. The car bumped and rattled, shaking her empty stomach and making her queasy. Luckily the green mailbox came over the hill before her nausea embarrassed her. They pulled through an old fence and past a
large grove of trees, shielding an old farmhouse from the road. The land around it stretched forever.

Bucky helped her out of the car, her legs stiff from sleeping curled up in the front seat. He winked and grabbed her ass, as promised. “Stevie sure is missing out on all the fun,” he mumbled into her hair.

“How come you call him Stevie?” Darcy asked as he led her up onto the porch.

“Cause I still see him as the little sick guy from Brooklyn who used to crawl into my bed on cold nights, cause he couldn’t get warm.” The house had obviously been kept up, it was clean and had modern appliances in the kitchen.

“Really?” she wiggled her eyebrows at him, looking him up and down. “I can be down with that.”

“Get your dirty little brain out of the gutter, sweetheart,” Bucky pushed the door closed and heaved a sigh. “It wasn’t like that back then.”

“Right,” she wasn’t buying it, she’d seen the look in his eyes when he talked about the good Captain. “But you wanted it to be.”

“Doesn’t matter now, doll,” that sad cloudy look crossed back over his face. “I’m not so good with dames anymore, I don’t think I’m up to talking Stevie out of his pants, either.”

“Really, cause I was all ready to take you for a ride in my back seat, and that was before you got all breathy in my ear,” Darcy reached around and grabbed a hand full of that beautiful ass she’d tried not to look at when he was unconscious. “You’ve got more game then you realize.” She wandered away from the gaping soldier, taking a good look around the house. “Now, I need a shower and a change of clothes and a toothbrush.”

“No dirty dancing while I’m covered in other people’s blood,” she kissed the place on his jaw she could easily reach, his stubbly beard prickling at her lips.

“No dirty dancing while I’m covered in other people’s blood,” she kissed the place on his jaw she could easily reach, his stubbly beard prickling at her lips.

“So it’s not off the table,” he pushed her into the room and pulled soap and shampoo out of the bags. “Go shower, babe, I’ll take my turn when you’re done.”

Darcy had been fine while she was with Bucky, his easy flirting and sad clown mood swings had kept her from thinking about the night before, but standing in the shower, rusty red blood washing down her body and swirling into the drain, the floodgates opened. Closing her eyes didn’t help, the cold dead eyes of the man she’d killed haunted her from behind the closed lids. The warm water sloughed down her skin, weighing her hair down around her shoulders. She slumped down into the bottom of the big claw footed tub, and curled up over her bent knees, and sobbed.

A knock on the door brought her back from her misery. Darcy took a deep breath and hauled herself up from the bottom of the tub, sticking her head around the shower curtain. “I’ll be out in a few, Bucky,” she called through the closed door.

“Take your time, doll face,” came the reply. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“I’m not letting you wash my hair,” she whipped the tears still leaking from her eyes, her voice refusing to hold its usual punch.
“No, Darcy,” his voice sounded sad. “You’re upset.”

“I’ll be fine,” she closed the curtain and put her head under the shower head, reaching for the shampoo. “Nothing I can’t handle.”

“You killed someone, Darcy,” she could hear the bathroom door open and his footfalls settling in front of the old porcelain toilet, the seat groaning a little under his weight. “That’s not something you just shrug off.”

“You killed two of those guys last night,” she soaped up her hair and ducked her head to rinse, having him talk helped.

“I’ve killed a lot of people, sweetheart,” the sadness of that statement made her heart clench. “Not all of them bad guys. Those guys last night? They wanted me back, and they wanted you, period. What they had planned for the two of us, I don’t regret stopping them.”

“You said something about that before,” Darcy used liberal amounts of soap and a loofah against her skin. “Why did Hydra think you were working for them?”

“Oh, baby,” Bucky sighed, not looking forward to explaining all of his past to this girl he was really starting to get attached to, not wanting the easy flirting and touching to stop. “That’s a long story, not suited to being told while you’re all wet and naked in the shower.”

“You sound so sad,” she wanted to reach out and hug him, but she didn’t think he’d let her.

“It’s a sad tale, babe,” he sighed and shifted on the toilet seat. “If you’re planning on getting down and dirty, you’ll want to do it before I tell you, cause you’re sure not going to want me to touch you after.” Darcy reached out from the tub and grabbed a towel, turning off the shower. She secured the towel around herself and stepped out of the tub and sat herself down in the old soldier’s lap, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. Bucky pulled her close and let her cry for both of them.

“You don’t have to tell me anything, then,” she mumbled into his hair, dripping water all over this ruined pants, the moisture cutting rivulets through the grime on his chest. “I know you saved me last night, and you have kind eyes and I like you. I’ve made up my mind, I don’t change it easily.”

“You saved me too, baby,” Bucky took comfort in her openness. “I gotta tell you, you need to know who you’re living with.”

“Save sad tales for later,” Darcy ran her fingers through his hair and they came back rusty red. “Right now I’m going to re-rinse, then you are going to get your nasty ass in the shower, and we’re going to find food, because as this point I could eat a horse. And I really need some fucking coffee.”

“I thought you liked my ass,” he gave her a weak wink, his heart not fully in it.

“It’s very nice, but you smell, and you’ve got blood all over me again,” she pulled him up off the toilet and shoved him out the door. “Do me a favor and burn our nasty clothes. I’ll be out in a few.” Bucky chuckled and left the bathroom.

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Bucky told her his story over coffee, once they were both clean and dry. Darcy sat quietly and let him talk, refilling their mugs when they ran empty. Bucky told her the entire story, from growing up in Brooklyn with Steve, to enlisting in the army, to his captivity and Captain America’s rescue. He talked about his time with the Howling Commandos, even though she knew about that from history class. He faltered through his time with Hydra, apologizing for how disjointed it was, and finally
about DC and how Steve found him and helped bring him home. When he was finished the sun was setting and he fell silent.

Darcy slid out of her seat, and Bucky prepared for her to walk out. Instead she climbed into his lap, her legs on either side of his and took his face in her hands. She kissed him gently on the lips, letting her lips linger until he brought his arms up around her. “You’re a good man, James Barnes, don’t you let anyone tell you different.” She pulled him down to her chest and let him cry. His harms snug around her waist. They stayed like that, pressed close until Darcy’s stomach reminded them that coffee wasn’t food. Bucky chuckled and wiped his eyes. He got them up to rustle up dinner, the air still heavy with sadness.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who has read and reviewed and sent kudos and recommendations. I hope this chapter is as satisfying as the last. Stevie will be making an appearance in the next chapter, as well as Darcy’s long awaited file. Until next time.
Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by In Demand by Texas

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 3: In Demand

Darcy sat on the porch swing, her legs across Bucky’s lap while she read some old airport paperback while her companion cleaned and oiled his weapon collection. A lone figure walked up the long drive. A single duffle bag over his shoulder, he was too far away for Darcy to make out, but Bucky didn’t seem concerned, so she figured he wasn’t a threat.

“ Took you long enough, punk,” Bucky peered down the barrel of one of his disassembled guns, gently working oil into the metal. “We expected you yesterday.” Darcy put down her book, not bothering to mark the page, and looked the new man up and down with an appraising look. He was beautiful. Tall, well-muscled and had the fashion sense of her long dead grandfather, but made up for that by being all kinds of hot.

“Boy, you super soldiers just don’t know how to be average about anything,” Darcy winked at the new comer, who turned a lovely shade of pink around the ears. “Oh, Buck, he’s cute,” she wrapped her hands around the metal arm and gave him her best puppy dog eyes. “Can we keep him?” She batted her lashes, and Bucky chuckled.

“Punk, this is Darcy,” he pulled the brunette up into his lap. “Doll face, this is Stevie.”

Steve held out his hand to the girl who was sitting astride his best friend like she belonged there. “Ma’am,” he shook her hand gently, giving her a shy smile. “It’s nice to finally meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you, too, Steve,” Darcy turned to Bucky. “See, that’s how polite and civilized people introduce themselves, they don’t breathe down your neck and hump your leg.”

“Don’t let that shy smile and sweet little blush fool you, sweetheart,” he told her laughing. “He wants to hump your leg just as much as I do.”

“James Barnes,” Steve’s face turned bright red.

“Unclench, Cap,” Darcy said, standing up from Bucky’s lap as the Soldier patted her ass appreciatively. “We’re informal here.” She winked and bent over to retrieve her book, feeling eyes on her. “From what I hear, we’re going to be spending a lot of time together, so you’d best get over your embarrassment, cause I’m not too shy about the touching.” Darcy smiled and disappeared into the house.

“What have you told her about me?” Steve looked at his friend accusingly, his exasperated whisper carrying on the wind. Bucky just gave him a satisfied smirk.

“Nothing,” he put down the gun he’d been working on and laced his hands behind his head. “Steve, you’ve been missing out being gone so long, this girl is sweet and feisty and she gives the sweetest
“Bucky,” Steve pinched the bridge of his nose and took a deep breath. “You can’t play with this one. We’re stuck together for who knows how long, I’m not putting up with the fall out when you get tired of her and go looking to move on.”

“Move on?” The Soldier stood up, a blank look washing over his face. “Who would I move on too, Steven Grant? Some other dame who’s not freaked out by my metal arm, or maybe the girl at the coffee shop who isn’t bothered by my past as a Hydra assassin?” Bucky slipped his guns back in place and looked at Steve. “Or maybe you, punk, cause the only two people on this planet who aren’t afraid of me are in this house, and that little girl likes touching me, and damned if I’m going to stop her.” Bucky stalked into the house, laying a kiss on Darcy’s upturned face and continued up the stairs.

“Well, that went well,” Darcy said as the captain walked through the door and dropped his things. “You know, it took me all day to draw him out of his funk after he gave me the rundown on the Winter Soldier.”

“He really told you everything?” Steve took a seat opposite her, leaning his elbows heavily on his knees.

“In grueling, bloody detail,” she told him, folding her legs up under herself. Steve just nodded. “We did some serious flirting a little cuddling,” Darcy told him. “I’m a big toucher, I touch everyone, it’s just who I am. He wanted full disclosure about who I was getting cozy with.”

“And you’re okay with how deadly he is?” Steve watched her, looking for any flickering of doubt or concern on her face.

“He saved me,” she told him, not really answering his question.

“From what I hear, you saved both of you,” he kept his eyes on her face and watched sadness creep up, no doubt, no worry or fear, but deep sadness.

“Yeah,” Darcy looked down at her hands, still holding the stupid book she’d found on her exploration of the house. “I killed the man who stabbed Bucky, and tried to take us, Buck says he’s proud of me, and that I did good.”

“You did,” Steve told her. “Then you got both of you to safety, you could have just left him there and walked away.”

“Not the kind of person I am, Cap,” Darcy tossed the book on the coffee table. “You got two choices, sweet cheeks,” Steve blushed at the nickname. “You can either pull your best friend out of his funk, a couple of kisses and a little inappropriate touching should work, worked for me anyhow.” He turned bright red and refused to look at her. “God that blush is adorable, does it go all the way down?” Darcy shook her head. “Not important. Your other option is to make us lunch.”

“I think I should probably let him cool off before I apologize,” Steve muttered.

“If you hear something you like,” Darcy started up the stairs. “Don’t be a stranger.”

*****

It took some coaxing, but Darcy finally got Mr. Grumpy to stop sharpening his knives and come down to lunch. They had more important things to do then nurse hurt feelings. Steve was still moving around the kitchen assembling the super soldier sized meal for the three of them, when
Darcy descended the stairs with Bucky at her heels.

“You know, doll,” Bucky said, not even trying to keep his voice down. “If you give the jerk a good goosing, it might knock that stick out of his ass.”

“It would be my genuine pleasure,” she slid her hand into the back pocket of Bucky’s jeans while his metal arm settled over her shoulder. “Even in those grandpa pants he’s got a great butt, maybe better than yours.”

“I’m offended, babe,” he kissed the side of her head, breathing in the soft lavender scent of her hair. “You’d better go test that theory, but mine’s better.”

“You both know I can hear you, right,” Steve didn’t even turn around, continuing to slice an onion.

“Yes,” they both said.

“You blush so pretty, punk,” Bucky popped a piece of tomato in his mouth. “I told you she’s feisty, you’d better get used to it.”

“Go sit down, jerk,” Steve gave him a plate with all the fixings for sandwiches and directed his friend to the table. “We’ve got a lot of ground to cover,” he threw a file down on the table and pulled out his tablet. “What have you covered since you’ve been here?” The pink on his ears disappeared as soon as he got serious, and Darcy’s snarky response died on her tongue.

“SHIELD, Avengers, Hydra, Winter Soldier,” Bucky ticked off, sliding into a seat, and pulling Darcy down into the seat next to him.

“PTSD, guilt,” Darcy supplied, scooting herself under the table. “Then I got a two hour lecture about gun safety and the advantages of bringing a knife to a gunfight.”

“So everything but why you’ve been brought in,” Steve shuffled papers. “Really, Buck, two hours?” Bucky just shrugged. “How much do you know about your adoption?”

“Not much,” her parents had never wanted to talk about it, she always figured it made them uncomfortable. She’d known that they’d been desperate to have a child, and it hadn’t ever worked out that they could have one of their own. “It was a closed adoption through a lawyer,” Darcy tried to think back to any discussion she’d had with her parents. “I guess I was never really curious. I had great parents, I never felt the need to dig into that particular can of worms.”

“Even if you had,” Bucky pulled paperwork out of the file. “You wouldn’t have found anything.” He slid a birth certificate over to her. “Your mother never gave her name, and left the hospital less than an hour after you were born. You’re blood work raised flags and SHIELD had you placed with a family and erased all traces. Coulson was the agent in charge at the time. He did his due diligence, the substance that raised the flag at the hospital was a derivative of the Erskine Serum, the project was called: Generation Soldier. Hydra wanted born soldiers, according to everything Coulson found, none of the mothers survived except yours.

They razed the facility, your mother escaped, unbeknownst to Hydra. The rest they say, is history.”

“According to the Hydra files,” Steve scooted more paperwork her way. “They were injecting women with this serum while they were pregnant, trying for super babies. As far as they were concerned, the mothers were completely expendable. When Coulson got you, he buried you deep. Used a lawyer he knew could be trusted to do the adoption, had paperwork forged, then he kept tabs on you. Cleaned up anything that needed fixing; medical test, unusual results of anything from IQ tests through abnormal feats, he made sure no one had any cause to look at you twice.”
Darcy looked at everything spread over the table, most of it didn’t mean anything to her, medical charts and school test results, but there were pictures, too. All throughout her childhood. “Everything about me has been fixed,” she looked at everything, original documents and the changes that were made. “So, what’s true?”

“Your parents were normal people, like you said, they just wanted to have a child,” Steve gave her sad eyes. “Everything about them was real, and, from what Coulson said, they loved you very much.” He pushed more papers at her, coroner reports, from the car accident that killed her parents just after she left for college. “There was no foul play, nothing nefarious, just bad luck.”

She took the pages and carefully turned over the pictures the coroner took of her parents, and read, she’d seen these after it happened, no changes. Then she turned to Coulson’s report. Like Steve said, wrong place, wrong time. Just a drunk driver who also died at the scene. Bucky rested his hand on her leg, squeezing gently as she sifted through the papers. “So I’m the product of some lab experiment,” she said quietly. “Some serum drug therapy, right?” Steve nodded. “Like both of you?”

“Sort of,” Bucky said, pushing the tablet over to her. “Hydra has been trying since the war to recreate Project Rebirth that created Steve, they moved on to fetal testing when they realized that brainwashing wasn’t working, they just couldn’t get my conditioning to stick. They did five more trials after the Generation Soldier project, as far as anyone can tell, there were never any successful trials.”

“So what made me special?” Darcy scanned through the information on the screen, each report was cold and clinical. Each one stamped with a red ‘Failed’ stamp.

“Don’t know,” Steve said. “What made me special or Bucky, there have been theories, but who knows, luck of genetics, some kind of mutation that allowed us to survive. What matters is that we did, Hydra didn’t get you, Bucky’s out of their hands, and we’re working on gathering the resources to take them out.”

“By hiding on a farm in Illinois,” Darcy rolled her eyes.

“We’re playing the long game, darling,” Bucky pinched her side. “You’ve neglected the most important question.”

“And what would that be, Mr. Know-it-all?” she swiped at his hands before he tried to pinch her again.

“You survived, Darcy,” Steve said to her, seriousness radiating from him. “If you survived, then the serum took hold, that means you’ve got abilities.”

“Like what, I was average in gym, I never got sick or seriously hurt as a kid, so I don’t know about that,” she shrugged.

“You carried my heavy ass to the car and into a hotel room,” Bucky supplied.

“With a fireman’s carry,” Darcy countered. “It’s meant for smaller people to move larger masses.”

“I’ve got to be twice your weight,” he said.

“And you’re fucking heavy, it took me forever to get you in the car,” she continued, still flipping through all the paperwork. “If you weren’t all super soldier awesome you’d be sporting some truly amazing bruises.”

“So we’ll figure it out,” Steve stopped the argument.
“Yeah,” Darcy pushed the tablet back to Steve. “I think I’ll go upstairs now.”

“You want some company, doll face?” Bucky asked, concern written over his face.

Darcy kissed his cheek. “I think I need to be alone, Buck. You and Steve make nice.”

“Shout if you need me,” he patted her half-heartedly on the butt as she left.

“Like you need me to shout.”

“So what do you think,” Steve asked once Darcy was upstairs.

“Empathy, intuition,” Bucky shrugged. “When we talked about the Soldier, I was ready for her to walk out, I really needed human contact, but I didn’t expect it. The little minx crawled right into my lap and kissed me, and held on while I fell apart. At each step, she’s known exactly what I’ve needed. She’s trusted me when she had no evidence that I was trustworthy other than Jane’s word, and that could easily have been manufactured.”

“We’ll have to test it,” Steve cleaned up the files. “You said she killed that agent with a knife.”

“Yeah, she wasn’t even looking,” the soldier shook his head. “I wish I’d seen it. She’s amazing, Stevie.”

“You like her?” Bucky liked lots of girls once upon a time, but he’d never gotten starry eyes about one like this.

“A lot, Stevie,” Bucky put his hand on his friend’s shoulder and leaned in. “If you play your cards right, she’ll like you, too.”

“I’m not playing with this girl, Buck,” Steve shrugged his friends hand off of him.

“I’m not talking about a few nights and a ride on the Tilt-a-Whirl, jerk,” he told Steve, kicking his feet up on the table. “She’s the kind of girl that makes me want to play for keeps.”

“And where are you proposing I fit into this?”

“Don’t know, Captain,” he slid to his feet. “There’s a pretty big bed upstairs,” Bucky winked. “And that girl’s got all kinds of big heart, I know I want you there.” He placed a quick kiss on the Captain’s stunned lips and smiled, jogging up the steps to check on Darcy.

Chapter End Notes

Please don’t forget to feed the author.
Running Up That Hill

Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Running Up That Hill by Placebo.

This took way longer than expected, mostly due to the stomach flu. Enjoy.

Edit: I did a quick edit to put in some scene breaks and fix a few typos that I found. Thank you for pointing out my errors.

Edit 2: Beta'd as of May 29. 2017

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 4: Running Up That Hill

Darcy sat in the middle of the bed in the master bedroom, she and Bucky had been using the room since they set up house. She sat cross legged and leaned back against the headboard, a pillow folded over in her lap. The ceiling fan made a quiet whooshing sound as it made its endless circle around the light fixture. Darcy had never thought of herself as special. She’d always been average; average grades, average height, even average shoe size. After looking at the documents Steve and Bucky had shown her, she had to wonder if there was something beyond regular about her.

She took a deep shaky breath. The coroner reports had shaken her. Even having seen them before, seeing the clinical way the medical examiner had written about her parents, using words like ‘blunt force trauma’ and ‘unresponsive at the scene;’ all over again, made her insides quake.

Hugging the pillow to her chest, Darcy let the tears fall down her face. Bucky didn’t make a sound as he watched her from the doorway. Her body was curled around the pillow, her hair obscuring her face. Regardless, he could hear the soft sniffling she made as she cried.

Bucky crossed the room silently and curled up on the bed with her, pulling her down in his lap, his fingers stroking through her long brown hair.

“I don’t want to be special, Bucky,” Darcy’s voice was muffled by the pillow in his lap. “I’ve barely gotten comfortable with being just Darcy.”

“None of this changes who you are, sweet girl,” he said.

“I’m a science experiment,” she turned her red rimmed eyes up to his. “I wasn’t even a successful one.”

“Define successful,” Bucky wound her hair through his metal fingers, “You’re here, and alive, and god are you amazing. You decide how successful you are, not some stupid scientists from an evil organization. Just remember, baby, you’re living in a house with two other science experiments.”

“It’s just new,” Darcy wiped the tears from her face and gave him a watery smile. “Pity party, table for one, right here.”
“Well, we can’t have that,” he pulled the pillow out of her grasp. “I can’t let any dame as beautiful as you are, dine alone, doll.” His deft fingers attacked her sides, ripping a shriek of laughter from her throat as she wiggled and squirmed to get away from his questing hands. They were both laughing so hard they didn’t notice they were on the edge of the bed before they went tumbling off, making a loud thud as they landed in a heap on the floor, laughing even harder.

Steve was up the stairs and through the door so fast he barely had time to think. He stopped himself just inside the doorway looking down at his friend and their charge. They were tangled together on the floor, with tears of laughter running down their faces, Darcy’s shirt bunching up around her ribs with Bucky’s hands spanning her waist. Darcy tipped her head back to look at him, the laughter on her face not hiding the fact that she’d been crying. “Hey, Cap,” Darcy’s smile cut through the room like sunshine and Steve thought he could see a glimmer of what Bucky could see in the girl. “Care to join us?”

“I think I’ll sit this one out,” Steve said, sitting gingerly on the end of the bed and pulling something out of his pocket. “Actually, why don’t we talk about our cover story,” Bucky groaned. “Shut up, jerk.”

“Natasha doesn’t like me,” Bucky pulled Darcy off the floor and they both settled on the bed. “She’s going to give me a stupid name.”

“She likes you just fine,” Steve handed him the driver’s license.

“She doesn’t hit you with those Widow’s Bites nearly as hard as she does me,” he looked down at Darcy. “Those fuckers hurt.”

“Do you need me to kiss it better?” she gave him a pouty face.

“That might help,” he captured her pouty lip with his teeth gently. “I can show you all the places she hurt.”

“Do you two want to be alone,” Steve bit out. “Or can I finish while you’re still clothed?”

“You don’t have to leave,” Bucky grinned. “There’s room for three.” Steve just shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose. The tips of his ears a bright pink. “Come on, Stevie, stop with the blushing and come cuddle with us.”

“It’s been a hard morning, Steve,” Darcy let some of the teasing melt from her face as she held her hand out to the blond sitting stiffly at the end of the bed. “I promise it’ll only be cuddling. A nice nap with the warmth of some good human contact, Bucky needs it, and I could use an extra big super soldier hug.” She watching his shoulders relax. “I promise, no inappropriate touching until you say it’s alright.”

“How do you know I’ll agree?” Steve asked, toeing off his shoes and dropping the new identification cards on the bedside table.

“Just a hunch,” she shifted down on the bed until Bucky was laying down at her back, his arms around her waist. She opened her arms to Steve, who crawled into the bed, letting Darcy curl up into him. Bucky was right, she knew exactly what he needed and gave it to him without hesitation.

When Steve had been sick, he used to crawl into bed with Bucky to keep warm, sometimes just to feel safe. For just a moment, right before he opened his eyes, he could almost believe he was back in their apartment in Brooklyn and everything else had just been a dream. Soft fingers ran through his hair lightly scratching his scalp, humming tunelessly as pages turned.
Steve slowly opened his eyes, the bedroom was bathed in dim light of the late afternoon sun, his head pillowed against Darcy’s stomach as she paged through a paperback, leaning back against Bucky. She smiled down at him, her fingers pausing against his scalp. “Hello, sleepy head.” Bucky leaned over her shoulder and smiled before disappearing again.

“Hey,” his voice had a rough edge from sleep. “I didn’t believe him.” Darcy gave him a funny look. “Bucky said there was something special about you. I didn’t believe him.”

“Everything special about me came from a bottle, Cap,” she let her fingers run through his hair again.

“You’re in good company there, doll face,” Bucky wrapped his arms around her middle above Steve’s head. “You have special outside of what the serum did or didn’t do.”

“Yeah,” Darcy dropped the book on the side of the bed, forgotten. “The girls are pretty impressive.”

Steve barked out a laugh. “They are pretty nice,” the blush tinged his face.

“You seemed rather happy snuggling with them earlier,” Darcy delighted in the deepening red that ran down his neck. She lifted the neck of his t-shirt while he looked anywhere but her. Yep, it went all the way down. “Don’t worry, Stevie, they like you, too.”

“You flirt a lot,” he said, still not knowing where to look.

“Not with everyone,” She lay her hand that had been in his hair on his chest, and he placed his over it.

“I’m not complaining,” Steve laced his fingers through hers and looked up at his old friend watching them both. “This jerk was the only one to flirt with me, back in the old days, never got used to dames talking to me like that.”

“Pink is a good color on you, punk,” Bucky laughed. “But I think we can kill the blushing now that you’ve rubbed your face all over Darcy’s girls.”

“And drooled,” she squeezed his fingers to let him know she was teasing, and held him back when he tried to sit up. “So, you were saying something about our cover?”

“Yeah,” Steve pointed to the cards lying on the bedside tale, Bucky reached over and grabbed them. “Natasha burned all our covers, mostly hers. She’s been working on setting up new ones. Hydra put us on the Most Wanted List, which sent us all to ground. Tash is working to figure out how deep they go. She and Clint are our undercover for now, Stark’s taken Pepper out of the country, but we don’t even know how well that’s going to work.” Steve pinched his nose and handed them both cards. “So, our cover,” Darcy looked down at her card, ‘Darcy B Andrews.’ “We’re here mainly to keep you safe, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, Darcy and Steven Andrews just bought this farm with Steven’s brother Buck,” Bucky snorted.

“I told you she didn’t like me,” the card said ‘Buck E Andrews.”

“She likes you just fine,” Steve told him, he reached down into his front pocket and pulled out a couple of rings and handed a simple solitaire and a second slim silver band to Darcy. “Mrs. Andrews,” he slid the third ring onto his finger. “It’s a good thing you’re a toucher, it’ll make our cover easier.”

“Yeah, but that blush has got to go,” Darcy admired how the small diamond caught the fading light. “I’m assuming the red head on my ID means I’m about to become friends with some L’Oréal?”
“Is that hair dye, if so, then yes,” Bucky held up his card for her to see. “Looks like we’ve all got a trip to the salon planned.”

*****

Darcy ran her fingers through Bucky’s shoulder length locks and sighed, flicking the switch on the clippers with her thumb, mourning the loss of his beautiful hair as she watched it fall down onto the bathroom floor.

“Don’t look so sad, doll,” Buck ran his hand along her bare thigh under her cutoff jeans. “Have I told you how amazing that red hair looks on you?”

“Yes,” she ran the clippers carefully over his head. “But if you don’t take your hand out of my pants, I’m going to get your ear with this thing.”

“Totally worth it,” he said, running his hand back down her leg.

Steve leaned against the door, rubbing a towel over his dark brown locks, smiling at their antics. Bucky made another playful grab at Darcy’s thigh and she whacked him with the cord of the clippers, which only made him try harder, pulling the laughing girl around into his lap and nuzzling his newly shorn head against her.

“Dude, you’re getting hair bits all over me,” she squealed and squirmed to get out of his lap.

“Careful, little one,” Steve chuckled from where he was holding up the wall. “You know how much he likes it when you struggle.”

“I thought you weren’t going to touch that one,” Darcy reached out and tried to pinch the Captain, who deftly avoided her fingers.

“Oh, but then I met you, sugar,” he wrapped his towel around his neck and sauntered out of the room. “Bucky, let the poor girl finish your hair, that Mohawk isn’t working for you.”

*****

Darcy made a note that they would have to go explore the town soon, feeding two super soldiers was depleting their food supply, even with the stocked freezer in the basement, rather quickly. “Are we out of apples?” she turned around and heard a crunch, the last apple in Bucky’s hand as he chewed guiltily.

“Seriously?” he held out the red delicious to her, a big bite out of one side. “No thanks, sweetie, you eat more than I do.” Bucky shrugged and took another bite before Steve snatched it out of his hands, taking his own bite.

“It’s polite to share,” the Captain said around bits of apple.

“It’s also polite to chew with your mouth closed, punk,” Bucky countered. Darcy just rolled her eyes and stuck her head back into the pantry.

“We need to go shopping,” Darcy said, closing the pantry door and dropping the last of the bread on the table. “What are we doing for money?” she slid into a chair and watched the boys fight over the apple, which eventually rolled across the table, stopping in front of her. “Children,” she shouted, the boys dropped their hands to their laps and tried to look innocent. She rolled her eyes. “We got new ID’s, new hair and fun new names, Stevie, anything else we need to know.”
“We just need to keep our heads down, not draw attention to ourselves,” Steve said, shrugging his shoulders. “We have a farm, as far as anyone should be concerned that’s it. We live here, you’re helping me care for my brother with PTSD.”

“So I’m a vet?” Bucky said running his hands over his buzz cut. “That’s a little on the nose.”

“I also explains away why you don’t get out much, we can’t have someone getting a look at that arm,” Steve sighed. “It’s not ideal, but it’s airtight. We need time to plan and a home base while we work on Hydra. Darcy’s gonna need to learn to shoot.”

“A gun?” she hadn’t been too keen on the knife she’d used, she didn’t want to learn how to shoot people, too.

“We can’t both be here all the time, babe,” Bucky put his arms around her shoulders and set his chin on top of her head. “We can’t leave you defenseless, we have to protect the homestead.”

*****

The town was tiny, a small grouping of fast food restaurants and gas stations along the highway and a small market and a smattering of family owned businesses at the crossroads that lead down to the farm. Darcy had slept past them on the way in. She and Steve hopped out of the old pickup truck that had replaced the old caddie overnight. Darcy had been pleased to see that this car had an actual key, so it was possibly not stolen. She didn’t ask.

“I feel like I wandered into wonderland,” she whispered to Steve as she took his arm. He squeezed her hand. “So, husband,” she smiled at the pink on his ears. “I really hope we’re newlyweds, cause that shouldn’t make you blush.”

"It does when you pinch my butt and those little old ladies we just past start talking about how lucky you are,” he leaned down and whispered in her ear.

“I don’t know, Stevie,” Darcy whispered back, winking over her shoulder at the twittering old ladies. “All that fine muscle we left back at the farm, I’d say we’re both lucky.”

“Says the girl who gets to rub up against that at night,” Steve pinched the bridge of his nose, that had come out more harsh than he’d intended.

“We aren’t having sex, Steve,” she stopped at pulled him around to look at her. “If you’d stayed with us last night you would have known that.”

“I didn’t want to intrude,” he told her. Darcy wrapped her arms around him and set her chin against his chest, looking up at him.

“I have nightmares, so does Bucky,” she confessed. “The first night we slept separately and I kept waking him up, they stopped when he gave up and crawled in my bed. His seem better, too.”

“I just assumed,” Steve looked ashamed. He ran his hands down her flaming red hair, tucking pieces behind her ear. “You’re always touching and he kisses you.”

“He kissed you, too,” Darcy said.

“Yeah,” he huffed. “I didn’t know what to do with that.”

“It was an invitation,” she laced her hands around his neck pulling him down to her and setting her lips against his, waiting for him to relax. “I told you, I’m a toucher, you need to relax and let us take
care of you. You’re always taking care of everyone else.”

“But you and Bucky?” Steve looked lost.

“Are figuring things out,” Darcy kissed him softly again. “We’re all in this together.”

“Okay,” he put his arm around her shoulders and led her into the market. They seriously needed food.

Chapter End Notes

My muse needs chocolate, I on the other hand am only up to toast.
Chapter Notes

Chapter inspired by Bullet Proof by Goo Goo Dolls

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 5: Bullet Proof

Darcy lay in the grass, the dried blades itching the band of exposed skin just above her jeans and her upper arms, she tried to ignore it, taking deep calming breaths as she peered through the scope mounted on top of Bucky’s sniper rifle. Bucky lay beside her, a scope in his hand as he watched her shots fly by the cans that Steve had placed at varying distances across the lawn.

“How’d that feel, sweetheart?”

Darcy tried to calm her heart beat, the shot blew a spark of adrenaline through her system each time, leaving her feeling shaky and strung out. “At least I hit the target,” she hated using the gun, but at the same time felt safer knowing how to use the myriad of firearms that Bucky had.

Bucky sat up and pulled her to his side. “You’ll get there, doll,” he gave her a peck on the cheek, and she breathed in his leather and midnight scent, calming her frazzled nerves. “You’re doing just fine.” He picked up the rifle and discharged the chambered round, engaging the safety before putting the gun aside. He pulled Darcy against his chest, and wrapped an arm around her waist.

Darcy turned her face up to the warm autumn sun and leaned into Bucky’s solid embrace. Steve sat in an old plastic lounger he’d hauled out of the ancient shed behind the house, his sketch pad in his hand, and a pencil moving gracefully across the paper. It was the only sound on the windless morning.

“How ya doing, Darce?” Steve’s voice broke the silence, he put his sketch pad down between his feet on the lounger and leaned his forearms against his knees.

“I don’t like the guns,” she told him, her eyes closed. She let her breathing match the soldier’s, which had remained unchanged throughout the entire lesson. Bucky tickled his fingers along her waist, and the last of the adrenaline ebbed from her body.

“We know, babe,” Bucky laid a kiss against her temple and sighed. Steve picked his sketch book back up. “I wish we didn’t have to teach you.” He looked over at Steve, who was studiously studying the lines he was creating, a soft look on his face. He hadn’t seen that look on his friends face since before the war.

This time away had done Stevie some good, their only responsibility was to keep Darcy safe, and
their heads down. The Captain had slowly melted away to Steve, there was a light in his eyes that had nothing to do with war and bloodshed, and Bucky suspected had a great deal to do with the sweet girl that was cuddling and sassing her way into their lives.

Bucky leaned his chin against her head, breathing in the thick lavender scent of her hair. How she managed to smell so good using the same cheap soap she and Steve had found at the local grocer, he’d probably never know.

“As nice as this is,” Darcy curled her arms around the arm holding her. “I’m pretty sure I’m burning, and there are ants crawling on me, and I’m sure they have friends.”

“Sure doll,” he stood gracefully, like he hadn’t been leaning awkwardly on one hand, and pulled her to her feet. “You coming, punk?”

Steve looked up from his drawing, a small smile on his lips. “Yeah,” he flipped the notebook closed and rolled to his feet, following at a slow lope to catch up. He slid his arm around Darcy, stealing her out from under his friend's arm. “Watch those hands on my wife, jerk.” Bucky just rolled his eyes.

*****

Darcy had never been much of a cook. Sure she’d kept Jane fed and watered during her tenure as the astrophysicist intern, but that mostly consisted of waving coffee and pop tarts under her nose and waiting for a reaction. Feeding two super soldiers was a completely different matter.

Having no internet connection complicated the matter further. Darcy mourned the loss of her phone, and Pinterest and Google and Facebook, and Instagram. She leaned against the counter flipping through an old cookbook she’d found stuffed in the bookcase, folding over pages as she went, while Steve grated a block of cheese for the pasta he was making. At least Steve could cook some, otherwise they’d starve.

“All news from the outside?” Two weeks without social media was making her twitchy, and their TV only got local channels.

“Dr. Banner wants to do some blood tests,” Steve said over his shoulder. “He wants to know what’s going on with you.” Darcy hummed, not super excited about anything that reminded her of her apparent enhancements. “I know you don’t want to talk about it.” No she didn’t. She also didn’t want to read about it, but she had.

The three of them had combed through the Hydra documents that Natasha had unearthed after the SHIELD dump. It had been depressing and horrifying and no amount of super cuddling had kept her nightmares at bay that night. She’d woken up in a cold sweat, Steve’s arms clamped tight around her while Bucky rubbed her back. The three of them watched the sunrise from the front porch. Bucky’d let her avoid the subject since, Steve hadn’t been so nice.

“When should we expect the good doctor?” Darcy laid the book aside, suddenly uninterested in cooking.

“He won’t come himself,” Steve dusted his hands off and placed the grater in the sink. “He’ll send Clint and Natasha. If the farm proves secure, we’ll start getting other visitors.” Darcy just nodded and picked her way out of the kitchen and out to the porch to watch Bucky throwing knives at the poor unsuspecting sycamore she’d shot.

She watched as the slim silver blades slide through the fingers of his flesh hand, flashing end to end through the sunlight until they each made a soft thunk into the tree. “Like what you see, doll?”
“You’re very pretty, Buck,” she smiled slightly, looking from under her lashes, curling her feet up under her.

“What’s wrong?” he abandoned his knives in the tree and trotted up the steps, being careful not to rock the swing as he sat down next to her.

“Dr. Banner wants to do blood tests,” she told him, wrapping her arms around her knees and setting her chin down.

“We gotta know, Darcy,” he rubbed small circles along her back.

“Part of me understands that,” she mumbled into her knees, enjoying the warm hand along her back. “But what if he finds something horrible.” Darcy shook her head.

“Like waking up one day and realizing you’ve been turned into a brainwashed assassin?” Bucky didn’t stop rubbing circles against Darcy’s back, but she could feel his anger and sadness like a weight against her.

“You’re a good man, James,” she pulled his left hand around her, tucking it between her legs and body, the metal warming to her body temperature.

“It’s hard to feel like a good man sometimes, doll,” he rested his chin on her head. “I can see everyone I’ve killed. I can still feel the void inside as I ended their lives, the voice telling me I did well,” Bucky sighed, pushing past the deep anger and fear that tried to rise. “You will never be like that, Darcy, no matter what, I won’t let them turn you into a murderer.”

Darcy held his arm tight, and relaxed deep into his embrace, the warm sun and deep leather scent surrounding her. “I don’t like needles either.”

Bucky kissed her head. “I can hold your hand if you’d like.” She just nodded.

*****

Darcy stretched out on the grass, her iPod blasting her workout playlist as she went through her yoga positions. She could feel Steve and Bucky watching her from the porch, but ignored them as she pushed back, her hands and feet flat on the ground.

“She’s not gonna want to know,” Bucky tucked his knee up against his chest, his eyes not leaving the longs lines Darcy was making, stretching her fingertips to the sky as she shifted into a new pose.

“How can you be so sure?” the pencil scratched against a fresh page while Steve watched the slow press of strength the girl showed, her arms stretched straight, legs in a deep lunge.

“How can you not,” the soldier looked over at his friend. “We’re with her twenty-four seven, and it’s not like she holds back.” Steve hands made long arching strokes, the curves of Darcy’s body unmistakable. “I know the name of her imaginary friend from kindergarten, her fear of spiders and silence, I know she’s already questioning her entire life. She’s not going to want to know that she’s some kind of physic. It’ll make her question everything she feels, too.” He rubbed his hands down his face. “Steve, it’s making me question things I’m not ready to look at. Like does she touch me cause she wants to, or is her ability making her?”

“But I don’t think so,” Steve didn’t look up from the sketch pad, his fingers rubbing gently at the pencil marks creating soft shadows. “You two are constantly touching and kissing.”

“But nothing else,” Bucky pointed out. He’d drawn his line in the sand, he couldn’t stand to be close
to her and not touch her. “She kisses you, too.”

“True,” the Captain smiled. Anytime he’d start feeling down or itchy form not having anything to do, the little minx would drop down from nowhere with hugs and kisses. She’d snuggle down deep under the covers between the two soldiers at night, despite the fact that she had to be sweating to death, but she never complained. “Why not? She’s expressed interest in taking it further.”

“Because I’m a little bit scared about why I want her so much, and the whole is it real or some psychic trick thing doesn’t really help.” Bucky shook his head while Darcy arched her back slowly and brought one leg straight up in the air, toe pointed. “The thought of her wielding that knife, slicing it through that guy’s throat, I got all worked up just thinking about it.” Steve just nodded. “I like it when I hold her down and she fights me.”

Steve smiled, remembering Darcy saying something about that. “Yeah, she told me.” Bucky looked away, watching the leaves rustling in the wind, anywhere but Steve or Darcy.

“I never used to think about that stuff when I’d take dames out.”

“So talk to her about it,” his friend told him, putting his sketch pad aside. “But you gotta tell her the rest, too.” Steve forced Bucky to look at him, his friend’s eyes dark and stormy. “There’s nothing wrong with those feelings, Buck. You set up rules, make sure you both feel safe, but so long as you’re both consenting adults,” Steve paused, watching Darcy stretch out, her body sliding nearly flat between her spread legs. “Ask her to talk to you about modern relationships, modern sex is much more open. You’ll feel a lot better, and I might get a full night’s sleep without you humping my leg.”

“I don’t do that,” it was Bucky’s turn to blush a slight red.

“You do.”

Darcy’s hand shot up, her back still to them, the low thrum of her music still audible to them, even up on the porch. “Boy’s, I can feel your very manly angst all the way down here,” she shouted over the noise in her headphones. “Either tone down the brood fest or take it inside.”

Steve stood and laid a kiss against Bucky’s head. “Work on her shooting stance, I’ll make lunch.” The Captain disappeared into the house, and Bucky pulled himself off the swing as Darcy stretched up on her toes and flashed him a smile over her shoulder, pulling her ear buds out of her hears and wrapping them around her neck. He scratched the back of his neck and ran his hands over his buzz cut, before descending the steps.

“Why the long face, baby?” she wrapped her arms around his neck, nipping at his chin. “Deep conversations with the Cap,” he looked down at her shining upturned face and dropped a kiss against her lips. Her salty sweet taste chased some of the demons to the back of his mind. Steve said to talk with her, and he trusted his friend. He just wasn’t sure how. “Let’s work on your shooting stance,” he smiled, swiping at her butt as he pulled the Glock from its holster.

“Aww,” Darcy pouted, earning her another swipe and a quick nip at her lips. “Do I get a reward if I’m a good girl?” she teased and Bucky groaned. Yep, talking would be good.

Chapter End Notes
Feed the muse, the author is feeling a bit hungry, too.

Any thoughts or suggestions are greatly appreciated.
Chapter inspired by Vices and Virtues by Dropkick Murphys

So, I totally was planning on writing a chapter for Equilibrium, but I got a comment on the last chapter of this story that totally set my plot bunny hopping, and I wrote this chapter and the next one, which I'll post in a few days, in about two hours. Then I was totally lazy all weekend (okay I was reading other fan fiction and got distracted) and didn't get around to typing this one up until today. So, thank you to justduck82 for shooting my bunny in the ass. He's so hopped up he doesn't know what to do with himself. While I didn't really take any of your suggestions (not that they weren't great) these next two chapters are totally thanks to you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 6: Vices and Virtues

Bucky climbed high into the branches of the sycamore tree, his rifle across his back as he situated himself in the tree. He watched as Steve and Darcy left for town, the soldier pulled the rifle around, bracing himself against the trunk, sighting the fence that separated their property from the road, and waiting. He didn’t like being left behind, his job was to protect Darcy, and he couldn’t do that when he was stuck at the house.

He could feel himself slipping into the mindset that Hydra had programed into him, cold and calculating. Mission, keep Darcy Lewis out of Hydra’s hands. Mission compromised. Bucky shook his head, trying to clear the cobwebs of programming out of his mind. It was easy with Steve and Darcy in the house, they both made him feel warm from their very presence. Without them, he felt adrift, and his conditioning crept in.

He readjusted the rifle against his shoulder and focused on his breathing. Holding the images of Darcy holding the gun, his hand pressed to her back as she fought her body to even out her breath, slowing her heart rate. This was army training, he’d been a sniper long before he was Hydra’s weapon. He watched the gate and let out a long slow breath. Steve would keep Darcy safe. All he needed to do was keep watch until they returned.

*****

Darcy fiddled with the silver rings around the third finger on her left hand, twisting them with her thumb. “I think he’s avoiding me,” she watched Steve out of the corner of her eye. “He’s been jumpy and the only touch I’m getting is when he adjusts my shooting stance.”

Steve sighed, the stupid jerk was dragging his feet about talking to the poor girl, and he was mucking things up in the process. “He’s worried,” Steve gripped the steering wheel, pulling the truck over to the side of the road and killing the engine. “Hydra messed a lot of stuff up in his head, and he’s still sorting stuff out.” He took Darcy’s hand between his, “He’s not avoiding you, he’s putting off looking too closely at his own feelings about what sex and intimacy means to him now.”
“It’s not me?” she asked, letting Steve pull her against him.

“No, doll,” he rested his arm across her shoulders, rubbing his hand along her arm. “He’s been exploring what he wants.” This really wasn’t his place to be telling her, Bucky needed to, but he clearly wasn’t. “Look, you told me about how excited he got when you two were putting on a show for Hydra.”

“And he’s worried I’ll freak out about the games he wants to play,” she leaned back into Steve, the cabin of the truck was starting to get hot, but being close to him made them both feel better, she could feel him relaxing just by her shoulders burrowing under his. “That’s stupid.”

“That’s what I told him,” Steve agreed, glad they were on the same page. “He feels like Hydra crossed some wires when they programmed him. And he’s a little scared to explore what that means.”

“So,” Darcy played with Steve’s fingers, twisting his ring around his finger. “We need a plan.”

“We do,” he took a deep breath, her lavender scent permeating the truck. “You smell good.”

“Do you and I need to have a talk about kinks and safe words, too?” she asked as Steve nuzzled her neck.

“I like taking orders, but no bondage,” he told her, pulling her around and into his lap. “And right now, I’m really hoping you’ll let me kiss you.”

“You’re in luck, Captain,” she settled herself astride his lap, wiggling her hips until he groaned and gripped her waist, holding her in place. “I like giving orders.”

“No orders to Bucky,” Steve let his head fall back against the seat. “He won’t listen, and if he does, we might have bigger problems.”

“It might trigger his programming,” she concluded. “Will it bother him if I give you orders?” she nipped at his chin, running her hands up under his loose t-shirt, his hard muscles just starting to get a sheen of sweat in the hot car, god she needed this.

“Don’t know,” his voice was tight and dark, waiting for her to tell him to kiss her. “We’ll just have to test it out.”

“So what’s the plan?” Darcy could feel how much he wanted her, drawing it out a little longer, pushing her hips subtly down onto him and licking the salt along his Adam’s apple.

“Gotta make it too hard for him to say no, but he’s gotta be the one to let it go forward, don’t push too hard,” Steve said, his hands flexing on her hips. “But stay in control, he wants to hold you down, but he’s afraid to, he wants you to struggle with him, but he’s scared of what that means. Gotta give him something safe to do with his hands.”

“I can work with that,” she nipped on last time and sat back on her heels. “You can kiss me now, Steve.”

“If we’re talking about kinks, Darce, I need direct orders,” he flexed his fingers. “You want my rules, there they are.”

“Safe words,” Darcy asked. “Not that we’ll need them here in the car, in broad daylight, I don’t care how many cars aren’t driving by.”

“Agreed,” Steve laughed. “We’ll stick with colors, it’ll make things easier when you go over all of
this with Bucky.”

“Green, yellow, red?” Darcy watched Steve’s eyes as they traveled down her body, she could feel sweat pooling at the base of her spine. He just nodded. “Kiss me.” He ran his hands up into her hair and pulled her down to him, crushing their lips together, sliding them against each other. “Last question,” Darcy said against Steve’s lips. “Are you planning on joining in with my seduction of your best friend?”

“Darcy,” he pulled her fully against him, she could feel the strain of his jeans hard against her. “You got me all worked up talking about Bucky’s kinks, you tell me.”

“I withdraw the question,” she bit down on his bottom lip, moaning as he thrust up against her. “Now, I’m going to need those nice big hands of yours on my girls.”

“Over or under?”

“Week.”

“If we get caught, I’m telling them you seduced me,” his warm hands slip up under her tank top, pushing her bra out of the way, cupping their heavy weight.

“I’ll take that risk,” she arched into his hands, pushing her hips fully down onto his.

*****

Steve stopped their heavy petting before clothes came off, not willing to have sex with her the first time in the front seat of a truck. The drive into town with the windows down helped them both cool off. Darcy took Steve’s hands as he helped her down from the truck, and he didn’t blush when she slid her hand into the back pocket of his jeans. Progress was being made.

Darcy wandered up and down the aisles of the town general store, while Steve stocked up on ammunition, explaining to the clerk that his brother was teaching his wife how to shoot.

“Not doing it yourself,” the clerk asked, looking Steve up and down. “You look like military to me.”

Steve scratched the back of his neck and blushed. “Yes, sir,” he said, watching Darcy out of the corner of his eye, a shopping basket tucked into her elbow, she hummed to herself as she ticked things off her shopping list. “Buck’s got the crack shot, though, I was logistics.”

“You the folks that moved into the old Denton Farm?” the clerk asked, pulling boxes of ammo out and laying them on the counter.

“Yes, sir,” Steve checked each box, satisfied with what he found. “Darcy, that’s my wife,” Steve pointed her out as she disappeared down another aisle. “She thought getting out of the city would do my brother some good.” The clerk nodded. “The name’s Steve, by the way,” he gave the clerk’s hand a good shake. “Steve Andrews.” Darcy’s hands slipped around his waist and he tucked her under his arm. “And this is Mrs. Andrews.” She held out her hand and the clerk touched her fingertips.

“Mike Durban,” Mike gave them both a friendly smile and took the basket from Darcy. “It’s always good to meet nice people like you all.”

“Thank you, Mr. Durban,” Darcy said, returning the man’s warm smile.

“Mike, please,” he rang up their total and helped them set up a store account. “Makes it easy of folks,
not having to worry about things.”

“Thank you, Mike,” Darcy reached for the bags, but Steve was quicker.

Mike caught her hand as she went to follow Steve out of the store. “It’s good of you to help him with his brother,” he walked around the counter, leaning heavily on a cane. “Coming out of the service can be hard on a man,” he pulled up the leg of his jeans, revealing a hard plastic prosthetic. “Specially those of us come out a little broken.”

“Thank you for your service, Mike,” Darcy patted the clerk’s arm, his emotions bubbling down her fingertips.

“You’re good people, Mrs. Andrews.”

“Just Darcy, Mike,” she flashed him a bright smile. “My friends call me Darcy.” She left the general store feeling light and a little less isolated.

Steve helped her back into the truck, letting his hands linger around her hips as she bent back down and placed a kiss against his lips. “We should get back before our idiot friend falls out of that damned tree he’s put himself in.”

“He doesn’t like it when we leave,” Darcy strapped herself in and kicked her heels up on the dashboard.

“Bucky doesn’t like it when you leave,” Steve pulled the truck out of the small parking lot, kicking up dirt and dust as he pulled out onto the main road. “He’s going to be pissed, I told him we were picking up a few things and we’d be right back.”

“You realize that if he falls asleep in that tree, we’re just going to have to leave him there,” she looked at the clock on the dashboard, they’d been gone for more than two hours. “Yeah,” Steve blushed, remembering why they were so late.

“You quit that, mister,” she poked his shoulder. “You are not allowed to blush, that’s an order.” Darcy smiled as she watched Steve roll his eyes and try and control his face.

“Evil minx,” Steve smiled, pulling the truck through the fence and back onto their property. He looked up into the old sycamore and saw the glint off of Bucky’s metal hand flash in the sunlight. Bucky was going to read him the riot act for keeping their girl out longer than strictly necessary.

Bucky dropped down from the lowest branch of the tree, his rifle strapped to his back. He stalked towards the truck, his eyes locked on Darcy as he pulled the door open, hauling her into a deep kiss. She wrapped her legs around his waist and let him carry her out of the car. He ran his hands down her back, holding her to him by her butt before placing her gently on her feet. “All bits accounted for, Sergeant,” she said, letting him take possession of her lips again before handing her the rifle and hauling Steve to the house. “I’ll just sit out here with the crazy big gun while you two have your talk then,” Darcy mumbled and swung the strap over her shoulder and looked up at the low branch of the sycamore. That fucker had to be fifteen feet up. Stupid super soldiers who jumped out of trees with loaded guns.

*****

Bucky pulled Steve all the way into the kitchen, his face set in a cold mask. “What the hell took you so long to pick up a dozen things on a fucking shopping list?” He backed Steve against the counter. “We’re supposed to be keeping her safe, Steven Grant, making out in an unprotected car is not keeping her safe.”
“You saw that,” the Captain leaned back against the counter, looking his friend up and down. Bucky’s body was so tense it was practically vibrating. “Is this worry or jealousy, because you know I’ll keep that girl safe.”

“You were less than half a mile down the road, punk,” Bucky’s shoulders sagged. “I know you’ll keep her safe.” Steve lifted his friends chin and placed a gentle kiss against his lips. “I’ll go apologies to Darcy for scaring her.”

Steve caught Bucky’s hand before he could go. “You didn’t scare her, jerk,” Steve said, pulling his friend back towards him. “She gets it,” he pulled Bucky into a longer kiss, biting gently at his lips until the other man relaxed. “You may not have wanted to leave her with that sniper rifle, thought. That thing does scare her.”

“Probably not,” Bucky chuckled and ran his hands over his shorn hair. “But it was either leave it with her or run the risk of hitting you with it.”

“Good call,” Steve scratched the back of his neck. “We good here?”

“Yeah,” Bucky smiled and walked towards the screen door. “I should probably work with Darcy on using the scope anyhow, since it’s all assembled and everything.”

“Instead,” the Captain pushed away from the kitchen counter. “How about we all sit on the couch and watch a movie?”

“I’ll go get our girl.” Steve watched as his friend carefully lifted the gun from Darcy’s shoulders and put his arm around her. Darcy beamed.

Chapter End Notes

Please feed the author, leave the bunny alone, he's still coming down.
Solid Gold

Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Solid Gold By Eagles of Death Metal

Sorry this took a lot longer then I planned. I got really busy this week. The good news is I already have the next chapter written. The bad news is, its not typed up yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 7: Solid Gold

Bucky was rocked to consciousness, the memory of the cold and falling, chased him into the living world. Darcy scooted closer in her sleep, her arms winding around his body as she brought a leg over his hips, making him uncomfortably aware of how much he enjoyed waking up to her soft, warm body curled so closely to his. Bucky rolled over and pulled gently away from Darcy, who turned over and rubbed her face against Steve’s chest. The captain folded his arms around her. She sighed and settled into a deep sleep, tangling her legs into Steve’s.

Bucky rolled off the bed and quietly padded across the bedroom floor, looking back at the two people curled together on the bed, the early morning sunlight bathing them in a soft warm glow. The cold bathroom tile bit into the bare soles of his feet and he pushed his boxers down his hips and left them discarded on the tile as he reached for the shower handle and hesitated. He should take a cold shower, sleeping wrapped up in Darcy and Steve every night was taking its toll, but cold meant punishing himself the way that Hydra had, and he hadn’t failed, his mission was safe in his best friend’s arms. He turned the handle to hot and stepped under the spray, leaning one hand against the cool tile wall, grounding himself, his face turned up to the warm water.

Cold air hit his back as the shower curtain was pushed aside. “I don’t want to talk, Steve,” Bucky bowed his head, wishing the water would wash his hair down to cover his face.

Darcy’s small hands rounded his hips and he caught them before they made their journey south. Bucky arched back into her embrace, her naked body pressed firmly against his back the water stinging his face.

“Please don’t lock me out, Bucky,” she locked her hands together around his stomach and pressed her face into his warm wet back.

“I’m not,” his hand rested over hers as he leaned more heavily on his arm against the wall.

“They why do you keep running away,” she rubbed her cheek against his skin. She mouthed gently at the muscles of his shoulders, grazing her teeth along his back. “I know you want this, it’s written all over your skin.”

“It’s complicated, Darcy,” his voice was strained and husky but so lost. “How do you always know?” he rubbed his hand down her arms, pushing back into her as she continued to nip at his back, she was right, he wanted her with an intensity that scared him, but he was more scared of hurting her. The thought of her looking at him with those beautiful eyes, full of revulsion, kept him
from taking what she offered. “Have you thought about how you’re always ready to give people what they need?”

“Mom called it intuition,” Darcy told him, trying to wiggle her hands free so she could touch him. Her body was screaming to touch him.

“It’s not intuition, Darcy.” Bucky went to pull her away from him as she stared to rub her bare breasts against his back. His resolve was starting to crumble.

“I’m getting that,” she gently pulled her hands from Bucky’s and turned him around to face her. “Doesn’t mean I don’t want this just as much as you do,” she pulled Bucky into a hard kiss, pressing her body against his. She hummed into his mouth as the hard length of him pressed against her stomach.

“Are you sure?”

“Just cause I know what you need, doesn’t mean I have to give it to you,” she smiled, pressing his flesh hand against her breast, squeezing his hand gently.

“There’s more we need to talk about,” he ran his thumb against her nipple, knowing his resolve was down the drain with the rest of the dirty water.

“We’ll talk about control and safe words later, Buck,” she smiled at him and slowly lowered herself to her knees. “Why don’t you grab onto the curtain rod, and try not to pull it down, Steve will be pissed.” Darcy ran her tongue along the vein on the underside of his cock and his hands flew up to the bar, clamping down, the hollow pipe giving under his metal hand as she took him into her mouth and set a steady pace.

“Oh god, babe,” Bucky let his head fall back water washed over his face. “Don’t stop.” She hummed against his skin and he jerked his hips forward. Darcy placed one hand on his hip, holding him in place, her other had squeezed around the base of his cock.

“Stay still,” she looked up at his through the spray of the shower, the muscles of his stomach jumped in effort to do as she asked. Darcy licked around the head before pulling him back into her mouth, humming at the salty dark taste that coated her tongue.

“Baby, you gotta stop soon,” he wanted to thread his fingers through her hair, but held fast to the curtain rod. She pulled off and shook her head before setting a brutal pace, sucking long and hard along his cock. Bucky came with a shout and pulled the damn rod off its anchors in the ceiling, the curtain sank down around them, and Darcy sat back on her heels and laughed, rubbing her chin with the back to his hand.

“Well, we’ll just have to finish this in the bedroom,” Darcy held out her hand to Bucky to help her off the slippery floor of the tub, crushing her lips to his. “You can clean up the bathroom later.”

Bucky dropped Darcy onto the bed, her wet hair splaying out around her, slapping against Steve’s bare back. He dove between her spread legs, running his tongue along her lips, her clean musky taste exploding in his mouth, he didn’t see Steve stir, looking down at them as Bucky sucked and licked at Darcy’s clit, her hands rubbing along his buzzed head.

“Well, this isn’t what I expected to wake up to,” Steve rubbed his hand down his neck, his cock growing painfully hard as Darcy arched back, pressing herself into his best friends face, moaning at the sensations Bucky was bestowing upon her.

“Shut up and kiss me,” she said, her eyes dark with passion. “Before I bite you.” Bucky chuckled
against her skin, sending vibrations through her body.

Steve lay down alongside Darcy, kissing his way towards her mouth, capturing her lips in a bruising kiss, while she directed his hand to her chest, showing him how she wanted him to pinch and pull at her nipples as she arched into his hand and Bucky’s mouth, keening her pleasure into the kiss.

Bucky’s tongue danced between her folds, alternating licking around and sucking on her clit, holding her hips down as she arched to move his mouth exactly where she wanted him. He looked up the line of her body, watching her kissing his best friend, her hand over Steve’s on her breast. And to think, just a half hour before, he’d been determined to jerk off in the shower, now he was splayed out in bed. Darcy came with a shout that Steve swallowed into their kiss.

“My purse is on the chair,” Darcy pushed Steve onto his back and pushed his boxers down and out of her way. “Condoms are in the front right pocket.” Bucky rummaged through her purse and came up with a small black square that had ‘Glow in the Dark’ written across the foil. He just raised is eyebrow. “What? They’re fun.” Darcy made grabby hands for the package, which Bucky deposited in her palm before crawling back on the bed. Darcy ripped the package open, and straddled Steve’s upper thighs, rolling the condom down his long shaft. Steve’s hands went around her hips and helped her slide down his cock. She seated herself all the way down, letting her head fall back as Steve stretched and filled her, Bucky sat against the headboard, watching his girl riding his best friend at a painfully slow pace. “Bucky,” his eyes flew to hers. “Don’t just sit there, Stevie needs some good kisses.”

Bucky slipped his hand down Steve’s body to where he and Darcy were connected, rubbing firmly at her swollen clit as Steve encouraged her to go faster, bucking his hips up into her, chasing his own approaching orgasm. Darcy came with a shout, her walls clamping down on his cock as he followed her over, pumping his hips into her a couple of times as she shuddered over him. She collapsed down onto his chest, kissing Bucky before setting her lips against his, licking at his mouth as she painted, coming down. “Good morning, sweetheart,” Steve ran his hands down her back, her wet tangled hair, cold against his hands.

“Good morning,” she smiled into his chest. “Bucky tried to hide again.”

“You two talk about me?” Bucky asked, lazing on the bed, running his hands up and down Darcy and Steve’s legs where they tangled together.

“We had a plan,” Steve chuckled. “Worked out pretty well. What did you think we were doing in the truck while you watched?”

“Yeah, I was pretty sure you were rounding first base, punk,” Bucky watched as Darcy’s eyes fluttered as she struggled to stay awake. “Sorry I woke you so early,” he helped her slide off of Steve who disappeared into the bathroom to clean up, while Bucky tucked their girl down into bed, curling around her back.

“Bucky,” Steve’s voice came from the bathroom. “You’re fixing the shower rod, this is the only damned shower in the house, and I’m not taking a fucking bath.” Bucky just tightened his arms around his girl. Best way to chase away nightmares ever.

Steve slid back between the sheets and pulled Bucky into a deep kiss before snuggling down with Darcy, one of her legs slipping between his.

*****
Darcy wasn’t sure if she should be worried or amused as her picture was flashed up on the local news station. Her crappy license photo, showed with her last known location. “The search continues for Culver Student, Darcy Lewis, who was abducted from a bar in Mollerson Kansas three weeks ago,” the news anchor read from a prompter. “If you have any information, please call the number below.” A one eight hundred number flashed on the screen, and Steve switched off the television.

“How long’s that been running?” Darcy asked, lifter her legs so Steve could sit down on the couch, then dropping them across his lap.

“Couple of weeks,” he told her, running his hands along her bare calves. “We’ve been to town enough; I wouldn’t worry about anyone recognizing you.”

“Most kidnapping victims aren’t out and about, making out with hot muscular guys,” Darcy nodded sagely.

Steve laughed, stealing a kiss from those lips, leaning down to deepen the kiss. He shifted them so Darcy was nestled against the pillows under him. “Speaking of,” he grinned down at her. She ran her hands up his arms, melting into the kiss, when they both heard a loud crash from upstairs, followed by a string of curses.

“How hard is it to install a shower curtain?” Darcy chuckled.

“Probably would be a lot easier if that fucker wasn’t bent all to hell,” Steve sank back down into the couch, capturing Darcy’s lips again.

“Captain Rogers,” she said in mock horror. “Language.”

“I’ll show you language,” his fingers danced along her waistline eliciting a shriek from her lips. Darcy twisted and squirmed under the soldier, trying to buck him off of her as they both laughed.

“Bucky,” Darcy called between bouts of laughter. “Bucky, come help.” The tools dropped to the floor and Bucky flag jumped the railing.

Steve sat astride Darcy’s hips on the couch; the Captain had managed to capture both of her hands in one of his continuing to assault her unprotected middle. “Don’t you two make a pretty picture,” Bucky sauntered around the couch, watching as Darcy tried in vain to dislodge his friend from her hips. “How can I help you, sweetness?”

“Make him stop,” Darcy panted out, pulling at her hands in Steve’s vice like grip. “I’m going to pee, Rogers.”

Steve leaned down and kissed the tip of her nose. “All you had to do was ask nice,” he grinned down at her, her hands still held firmly in his.

Chapter End Notes

Feed the author, and send feed back. I don't write smut often, so the more feed back the better. The plot bunny has recovered from its cracked out daze, and is again accepting donations in the form of food.
Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Wonderland by Taylor Swift

Sorry this chapter has taken so long to get out. I've been going back and forth about whether or not to write a chapter between this one and chapter seven, detailing Bucky dealing with his hesitations and worries about potentially hurting or scaring off Darcy. In the end, I chose to move to story forward, instead of dwelling on Bucky's misgivings. If you all would like to see his struggle and the intervening time between the last chapter and this one, please leave a comment. If I get enough desire for it, I will write it as an interlude of this series.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 8: Wonderland

Steve stretched, feeling his muscles burn after his run. He saw the two figures walking down the driveway, but went back to stretching.

“Hey Rogers,” her voice always had a hard edge to it, even when it was tinged with affection.

“Romanoff,” he smiled, kissing her gently on the cheek.

“How come Barnes is in a tree?” Clint dumped two duffel bags in the dirt, pushing his mirrored sunglasses further up his nose.

Steve chuckled and shrugged, clasping the other man’s hand in greeting. “He’s in time out,” he told Clint, smiling as he remembered the sulky look Bucky had given them when he received his sentence.

“You put the Winter Soldier in time out?” Natasha just quirked an eyebrow. “Like a naughty child?”

“I didn’t,” no, that wouldn’t have been in anyway useful. Bucky would have just laughed. “Darcy did.”

Clint just gave Steve an incredulous look, glancing back up at Bucky, who was crouched on one of the lower branches of the old sycamore, one hand on the branch, steadying himself. “Should I ask why?”

“He cheated,” Steve threw one of the duffels over his shoulder, moving the three of them towards the house.

“What’s he doing in the tree, though,” Natasha allowed Clint to get the other bag, and lacing her fingers with his.

The Captain scratched the back of his neck. Clint and Natasha would be staying with them for a few days at least. There was no point in trying to hide their relationship, not that it would do any good in
front of Tasha anyway. “He’s watching Darcy,” it was after all their main job. Steve’s ears turned a little pink. They’d both gotten very good at watching the girl, both together and separately.

“Okay, I’ll bite,” Clint dropped the bag on the porch, leaning back against the railing. “Watching her do what?” Bucky hadn’t moved a muscle since they’d spotted him.

“Well, that’s the bathroom window.” Steve picked at a bit of dirt under his fingernail and looked up at his friend, who was gripping the branch he was crouching on with white knuckles. “So I’m going to guess she’s probably in the shower.”

Natasha’s head whipped around to glare at the Super Soldier. “And you’re just sitting here, letting him watch?” her voice dripped with anger.

“Does she know?” Clint put a hand on his partner, trying to calm her. Steve’s face remained relaxed and open, if not a little flushed, he shrugged.

A breathy voice carried down to them from the second floor, calling out Bucky’s name. “Yep, she knows.” Clint pinched the bridge of his nose.

“So what did he cheat at?” the Widow folded her arms across her chest. She’d been prepared to visit a farm with two antsy super soldiers and a frightened college student. But Steve was more relaxed than she’d ever seen him, affection for his friend showing all over his face.

“Bucky,” Steve addressed his friend, who didn’t move from his perch. “What put you in time out?”

A long sigh came from the Soldier, a sheepish look coming over his face, Clint would have described it as an ‘aw shucks’ look, if it wasn’t written on the face of one of the most feared assassins on earth. “I didn’t count to ten,” the reply was automatic, like the two Super Soldiers had gone over it before.

“And why is that wrong?” Steve prompted, a mercurial smile ghosting across his face. Natasha realized that Steve was using their curiosity to tease his friend. Sometimes it still surprised her how much of an ass the Star Spangled Man could be.

“Because Darcy has shorter legs then I do,” Bucky fidgeted on the branch, before resettling. “And if I don’t count to ten before I chase her, it’s over too quickly.”

“So,” Steve looked up at his friend from right below him. Steve glanced up to the open bathroom window, but was too low to see anything but a small strip of the ceiling. “What happened when you didn’t finish counting?”

“I caught Darcy on the stairs,” Bucky’s eyes didn’t waver from the window, and Clint was starting to feel more than a little uncomfortable watching him.

Steve’s face broke out into a truly evil smile, he was enjoying ribbing his friend way too much. “And?”

“And,” Bucky fidgeted again. “She likes playing games, but stair sex is uncomfortable when she’s on the bottom.”

“That’s right,” Steve could see the tips of Natasha’s ears turn the slightest shade of pink, anyone else would have missed it, and he wanted to laugh in triumph, but Darcy would admonish him for taking his fun too far. “Now it’s time to come down.”

“But Steve,” the Soldier all but whined. “She’s almost finished. You know how pretty our girl is
when,” Bucky caught movement out of the corner of his eye, not Steve. “Hello,” he glared at his friend’s laughing face. “There are other people here, punk.” He swung down off the branch, landing neatly on the ground. “Natalia,” he nodded at the Black Widow.

“Yasha,” her face was impassible as she greeted him.

“How’s the shoulder?” Bucky looked down at the shoulder in question, he could almost still feel the weight of the gun in his hand, the cool calculating satisfaction when his bullet hit its target.

“Healing.”

“So Barnes,” Clint clapped him on his flesh shoulder. Most people still shied away from the metal one, like it might have a mind of its own. “You often perve on the coeds?” Effectively breaking the tension.

“I hate you,” Bucky told Steve.

“No you don’t.”

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The sound of the screen door slamming, brought Darcy bouncing down the stairs in nothing but a towel, coffee cup in her hands. She sidled up to Steve, pulling him into a deep kiss, biting gently at his lower lip until he parted his lips to her, his hands coming up around her hips and holding on. “So, Cap,” Darcy nipped gently at his chin. “Think I can convince you to take me upstairs and finish what Bucky’s been watching?” She swished her hips against him, despite his tight hold on her. “I’m all primed and ready to go.”

“Don’t think this is the time, Darce,” Steve glanced over her head at Clint and Natasha coming in through the screen door, closing it silently behind themselves.

“Oh?” she let a sly smile play along her lips and ran her hands down his chest. “You need it to be an order?” she asked playfully. Darcy skimmed her hands around the waistband of his sweatpants, while he tried to tell his guests to leave with his eyes. Natasha just crossed her arms and leaned against the wall, and eyebrow cocked, challenging. “I order you to take me upstairs and have your wicked way with me, Soldier.”

“Umm,” Steve looked down at her, swallowing hard. It was painfully clear that Clint and Natasha weren’t going to give them any kind of privacy. He probably should have given them a heads up before they came out, but how do you have that conversation over the phone with your work colleagues? ‘Hi, just so you know, Bucky and I are having hedonistic sex with the girl we were charged to take care of, on another note, she knows her way around a sniper rifle.’ Darcy slid her hand down the front of his sweatpants, pulling him back to the matter at hand, so to speak. “Darcy, red.”

The hand retracted like she’d been burned. “Oh,” the hurt in her voice was tangible. Clint cleared his throat and Darcy spun around. “And we have company,” she smacked Steve’s arm and gave him a withering look. “You’ve just earned your first trip to the penalty box, asshole. I’ll just go upstairs and hide.” Darcy slid her hand down the front of his sweatpants, pulling him back to the matter at hand, so to speak. “Darcy, red.”

Steve sent Bucky up to check on Darcy, while he faced the music. He’d fucked up, he knew that. The looks that Natasha was giving him were clear disapproval. He sat down on the couch, his
elbows resting on his knees, his hands rubbing over his face. “Well,” Steve sighed. “Welcome to the farm.”

“What the hell were you thinking, Steven?” Natasha’s voice had a hard edge that he hadn’t heard in quite some time. “We may not have SHIELD’s over sight anymore, but I would have thought you would have some self-control.”

“You’re right,” he said, he had no excuse for his behavior. Just, being with Bucky and Darcy felt so right. He’d let the easy way they fit, and the way they’d brought down all this carefully constructed shields, take over. He loved the way they brought down the walls that were the mask of Captain America, and he’d forgotten himself in front of people who hadn’t seen him being just Steve Rogers, purely Steve Rogers, and he shouldn’t have.

“Steve, you know I’m all for you finding a nice girl,” she told him, the cool tone of her voice softening. “But I can’t believe you’re letting Barnes get so close to her, he’s not stable.”

Steve clenched his hands so tight his knuckles whitened. Yes, he’s had the same reservations about Bucky at first, but his friend had more than proved that under Darcy’s care, he was as safe as anyone. “He’s fine, Natasha,” was all he could get out between his clenched teeth.

“Are you sure?” Clint steepled his fingers in front of his face, not wanting to question the Captain, but Barnes made him uncomfortable. He’s seen the footage from DC, how powerful the Winter Soldier could be. He didn’t want Darcy getting hurt.

“His entire body is a weapon, Steve. Not just that arm,” Natasha told him. “And you’re sitting by and letting that girl play with him like some neutered puppy.”

“I seem to remember that you played just fine with this body,” Bucky stood at the top of the stairs, an irate Darcy gripping his metal hand in both of hers.

“That was different,” Natasha countered, her chin lifted in defiance.

“You’re right,” Bucky gently guided Darcy down the stairs. “You were playing with Yasha, the Winter Soldier, the monster tasked with training you to become the perfect killer,” he settled Darcy on the couch next to Steve and took the seat next to her, his metal arm draped across the back of the couch behind her. “Darcy, she and Steve get Bucky. I may not be completely whole again, but I’m piecing things together again with their help, with Darcy’s help.”

“You are the Winter Soldier,” Natasha said coolly, eyeing the threesome on the couch.

“No, I’m not,” Darcy squeezed his thigh, rubbing up and down as tension radiated out of him. “He was a program, Natalia.” He let Darcy comfort him, feeling better with her tucked into his side. “The man underneath, the one Steve found, you didn’t get to see him. I was buried so deep that I couldn’t find my way out, not until Steve lit the way.”

“And yet you play the same games with this poor girl that you played with me,” Natasha ground out between gritted teeth, the only thing keeping her in her seat with Clint’s arm around her. “She can’t defend herself, not like I could.”

“Don’t you presume to know what we do, Widow,” Darcy said quietly, her hand still rubbing up and down Bucky’s leg.

“So he’s not playing rape games with you?” she eyed the young girl. “He doesn’t like to hold you down?”

“What Bucky and I do or don’t do is absolutely none of your business, sweetheart,” Darcy said
calmly, getting angry would just lend credibility to what Natasha was saying.

“Darcy,” Bucky fitted their hands together, palm to palm on his thigh. “Tell the Widow how our first game went.” His fingers rubbed along her palm, relaxing her further into his side.

“It didn’t,” she said, looking into Bucky’s eyes before glancing over at Natasha, whose eyes bore into Darcy’s, hard as diamonds. “You safe worded out half a dozen times before we really got started. It took both Steve and I reassuring you, showing you that I was okay, that I was enjoying myself, for you to finish.”

“And afterwards?” Bucky prompted her to continue.

“You apologized,” she looked up at him, knowing it was still hard for him to admit what he wanted, he still worried about hurting her. “Steve and I held you while I told you how much I enjoyed playing with you, how good it felt to let you be in control.” Bucky placed a gentle kiss against her upturned lips. “It’s gotten better since then.”

“How much better?” he was so proud of his girl for answering these questions, even though it wasn’t any of Widow’s business, he could see how it was making Steve feel better.

“Better enough that I felt I could punish you when you cheated,” she smiled at him, a wicked gleam in her eyes.

“And why don’t you tell our guests why I’m being punished?”

“You know you’re only being punished because you insisted on it,” she told him. He raised an eyebrow. “Because we had really great sex on the stairs and I have bruises, which are totally a badge of honor, but you felt bad that you’d hurt me,” Darcy squeezed his hand. “You know how safe you make me feel.”

“Natalia?” Bucky asked, prompting her to tell her story, but she just nodded, consenting the difference.

Chapter End Notes

As always, let me know what you think. Chocolate is always appreciated, but comments are better.
Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Inner Smile by Texas.

Sorry this has taken so long to get out. I was banking on having a lot of extra time this week to write, and that ended up going down the drain when I found myself alone at work, trying to juggle two peoples work loads, plus extras, since we just hired someone new, and they're getting trained. Hopefully next week will be more writing friendly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 9: Inner Smile

Upon seeing the guest bathroom at the old farmhouse, Clint made immediate plans to add a shower head. “How can the master bath be the only shower?” he tossed his duffle bag down on the small double bed in the larger of the two guest bedrooms. There was just no way he and Natasha would share bunk beds, especially since he was pretty sure even her feet would hang off the edge.

“I’m sure our hosts would be more than happy to let you use their shower,” Natasha told him, slowly unpacking her weapons case, noting how low she was getting on ammunition and making a mental list of things to restock. “If you ask nice, I’m sure little Darcy would wash your back, too.”

“You know, I was prepared to like you,” Darcy’s voice came from the doorway. “I was even happy to overlook how rude you were to Bucky, because I can tell you don’t like surprises, especially from your friends. But, honestly, your petty bitchiness has no place in this house, and I’m sick of it.” She turned her back pointedly on the Black Widow and smiled kindly at Clint, who returned it. “Of course you can use the master bath, Clint,” Darcy gave an unkind glance over her shoulder to Natasha. “I’ll even throw in that offer to wash your back, give your partner an actual reason for this green eyed monster she seems so fond of.”

“That’s a very tempting offer, darling,” he gave her a wink without any intent behind it, which just made her like the older archer more. “What would be really great would be directions to a hardware store.”

“I’ll do you one better,” Darcy said, nearly bouncing on the balls of her feet with anticipation. “I’ll give you a ride, gotta get some sustenance for the Supers, plus with two more,” she shrugged. “Drop your crap and meet me downstairs in ten. I’ll introduce you to Mike.” Darcy swept out of the room, leaving Clint looking disappointedly at his partner.

“Whatever you problem is, Tash,” Clint said, checking his service weapon and adding two knives to his boots. “Fix it. That girl has done nothing to you, and I’ve never seen Rogers so relaxed and Barnes made actual expressions today.”

“She’s a distraction,” Natasha put her case under the bed, giving her partner a cool look. “Their heads need to be in the current situation with Hydra, not in some little girl’s pants.”
“Oh please,” Clint slipped into his old fatigue jacket. “I call bullshit, you’re being childish and frankly, it’s really unattractive.”

“You’re more than welcome to sleep in the kids’ room, then,” Natasha dismissed him. Clint just grabbed his duffle and tossed it into the room across the hall on his way down to the truck.

Steve sat quietly on the couch, his feet crossed up on the coffee table, going over the new intelligence reports that Natasha had all but thrown at him. He looked up as Clint walked down the stairs, giving the other man a shy smile.

“I’m sorry,” the Captain put the tablet down on the table and ran a hand down the back of his neck. “I shouldn’t have let you walk into our home unprepared.”

“Got nothing to be sorry for, Cap,” he gave his friend a smile and clapped him on the shoulder. “Happy looks good on you.”

“She’s an empath,” Steve sighed, looking carefully at the other man. “Sometimes I worry she’s with the two of us because she’s filling a need we both have.”

“How long’s she been with you both?” the archer asked, perching at the end of the kitchen table.

“She started with the touching right off,” the Captain couldn’t think of a time when Darcy hesitated to touch or hug either of them. “Buck’s been sharing a bed with her since they met. Darcy says it helps her nightmares, but Bucky hasn’t had one since I got here.” Steve leaned against the back of the couch. “Bucky balked at taking that next step, he was scared his needs would scare her away.”

“Yeah, Tash and I struggled with that a bit,” Clint nodded, understanding the difficulties of dealing with different sexual needs at the beginning of a new relationship. “Darcy didn’t even blink, did she?”

Steve shook his head. “She talked him through the first few times, let him start and stop as often as he needed, then she just lay there with him after, rubbing his back and telling him how much she enjoyed being with him, thanking him for sharing his fantasies with her,” he shrugged, not knowing what else to say. “She’s submissive for Bucky and dominant for me and somehow makes it work for all three of use to share time together. I’m just not sure what we do for her.”

“You gave me a home,” Darcy said from the door, her eyes shining with tears. “I don’t know what to say that will convince you that no other shoe’s going to drop, Stevie. I love you for you, just like I love Bucky for being Bucky. You boys made me fit, here.” Steve strode across the room and pulled the small girl into his arms, kissing her upturned lips gently.

“Love you too, baby girl,” Steve whispered against her lips. “It’s nice to be just Steve.” He bumped their noses together softly and set her back on her feet. “You take care of my girl, Barton.”

Clint ran his hand down the back of his shirt, checking the angle of his service weapon. “You know I will, Cap,” he threw a casual arm around Darcy and steered her out the door, nodding slightly to Bucky who was once again perched in his tree, his rifle slung casually over his shoulder. Bucky’s eyes narrowed at the archer until Darcy blew him a kiss. He nodded back and pulled the strap of his rifle over his head, watching Darcy pull herself behind the driver’s seat of the truck.

As much as Darcy’s loved modern conveniences, she’d always been a bit of a country girl at heart, and the smell of the old general store made her heart warm. She watched Clint do a quick threat assessment as she pulled a battered old shopping cart from its place just inside the door. Darcy smiled when she caught his eye and he ducked his head.
“Stand down, Hawk,” she grinned at the slight pink that tinged the tips of his ears. “Mike runs a tight ship.”

“Just doing my job, ma’am,” Darcy imagined he would have tipped his hat, if he had one.

“Oh sweetie,” she patted him on the shoulder as she maneuvered the card down the first isle. It may be dented, but it always rolled straight and never squeaked. “Call me ma’am again and I’ll taze your balls.”

“I will keep that in mind,” Clint cringed and put the cart between himself and the girl. “So, point me towards the plumbing supplies.”

“Subtle,” Darcy smiled and steered them up to Mike, who was standing behind the counter, hip cocked on a tall metal stool, as usual. “Hiya Sergeant,” she smiled warmly at the man, leaning over the counter for a quick hug, which the older man readily returned.

“Hey, sweet girl,” the clerk’s voice was husky and soft from years of smoking. “How’d that rope work out of ya?”

“Did real well,” she said, pulling out her list of ammo she needed to pick up for the boys and handing it over to the old soldier, who took it and started pulling boxes down off of shelves, stacking them neatly on the counter.

“Told ya you wanted the real stuff,” Mike counted boxes and double checked Darcy’s list. “Not that synthetic crap you keep picking up.”

“When you’re right, your right,” Steve had been teaching her what to look for when she checked over the ammo they bought, but she still wasn’t certain and let Clint look for her. “Mike, this is our friend Clint.” Clint reached over the counter to shake his hand. “Clint, this is Sergeant First Class Mike Durban.”

“Retired,” Mike supplied as he shook the archer’s hand.

“First Lieutenant Clinton Francis,” he stacked the boxes of ammo in the cart, making not to come back and stock up his own supplies. “Good to meet you, soldier.”

“You boys have a special one, here,” Mike nodded to Darcy, who was wondering off, loading up the cart with food. “She comes in at least once a week with that husband of hers, never once seen her alone.”

“With everything Steve’s seen, he likes eyes on her,” Clint watched as she disappeared down an aisle, humming quietly to herself. “She understands.”

“You serve with Andrews?” Mike looked at Clint, assessing him.

“Yeah,” the archer said, letting his eyes wander from the isle Darcy had disappeared down, and back over to the older man. “I served with the Cap for a while.”

“Thought so, didn’t think he’d trust anyone else with little Darcy,” Mike slipped back up on to his stool, relaxing.

“Darcy’s tougher than she looks.”

“Oh, I know,” Mike just nodded his head. “Like I said, that’s a special girl, taking on the care of her husband’s brother. Steve said he gets pretty bad sometimes, can’t say for sure, never met ol’ Buck
“He’s a good man,” Clint nodded, understanding why Darcy had chosen to bring him here instead of the big box hardware store in the next town over. “Been through more than his share.” Mike nodded and Clint pulled out his list and handed it over to the clerk. “Figured while I was staying with those three, I’d do a little home improvement. The old farm house only has the one shower.”

“I’m sure they appreciate that,” Mike pointed him down to the plumbing supplies.

Clint swung down the aisle and caught up with Darcy, who was stocking up on meat, he raised an eyebrow at the sheer magnitude of poultry that she was stacking on the cart. “What, I feed Super Soldiers.”

“I see,” he fell into step next to her, guiding her to hardware. “Do I want to ask about the rope Mike mentioned?” his curiosity was half eating at him, half yelling at him to shut the hell up.

“Bucky built me a rope swing for the pond,” she shrugged. “If you want, I’ll take you out there after the boys and I go on our run.”

“How ‘bout I join you for both?” Clint pulled supplies from the shelves, double and triple checking his list.

“Avoiding Natasha?” Clint shrugged. “That would be nice,” Darcy grinned. “The boys just spend the whole time lapping me, and I’m not that slow, but I’ll never run a two minute mile.”

“I think I can handle pacing you,” he watched as she pulled down two lengths of synthetic rope.

“We use the synthetic crap in the bedroom,” she winked and tossed one of the bundles in the cart. “Harder for Steve to break out of, and less rope burn.”

Clint cringed at the visual that flashed through his head. “I hate you.”

Darcy just smiled and kissed his cheek sweetly. “Not possible.” She guided him back to the front of the store, quickly checking her haul to see if there was anything else they would need over the next few days. “Francis?”

“My middle name,” he told her. “It’s best to stay as close to the truth as possible when lying. Makes it easier to remember what you’ve said.”

“Yeah,” she just nodded and smiled. “Bucky thinks Natasha named him Buck to piss him off.”

“Nah, if she wanted to piss him off she’d give him a name that was hard for him to remember,” Clint scratched at the back to his head. “She gives me all kinds of crazy names when I’m in the dog house.”

“Not looking forward to facing her again, are you?”

“Hey, I didn’t fuck up this time,” the archer pointed his finger at Darcy, grinning. “This one’s all on her. And I’ve got to tell you, this jealousy thing, it’s pissing me off.”

“Yeah,” Darcy give him a quick side hug. “Whatever this is, this thing she had with Bucky way back in their Red Room days, it’s all on her. He’s not that man.”

“I know,” Clint said. “Doesn’t make it sting any less that the second she sees him with someone else, I suddenly don’t matter.” Darcy nodded, and started unloading the cart for Mike to ring them up.
Clint followed the small brunette out of the general store, both of their arms laden down with bags. He didn’t care what Tasha thought. He’d liked the girl in New Mexico and he was liking her just as much, if not more, now that he’d seen the comfort she provided to everyone she touched. He knew that if the Widow would let her, Darcy would be a good friend to the older assassin, too. Natasha needed someone kind to help soften those rough edges a bit. Maybe a female friend who she could talk to.

Chapter End Notes

Thought Clint needed some time to voice his frustrations about Natasha's bitchiness. Plus, finding his own connection with Darcy. Hope you enjoy.
I promise I did not forget about this fic, I've just been super involved with Kitten, and have been neglecting my other stories, and for that I am very sorry.

This chapter title is inspired by Taylor Swift's State of Grace, mostly because that's what I was listening to on the way home tonight.

Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 10: State of Grace

The pond was little more than a glorified swimming hole surrounded by a grove of mature trees. The afternoon sun filtered through the leaves, dappling the water with tiny traces of sunshine. The light glinted and sparkled across the metal of Bucky’s bare arm as he floated on a raft in the slight breeze.

“You all got a nice set up here,” Clint lounged back on an old inner tube, his head just brushing the water. “You know, Nat and I’ve been dodging bullets and sneaking into Hydra bases. If I knew you guys were spending your days lying out in the sun, I’da ditched Ms. Widow ages ago and joined you.”

“Barton,” Darcy swung over the water on her rope swing, carefully eyeing Bucky’s floating form. “I don’t need another reason for your pissed off assassin lover to hate me.” She swung out again, the apex of her swing bringing her just a hair closer to her goal. “Only reason I’m not worried about her strangling me in my sleep, is that I sleep with my very own badass assassin and Captain Fucking America.” She let go of the swing and did a perfect cannon ball, landing less than a foot from Bucky’s raft, tipping him into the water. The Super Soldier came out of the water sputtering, droplets falling from his eyelashes. He swooped in and grabbed Darcy around her waist, sending them both under the surface again. Steve laughed as he watched his friends play; only pausing for a moment before going back to his sketch.

“Are they always like that?” Clint asked the Captain as the lovers emerged from the water, locked in a heated embrace, Darcy’s legs around Bucky’s hips, their lips hopelessly entangled.

“Usually Darcy doesn’t bother with the bikini,” Steve told him, not bothering to look up at the archer, who just groaned, clearly regretting the question.

Darcy swam over to the shallows and dropped herself into the lawn chair next to Steve’s, wrapping herself up in a towel. “Speaking of,” Darcy started, looking off into the shadows of the trees.

“What, fucking in the pond,” Clint asked, his head tipped up to the sky, eyes closed behind his mirrored lenses.

“What? No,” she chuckled, her eyes following the shadow that didn’t belong. “Your bitchy girlfriend.”
“She doesn’t like that label,” Clint said, a little sadly, letting his fingers trail in the cool water.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Darcy said just loudly enough for the archer to hear. She could feel her friend’s discomfort with the space Natasha forced into their relationship. As she accepted her differences, she was learning to tease out her inferences from other people’s feelings. She knew Clint loved the Widow, and how he longed for her to return that feeling, just like she could feel Natasha’s affection for the archer. “So, speaking of you girlfriend,” Darcy emphasized loud enough for the shadows at the other end of the pond to hear. “She’s spying on us,” she said more quietly.

“Has been for a while, Doll,” Bucky scooped her up into his arms and sat down on the chair with her across his lap. The chair groaned a bit in protest. “If she wants to pout in the trees, I say we let her.”

Darcy curled up, his metal arm wrapped firmly around her back. She loved the solid weight of it, the hard, cold resistance against her sun warmed back, grounding her when the racing emotions of her companions upset her internal balance. The plates of his shoulder shifted, pushing water out and down his arm, dripping down the back of her towel, making her shiver as the cool liquid pooled against the elastic of her suit bottoms. “She still loves you,” she whispered against the metal of his shoulder.

“That’s too bad, the Soldier never loved her. He taught her that love was for children,” he tightened his arms around his girl, her wet head tucked up under his chin. “And I’ve got my hands full with this feisty brunette and the dumb punk over there.”

“You know I love you, right?” Darcy nuzzled against his chest, careful not to catch her hair in the shifting plates of his arm. “I set Stevie straight this morning, but I wanted to make sure you knew, too.”

“I know I love you, sweetheart,” he told her, letting his cheek rest against the top of her head.

“Well, I love you, too,” Darcy could feel the swell of emotion start to bubble inside of him, even if he didn’t let it fully realize. “I’m gonna keep telling you till you believe me, Bucky Barnes.” She kissed his shoulder, against the scares where skin and metal met. He just nodded and kissed the top of her wet head.

“You oughtta just believe her. jerk,” Steve told him, folding up his sketchbook and stretching. “She’s not gonna let it go ‘til you do.” He stood and wrapped his towel around his waist. “Barton, you can stick around out here if you want, but we’re gonna get showers before Darcy makes dinner.”

“I should go talk to Tash anyway,” Clint dropped out of his inner tube and pulled it to shore, accepting the towel from the Captain.

“Let her stew,” Bucky told the archer. “If she’s gonna sulk and stalk and bitch, you don’t owe her nothing.”

“If I don’t do something now,” he draped the towel around his neck, shaking droplets from his spiky blond hair. “She’ll be even more of a bitch later, and I have to travel with her. You all get to stay here.”

“You’re welcome back anytime,” Darcy said over her shoulder as Bucky carried her piggyback, all the way back to the house.

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Bucky deposited Darcy on the bathroom counter, her eyes following him around the room as he started the water for the shower and shucked his wet swim trunks, dropping them over the side of the
“See something you like?” he asked over his shoulder, testing the water temperature before switching the water flow from tub to shower.

“Don’t know, Soldier,” she chuckled as his eyebrows lifted. She shimmied out of the bikini bottoms and lifted her wet, heavy hair to pull at the tie of her top. “Turn around, and let me look at ya,” Darcy kept her voice teasing, careful not to make it sound like an order.

Bucky grinned and scooped her up in his arms, letting her legs fall around his hips. “Oh, I think you like it,” he ground himself gently into the wet heat between her thighs, relishing in the soft groan that escaped from her slightly parted lips. “You wanna wait for the punk, or you need me to take the edge off?” he asked as she tightened her legs around him, nipping playfully at his chin.

“Wait,” she said quietly, letting him drop her into the shower, the almost too warm spray hitting her skin. “Want the good Captain to hold me up, while we fuck,” she pulled at Bucky’s metal hand until he followed her into the shower. “Then I wanna watch you suck him while you put these metal fingers between my legs.”

“I think that can be arranged,” Steve dropped his wet trunks over Bucky’s on the edge of the hamper and stole a kiss from Bucky’s lips before joining them in the shower, which was simply not built for three. “You want me to restrain you or just hold you?”

Darcy quirked her eyebrow at Bucky, who just shrugged, they’d played his game plenty, this one was her show. He kissed her nose and pushed her back against Steve’s firm front. “I wanna use my hands,” she decided, letting Steve lift her gently in his arms, wrapping them around her middle as Bucky guided her legs around his waist. He kissed along her jaw line and situated himself between her thighs, slowly pushing into her, pushing her back into the solid warmth of Steve’s chest.

“I love watching you between us,” Steve whispered in her ear as he peppered kisses down the side of her neck. Darcy let her head fall onto his opposite shoulder, giving him better access to her sensitive throat. “Feeling all those soft curves against me, as I feel Bucky fuck you. I think this, right here, is heaven.”

“Only be better if you were in me, too,” Darcy’s breath hitched as Bucky pushed into her harder, holding her ass with one hand and slipping his flesh hand between them, rubbing firmly against her clit.

“We’ll work our way up to that, Doll,” Bucky murmured against her chest, arching his body so he could take one of her nipples into his mouth, laving at it with his tongue before sucking it to a peak and running his teeth against it. Darcy squirmed in Steve’s grip, not quite able to move enough to thrust against Bucky.

“Harder,” she ground out when her ministrations failed to spur the Soldier on. He grinned down into her chest and slowed his pace minutely. “Damn it James.”

“You want something, Darce?” he fucked lazily into her, grinning at Steve over her shoulder. Steve bent his head over Darcy’s shoulder to capture the other man’s lips in a long slow kiss, nearly halting Bucky’s movements entirely. Darcy mewed in frustration, bringing both men’s attention back to her.

“Please,” she said quietly, her fingers wandering over Bucky’s shorn head. “Please, harder.” He gripped her hips with both hands, his metal fingers biting into her hip, and slammed his hips into hers, trusting Steve to keep them both upright, stealing the breath from Darcy’s lungs. He pulled back and bucked in just as quickly feeling Darcy’s inner walls starting to flutter around him, as
strangled moans fell from her lips.

“That what you want, sweetheart?” he grunted out, holding onto her hips just a little tighter as she continued to flutter gently around him. “You gonna cum for me, so you can watch me suck on Stevie?” Darcy just nodded, her head lulled back on Steve’s shoulder, as Bucky slammed his hips into hers, grinding her clit against his pelvic bone.

“I wanna hear you, Darcy,” Steve whispered against the side of her head, adjusting his grip on the wet girl as Bucky continued his brutal pace. He caught his friend’s eyes over their girl’s shoulder. “I wanna hear you say his name when he makes you cum, can you do that for me, sweetheart?” Darcy nodded again, almost imperceptibly, before letting Bucky’s name fall from her lips as her orgasm rolled over her. Bucky sealed his lips over hers and grunted into her mouth as he followed her over the edge, pumping a handful of times before stilling completely, lazily kissing her as she pet her fingers down his spine. “You did good, baby,” Steve told her, kissing her temple as he lowered her to stand between the two men, Bucky slipping gently from between her legs.

Rearranging in the claw footed tub was more difficult in reality then it was in fantasy. Steve ended up sitting on the lip of the tub, with the shower curtain outside, letting water drip onto the tile floor. Bucky knelt between the other Super Soldier’s legs, folding his own neatly beneath him on the sloped floor of the tub. He used his flesh hand on the base of his friends cock, his metal fingers delving between their girl’s legs, sinking deep into her, fucking her at the same pace he sucked Steve into his mouth. Steve wrapped an arm around Darcy, tipping her lips to his, licking into her mouth as they panted under Bucky’s ministrations. It wasn’t long before Darcy was coming against the metal fingers crooked deep inside of her, as she ground into the hard palm.

A knock at the door pulled Darcy out of her half dazed post orgasm haze. “Hey guys?” Clint called tentatively through the closed bathroom door. “Think you might save some hot water for the rest of us?”

Bucky ran his tongue along the vein on the underside of Steve’s cock, feeling his friends balls tighten under his fingers. “God, Buck,” the words grunted from the soldiers lips against Darcy’s shoulders. “So good.”

“Never mind,” Clint mumbled, his footsteps carrying him back through the master bedroom. “Cold shower’s fine.”

Steve hummed into Darcy’s mouth as his cum shot down Bucky’s throat. All three chuckled quietly as they heard the door to the master bedroom slam shut. “Poor Clint,” Darcy breathed between giggles.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was supposed to include Darcy confronting Natasha about her attitude, but my trio had other plans. I’d say I’m sorry, but I’m not.

Don’t forget to feed the author, so that I pay more attention to this story. Comments equal chapters.
Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Nobody Puts Baby in the Corner by Fall Out Boy.

My goal is to update two fics a week, once on Monday or Tuesday and then again on Thursday or Friday, so each one is updated every other week. I want to try to work my way down to only two fics, so that I can update them every week, but my muse isn’t really cooperating on that front. So please be patient.

Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 11: Nobody Puts Baby in the Corner

Clint sat at the kitchen table, his specialized quiver partially disassembled in front of him as he cleaned sand and grit out of the gears. Darcy danced around the room, a cookbook propped up on the bulk of the quiver that Clint wasn’t using, pulling down ingredients and spices together on the kitchen island.

“What’s for dinner?” Clint asked, distractedly as he used a small air can to puff dried grit out of the well that held one of his arrowheads.

“Making pizza,” Darcy told him, dropping a couple of green peppers on the counter along with a can of stewed tomatoes. “Or pizzas, with the way the boys eat.”

“Need help?” he blew gently over the arrowhead and replaced it into its holder. “I can chop and stir.”

“Don’t let him fool you,” Steve told her has be placed a kiss against her hair on his way to the living room. “Man would burn water if it were possible.”

“I am not that bad,” Clint sounded mildly offended. “I make a mean pot of coffee, I’ll have you know.”

“Then he drinks directly out of the pot,” Natasha called as she slammed the screen door shut and made her way to the stairs, back from wherever she’d been hiding.

“Talking to me again, Nat?” Clint asked quietly, looking down the shaft of an arrow and putting it aside. The other spy just shrugged her shoulders and continued up the stairs without looking back.

“You didn’t talk to her, did you?” Darcy asked, leaving an onion and knife on a chopping block for Clint to get to when he was done with his current task. “Diced fine, please.”

“Couldn’t find her,” he told her. “Not that I looked too hard. She took her weapons case with her, and when she’s pissed, she doesn’t pull her hits with her bites.”

“Bucky said she never pulls them with him,” Darcy mused.
“He made Darcy kiss each spot Tasha hit,” Steve called from the living room.

“You gonna kiss my owies better, too?”

“No, she’s not,” Bucky jumped the last few steps and dropped onto the couch next to Steve, stealing his tablet. Darcy caught Bucky’s eye and dropped a quick kiss against the archer’s cheek. “Brat.” She flashed him a bright smile and bounced back into the kitchen to work on her sauce.

“Onions, Hawk boy,” she pointed to the cutting board with a wooden spoon. “Buck, be useful and get the mixer down for me.”

“I don’t know, baby girl,” Bucky smirked. “You kissing on someone else, don’t make me want to help you much.”

“Steve,” Darcy batted her eyelashes at the other super soldier. “You wanna help me?” she gave him big innocent eyes.

“For a price,” Steve said slowly, not moving an inch from the couch.

“Anything you want, soldier boy,” she grinned over her shoulder and swished her hips at him.

“To be determined at a later date,” Steve finished, eyeing his girl.

“Done,” she hopped over to the other side of the kitchen and pointed to the mixer. “See Buck, now you missed out on a favor.”

“Don’t need one, doll,” Bucky kicked his feet up on the coffee table and started reading the intel that the two spies brought with them. “I got a sweet dame warming my bed and a big punk to keep us both happy, don’t need no extra favors, got all I need.” Darcy smiled at him and walked over, dropping herself down in his lap, abandoning her sauce.

“I love you, Bucky,” she curled her hands around his face and pulled him into a long, slow kiss. “Steve, stir the tomatoes for me.”

“Sure thing, sweetheart,” he watched as Bucky curled his arms around their girl and she pillowed her head against his shoulder. “Clint, I may need more than just chopping help. How do you feel about making pizza dough?” Clint just groaned and dropped his air can.

“You may regret asking,” he told the captain.

“Might do,” Steve conceded. “But that sight is worth a few million bad pizzas,” he pointed over to the two curled up on the couch, Bucky’s flesh hand rubbing up and down Darcy’s back as they both read from Steve’s tablet, their heads close together.

“Yeah,” Clint smiled slightly. “Must be nice.”

“I’m sorry,” the captain clapped his friend on the shoulder.

“Most of the time things with Nat are great,” the archer told his friend. These three had only seen the bad in his and Natasha’s relationship recently. There was a lot of good, too. “We’ll get this sorted, too.” Steve just nodded and went to stir the sauce before it burned. “We’ve been together for the better part of ten years, Cap. We’ve had plenty of ups and downs; it’s been worse than a little jealousy before. I’ve spent my fair share of nights on the couch, and we’ve had some blow up fights, we always find a way.”
“You aren’t looking for more?” Steve asked, curious. “You don’t want love?”

“Natasha loves me in her own way,” Clint dumped a cup full of flour into a mixing bowl and checked the recipe again. “I’m not looking for anything more. Would I like someone to be soft and warm with, who would touch me the way Darcy touches you guys? It would be nice, but I’m happy with what I’ve got.”

Neither of the boys saw the shadow move away from the top of the stairs, silently disappearing back down the hall, nor did they hear the soft click of the guestroom door behind her.

Darcy slipped from Bucky’s lap, leaving the new Hydra intel to the professionals. She appreciated that they shared their information with her, but the more she knew, the more she worried about her friends’ safety. Steve and Clint seemed to have dinner in hand, as long as she didn’t look too closely at the mess that Clint was making.

She slipped up the stairs, not bothering to try and be quiet. Darcy could feel the weight of Natasha’s presence in the guest room as she made her way down the hall. She hesitated for a moment at her own bedroom door, mentally preparing herself for the confrontation with the Black Widow. She didn’t have a clue what to say to the other woman, she didn’t owe her anything. If anything, Natasha owed her an apology, though Darcy knew that wouldn’t happen.

She drew a long slow breath trying to calm her rapidly beating heart before laying her knuckles against the door. Facing the Black Widow scared was just a bad idea. She used the breathing technique that Bucky had drilled into her head to use when she was shooting, slow in and out to drop her heart rate down so it wouldn’t interfere with long range precision shooting. When she could feel her heart drop into control, Darcy gently rapped her knuckles against the guestroom door.

“I was wondering if you’d work up the nerve,” Natasha said through the opening door, turning her back on Darcy to sit back on the bed. “You gonna stand in the door or come in?”

“I haven’t decided,” Darcy confessed.

“I’m not going to shoot you,” she nodded to the locked weapons case on the single chair in the room.

“Like you need a gun to kill me,” Darcy hesitated as she closed the door behind her, leaning back against it, feeling the lock engage with a distressing click.

“Smart girl,” the assassin lounged back on the bed, threading her fingers behind her head. “We both know that I won’t hurt you.”

“Not physically,” Darcy countered. “But that’s not what I’m here for.”

“Then what are you here for, little girl? You want to talk about my feelings?” Natasha scoffed, her eyes flicking up and down the younger woman. “You going to dress me down for not being a good little woman for Barton?”

“Not my business,” Darcy told her, feeling Natasha’s anger and discomfort against her skin, though it didn’t show on the assassin’s face, it burned against Darcy’s mind. “I’m not a therapist, nor do I want to interfere in other’s relationships.”

“You were doing a good job sticking your nose in when you were down by the pond,” Natasha told her, a sneer curling her lips.

“Clint chose to share,” Darcy said, her eyes locking onto Natasha’s. “If you friend wishes to share with me, I’m not going to turn him down.”
“Make friends quickly, do you?”

“Nothing wrong with that,” the younger woman said. “What I’m here for, is to let you know you’re welcome to come downstairs and join us. We’ve invited you into our home. If you can drop the bitchy jealousy act, I’d like it if you’d come down and relax with us. You need it after all the running you guys have been doing.”

“You didn’t invite me anywhere, little girl, and this isn’t your home.”

“We both know, if I asked Steve, he’d tell you to leave,” Darcy shrugged, opening the door to leave. “Invitations open, doesn’t mean you have to take it.” She turned her back on Natasha. “You think on it. We’ll be down stairs making dinner. I’m not saying we should be best girlfriends and braid each other's hair, but I’m here.”

Natasha said nothing as the younger woman closed the door behind her, her footsteps carrying her back down the stairs. Natasha leaned her head back against the wall, eyes turning towards the ceiling, not sure what to do.

*****

Darcy bounced back down the stairs, steering Clint away from the mixer, where he was busy over mixing the pizza dough, dropping the ruined flour and water concoction into the opened trash can and starting over without changing a beat.

“What were you doing up stairs, sneaky girl?” Steve curled his arms around her waist.

“Just checking on our spider,” she patted his arms as she added warm water and sugar to the yeast. “Want everyone to feel welcome.” Steve nodded and kissed the top of her head, moving away to tend to the simmering pizza sauce.

“She’ll come down when she’s ready, Darce,” Clint dropped down onto a kitchen chair, resuming his work on his quiver. “How on earth did I get glitter stuck in this thing?” he used the air can to send a burst of air into one of the arrow wells, and sure enough, a few specks of bright pink glitter floated out and landed on the table.

“You shouldn’t bring your weapons to the strip clubs, hotshot,” Darcy winked over her shoulder. “I didn’t,” Clint took a moment and thought about it. “Oh.”

“You didn’t,” Steve just looked at the archer, an unreadable expression on his face.

“It was an Op,” Clint looked down at the stray glitter on the table. “I certainly don’t know how the shit got into my quiver.”

“You know,” Bucky grinned evilly at the room in general. “You’re not supposed to touch the girls.”

“I didn’t,” Clint sputtered. “There was no touching, it was an Op.”

“You especially shouldn’t touch them and then handle your weapon afterwards, bird boy,” Darcy teased. “You don’t know what kind of strange glitter you’ll pick up.”

“You guys suck,” the archer brushed the offending pink sparkles off the table, inadvertently sticking some to his hand.

“Well, Bucky does anyway,” Steve chuckled. Clint’s head hit the table with a defeated thunk.
“It was a Hydra front,” he tried one last time.

“Keep telling yourself that, Sparkles,” Darcy grinned at Clint affectionately.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to feed the author. The more reviews, etc. I get, the faster I want to write. Thank you for all the love and support you've given me thus far in regards to this story.
Bad Blood

Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Bad Blood by Taylor Swift
On time!
Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed
Chapter 12: Bad Blood

She waited until the house was dark and still, the only noises were the rustling leaves outside and the sighing of the old wooden farm house bedding down for the night. She crept from her bed on silent feet, carefully tucking her Glock into the back of her jeans. Natasha stepped carefully down the hall, listening to any changes in the house as the wooden floorboards groaned under her weight.

The house was deep and dark as her eyes scanned the floor below before descending the stairs. The first floor was bathed in shallow moonlight from the waning moon filtering through the windows at the front of the house. She stood on the bottom step when she noticed a small movement from the corner of her eye and froze. Sitting at the kitchen table, a tablet and notepad in front of him, was Steve, a steaming mug sitting before him. Natasha let out a slow breath and inched her hand away from where she’d tucked her gun.

Steve caught the Widow’s eye and lifted a finger to his lips, nodding gently towards the couch, where Natasha could just make out the form of her sleeping partner, a blanket tucked up nearly over his head. She quirked an eyebrow and shrugged her shoulders, dropping down the final step, not bothering to be quiet.

“There’s leftover pizza in the fridge,” Steve told the woman, who padded across the kitchen. She nodded, pulling down a plate from the cabinet and two slices of cold pizza from the fridge. Steve gently lead her out the back kitchen door and steered her to a small table on the back porch, quietly shutting the old farm house style door behind them, careful not to jostle the detached upper window of the door. “I was starting to wonder if you’d ever come down.”

“You were waiting for me?” Natasha asked, swallowing a thick bite of cold crust.

“I had some reading to do,” Steve indicated the tablet still in his hand. “We’ve got a lot of information to sort through if we’re going to take on Hydra in a big way. You and Clint are dealing damage one base at a time, and I know we’re playing the long game, inserting our own agents within the organization, but we need to make contingency plans.”

“You aren’t enjoying the quiet life in the country, Steve?” she picked a piece of pepperoni off one of her slices, licking the salty brine from the cured meat off her fingers. “From what I’ve seen, you don’t look too anxious to give this up.”

“I’m not gonna lie,” Steve sat heavily back in his chair, setting down the tablet and lacing his finger
behind his head. “I like it here. I enjoy the time I get to spend with Bucky and Darcy, and it’s doing Buck a hell of a lot of good. But you and I both know, the quiet life, hiding and biding my time, this leading from the rear I’m doing, this isn’t what I’m built for.”

“No, it’s not,” Natasha brushed crumbs off her hands and sat back in her seat.

“That being said,” he looked down at his clasped hands, his head bowed down slightly. “I know you were planning on staying the week, and getting a little down time, but I think you need to get what you came for and move on to Banner.”

“You’re asking me to leave?” her eyes bore into the top of the captain’s head. “Is this because I’ve upset your little girlfriend? She ask you to kick me out?”

“Darcy wouldn’t do that,” Steve shook his head. No Darcy was far too nice to ask Steve or anyone to kick out a friend, especially with her strengthening empathic abilities. Even Steve could see how much Natasha needed a break from the action. “I just don’t think you’re going to get the kind of rest you need here with us right now.”

“Clint likes it here,” Natasha countered, she might not be happy with her paramour, but their wellbeing as a unit depended on both of their rest.

“But you don’t. You’re tense and angry, and I don’t see that changing until you deal with your feelings about Bucky,” Steve said quietly. “I think you need to get some space and perspective. And I think you and Clint need to do some talking.”

“Clint needs this time,” Natasha stood from the small table and looked down at their captain. “I’ll be happy to leave, but he needs this down time, he’s not as young as he used to be. I’ll come back and pick him up after I take the blood work to Bruce.”

Steve nodded his head, accepting Natasha’s proposal. “I’d like it if you’d talk to Clint before you leave.”

“I’m not going to just fade away into the dark, Captain,” she shook her head. “I’ll say good-bye before I leave.”

“No,” he ran his hands over his dark brown locks. “You two need to talk. It’s not fair to him if you’re going to go around all pissed off at Darcy because she’s with Bucky, a man you have no claim on and take your anger out on Clint. And it’s not fair to Darcy that you treat her like shit.”

“Don’t tell me how to conduct my affairs, Steve.”

“You’ve acted like a spoiled child since you got here, Tash,” Steve could feel his anger bubbling up under the surface. “She’s not going anywhere and you have no claim on Bucky. You’d do well to remember she’s not stealing him from you.”

“She’s a child,” Natasha spat.

“She’s also my girl,” Steve stood, using every inch he had on the Widow, looking down at her. “And Bucky’s my guy, don’t forget. He’s with me just as much as he’s with Darcy.”

“I’ll get that blood sample in the morning,” Natasha pulled open the back door, the top half of the farm house door swinging just a half second behind the bottom. “Then I’ll be out of your hair. You can keep Barton,” she snarled. “Let your little girl work her magic on him, too. But I’d be careful, he’s great in the sack, he might just steal your little succubus out from under you.” She slammed the door shut, the top window banging into the frame before swinging back open. Clint made a muffled
thump as the noise woke him and he tipped off the couch.

Clint pulled himself off the floor, disentangling himself from the blanket Darcy had found him and joined the captain outside.

“That could have gone better,” Steve slumped back down in his chair and watched the archer re-secured the bolt attaching the top of the door to the bottom.

“Next time,” Clint crouched on Natasha’s vacated chair. “Let me talk to her when she’s grumpy.”

“We used to have a nice rapport,” Steve ran his hands over his face. “Remember, we were partners.”

“Don’t remind me,” the other man chuckled. “You two were gone on Ops so often, I didn’t get laid for like six months.”

“It might be a while again,” the captain confessed, Clint just raised a brow. “I asked her to leave.”

“Yeah,” the archer nodded. “That might do it. So, when do we leave?”

“Oh, she’s leaving you here,” Steve let his head fall back against the side of the house, looking up at the overhang above the porch. “Natasha thinks you need recoup time.”

“Ha,” Clint just pinched the bridge of his nose and stood. “She just wants to be alone.”

“I kinda figured that.”

“I’m gonna sack out, Cap.” Clint went through the back door. “Since I’m stuck here, I’m teaching Darcy to use a bow.”

“Why?” Steve followed the archer into the kitchen and dropped the dishes in the sink.

“Cause I can,” he rolled his eyes and picked up his fallen blanket. “And cause you pissed off my assassin and got me left.”

“Fair enough,” the soldier gripped the railing as he ascended the stairs, looking towards the master bedroom door. It had been a long day, too long.

*****

Natasha waited at the kitchen table for her query to descend the steps, a small medical kit opened before her. The sun slowly crept to the bottoms of the windows, bringing the first light into the kitchen. At seven thirty sharp, the coffee maker beeped, the warm smell of fresh brewed coffee permeated the kitchen, causing the archer bedded down on the couch, to stir.

“You’re being creepy again, Nat,” Clint’s voice was thick with sleep as he folded his blanket and stumbled into the kitchen. “We’ve talked about this.”

“The sooner she gets down here, the sooner I can get out of this nuthouse,” Natasha grumbled and accepted the mug from her partner.

“Staring down the stairs is not going to make her come down any faster,” the archer sat down in the chair next to hers and breathed in the rich coffee scent wafting from his cup. “Unclench for once. If you want her to get down here, go knock on their door.”

“No,” the Russian said, a little too loudly, shuddering at the thought of what might greet her on the other side. “I’ll just wait here.” Clint just shrugged.
“Whatever floats your boat, Tash,” he said. “If you’re just going to wait, you think you can make breakfast while we sit here?”

“Don’t want to chance burning down the farm?” Natasha pushed up from the table.

“No, I really rather not,” Clint took a long drink from the too hot coffee. “I think I’ll just let them be pissed at you, Bucky still scares me.”

*****

By the time Darcy bounced down the stairs at quarter to nine, the kitchen island was covered in eggs, waffles, bacon and cut fresh fruit. Natasha was back at the table with her medical kit, watching Darcy expectantly.

Darcy’s focus flew from the feast laid out for breakfast to the assassin at the table. “Oh,” she looked quickly around the first floor for any of the boys, but she was alone with the Widow. “Shouldn’t I eat something first?”

“The boys went out for a run and Clint went into town to talk to someone named Mike,” Natasha pulled out a rubber tie and stood. “A fasting sample would be best.”

“Can I wait for Bucky? He said he’d hold my hand,” Darcy asked her naked feet.

“No,” the Widow held out her hand to the other woman. “Pull up your sleeve.” She snapped the rubber band around Darcy’s arm with an ominous snap. “Just take a deep breath.” Natasha drew eight tubes and popped them into a little case, cleaned up and walked out. Darcy watched the redhead throw a duffle over her shoulder and walk down the driveway.

Darcy poured herself a mug of coffee, eyeing the breakfast laid out in front of her and turned sharply to the front door, resolved to wait for the boys. She sat down on the porch swing and set it rocking, letting the gentle swaying motion settle her frazzled nerves, sipping her coffee slowly.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to feed the author.
Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Break on Through by the Doors.

So, I had a bit of a lazy week last week and only posted one chapter. My goal this week is to make up for it by posting three, one for each story that wasn't updated last week. Lets see how I do.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 13: Break on Through

Clint stood in front of the hunting display at the general store. He knew he’d find a wider selection at somewhere like Cabela’s, but it was riskier and farther away, and something told him that Mike was the person to talk to about anything weapon related.

“Lieutenant Francis,” Mike greeted, leaning heavily on his cane as he ambled over to the display. “Something I can help you with?” The old soldier watched as the younger man ran a reverent hand across the glass case. A blacked out recurve sat mounted on the top shelf.

“I’m looking for a bow for Steve’s girl,” Clint clenched his fist and walked away from the case and crouched down to look at the bow mounted on the lower shelf a few cases down. “She thinks maybe taking old Buck to do some bow hunting will clear his mind. Asked me to help out.”

“You a big hunter, son?” Mike asked, watching as the other man stood from the case, an assessing look in his eye.

“Done a bit,” he scratched the back of his neck. “I’ve always liked a bow over a gun.” Mike just nodded and watched. “I’m looking for something Darcy can handle, but’ll give her something to work on, nothing too easy. Got any suggestions?”

The old soldier took a long breath, looking Clint over carefully before seeming to make a decision. “Son, I need to show you something.” Clint folded his hands in front of him, pulling his attention from the Hoyt recurve that had caught his attention to begin with, and nodded. Mike led him around the counter and through an old battered door marked ‘Employees Only.’ Inside was an ancient office filled with mounds of papers piled high on an old metal desk. The walls were covered with bookshelves full of antique binders, the labels all long since fallen off. Up a short flight of stairs was a storage room filled with framed posters.

“A long time ago,” Mike shuffled through a rack of frames before finding what he was looking for. “My parents owned a fair ground outside of town.” He worked the old frame out of its place and nodded. Mike led him around the counter and through an old battered door marked ‘Employees Only.’ Inside was an ancient office filled with mounds of papers piled high on an old metal desk. The walls were covered with bookshelves full of antique binders, the labels all long since fallen off. Up a short flight of stairs was a storage room filled with framed posters.

“Here it is.” Mike shuffled through a rack of frames before finding what he was looking for. “They kept a lot of the old posters; it became

The archer froze, looking at the old poster with its familiar careful lettering at the top. “They kept a lot of the old posters; it became
something of a hobby for me when I got out of the service to frame them all. After you and Darcy came in yesterday, it sparked a memory. This one was one of my daughter’s favorites when she was young.”

The poster showed a fifteen year old Clint standing on the back of a white horse, bareback, his naked feet gripping the animal’s flank. He stood blindfolded, an arrow knocked, his bow drawn ready to fire. Under his likeness it said ‘The Amazing Hawkeye,’ in bold purple letters. Clint stood, his eyes glued to the poster, shock clearly written across his face.

“I don’t know what reasons lead to your face showing up on wanted posters, but you did good work in New York a few years ago. When Captain America showed up on the most wanted list, I knew something was very wrong,” Mike let Clint continue to look at the old poster, the archer’s hand hovering over the glass in much the same way he’d admired the recurve in the store. “You don’t have to hide here, son.” The old soldier laid a hand on the younger man’s shoulder. “I knew who you were the moment you walked in with little Darcy, bad dye job or not, and we’ve all seen that girl on the news these past weeks.” Mike shook his head and straightened. “You tell the good Captain that your secrets are safe here, this town, we take care of our own, and you four are part of that now.”

Clint ran his hand down his face and nodded. He stood slowly, helping Mike put the poster back in it’s place. As they walked back to the front of the store, the archer clapped Mike on the back. “You know,” he crouched back down in front of the case of bows. “I’m really digging the recurve,” he stood and winked at Mike. “The pink one. I think it’s just about Darcy’s size.”

Mike laughed. “Yeah, just about,” he unlocked the case and pulled the bow out, handing it to the archer. “You’re not teaching the Captain’s girl how to hunt, are you?”

“Nope,” Clint ran his hands along the bow, looking at it from all angles. “She’s gonna need arm guards, too, don’t got those in pink, do you?” Mike shook his head. “Gotta teach her to use as many different weapons as we can, never know when she’ll need them.”

“I see,” Mike pulled down a few arm guards in Darcy’s size.

“Plus, got nothing better to do,” Clint handed Mike the bow. “My partner just ditched me at the farm, said an old man like me needed a vacation.”

“Don’t think pink’s really Darcy’s color,” the clerk told him, putting the bow back in the case.

“No,” Clint agreed, looking further down the glass case. “You’re right, she likes glitter.”

“I can pretty much guarantee that none of these come in a glitter finish,” Mike shook his head and chuckled, certain that he didn’t want to ask for an explanation. “But if you’re teaching the girl to shoot for defense, I might suggest something a little less flashy.” He opened a new case and pulled out a **Sage Takedown Recurve**. “Try this one; it’s what my daughter favors.”

“I knew I liked you, Mike,” Clint smiled, running his hands over the bow. “Need arrows, too. Mine are too specialized.”

“I’ll just bet they are,” the old soldier chuckled, he pulled out a case for the weapon and showed Clint down to the selection of arrows they had in stock.

*****

Natasha dropped the medical kit down on the lab table, letting the small case make more noise than
was strictly necessary, pulling a the concentration of the doctor on the other side, deep in through. “Hope this is enough.”

Dr. Bruce Banner looked up from his computer screen giving the Widow a wan smile, and opening the case. “Looks good,” Bruce pulled one tube out of the container and deposited the rest in a small fridge below his desk. “Where’s Barton?” he asked absently as he plated a slide and pushed it under his microscope, missing the bitter look that crossed Natasha’s face.

“He stayed at the farm,” her voice was clear with an icy edge slipping in. “I thought he needed a break.”

“Clint needed a break, or you do?” Bruce pushed his rolling stool down to another piece of equipment. “We’re all under a great deal of stress; it’s got to be hard traveling with your lover, both of you putting yourselves in peril.”

“He’s old,” Natasha dismissed with a wave of her hand, leaning back on the stainless steel lab bench. “He needed a few days down time. Nothing more.”

“You know I talked to Steve, right?” he wrote notes down in his spidery scrawl. “He thought I should touch base with you.”

“I don’t need anyone sticking their nose in my personal life,” her voice was smooth and silky, filled with ice. “I’ll be outside if you need anything.”

“Just think about this,” Bruce looked up from his microscope, and looked the guarded woman directly in the eye. “Your team needs you, whatever personal issues you have with anyone of us, you need to put it aside and support your team. If you and Barton need to be separate, I’m sure that Steve can do something about that.”

“I don’t think Steve’s going to give up time with his precious little girl, just to traipse around the world with me, because I didn’t want to be with my partner for a while.” The Widow pushed the door open and paused.

“You’d be surprised,” the Doctor said, putting his eyes again on his instruments. “I’m pretty sure the Captain would do whatever was best for the team, regardless of his personal preferences.”

“Yeah,” Natasha put both hands on the door suddenly, momentarily feeling lost. “Including sending me away when he felt I was a liability.”

“I think you’re starting to get it, Nat,” Bruce mumbled to himself as he watched the Widow stride down the hallway, past the windows of the lab. He picked up a burner phone and dialed the only number he had programed in.

*****

Steve collapsed on the front steps, his breath coming in short bursts. He’d forgotten how easy he’d been taking it on himself, running with Darcy even if he couldn’t bring himself to slow all the way down to her pace.

“What’s the matter, old man,” Bucky stretched on the grass in front of the porch, bending back and grunting.

“Who you calling old man, jerk?” Steve leaned forward, elbows to knees. “You’re a year older than I am.”
“And you’re the one huffing and puffing,” the soldier leaned forward and touched his toes, feeling the burn of his stretching muscles, letting out a low groan.

“Sounds like you two’re having fun without me,” Darcy leaned on the doorpost, the screen door still closed between them.

“Not as much as you’d think, doll,” Bucky jogged up the steps and captured Steve’s lips in a gentle kiss, tasting the sweat that dripped down his brow. Bucky smiled and winked at Darcy as they pulled apart. “You wanna come out here so we can have some real fun?” The captain’s hand connected with his backside as Bucky passed.

“Don’t know,” Darcy but her lip, eyes wide and innocent. “You boys look like the sort that my momma said are up to no good. Maybe I should just stay in here.” Bucky yanked the screen door open and pulled Darcy out onto the porch and into his sweaty embrace. “Eww, Buck,” she squirmed in his arms, which only made him hold on harder. “Dude, I just showered, and you smell.”

Steve chuckled as he watched Darcy twist and turn in Bucky’s arms. “Might need to shower again, soon, little one,” he stood and rubbed his sweaty face into the crook of her neck, causing the girl to squeal as he wrapped his arms around her waist under Bucky’s embrace, wiggling his hands under her shirt.

“Eww eww eww, Clint,” she called over Bucky’s shoulder, spotting the archer striding around the house. “Save me from the swamp monsters.”

“I don’t know, darling,” the archer dropped his purchases on the porch swing. “Seems to me you brought this trouble on yourself.”

“Looks like no rescue’s coming, baby,” Bucky pulled Darcy out of Steve’s arms and threw her over his shoulder, smacking her ass as she squirmed.

“I’ll get you for this bird boy,” Darcy pushed herself up, hands on either side of Bucky’s hips so she could get a look at the archer as she was carried into the house. “You won’t know when, but it’s coming.”

Clint threw his hands in the air and turned to Steve. “What I do?” he asked, watching as the former Winter Soldier disappeared up the stairs with his girlfriend thrown over his shoulder.

“You didn’t help,” Steve shrugged and clapped the other man on the back, giving him a what can you do look.

“But,” Clint gave up. “You not going to follow?”

“Nope,” the Captain went over to the swing and looked over the archer’s purchases. “Bucky wanted a little alone time with our girl, we’re not always together.” Clint just nodded. “Looks like a nice bow.”

“I thought Darcy would like it,” Hawkeye picked up the bow. “Guess I’ll have to wait til later to show her.”

“You should have helped,” Steve picked up Clint’s other bags and lead the archer into the house.

“Mike knows,” Clint put the bow carefully on the table in its case, studiously ignoring the half panicked screaming going on upstairs. “He knows who we are.”

“Do we need to worry?” the Captain stilled, looking around the farmhouse that had become his
home, along with Bucky and Darcy.

“’Nope,” the Hawk told him, dropping onto one of the kitchen chairs. “He just wanted us to know.” Steve nodded and relaxed. “You want a beer?”

“It’s not even ten in the morning,” Clint let his head rest against the back of the chair.

“Yeah,” Steve chuckled as there was a sharp yelp and a thud from the master bedroom. “But they’re probably going to be up there for a while.”

“Yeah,” the archer agreed. “A beer might be good.”

Chapter End Notes

Please feed the muse, she needs a little fuel to get through this week.
Chapter Notes

Chapter title inspired by Changes by David Bowie.

Okay, I'm a day late (but not a whole day), which is due to the absence of my wonderful co-worker yesterday, who has thrown out her back. I only got some notes down while I was at work, and didn't have time to write them up until this morning, while Kung-Fu Panda kept the munchkin occupied.

Things are starting. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 14: Changes

Darcy liked the bow better than any of the guns she’d been taught to use. The weight of it in her hands was so different, there wasn’t that feeling of destruction that the rifle exuded, or that aura of death that Bucky’s Glock had, when it lay dormant in her hands. The bow felt like knowledge, not that she’d tell anyone that. She felt an affinity with the weapon, even when she couldn’t hit anything but the grass.

Clint was a patient teacher, correcting her stance and posture with gentle nudging and the same calm voice on day one as he did on day fifteen. His calm focused his emotions to the point that Darcy almost couldn’t feel the war that was going on inside of her friend, with the absence of his partner. After two weeks and no contact, the occupants of the farm had stopped anticipating the Black Widow’s return.

The air was starting to cool and the first hints of fall were drifting into the air. Darcy stood in the field, her eyes sighting the hay bale targets that she and Clint had been using, the scent of dying leaves floating on the slight wind as she sighted down the shaft of one of her arrows and took a slow breath. An old pickup truck trundled down the dirt driveway behind her, but she pushed the noise out of her mind as she let the arrow loose and watched as it made a gentle thunk into the second to center ring on her mark. She can feel Clint smile behind her, laying a hand on her shoulder.

“We expecting anyone?” he asked, his eyes on the truck that was parking on the far side of the house. They could both see Steve on the porch, but Bucky was nowhere to be seen. Not that that was a surprise, any hint of unknown company, not that it happened often at the end of the lane like they were; the soldier would melt away.

“Mike and his daughter,” Darcy pulled out another arrow, knocking it against the bow and sighting, not worried about the new comers. “Figure if he was going to keep our secret, the least we could do was be friendly.”

“That’s good,” the archer watched as the girl let another arrow loose, the one hitting just to the side of the bullseye. “I think that’s a day, sweetheart.” He patted her on the shoulder again and waited for her to put up her bow. Darcy carefully placed the unstrung bow in its case and went to retrieve her
arrows, unstrapping her wrist guards as she went, tucking them in her back pockets. “Looks like he’s got grandkids, too.”

Clint nodded, tucking his own bow into its case and following Darcy across the lawn.

Darcy bounded up to the truck and pulled Mike into a warm hug. “Welcome to the farm, Mike,” she let the older man lean on her for a moment before pulling away, and held her hand out to the pretty brunette that rounded the truck, followed by two children, the youngest of which clung to her jean clad legs. “I’m Darcy.”

“Nice to meet you,” the woman had a warm smile and a firm handshake. “I’m Mike’s daughter, Laura MacArthur. And this is Cooper,” Laura placed a hand on the young boy’s shoulder and pulled him forward. He shook Darcy’s hand, looking down at his feet. “And Lila,” the little girl slipped further behind her mother, but pulled one hand from the woman’s leg and waved shyly.

Darcy knelt down and smiled at the two children. “I’m Darcy,” she smiled, even though neither kid looked up at her. “I’m a friend of your grandpa’s. And this is my friend, Clint,” she pulled Clint down to the kids level, and let him shake both kids hands. Lila even peeked around her mother’s legs for just a moment.

“Nice to meet you,” the archer smiled and stood, offering a hand to their mother. “Clint Barton, ma’am.” Laura laughed as she shook his hand.

“Nice to meet you, Hawkeye,” she winked.

“Come on in,” Darcy took Mike’s arm, letting the older man lean gently against her, as she lead him up the uneven dirt path to the house. “Take a load off."

Bucky sits with his back to the door, not bothering to turn as Darcy entered. Steve just smiled, leaning against the kitchen counter, a glass of freshly brewed ice tea in his hand.

“Laura,” Mike smiled and leaned against the couch, the change in the weather making the stump on his leg ache. “This is Darcy’s husband, Steve.” Darcy and Steve just looked at each other and smile, before Steve offered his hand to Laura.

“Nope,” Bucky muttered from the table, leaning back, but still not turning, intent on the crossword puzzle in front of him. Darcy had mentioned that they were good for improving memory. He wasn’t entirely convinced, but had started to devour them, since.

“I could have sworn,” Mike shook his head, eyeing the couple. Steve put his arm around the girl, who instinctively cuddled into the man’s side. “You two are just so together every time I see you.”

“Part of our cover, sir.” Steve smiled down at Darcy, missing Mike’s eye roll at the honorific. “Bucky ain’t my brother, either.”

“No,” Clint chuckled from his place by the door, watching the exchange. “That would be awkward.” The only person who caught his shit eating grin was Laura, who filed it away for later.

“Ignore him,” Darcy checked the archer with her hip, but Laura couldn’t take her eyes off of him. “This is Bucky,” she pulled the reluctant Winter Soldier out of his chair, dropping his pencil back on
“Bucky,” Mike eyed the man, and something in the back of his mind clicked. He’d had his suspicions about the mysterious Buck, but hadn’t wanted to make any assumptions.

“Bucky Barnes, ma’am,” he took Laura’s hand in his, squeezing it gently in lieu of actually shaking it. Mike whistled low.

“No shit,” Laura took her hand back slowly as Bucky winked at her.

“Is your husband going to be joining us, Mrs. MacArthur?” Steve asked, as Darcy drifted into the kitchen, pulling burgers and sundries out of the refrigerator.

“John was a Ranger, Captain,” Laura looked down at her hand, spinning the old wedding ring on her finger. “He’s been gone about three years.”

“My condolences, Laura,” Clint said, just loud enough for the woman to hear. She nodded and smiled tightly, the expression not entirely meeting her eyes.

“Its part of the package, Lieutenant,” Laura nodded.

“Your little Darcy there,” Mike nodded to the girl who was flitting around the kitchen, getting things ready to go outside and get put on the grill. Mike was the only person who called her little, and she didn’t complain. “She understands, surrounded as she is by soldiers.” Darcy just nodded and handed Bucky the plate of hamburgers, pushing him gently through the back door. The room was silent for a moment, as Steve watched his girl. They each took a moment to remember that while they were all there, happy, and safe at the farm; there were others who hadn’t come home, that they all had lost someone.

Cooper broke the tension, tugging on Clint’s shirt to bring the archer’s attention to the young man. “Are you really Hawkeye?” the boy’s innocent question pulled barks of laughter from the adults.

Clint knelt down to the boy’s level, looking the young man in the eyes. “I am.”

“Cool,” a wide grin broke out over the boy’s face. “Can I see your bow?” Clint looked over the boy's shoulder to his mother, who nodded. He offered the boy his hand, leading him back out the front door. “Awesome!”

*****

Natasha watched the domestic scene from her place in the trees. She had no illusions that she’d gone unnotic, but no one paid her any attention. Her eyes drifted over to her partner, her lover, who stood with a small boy, helping him draw back on the recurve bow, Clint’s favorite. The boy smiled up at her partner and watched in awe as the arrow left his fingers and flew toward the targets that still littered the front lawn. The arrow sank only an inch into the target, but just a few centimeters off center. The boy left the bow in Clint’s hands and danced around, as the older man looked on with a smile on his face.

Natasha swallowed down a ball of regret that was lodged in her throat and turned away, the letter she carried from Bruce, crushed tightly in her hands. She shut her ears to the laughter that floated up on the wind, Darcy’s pure joy at something one of her lovers had said, stinging deep in the Widow’s gut. She took one step back up the driveway, and found that each step got easier. She stuffed the results of Darcy’s blood test under the windshield wipers of Steve’s truck, and let her feet carry her all the way back to the road, where she’d ditched her motorcycle. She’d never really intended to stay, anyway.
When he was sure she was completely gone, Bucky pulled out Steve’s burner phone and sent a quick text off to Dr. Banner. Someone had to look after the Widow. If she didn’t want it to be Clint, than Dr. Banner was the next best choice.

*****

Darcy curled up against Bucky’s chest; the only light in the room came from Steve’s bedside lamp, an old paperback edition of The Hobbit in Steve’s hands. He placed a bookmark between the pages and looked down at his lovers, putting the book down on the table, before sinking down to lay his head against his girl’s chest.

“It was nice having Mike’s family over today,” she stroked her fingers through Steve’s dark brown hair, letting his contented sigh loosen the tension she didn’t know she was holding.

“It was,” Bucky kissed the top of her head and looked down at the two curled up against him. “Natasha dropped off your blood test results.” Darcy tensed. “She didn’t stay long.”

“I didn’t think she’d be coming back,” she told the soldier, who curled his arms around her, pulling her more tightly against him.

“She didn’t even stay to talk to Clint,” Bucky told her, knowing she could feel his anger at the redhead. “I don’t think she’ll be coming back, now.”

“What about Clint,” she asked, scratching her nails against Steve’s scalp as he nuzzled his face against her.

“We talked,” the Captain’s voice rumbled through her chest, his arms banding about her waist just under Bucky’s. “I’m going to be heading out to meet with Banner whenever Nat shows back up there.” Darcy sucked in a quiet breath, her heart beating a little too fast at Steve’s admission. “She needs a partner, and right now, I don’t think she’ll let Clint along.” Darcy gave him a sad look, feeling the unease from both of her boys. “I’ll be back, baby. But I think our archer needs some time away from combat, and some perspective on his relationship with Natasha.”

“Yeah,” Darcy nodded. The knot of pain that Clint had been feeling since the Widow had left had only just started to ease; she wasn’t looking forward to its return. “But what about you?”

“I’ll be fine, and you’ll have Bucky and Clint here to take care of you.”

“I’m not a child,” she huffed, even knowing how much her safety meant to both of the boys.

“No,” Bucky twisted his fingers into her hair, pulling gently at the end of the strands. “But you’re not combat trained and we’re still figuring out all your enhancements.”

“I’m an empath,” she rolled her eyes. “We figured that out months ago.”

“Doesn’t mean that’s all, baby doll,” Bucky shifted behind her, slipping his hands up under her shirt, where it had ridden up, his hands warm against her skin.

“When do you leave,” Darcy asked the Captain, trying unsuccessfully to keep the sorrow out of her voice.

“Soon,” he watched as Bucky peeled the shirt off over her head, leaving her bare from the waist up. Bucky’s hands drifted up to capture the weight of her breasts, pulling a sigh from the girl between them.
“Kiss me, Steve,” she smiled as he bent to comply, sneaking her hands up under the white undershirt he’d pulled on for bed, breaking his kiss to pull it off.

Chapter End Notes

More threesome goodness in the next chapter, as long as my characters decide to cooperate. And some realizations from Clint.

Please take a moment to comment, it feeds my muse and the plot bunny, and makes the author's heart warm an fuzzy.
Okay, so this is a little late, and I really did want to get out three chapters this week, and seeing as it's Wednesday, that's looking unlikely, but I got wrapped up in working on my original novel this weekend, and couldn't bring myself to put it down. Much apologies.

Chapter title inspired by CantDoThisAlone by 3Oh!3

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 15: Can’t Do This Alone

Steve slowly wound ropes around Darcy’s wrists securing them to the headboard, she watched him with lovingly, heavy-lidded eyes as he made sure the knots were secure but not too tight. “Steve, you know I’d understand if you wanted to spend tonight with just Bucky,” she said as he scooted off the bed to join the other man. “I wouldn’t be upset, I promise.”

“We went over this, doll.” Bucky’s voice rumbled from the foot of the bed, as he slowly unbuttoned Steve’s shirt, while Darcy could only watch, peppering his skin with feathery-light kisses down his chest. “Steve’s leaving in the morning, it’s his call what we do.”

“I’m just saying,” she watched as Bucky pushed Steve’s jeans down his legs, taking their lover's already erect cock in hand, pumping a few times slowly.

“Darcy,” Steve growled as Bucky stroked him gently as he worked a finger into his tight hole. “If you don’t shut up, I’m going to gag you.”

“You could just give her something else to do with that mouth,” Bucky removed his hands and pushed Steve onto the bed between their girl’s spread thighs.

“Got real specific plans, Buck,” Steve kissed each of her thighs before dipping the tip of his tongue in her belly button. She squirmed trying to get some friction. “Patience, sweetheart.” He burned a trail up her body, leaving bruising love bites up her belly and between her breasts. “Gotta make sure you don’t forget me while I’m gone.”

“Couldn’t happen, Cap,” Darcy hummed, staying as still as she could with his tongue dragging over her nipples, keeping his body pushed up over her, so she could just see Bucky kneeling between their legs.

“Gotta make sure,” he wiggled against the three fingers Bucky had inside him, the curled digits making him buck between Darcy’s legs. He propped himself up on one arm and guided himself along Darcy’s wet slit. “God you feel so good, baby.” He pushed slowly into her, pulling a keening cry from her lips as he bit down at the join of her shoulder, sucking the skin between his teeth just hard enough to hurt. Bucky pulled his fingers away from Steve, and pushed his own cock between his friend’s ass cheeks, pushing his way past the ring of muscles just inside Steve’s body. Bucky
plunged as deep as he could, bucking Steve deeper into Darcy, causing him to butt up against her cervix, causing her to squirm at the sensation. Darcy could feel Bucky pull back and quickly sink back in, pulling a gasp from all three. With each thrust, Steve sucked a new love bite into her skin, until his thrusts started to become erratic and Bucky reached around him to put a firm thumb against Darcy’s clit.

“Fuck Steve,” she sighed as they pushed her over the edge together. Bucky didn’t let up, fucking harder into Steve. Darcy pulled and struggled at her bindings as Bucky’s fingers against her became too much, pushing her body into another orgasm. “Too much,” she arched into Steve even as she sobbed at the overstimulation.

“Just one more, doll,” Bucky grunted from behind Steve, who had dropped his head to Darcy’s shoulder, breathing hard. Darcy shook her head back and forth, tears rolling down her cheeks as pressure began to build again.

“So good,” Steve let himself go as Darcy’s inner walls clenched down so hard he felt his eyes cross behind his closed lids. Bucky thrust twice more, pulling his hand away from Darcy, and shook at the force of his orgasm.

Darcy lay crushed beneath her boys, loving the feeling of their bodies against hers. Steve kissed tears off her face even as they continued to leak out of her eyes, and Bucky ran his hands down her sides. “You did so good, Darcy girl,” Bucky murmured.

She hummed, taking a last breath with them on top of her, feeling the strain to get the air in her lungs. “Okay,” she finally said as the glow started to subside. “Off, too much Super Soldier.”

The boys fell to either side of her, and curled around her. “Good night, sweetheart.”

“I love you both,” she said, as a yawn threatened to crack her jaw.

“Love you, too,” Steve told her, and Bucky nuzzled her shoulder, wrapping his metal arm around her middle.

*****

Darcy woke wrapped in Bucky’s arms, his metal hand firm against the small of her back. “Morning,” she murmured, rubbing her face against his chest.

“Morning, doll,” his voice rumbled through his chest and his arms squeezed tighter for a moment. “Steve didn’t want to wake you.” She nodded, refusing to cry. Of course he’d leave without saying good bye, he wouldn’t want to see how sad she was as he departed. “He’ll be back.”

“I know,” her voice wavered. “It just sucks.”

“He wanted me to tell you he loves you,” Bucky pushed her onto her back. “And he wants a picture of you with all your love bites.”

“Steve,” Darcy raised her brow at her grinning boyfriend. “The pillar of goodness and virtue, who wouldn’t wake me up to say good bye, asked you to send him dirty pictures of me? I don’t buy it, nor can I picture our Steve rubbing one out while on assignment with the Black Widow, who by the way hates me.”

“What he did to you last night, not really fitting in the goodness and virtues picture you’re painting there, sweetness.” Darcy just looked at him until he relented. “Okay,” he ran the tip of one metal finger along the marks that peppered her shoulders. “I want a picture of this.”
“And you wanna send it to poor Steve to torture him.”

“To encourage him to come home soon,” Bucky corrected.

“I love you,” she pulled him back against her and kissed his lips gently. “You can take your dirty picture, but don’t send it to Steve just yet.” Bucky just nodded slightly. “Gotta let him miss us first.”

“I’m sure he misses you already,” he mumbled.

“Then he sure as shit misses you, too,” Darcy caught his chin with her hand and turned him to her. “I love you, Bucky, and so does Steve. He misses you, just as much, if not more, than me. When are you gonna believe me?”

“I’m gonna get a shower,” he kissed the tip of her nose and rolled off the bed. “I love you, Darce.” Bucky closed the door to the bathroom before he could see the tear roll down Darcy’s cheek. She wiped it away roughly and pushed off the bed, tossing the pillows that had been lost over the course of the night back on the bed.

*****

Darcy sat down heavily at the kitchen table and looked down into her coffee cup; Bucky had left for his run with a quick kiss, not pausing long enough to know she was upset. He probably would have just assumed she was sad about Steve leaving, even if he did notice.

“Missing the Cap?” Clint dropped down into the seat beside her.

“He doesn’t believe me,” she sniffed and looked up at the ceiling, like that would stop the tears from rolling down.

“Bucky,” the archer sighed, he was seriously not equipped for a ‘girl talk’ kind of conversation, but Darcy had listened to him when he tried to deal with his Natasha issues, even though he knew the girl was not a fan of his partner, so it was his turn to listen.

“I tell him I love him and I want him,” Darcy scrubbed at her eyes, glad she hadn’t bothered with make up yet. She hadn’t even bothered with a shower yet, she had to reek of stale sex, not that she thought Clint cared. He was probably more aware than he would have liked about their activities the previous evening. She made a mental note to purchase some noise canceling headphones for the archer. “He just shrugs it off.”

“He doesn’t say anything, Darce?” Clint knew for a fact that Bucky had told the girl often that he loved her. “We all know he loves you.”

“I don’t doubt that, he says it all the time,” she shrugged. “When we’re in bed and having sex, it’s fine. He’s in command. He knows what he wants for himself and me, and Steve, too. There’s no doubt there, I feel connected and whole and wonderful when we’re together. When we’re playing around at the pond or shooting, it’s fine. But then during the soft times, when we’re lying together and exchanging soft touches and kisses, if I say anything like how much I enjoy him or love him, this deep sadness washes over him.” Darcy sighed and took a sip of her coffee, but it stuck to the lump in her throat. “I know that he loves me, but the fact that he can’t, or won’t believe that I love him, all of him.” She shook her head and rubbed her sweaty palms on her jeans. “Clint, it’s killing me.”

“I’m sorry, darling,” her friend said, not knowing what to do to comfort the girl. He’d dealt with Natasha for so many years with her ‘love is for children’ attitude. “I wish I knew what to tell you, but all I can say is that at least you know he loves you.”
Bucky listened to their exchange from the porch, rubbing his hands over his face. He hated that he was hurting her. He knew that all he had to do was let that bright light take over him, let himself believe that he was worth her love. But that lingering doubt that it was all her powers, that she only thought she felt so deeply for him, because he felt that way toward her, kept him from letting himself just fall. He felt a tear slide down his cheek, and let it fall until it splashed against the wood of the porch swing.

“All I can do is keep telling him, even though I hate seeing that look,” he heard Darcy tell the archer. “I’ll keep saying it until that look goes away.”

“Maybe it’s a good thing Steve’s gone for a while,” Clint’s voice carried out to Bucky. “Might help you and Buck find some footing.”

“Yeah,” she picked up her coffee and headed out to the porch. She saw Bucky sitting on the swing before she got to the door. “How much did you hear?”

“All of it,” he didn’t even try to deny it. He grabbed her as she passed and pulled her down onto the swing with him. “I’m sorry, Darcy.”

“Don’t be sorry,” she shook her head, and put the mug down on the porch away from their swinging feet. “Just believe me.”

“I’m trying,” he kissed her hard, pulling her up into his lap. She was right, when they were like that, with him holding her tight and her lips were firm against his, the doubt washed away. The way her body moved against his told him more than what came out of her mouth. “I love you so much.”

“I know,” Darcy slid closer to him, her knees not quite touching the seat as they hung at his sides. “I love you, too.” He wrapped his arms around her, and just held on.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget to tip your writer in the box below.

Thank you!
How to Save a Life

Chapter Notes

So, those of you who read Equilibrium probably already know, but I broke my finger last week, which is why this is so late. I'm sorry about that, but I can't really type right now, and everything is being written on my phone, since I don't need all my fingers to actually type on it. This means that things are going to be a bit slow for a little while. I thank you all for your patience and your continued support.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 16: How to Save a Life

Bucky’s hair fluttered softly in the cool autumn wind, reminding him that he needed to ask Darcy to trim it for him sooner rather than later. The memory of Darcy’s fingers running through his long hair as his fingers pulled at loose strings at the bottom of her cutoff shorts; with it came a memory so old he hadn’t realized it was missing.

He could almost feel the warm sun streaming through the yellow checked curtains that framed the old kitchen window in his parent's Brooklyn apartment. Rebecca must have been only four or five, her neatly plaited brown hair hanging over her shoulders as her legs kicked back and forth while she sat at the kitchen table.

“James Barnes,” his mother scolded, pushing him into a chair opposite his sister, her fingers running through his hair. “What are people going to think of your Ma with you running the streets with a rat's nest on your head?” Bucky wiggled in his chair. “You sit still and let me clip this mess.” He could feel the cool metal scissors running along the back of his neck; the shiver that created pulled him back to the present.

He checked the safety on his Glock, and glanced quickly to the side to make sure he knew where Barton was. The quiet ‘twang’ of his companions bow string helped settle his nerves. He sighted down the makeshift range, aiming at the center of one of the dozen targets. It was only a memory. There was no one at his back with a weapon. Bucky emptied the clip into the hay bale before he felt like he could get a whole breath in.

“You alright, man?” Clint pulled an arrow out of his specialized quiver, the gears making soft whirring sounds as the next arrow was readied. “You got a look.” Bucky just raised an eyebrow at the other man, Clint shrugged. “You know that Winter Soldier version of the hundred yard stare.”

“I'm fine,” Bucky loaded a new clip into his gun, a small coil of tension releasing as it clicked into place. The screen door of the house slammed shut, and both men turned. Bucky slid his Glock into his underarm holster.

Darcy bounced down the steps, pulling a dark brown leather jacket over her white t-shirt; she had her skinny jeans tucked into a nice pair of tall leather boots, and her bright red lips pulled back into a
sunny smile. She was not coming out for a shooting lesson.

“Where you think you’re going, doll?” he dropped a quick kiss on her painted lips, not wanting to smudge them. He licked at the slight wax feeling from his bottom lip.

“Out,” Darcy snuggled under his arm, squeezing around his waist. “Coffee with Laura.” She stepped back and fidgeted around in her small purse, pulling out the keys for Steve’s truck.

“Not alone you’re not,” Bucky steered her back to the house, but she slipped away under his arm, palming the keys as she strode across the still-green grass of the yard.

“Bucky,” she looked him in the eye as she spun, walking backwards toward the old truck. “I told you, I’m going with Laura.”

“No,” he crossed his arms over his chest, like he could stop her purely by staring her down. She rolled her eyes and spun the sliver keychain around her finger.

“I’m going to pick up Laura at the general store,” Darcy pulled open the driver side door, not getting in. “Then we’re going across the street to the coffee shop.” She rolled her eyes again as the Soldier continued to stare her down. “Mike will be able to see us the whole time.” She spun around and lifted the back of her jacket, the back of her shirt tucked into her jeans, a dark shadow peering just above the denim. “I’ve got a gun,” she turned back, arms crossed under her boobs, affecting her best Winter Soldier face, back at Bucky. “I know how to use it, not that I’m gonna need it.”

“Is that my Firestar?” Clint walked over to the girl, turning her around to get a better look.

“Yep,” Darcy just stood there while he checked how the jacket lay over the weapon, adjusting it slightly, his fingers firm against the small of her back.

“Where’d you get the holster?” it was a simple fabric inner pants holster.

“Your room,” Darcy brushed his fingers away and re-tucked her shirt behind the gun. “Bucky doesn’t have a clip-on one, and his are all too big for me anyway.”

Clint raised a brow and leaned back against the bed of the truck. “You went through my stuff?”

“Relax Hawk,” Darcy pulled herself up into the driver’s seat. “It’s not like you didn’t go through mine the first day you were here.” The archer crossed his arms and continued to eye her. “Come on, I promise I didn’t touch your porn stash.”

He barked out a quick laugh and ran his hands over his face. Darcy wasn’t a threat, she wasn’t stealing from him, she was his friend and she was borrowing things that could make her safer.

“Please, with the two of you going at it every night, I seriously couldn’t even think about bringing porn into this house.” Clint let his head fall back against the truck. “It’s like listening to my little sister fucking. Upside, I haven’t missed a work out the entire time I’ve been here, if only to get away from the noise you two make.”

“Sorry,” Darcy slipped the keys into the ignition. “I’ve been meaning to pick up some noise canceling headphones for you.”

“I’d appreciate that,” Clint carefully shut the door for his friend. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to be the only one in this house not getting any?”

“I could help you with that,” Darcy got a slightly devious look on her face.
“No kissing on Barton, Darce,” Bucky checked the safety on his gun and turned back toward the targets.

“No what I meant,” she rolled her eyes at her boyfriend as he emptied his gun into the center point of the poor, unsuspecting hay bale.

“Sweetheart,” Clint smiled fondly at his friend. “Even if you could get Natasha to come back, I don’t know if I want there to be anything left with her, not right now.”

“No what I meant either,” Darcy laughed as they both watched her dubiously.

“You know, just because Steve and I have sex, does not mean that I’m interested in touching other men,” Bucky said carefully. “There is nothing that would ever entice me to touch Barton, no offense man.”

“No what I meant either.”

“No one,” Clint pointed at Darcy and Bucky, back and forth, trying to figure out how they’d gotten into this conversation to begin with. “Is touching Little Hawk.”

“Seriously, you named your dick ‘Little Hawk?’” Darcy clasped her hands over her mouth, trying to keep her mirth contained. Bucky wasn’t as polite, doubling over on the grass. He finally had to sit down.

“I hate both of you,” Clint shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose. Bucky gave up and lay down, shaking with laughter.

“I meant Laura,” Darcy finally said, once she’d gotten herself back under control. “She likes you.”

“She doesn’t know me,” he busied himself with his quiver, feeding his arrows back into the mechanism. “I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Just keep an open mind.”

“Go have coffee, girly,” Clint clasped his bow case shut, and started towards the house.

“Barton,” Bucky slipped his gun back into its holster and pulled his rifle out of its case. “Go with her.”

“But,” the archer’s shoulders slouched.

“Nope, I can’t,” the Soldier adjusted his scope. “You’re on duty.”

“Eventually you’re going to have to venture out,” Clint dropped his case on the porch, knowing that Bucky would bring it into the house for him. “Hermit Soldier,” he mumbled under his breath.

“I heard that.”

“Bucky,” Darcy knew she could just drive off, neither of the men were particularly close to the truck, but she wouldn’t do that to Bucky, who was struggling to deal with her feelings. She didn’t want to undo the progress they’d made by being bratty. She could deal with a little chaperoning if it made her lover feel better.

“No arguing,” he set down the rifle and walked over to the truck. “You take Barton or don’t go.”

“I’m not a child,” she ran her hands over Bucky’s lengthening brown hair, carding it though her
fingers. Just because she could deal with it, didn’t mean she was going to make it easy on him.

“No,” Bucky leaned into her touch. “But you’re too important for me to just let you go without backup.”

“I love you too, babe,” Darcy leaned out the window and captured his lips, running a soft tongue along the seam of his mouth. The passenger door opened and the cab shifted to the right as Clint climbed in and slammed the door.

“I’m not sitting with you two,” he said, snapping his seatbelt, while Darcy continued to kiss Bucky, her fingers locking together behind his head. “I’m going to sit in the general store and talk shop with Mike.”

“Whatever floats your boat, little Hawk,” Darcy winked at him.

“No, in the coffee shop,” Bucky held his girlfriend’s chin. “Please.”

“Fine,” she kissed him one last time, rubbing her ruined lipstick off of his lips. She put the truck into gear and pulled down the road, watching as Bucky climbed into the old sycamore, his scope pointed down the lane, watching.

*****

Clint sat in the back of the coffee shop with a cup of black coffee warming his hands. He watched as Darcy and Laura talked, heads leaning close together as if they were plotting something sinister. He leaned his chair against the corner of the wall, two of the chair’s feet off the ground. As babysitting details went, watching his little sister chatting companionably with her friend wasn’t the worst he could have gotten stuck with. At least Darcy knew he was watching, and could defend herself if push came to shove.

He swirled the remaining coffee around in the bottom of his mug, small bits of coffee ground sticking to the old white ceramic bottom. It’d been more than a month that he’d been in Illinois at the Anderson farm, and he was only a little itchy to get back into the field.

Natasha had been hinting for a while that it might be time for him to slow down, after all, he wasn’t as young as he used to be, and he wasn’t enhanced. The hits hurt more now, and took longer to heal; his bones creaked loudly in the morning, and that one night on the couch made his back ache in ways he wasn’t ready to admit. He was pissed that Natasha had made the decision to leave him at the farm without consulting him, she’d been right; he couldn’t keep up the pace they’d been forced into forever. Either he had to step back, or some fortunate Hydra asshole was going to get lucky. Better to sit in a nice warm coffee shop and protect a girl who was doing her best to keep them all together and happy, than die in the field for a little intelligence when there were people with more resilience who could get the same information with less risk.

Darcy dropped a white to-go bag on his table, a small smile on her face. “Thanks for coming,” she pulled him up out of his chair, carefully righting it before pulling him up. “I know you had better things to do.”

“Like what?” he wrapped his arm around her shoulders, waving at Laura as she disappeared back into the general store. “You know, I’m not dying to find out the end of A Wrinkle in Time, I actually think I read it when I was a kid.”

“Yeah,” she shrugged. “But you could be off saving the world, not watching me drink coffee and having girl talk.”
“I am saving the world,” Clint told her, helping her back up into the truck. “I’m just doing it differently right now.” Darcy smiled and kissed his cheek.

“I got you some headphones,” she nodded to the plastic bag from the general store at his feet.

“And now you’ve saved my sanity, just a little.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for understanding. Hopefully my finger will heal quickly, cause its driving me absolutely up the wall not being able to type!
Open Letter

Chapter Notes

I want to thank you all for your love and support. This was a difficult chapter to break, mostly because I know where I want this story to go, and I know some points along the way, but the in between is hard to fill in sometimes, and I had so may different things I wanted to address here, and wasn't sure what to do first.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 17: Open Letter

Darcy curled up in the corner of the couch, pulling her knees up to her chest, listening to the quiet night noises that surrounded the old farm house. She looked down at the crumpled envelope in her hands, the creases and folds standing out in stark relief in the bright light of the new moon. She ran her fingers over the sealed side of the letter, the flap of paper catching on the pads of her fingertips.

“It’s not gonna open itself, doll,” Darcy startled at Bucky’s voice coming from the shadows. She smoothed out the envelope, turning it over in her hands, her name printed in neat block letters on the front. She traced each letter and pushed it into Bucky’s hand.

“Can’t,” she pulled him down onto the couch, pulling his metal arm between hers and holding on. “You do it.”

“Nothing to be scared of,” Bucky pulled her into his lap, using her grip on his arm as leverage. She curled around him, burying her face in his neck. “It’s just blood test results.”

“I’m learning to live with the empathy stuff,” Darcy told him, her fingers sneaking their way under the hem of his shirt. “Like right now, you’re just as apprehensive as I am about opening this stupid envelope.”

“Are you sure you’re not projecting, sweetheart?” Bucky ran his fingers through her hair as she continued to snuggle into his neck.

“Not projecting, Mr. Know-it-all,” she pinched his stomach just under the hem of his old, gray tee. “I can tell whose emotions I’m feeling,” her hands worked their way around his hips until they were trapped between his body and the couch cushions. “Everyone’s feelings have a different flavor, a different texture against my mind. It took me a while to be able to understand it, but you and Steve and Clint, you all feel totally different in my brain.”

“Yet I still snuck up on you,” Bucky rubbed his chin into the crown of her head, like a giant cat scent marking her as his. “You jumped like a mile.”

“It’s not like with sound,” Darcy shrugged, not in the slightest bit embarrassed that the man who was once Russia’s greatest assassin got the jump on her. “It doesn’t get louder the closer you are. It’s either there or it isn’t. I can always feel you when you’re in the house, Clint too.”
“Oh,” he watched the leaves rustling in the cool night breeze out the windows. The old sycamore, scarred with stab wounds from his throwing knives and the few times Darcy’s accidently shot it, casting black shadows across the lawn. “So, what do my feelings taste like?”

Darcy snorted. “It’s not like vanilla or raspberry, dude.” She sat back in his lap and let her fingers wandered over his newly shorn scalp. “It’s like taste and sensation and smell all rolled together and tripping through my brain.” He raised an eyebrow, waiting for her to continue. “Um,” she took a deep breath, searching for the words to describe the flavor that coated her thoughts when his emotions washed over her. “You feel like the first covering of snow; that first crisp, perfect day when you can watch the flakes drift down through the window, with a cup of hot tea in your hands and your grandmother’s knit blanket snug around your shoulders, just a hint of cinnamon and cardamom wafting in the steam.” Bucky pulled her close, her legs falling to either side of his. He fisted his hands in her curls and kissed her lips, sighing a puff of air into her mouth as he relaxed into her.

“What about Steve?” he asked as she pushed his tee up to reveal his washboard stomach to her questing fingers.

“Like a day at the beach,” Darcy pulled his shirt up over his head, dropping it to the floor behind her. “Sand beneath your toes, licking an ice cream cone as fast as you can to keep it from melting over your fingers. The salt air coating your tongue along with the sticky sweet of caramel ice cream.” Her shirt followed his, Bucky’s hands wrapped around her ribs under her breasts.

“I believe you,” he pulled her in, his lips capturing hers as his hands ran down her back and pulled her closer so her breasts crushed against his chest. She could feel it, that deep light he hadn’t let in, as it engulfed his mind, bringing sunshine to a snowy day.

*****

The first rays of sunlight turned Darcy’s dyed red hair to liquid rubies flowing down the alabaster skin of her bare back, fairly glowing in the autumn light as it streamed unabashedly though the curtain-less windows. Bucky stirred as the stairs creaked, marking Clint’s descent into the living room. Bucky hummed against his lover’s skin, pressing his lips into the juncture of her neck, the scent of lavender and dried sweat filling his head.

“Guys,” Clint leaned over the couch, catching Bucky’s one open eye. “I love you both like family,” he told them, pulling the throw blanket off the floor and dropping it over them. “But first thing in the morning, I don’t want to see your naked asses before coffee.”

“But you wanna see them after?” Darcy mumbled, smirking into Bucky’s chest and snuggling down under the warm blanket, listening to Clint rustle around in the kitchen, the archer’s shuffled steps heavy against the wooden floor.

“So,” Darcy whispered to Bucky, whose metal arm was wondering down her back under the blanket. “How are we supposed to get up?”

“You shy, doll?” Bucky chuckled as her ears went a little pink. “That’s cute.”

“We fell asleep on the couch,” she whispered loudly.

“Yes you did,” Clint called from the kitchen, the coffee maker beeping as he turned it on. “You have a perfectly good king-sized bed upstairs, and you slept bare assed on the couch that we all sit on.”

“Yeah,” Bucky helped Darcy wrap herself in the blanket before striding completely nude into the kitchen and pulling down two mugs before leaning back against the counter, making no indication
that he felt the cold as his ass hit the marble. “We had sex in your bed, too.”

“What?” the archer turned slowly before quickly looking away. “Why would you do that?”

“It was before you got here,” Darcy called from the top of the stairs. “You know, change of scenery. We washed the sheets. Bucky, be nice.”

“Spoil sport,” he mumbled as he poured the steaming hot liquid into the mugs he’d gotten out.

“You wanna tell me why I found you on the couch,” Clint gave up trying not to see his housemate’s unabashedly naked body; it wasn’t like it was something he hadn’t seen before. “I usually hear you when you two play, you’re not quiet, like ever.”

“No playing last night,” Bucky took a sip from his coffee, testing out the temperature before taking another sip.

“Really,” the archer lifted a brow, reaching around the assassin to pull down his own cup. “Cause I absolutely saw Darcy’s white ass this morning, and you my friend are still very naked.” Bucky just raised a brow. “Oh,” Clint puffed out a breath. “That’s great man. Can I ask what changed?”

“Ask Darcy what your emotions feel like to her,” was all the other man said. He put his mug down next to Darcy’s and pushed off the counter, feeling Clint’s gaze on his back as he walked away.

*****

Darcy twisted the envelope in her hands, contemplating the careful handwriting on the front. She slid her finger under the seal before pulling it back again and putting the letter flat on the wood table, smoothing it under her palms. Clint pushed a bowl of soupy oatmeal in front of her, but she ignored it in favor of her lukewarm coffee.

“You still can’t bite the bullet, can you, babe?” he asked, slipping into the chair next to her, spooning a bit of his own breakfast and letting it plop back into the bowl, without bringing it anywhere near his lips. “Won’t change anything.”

“I know,” she ran her finger around the edge and took a drink of her coffee, wincing at the bitter taste of the room temperature beverage. “It won’t change that I’m an empath, or that I’m stuck in this house for the foreseeable future. It won’t change how you all see me and it won’t change how much I love my boys.”

“But,” Clint prompted, pushing his oatmeal as far from him as he could without getting up. He really shouldn’t be allowed to cook.

“It might change how I see me,” Darcy’s voice was so small he almost didn’t hear it.

“Aww, Darcy,” he took her hand and pulled her to him, wrapping her in his arms and settling her across his lap. “Nothing you read in this letter makes you different than you’ve always been.” She just nodded, silent tear whispering down her cheeks. “Now, dry those tears, can’t have you crying all over me, might make Bucky think things.” Darcy laughed dryly and used the back of her hand to push away the tears.

“Okay,” she sniffed, pulling the letter across the table. “You open it.”

“Bucky wouldn’t do it for you, would he?” the archer gave her an appraising look. She shook her head. “He gonna get mad if I do it?” She shrugged. “The things I do for you mladshaya sestra,” he pushed a finger under the seal and pulled it through the edge of the envelope, leaving a ragged tear.
Clint lifted the single sheet of paper out and handed it over to the girl.

Darcy kissed him on the cheek and unfolded the paper gently. “Thank you,” she skimmed down the page full of medical jargon. “Yep, I’m a super soldier.”

“See, nothing to it,” he rubbed up and down her back as she continued to read.

“More serum present than Bucky or Steve,” she breathed out. “What does that mean?”

“Nothing we don’t already know,” Bucky walked down the stairs, running shoes in hand. “Barton, you trying to steal my girl again?”

“No offense to my dear sister, because she is absolutely the most beautiful thing in this room,” Clint smirked as she slid out of his lap and back into her own chair. “But, ew.”

“No offense taken, Hawkass,” Darcy accepted a kiss from Bucky as he passed.

“Feel better, doll?” he asked, scooping up her mug and taking it into the kitchen, dumping the cold coffee in the sink.

“Not really,” she shrugged, poking the oatmeal with her spoon. “Maybe,” she shoved the offending grey mass away, the bowl clanking against Clint’s. “A little,” she shrugged again and slumped down in her chair. “I’m hungry,” the boys both laughed and Clint grabbed both bowls and dumped them in the sink.

“Pop tarts it is,” the archer pulled the box down from the cabinet over the fridge and put two into the toaster.

“You sure that’s a good idea?” Bucky asked as he poured himself and Darcy new coffee from the pot.

“I can work a toaster,” Clint grumbled, checking the setting just in case. “Most of the time.”

Chapter End Notes

What I hope, is that the next chapter is going to take us to Steve and Natasha, but we’ll see what happens. Darcy’s pretty persistent sometimes, and edges out those other characters.
Sorry it's been a little while since I've gotten a chance to update this fic, but I'm back down to four stories to update, so I should be back on my normal updating schedule.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 18: Firestarter

Darcy watched as Clint climbed up into the old pickup truck and started the engine. She had a brief moment to wonder if Tony Stark had a hand in keeping the ancient machine running, but dismissed the thought as Bucky stepped out of the bathroom, a towel slung low on his hips and droplets of water running down past his chest, collecting in the soft gray fabric that hung to his waist. All thoughts of the truck washed away from her brain as Bucky's pure contentment and ease filled her mind with sun dappled snow.

“Barton gone?” the soldier’s voice rumbled through the room, breaking her out of the spell he’d cast over her.

“Yep,” Darcy pulled down the shade, cutting off the autumn sunlight. “He’s getting stuff for tonight.”

“Good,” Bucky rummaged around in the top drawer of the bedside table, pulling out a long length of rope and coiling it on the bed. “Are you sure you’re alright playing a new game without Stevie here?”

“I trust you,” she dropped her robe over the chair and climbed up on to the bed, ignoring the slight frown that pulled momentarily at the corners of her lover's lips. He’d woken her the night before, unable to sleep, and whispered his fantasy to her, as his sleep addled body curled up under his chin. Darcy had spent months pulling his fantasies out of him, convincing him that no matter what he asked, she’d find a way to accommodate him, between herself and Steve. She knelt on the bed and waited.

“You aren’t going to be able to use your usual safe words,” he climbed up on the bed behind her and pushed a small rubber ball into her hand. “Anytime you need to stop, you just drop this,” Darcy curled her fingers tightly around the small ball and relaxed into Bucky.

“I trust you,” she dropped her robe over the chair and climbed up on to the bed, ignoring the slight frown that pulled momentarily at the corners of her lover's lips. He’d woken her the night before, unable to sleep, and whispered his fantasy to her, as his sleep addled body curled up under his chin. Darcy had spent months pulling his fantasies out of him, convincing him that no matter what he asked, she’d find a way to accommodate him, between herself and Steve. She knelt on the bed and waited.

“You aren’t going to be able to use your usual safe words,” he climbed up on the bed behind her and pushed a small rubber ball into her hand. “Anytime you need to stop, you just drop this,” Darcy curled her fingers tightly around the small ball and relaxed into Bucky. “Try it now,” she watched as the small ball dropped into his waiting hand, before he handed it back to her. He nodded as he pushed a length of fabric between her lips and tied it off under her hair. He arranged her on the bed the way he wanted, tying her hands to the footboard so she faced the door, before climbing down and rounding the bed.

Darcy watched him carefully, waiting for his signal that he was ready to start. Her heated gaze following him, until she knew he was ready, and then all he would see was fear. Bucky dropped his towel on the chair over her robe, his back to her. She watched the muscles along his back bunch and
stretch as he rolled his neck and shoulders. Deep in her gut she could feel him push just a little of the Soldier to the front, just enough that he wouldn’t freeze up if he was a little rough, but not too much to lose control.

“Don’t forget to scream, little girl,” his voice growled down her spine and she had to close her eyes as a shiver of pure lust washed through her, spiced with a sharp bite of cinnamon. Bucky didn’t turn right away; the plates of his metal arm twitched and whirred as his muscles tensed. He stalked around the bed, his body held taut and his jaw set. “Not that it’ll do you any good.”

She watched him as long as she could, straining her neck to keep an eye on him, until her bonds would no longer let her. She felt the bed dip as he crawled up behind her and ran his hand down her back. “So pretty,” Bucky’s metal fingers roughly pushed her legs apart and shoved her up on her hands and knees. “And all for me.” Darcy whimpered quietly as he pulled at her heavily hanging breasts, tugging sharply at her nipples. “I can’t hear you, little girl,” his breath ghosted over the shell of her ear, making her squirm. “Humm,” he bit into the flesh of her earlobe and she couldn’t hold in a sharp gasp. “Good,” he rubbed his hard length along her slit, not touching her enough to slake the heavy want between her legs.

Bucky grabbed her neck with his flesh hand, forcing her up as far as her bound hands would let her, and then just a tiny bit further. Darcy gripped the small ball tightly in her fingers, careful not to drop it by accident. She could feel her lover pause as her grip changed. The hand around her neck flexed and a tear rolled down her cheek at the mild constriction, and felt it roll down her cheek, leaving a cool trail in its wake as Bucky mouthed at her shoulder, his teeth pulling at the flesh, and squeezed her breast just on the other side of pain. The tear splashed down on his wrist where it rested on her shoulder and he paused, freezing in place, before pushing himself between her legs. Darcy let out a piercing scream as he entered her, feeling his excitement and arousal ratchet up like bubbling champagne inside her mind.

“Shut up,” he barked, clamping his metal hand over her mouth and pulling out, only to thrust back in hard enough that his hand holding her neck was the only thing keeping her upright. Bucky buried his face in her neck, his eyes careful on the rubber ball in her hand. Her breath coming in pants along the top of his knuckles, as he held her lips closed with his hand.

The bedroom door flew open and Darcy let out a muffled squeak, the ball dropping from her fingers and bouncing out the door. Bucky’s movements stopped instantly, his hand leaving her neck to wrap his arm around her waist, as he ripped the gag from her mouth with the other. “You okay, baby. Did I hurt you?”

“Laura,” Darcy addressed the other occupant of the room. “Please put the gun down.”

She could feel Bucky tense behind her as he caught sight of Darcy’s friend. “Oh shit,” he dropped his head onto his girl’s shoulder and took a deep breath.

“Get away from her,” Laura’s fury tripped over Darcy’s skin like burning embers, as Bucky eased out of her and slid slowly off the bed, his hands raised as the gun followed him.

“Please put the gun down,” Darcy said again, her voice as soft and calming as she could make it. “This isn’t what you think.”

“Really?” the older woman kept her eyes on the soldier, who was lowering himself to his knees, hands laced behind his head. “It sure looks like Steve’s out of town and his best friend thought it was a good time to take advantage of his girlfriend.” Laura’s eyes flicked to Darcy for just a second. “I heard you screaming from the car, and this piece of shit shutting you up.”
“It was consensual,” Darcy squirmed on the bed, trying to find a comfortable way to lay and still keep an eye on Laura and Bucky. “Please put the gun down so Bucky can untie me.”

“You sure?” Laura’s eyes tracked from the soldier and looked at her friend. “You got bruises on your throat.”

“Oh, Darcy,” Bucky’s remorse crested over her and crashed down hard enough to steal her breath, and she had to hold back a tear that threatened to fall. “I told you to let me know if I hurt you.”

“I’m fine,” she forced past the lump in her throat at his distress. “It’ll be gone by morning, I’m fine,” she told him again. “I love you.”

“Love you too, doll,” he told her, forgetting for a moment that Laura was still in the room and pointing a gun at him.

“But,” Laura clicked the safety back on her gun and slid it back into the back of her jeans. “What about Steve?”

“Nothing’s changed with Steve,” she smiled slightly at her friend. “I’ll tell you all about it when I’m not tied to a bed and naked,” Darcy chuckled at the slight red that painted her friend’s cheeks.

“Right,” Laura took a step back towards the door, tension rolling through the room. Downstairs the screen door slammed shut, making her jump.

“Hey guys, I’m home,” Clint’s voice came from the front room. “I hope you two are finished fucking, cause I’ve got lunch down here, and it’s still hot.” They could hear him dropping bags in the kitchen, and Bucky eased off the floor, pulling at the knots to free Darcy, and wrapping a blanket around her. Clint’s heavy footfalls crossed the wood floors, followed by a strangled shout and a loud thud. “Why the fuck is there a fucking bouncy ball in the middle of the god damned living room floor?”

“Sorry,” Darcy called down, clamping her freed hands over her mouth. “My bad, birdy.”

“Darcy get your deviant ass down here and help me the fuck up,” Clint bellowed

“Be just a minute,” Darcy raised a brow at Laura.

“And I’ll see you both later,” Laura turned to leave. “Sorry for interrupting, and you know, pointing a gun at you.” She slipped out, taking the stairs one at a time.

Bucky cradled his girl’s head carefully in his hands. “I’m sorry baby,” his thumbs ghosted over her bruised throat.

“Bucky, I love you,” she put her hands over his and pulled them away from her face. “But if you apologize again, I’m gonna have to punish you.”

“Sounds promising,” he took one more look at her neck. “We should probably get down there.”

“Yep,” Darcy pecked him quickly on the lips. “Then get those two back out of the house so we can finish.”

*****

Steve stood in the back of the Quinjet, looking forlornly at his beloved suit, his fingers tracing the star that adored the center of the suit’s chest. He understood the need for stealth, but this was
“Quit your pouting,” Natasha pulled open her locker. “Suit up; we’ve got a small window.”

“Banner dyed my suit,” he sighed and pulled the jet black Captain America suit down, running a hand over the monochrome stars and stripes. “It’s just...”

“Suck it up, soldier,” she whipped her shirt over her head and pulled off her jeans. “Suit up.”

“In here?” Steve turned his back on the rapidly stripping Natasha.

“You shy?” She asked, throwing her clothes in her locker.

“Yes, and you usually don’t change in here,” Steve cast his eyes around the small locker room, looking for a private place to change.

“It’s just the two of us,” Natasha smoothed the skin tight Kevlar composite over her legs, working the suit slowly over her hips. “Plenty of space for me to change in here, too.”

“Oh,” Steve slowly pulled his hoodie over his head. He placed his newly blacked out suit on the bench. “I just don’t get why he had to dye it. I could have just gotten a black suit.”

Bucky stood on the porch, his arms loose around Darcy’s shoulders. “A bon fire?” he watched as Barton and Cooper MacArthur bundled sticks in the large open space in the back yard. “Isn’t that gonna attract unwanted attention?”

“From who?” Darcy leaned back into his chest, the heat from his body radiating through her light sweatshirt, the comfort of his contentment rolling through her mind, leaving behind a hint of cinnamon and honey along the back of her mind. “We already told the fire department, and we’re at the ass end of town,” she pulled his arms down and tight around her waist as a cold breeze kicked up leaves from the grass, alighting gooseflesh up her arms. “No one cares. The most attention we’re going to get is a couple of neighbors looking for beer and a good time.”

“They’ll see my arm,” he tucked his metal hand under his flesh one and rubbed his chin into her hair, stirring up her unique scent of warm lavender and Darcy.

“Inside your jacket sleeve?” she tipped her head up to look at him over her shoulder, his day old stubble catching pieces of her hair. “You planning on doing a strip tease for the townies, Buck?”

“Point,” it would be dark and probably only Mike, Laura and her kids, all of whom already knew about his prosthetic.

“Just relax,” Darcy fitted her fingers through his, a small smile tugging at her lips as Clint started a game of tag with the MacArthur kids, Lila shrieked with laughter as the archer lifted her up and spun her around. “Act normal and have a good time. It’s just us.”

“Laura’s still giving me the stink eye,” Bucky mumbled against her cheek.

Darcy shrugged. “You blame her?” she could feel him huff. “Give her time; we did give her quite a shock.”

“So,” Bucky straightened up and watched the kids playing in the leaves. “What’s normal?”

“Just don’t point your gun at anyone, dude,” Darcy smiled as her lover’s mirth boiled through her
limbs, pushing out everyone else’s emotions, leaving her loose limbed and content. Sometimes just feeling Bucky laugh was better than sex.

Chapter End Notes

Please feed the bunny, it makes me write faster.
I'll Begin Again

Chapter Notes

So, I'm going to start off by saying that I'm sorry this update took so long. We've had a long bout of illness in our family, culminating with each and everyone of us getting our very own antibiotic. The little one has had it the worst, and we got to take a trip to the hospital for testing to make sure the little guy didn't have pneumonia. He doesn't and is doing much better now. Add to that the tooth I chipped, and the fact that I'm taking care of my father while my mother is out of town, means I've had no time to write. Good news, these things are all resolved, and now I'm back.

To top everything, I also had some major writers block when it came to this chapter, but I finally beat the thing into submission.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 19: I'll Begin Again

Steve stood with his back to Natasha as she disabled the security system on the bunker they were infiltrating. Intel said the old base was empty, but the Captain trusted the year old Hydra info about as much as he trusted the organization itself, even if he was sure the Widow had vetted the hijacked data within an inch of its life. Those Hydra snakes were slippery bastards, he wouldn’t put it past them to imbed false information in their own servers on the off chance that what was left of Shield would pick it up.

He watches as the trees trembled in the icy breeze, branches creaking and groaning under the midnight sky of a new moon. Dr. Erskine’s serum had enhanced his senses to the Nth degree, but even his super powered vision had its limits, and his eyes relied on available light, just like everyone else’s. The thick shadows of the forest ate the details, making him twitch as his mind created images that weren’t there. Steve tucked his fingertips into the buckle of his belt, feeling the solid weight of his shield at his back and the twin Sig Saur’s strapped to his hips, as he waited for the Widow to finish.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity in the whistling wind, the electronic lock clicked and whirred to life. His partner slowly slid the heavy metal door open as he pulled his shield from its magnetic holder and slipped and arm through the straps. Steve took the lead through the door; hunching low behind his shield, trusting the vibranium to cover both of them should their intel prove incorrect. The Captain could feel Natasha’s hand hovering over his shoulder as she crouched behind him, gun raised over the shield, as they crept into the empty corridor. It struck him how much she moved like Bucky, surprised that in all the years they’d been working together, it hadn’t occurred to him until just then. Now that he knew his friend had trained the spy, her movements and mannerisms screamed out to him. Natasha’s steps matched closely with Steve’s as they moved down the hall, her rifle sweeping every corner in the dim red emergency lighting.

Natasha tapped his shoulder, silently signaling him to stop as she got to work on the locked door. He
turned his back to her, slowly sweeping his gaze along the hall. The lock gave way under her sure fingers and Steve took one more look down the hall before swinging his shield around and pushing through the door. The Widow cursed as automatic weapon fire pinged against the vibranium of his shield, ricocheting around the room. Natasha wrapped her hand through the back of his shield holster and pulled him back through the door. He heard a soft metallic ting as she tossed a can through the door and pulled it shut.

*****

Darcy slowly spun the wedding bands around her finger, idly watching the local news station playing on mute in the living room. Bucky had her feet up in his lap and was pushing his thumbs into her instep. “You heard anything from Stevie?” she looked up at her lover, folding her arms behind her head, watching his shoulders drop.

“Nothing since I texted him Monday,” the soldier told her, drawing his fingers firmly down to her heels and back. “They were headed into Germany, last I knew.”

Darcy turned to Clint, who had his feet up on the coffee table and a dog eared paperback in his hands. “Don’t look at me, darling,” he said over the top of the book. “Nat’s officially not talking to me.” He folded over the corner of the page he was on and dropped the book onto his chest. “I’ve got six unanswered texts and a message from Banner saying she left her phone with him.”

“Sorry,” Darcy picked at her fingernails, worrying at the broken corner of her index nail, the jagged edge catching against her skin.

The archer shrugged. “It’s all over, ‘cept for the crying,” he pulled himself out of the chair and dropped his book on the table, stalking over to the kitchen. “Widow made her own bed.” The pain he was masking tripped down her spine, despite his flippant words and the growing interest she knew he was developing for her friend, Laura. Darcy knew he still loved the Russian assassin. She pulled her feet out of Bucky’s hands and flicked her eyes toward the door, the Soldier nodded and stood, slipping out the screen door, catching it before it slammed, and dropping down off the porch.

“Can’t hide stuff from me, Hawkman,” she curled her legs under her and looked over the back of the couch to where her friend was pouring grounds into the coffee maker. She watched him with trepidation, but didn’t comment on his lacking culinary skills. “You don’t have to say anything but you can.”

“Nothing to say, Darcy girl,” Clint shrugged and set the pot under the drip to brew. “She’s too wrapped up in hurt feelings over a man who never loved her, and she’s decided that hurt is more important than I am, simple as that. I dust my boots off, and move on.”

“Doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt,” she told him, folding her hands along the back of the couch and laying her head down on her arms. “It’s okay to be upset about the end of nearly a decade long affair.”

“Bucky told me to ask you what my feelings tasted like to you,” he deflected, pulling down two mugs from the cabinet.

“Is that your way of telling me to butt out?” Darcy gave her friend a weak smile.

“Just curious,” Clint leaned his butt on the counter and crossed his arms over his chest. “What do feelings taste like?”

“Everyone’s are a little different,” She pulled herself up off the couch and made her way over to the
table. “Yours and Bucky and Steve’s are the most developed to my mind, does that make sense?”
The archer nodded and Darcy pulled a kitchen chair out and straddled it backwards, resting her head on her arms along the back, watching her friend. “You taste like the air after a rainstorm, the wet clean smell of renewal, with water droplets trembling against bright green leaves ready to fall. A hint of damp earth and the prismatic tinge of a rainbow in the air.” She watched the archer’s eyes go hazy at the description, like he was trying to build the image in his mind. “When you’re sad, it’s like thunder heads rolling in and the spark of potential in the air, sliding down my back. When you think about Natasha, and your relationship, the grass feels sharp with electricity. At first it was exciting, now it tastes burnt at the back of my throat.”

“I’m sorry,” Clint pulled himself away from the table and poured them both coffee.

“For what?” she took the pre-offered beverage from the archer, looking down into the mug and watched coffee grounds stick to the side of the porcelain mug. She set it down on the table with a sigh. It sucked to waste coffee, but nothing was going to make her drink the brew the Hawk had defiled.

“My pain over the Widow thing has, hurting you,” he took a healthy gulp of his coffee and gagged, picking grounds out of his mouth.

“Are you apologizing for having feeling?” Darcy just tipped her head at him. “Dude, really? So you feel shit, that’s totally normal.”

His shoulders slumped and he dumped the rest of the mug into the sink. “I just never thought about how it would affect you.”

“Nothing to be sorry for,” Darcy handed him her mug as well and stepped over to the coffee maker, dumping the carafe into the sink, coffee grounds swirled down the drain along with the dark liquid. “What you need to apologize for is the sin you just committed against the coffee gods,” she opened the top of the coffee maker, pulling her hands back quickly as an angry burst of steam bellowed from the top. The filter was clogged with grounds. “Seriously, dude, how do you function on your own?”

“I’m cute, I get by,” Clint winked and watched Darcy clean out the coffee maker.

“Not that cute, Hawk boy,” she muttered, dropping the bloated filter into the trash. “It’s a good thing you taste good, otherwise I’d make you live in the barn.”

“You know,” Bucky’s voice came through from the porch. “If I didn’t know what you were talking about, I’d be upset.”

“You taste good too, lover boy,” Darcy called out to him. “Like honey and snow.”

“Flattery, doll,” he chuckled.

“Sweets for my sweet,” Darcy winked and poured water into the coffee maker in a second attempt at coffee.

“You two are gross,” the archer gave his mug a second rinse, flicking the last of the coffee grounds with his finger. “Do I need to leave?”

“Could you?” Bucky stalked through the screen door and across to Darcy, caging her against the counter playfully between his arms, dropping a sweet kiss on the tip of her nose.

“No,” Clint crossed his arms and smirked at the lovers. “I’m going to drink my coffee right here in the kitchen and you’re gonna like it.” His face broke out in a grin as Darcy laughed and pushed
Bucky away.

“Sorry, lover boy,” she ducked under his arms as he made a slow grab for her. “Looks like we’ll have to rein it in.”

“Shucks, doll,” Bucky grinned as she danced away. “Guess we’ll just have to head outside for some hand to hand.”

“On second thought,” Darcy plucked the empty mug from Clint’s fingers. “There’s a coffee shop in town.” The archer just smiled and took the coffee cup back.

“Nope,” he slipped around her and filled his cup. “I’m gonna drink this, and you’re gonna let your boyfriend teach you how to hit people.”

“Aww, Hawk,” she pouted. “But, no.”

“March, girly,” Bucky spun her toward the door. “I promise a nice massage if you’re a good girl.”

“And if I’m bad?” she sassed over her shoulder as he guided her by the hips out the door.

“Then spankings are in your future,” he snapped his teeth at her neck, sending shivers down her spine.

“On second thought,” Clint dumped his coffee in a travel mug. “I told Laura I’d help her build Cooper a tree house. I should probably get on that.”

“So,” Darcy skipped down the stairs, pulling her hair into a high ponytail as she went. “Win, win.”

*****

The text came in the dead of night, lighting Bucky’s phone on the night stand. He blearily disentangled himself from the brunette in his arms and grabbed the vibrating device. It took him a moment to understand the words on the screen. He sat up against the headboard and shook Darcy awake.

“Hey,” she sleepily rubbed at her eyes, and blinked owlishly at him in the dim light of the bedroom.

“We’ve got incoming,” he told her. “Steve’s coming home, and he’s bringing an injured Natalia with him.”

“Well, shit,” Darcy scooted off the bed to wake the archer. “You better go meet them. I’ll get the room ready for our Spider.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments, suggestions, notes. All welcome in the box below.

Thank you!
Chapter 20: Spider Webs

Darcy leaned in the doorway, pale moonlight streamed through the curtain and made the woman lying in bed look even smaller than she had only hours before, cradled in Captain America’s arms as he brought her into the house. It was hard to believe that this small woman was the same person who was the fearsome Black Widow; she looked like little more than a child, her head bandaged in white gauze, and lips parted slightly in sleep.

Clint sat slumped in a kitchen chair he’d dragged up to the room that had been his, but was now serving as Natasha’s makeshift healing room. The archer’s head bowed over his hands clasping hers, stark against the white sheets.

“She’s gonna sleep at least til morning,” Darcy said from the doorway. “You should sleep.”

“I know, Darce,” he heaved a heavy sigh, but made no move to get up. “I just can’t leave her.”

“It’s not your fault,” she could feel his guilt and worry like a winter storm ready to ravage an already glutted landscape. “Whether you were there or not, she could have gotten hurt.”

“I know,” Clint rubbed his hands down his face and reached out with one hand toward Darcy. “It doesn’t keep me from wondering.” Darcy let him pull her tight against his side, resting his head on her side. “It’s always hard to see your loved ones in pain.”

“Come on, Hawk,” she rubbed his back, pulling slightly at him. “She’s not in pain right now, Natasha needs you rested, not here sitting vigil.”

“I owe her,” Clint pulled Darcy back so she slid down between the back of his chair and his chest.

“You don’t owe her anything, Hawk Boy,” she let him hold her, his emotions washing over her in gentle waves. “Come on, Steve and Bucky took the bunk beds apart for you, they’re still short, but you won’t hit your head.”

“Just five more minutes, sestra,” he mumbled, picking up Natasha’s hand.

*****

Darcy crawled between the two soldiers just as the sun was peaking over the horizon. Steve shifted in his sleep, curling his arms around the girl and burrowing his face into her hair.
“It’s so good to be home,” his arms tightened around her waist. “I missed you sweetheart.”

“I missed you too,” she whispered, wiggling back into his embrace, trying to feel all of his warmth against her. Trapped between her two boys she felt surrounded in love and warmth, their unique scents and feelings felt like home more than any place she’d ever lived.

“Clint doing alright?” Steve murmured into her hair his fingers pushing the edges of her shirt up searching for skin.

“No,” Darcy let out a sigh as his fingers traced over her stomach, his calloused skin rough on her sensitive flesh. “I wish she wasn’t here, he was doing so well, I don’t wanna see him slide back.”

“I’m sorry, doll,” he buried his face into the back of her neck, his hot breath marking her shiver. “Had no choice.”

“You couldn’t have taken her to Dr. Banner?” Darcy turned in his arms; nesting back into Bucky’s sleeping form.

“Bruce is on the move,” Steve shrugged. “Tony wanted him closer, something about testing a new suit.”

“Sucks,” she felt Bucky’s arm snake around her middle and pull her back to his hard chest. “I can feel her ripping through my mind, like jagged and broken glass, and she’s hurting Clint just by being here.”

“We’ll patch her up and send her out,” Bucky’s voice was tight and firm, his metal fingers picking up the soft tracing Steve had abandoned on her abdomen, the gentle movements at odds with his harsh words.

“And we lose Steve again in the bargain,” Darcy tipping her head back, just able to pick up the glint of light in his blue eyes.

“It’s Tony’s turn to babysit the Widow,” Steve yawned wide, his whole body going rigid with the force of it. “Sleep, loves, we’ve got a spider in our midst who will be cranky when she wakes.”

The boys burrowed down under the blanket and wrapped around their girl, a contented sigh escaping her lips as snow and surf engulfed her mind, sleep not far behind.

*****

Darcy avoided the guest room where the Widow was laid up, the woman’s jagged emotions grated at her no matter where she was in the farm house, but she still didn’t want to face the volatile assassin. She stood in the middle of the lawn, one of Bucky’s Glocks in her hand as she emptied clip after clip into the hay bales that were slowly disintegrated under their consent barrage of projectile bombardment. Her nerves were frayed to the point that she felt like she was vibrating under the strain of all the discomfort under their roof.

“We’re gonna have to go see Mike this afternoon the way you’re tearing through our reserves,” Bucky leaned against the scarred trunk of their sycamore tree.

“I’m itchy, Buck,” Darcy dropped an empty clip into her hand and loaded the next. “And I can’t get away from it, I don’t know if my powers are developing or I’m just more in tuned with it, but it feels like little shards of broken mirror writhing under my skin whenever she’s awake.”

“She’s gotta be stable ‘for we can move her, doll,” Bucky growled, gently taking the empty gun out
of her hands and pulling her into his arms. “Think a distraction of the non-ballistic verity will help?”

“You angling for something?” she swayed her hips against his, feeling his growing arousal pressing into her belly.

“Steve’s been home two whole days,” he whispered in her ear. “I think we need to play a new game with our wayward soldier.”

“Oh,” a wicked smile traced over her lips as Bucky nibbled at the shell of her ear. “Well, it’s worth a try, baby, what do you have in mind?”

“Just bring Steve out to the barn for me,” he bit down on the join of her shoulder, causing a thrill to run down her back, her mind awash with their arousal, Bucky’s sweet and warm honeyed excitement coating Natasha’s sharp edges and washing them away. “I’ll be ready when you get there.”

*****

It didn’t take much persuasion to get Steve to follow Darcy out to the barn, Natasha was deeply asleep in a painkiller induced haze, and Clint had been pushed into the truck first thing in the morning with orders to help Laura finish the treehouse he’d been working on before the first frost hit and made the work more difficult.

Darcy lead the Captain across the leaf strewn lawn, the red, orange and yellow blanket crunching happily under their feet, a buzz of excited energy running through both of them. “Buck say what he wanted?” his had tightened on hers as she chuckled darkly.

“Not sure, Cap,” she swung around so she was practically skipping backwards across the grass, a wide mischievous smile on her face. “But I’m sure you’re gonna like it.”

“There a reason he’s gotta tell me in the barn?” the Captain asked, his intrigue ratcheting up inside Darcy’s mind, tasting like sea salted caramel and crunchy sand. Darcy just shrugged her shoulders and tugged him along. “Not a clue?”

“Well,” Darcy stopped, pulling him nice and close, her fingers circling his waist and dipping into the back of his jeans. “You’ve been gone an awful long time, baby.”

“A week,” Steve sucked in a breath as she pushed her hands down the back of his pants, cupping his ass and squeezing gently.

“Way too long,” she breathed, nipping at his chin. “And you’ve been back two days already and all I’ve gotten are cuddles and kisses.”

“Bucky wants to play,” the Captain concluded, not in the least bit surprised.

“Bucky and Darcy want to play,” the girl corrected, pulling her hands from his jeans and grabbing his hand. “Now move it, soldier, I wanna see what our boy has planned.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he chuckled as she tugged him through the barn doors.

*****

The barn was dark, the previous owners had never bothered to extend the electricity out to the barn, and the fall morning light shone from the wrong direction to penetrate the interior. Darcy could feel Bucky’s presence by his excitement dripping down her spine like warm honey spiced with
cinnamon, it was so thick inside the barn that she felt like she was breathing it in.

“Close the door, Stevie;” Bucky’s voice echoed through the nearly empty room. “And come find me.”

“What do I do?” Darcy called out as Steve closed the big barn doors, dropping the gloomy room into near total darkness.

“Try and hide, little girl,” the Soldier growled from somewhere in the darkness. “We’re hunting you.” Steve placed a kiss against her hair then melted away before she could catch him. “You have until Steve finds me to get yourself a hiding place, my dear. The only rule is you can’t leave the barn.”

Adrenalin washed through her as she pushed her senses to their limits, even with the enhancements she’d gained from the serum, her basic five senses were never much better than averaged, her eyesight even falling below. She tripped and stumbled away from the door, trying her hardest to make as little noise as possible. Darcy could feel the moment Steve found Bucky, his excitement and arousal crashing over her with the taste of hot funnel cakes and melting powdered sugar.

*****

Bucky pulled Steve hard against him, crushing their lips together, eating hungrily at the other man’s mouth as he pulled his shirt untucked and stripped each button free from its hole, shoving the flannel off Steve’s shoulders before working his way down to his belt buckle.

“Little eager, aren’t we?” Steve whispered as Bucky whipped his belt out of its loops.

“Hush, Stevie,” Bucky licked at his lips, demanding entrance. He dropped Steve’s belt into the darkness. “Don’t want too much in the way when we catch our little love.”

“You got a plan?” the Captain pulled his lover back to him, his hands sliding down Bucky’s shoulders, lingering where flesh met metal.

“Laura bought Darcy a present,” he whispered against Steve’s lips. “For interrupting us. She doesn’t think I noticed, but I did. We’re gonna take advantage.”

“What is it?” Steve asked, finding that Bucky had already divested himself of his belt.

“You’ll see,” Bucky pushed away. “Whoever catches her first get to be on top.”

*****

Darcy knew she couldn’t hide for long, the boys both saw better in the dark than she did, and could hear her movements. She crept into what had been an old horse stall and ducked behind the door, slinking to the back of the stall. She pushed her hearing to the point that she could hear her own blood rushing in her ears, but little else. The boys’ emotions weren’t giving anything away, a continuous press of arousal fluttered in her gut from both boys, warming her gently, but not helping her hide from them. She waited, breathing as shallowly as she could from her nose, the room felt too still. She knew the moment she moved that they would find her, but waiting was making her crazy. She crept to the front of the stall again and felt a rush of air behind her and a nearly inaudible thump of someone landing.

Darcy whipped around and ducked out of the stall, making a break for it across the barn when arms clamped around her from behind, holding her arms tight to her body. She twisted and bucked, but the arms just held tighter.
“Let go,” Darcy kicked back, her feet connecting with nothing but air. “Let me go.”

“Shh, little one,” one of the arms came up and an hand clamped around her mouth, she tasted leather and metal, knowing it was Bucky caused something inside her to uncoil, even while she continued to struggle. She was always safe with her boys. Hands grabbed roughly around frantically kicking ankles, pulling both her and Bucky forward, winding her legs around muscular hips. Steve’s arousal pushed into her and rubbed up against the seam of her jeans, the friction causing her to lock her legs around him and a low moan to escape her lips.

“You like that, baby girl?” Bucky’s breath was hot against her cheek. “I think you’re gonna like what we have planned even more.”

Chapter End Notes

Cliff hanger! *Author runs away*
Chapter Notes

Hey look, I got my chapter out a whole day early, just in time for my anniversary with my dear husband.

As promised, the conclusion to the scene in the barn... no real cliffhanger this time.

Title inspired by The Way You Like It By Adema.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 21: The Way You Like It

Bucky snaked his hand between his lovers, flicking the button of Darcy’s jeans open and then doing the same to Steve’s. “You’ve been trying to keep a secret from me,” he hummed against the join of her neck. “You didn’t really think you could hide something like that from me, did you?” He rocked his hips against her ass, feeling her shudder at the new sensation it caused.

“I just didn’t want to tell you,” Darcy melted back into Bucky’s arms as he continued to rock against her, rubbing her into Steve as he did, making her head hazy with arousal. “Not until I knew if I wanted it.”

“Darce, you done this before?” Bucky slid the zipper of Darcy’s jeans down, and nuzzled against her shoulder.

She hummed as Steve set her back down on her feet and dragged her jeans and panties down her legs, lifting each foot out and tossing the clothes away. “Like twice in college,” she leaned back into Bucky as he ran his hands over her stomach slowly dragging her shirt up. “It wasn’t my favorite, but I wanna try.”

“I promise, doll,” Bucky dropped her shirt into the dark. “This won’t be anything like what you did in college.” His fingers walked back around her hips as he knelt behind her, his metal hand moving back to find the small acrylic plug she’d worked into herself earlier. “Stevie, you gotta feel this.”

“I’m busy, Buck,” Steve’s breath ghosted over Darcy’s lower lips, forcing a shiver through her as Bucky pushed at the toy. Steve’s tongue snaked out and flicked at Darcy’s folds, nearly causing her knees to buckle. Bucky grabbed his friend’s hand, holding their girl’s hips with the other. He used his control over his friend’s arm to guide him to gently probe around the toy Darcy had kept hidden. “Oh, Darcy girl,” Steve sighed, leaning his forehead against her stomach, his fingers exploring the space where the toy entered her body. “Can we?”

“Yeah, Steve,” she braced her hands on his shoulders as Bucky slowly worked the plug out of her. “I want you both.”

“You’re so beautiful, baby girl,” Bucky kissed and licked at the side of her neck, replacing the plug.
with two fingers, slowly pushing the carefully lubed fingers into her body, working her open.
“Stevie, you make our girl come,” he growled as he slowly scissored his fingers inside her, causing
her to buck her hips toward Steve’s waiting mouth. “God you feel so good between us.”

“You say such sweet things to me,” she sighed, letting Bucky take her weight as Steve lifted one of
her legs over his shoulder, and licked along her slit, sucking her clit into his mouth. “Oh Steve,” she
could feel their excitement ratchet up until it became white noise beyond the pleasure they were
pulling from her.

“Just remember to relax,” Bucky gently fucked three fingers into her ass, thumbing his free hand
over one nipple that pebbled under his touch. “You let me know if I’m hurting you. You remember
your words?”

“Promise,” Darcy keened, rocking her hips against Steve’s face as he pushed two fingers inside and
crooked them forward.

“Give me a color, baby girl,” Bucky asked, pinching hard on her erect nipple.

“Green,” she whined. “So green.”

“You getting close?” he asked, giving the other breast the same treatment. Darcy just nodded, her
fingers locked tight in Steve’s hair as he sucked at her clit, flicking it rapidly with the flat of his
tongue. “I can’t hear you little girl,” Bucky ground out, using his Soldier voice, the voice he used
when they played rough.

The sound of her lover’s rough growling words sent her over the edge, clenching down on the boys
fingers. “Steve,” she used the leg over his shoulder to hold him against her, her knuckles white
where they clutched his hair.

“Good girl,” Bucky’s finger’s stilled inside her. “Stevie, lay down for us,” he said gently, his metal
fingers petting at Darcy’s skin, sending shockwaves through every nerve. Steve lay down on an old
blanket Bucky had found and held out his arms to their girl.

“Come here, sweetheart,” Darcy reached for Steve’s hand and stepped away from Bucky, his fingers
slipping from her body, leaving her feeling unbalanced and empty. Steve guided her down over his
hips, rubbing the weeping head of his cock along her slit.

“So good,” she set her forehead against her lover’s, their eyes locked together in the nearly pitch
black barn. Steve slowly pushed himself inside, holding her hips firmly. “I missed you.”

“I missed you, too,” Steve captured her lips, licking at the seam of her mouth as he coaxed her to lay
flat against his chest.

Bucky ran his hand down her spine, following it with his lips. “You sure you’re ready for this,
Darcy?”

“Please,” she whispered into Steve’s lips. “I want you both inside me, Bucky.”

“Give me a color, baby girl,” Steve asked, watching Bucky run his hands along their girl’s back.

“Green,” Darcy nipped at his mouth. Bucky nodded to him and Steve moved his hands over her
hips, gently pulling her cheeks apart. The blunt head of Bucky’s cock rubbed against her ass, and she
tensed minutely.

“Relax baby,” Bucky growled, kissing her shoulder. “We won’t do anything you don’t want.”
“I want,” she arched her back so his cock rubbed against her and shifted Steve inside her. Bucky pushed forward, putting just enough pressure to move past the ring of muscles just inside her body.

“Still green?” Bucky asked his voice tight as he held himself still, just an inch into her body.

“So green, Buck,” Darcy sighed, letting herself melt into Steve, encouraging Bucky to keep going. He inched his way in, rocking slowly into her body until both he and Steve were fully seated inside of her. “So full,” she keened, rocking gently between them.

“Let us take care of you, sweetheart,” Bucky slowly pulled out, rocking gently back in as Steve retreated. “How does that feel?”

“So good,” she arched into Steve, taking him back in as Bucky slid out. “Don’t stop.”

“Not a chance, doll,” Steve pushed her up between them, taking one of her nipples into his mouth.

“Buck I’m going to come,” Darcy clamped down. “It’s too much.”

“Just hold on sweet girl,” Bucky picked up his pace. “We’re not far behind.”

“So much,” she pushed Steve away from her chest and captured his lips with hers. Her muscles fluttered as the boys moved in tandem. Steve went stiff under her, his back bowed into her as he pulsed between her legs, his hands clamped down on her hips.

“I love you, Darce,” he kissed her arms and shoulders as he came down, watching Bucky continue to fuck her over him. “You’re so beautiful between us,” he snaked a hand between their bodies, unperturbed by her trying to bat his hand away. He pushed two fingers against her clit, pulling a keening sob from her lips as he ripped an orgasm from her. Bucky bit down on her shoulder as he followed her over the edge.

“Love you both,” Darcy sagged between the two men, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“You okay?” Bucky pulled back gently from her, kissing the rapidly darkening bruise on her shoulder.

“So green, Soldier,” she sighed nearly drunkenly, lying boneless over Steve, who ran his hands slowly up and down her arms. “Laura gives the best presents.” Bucky threw his head back and laughed, warm and soft and dangerous.

“Yes she does,” Steve pulled Bucky down to them, licking greedily at the other man’s lips.

“Feeling anything from the Spider?” Bucky asked, stealing their girl from Steve’s arms to roll her between them.

“I’m all full of warm honey and caramel,” she kissed his chest, letting their body heat envelope her and pull her into sleep.

“Honey?” she heard Steve ask.

“I’ll let her explain later,” Bucky told him.

*****

Darcy could feel Natasha waking as she stepped out of the shower, the warm satisfied golden feeling her lovers had been projecting over her, retreated behind the jagged and broken void of the Black Widow’s emotions. Everyone else’s emotions had scent and taste, Natasha’s were like a world
without color, broken glass and funhouse mirrors, reflecting but not projecting. Darcy rubbed her body dry and threw on clean clothes.

She crept down the hall and leaned against the door jamb of the guest room, not wanting to actually cross the threshold into the Widow’s layer.

“It’s time,” Natasha didn’t look up at the girl standing in the doorway.

“Time for what?” Darcy set her shoulder to the door jam and let it hold her weight as she watched the woman propped up in the guest bed, the bed that should be Clint’s, that he’d given up to his ungrateful lover.

“Clint’s getting older,” Natasha said, like it was a bad thing, like if he just tried he could prevent the slow march of time that he was subjected to. “I never will. It’s time for me to let go, I lingered too long already.”

“Is that what you think you’re doing?” Darcy scoffed, crossing her arms under her breasts, the jagged hatred the Widow projected at her slowly ripping into her mind, making the muscles of her jaw jump as she forced her lips to move. “You’re letting him go,” she shook her head. “You’re a coward. You had a fight, you were wrong and stupid, and now you’re slinking away, too frightened to face your mistakes.”

“He’ll be happier without me,” the assassin told the girl, her gaze firmly fixed on the corner of the ceiling. “I’ve never really loved him, I’m not capable of it, and quite frankly I’m tired of indulging him.”

“You’re right, he will be happier,” Darcy let gravity pull her to the floor, her back supported by the door post. “I’ll make sure of it,” she shifted her weight, finding a more comfortable way to sit. “You really are a bitch.”

“Well,” the Widow sighed, her pain slowly creeping back up. “You’re a slut,” she countered, her hard edged voice lacking its usual ire. “But now you can fuck the man without worrying about little old Widow.”

“Natasha,” Darcy’s eyes rolled, jealousy raced through her from the Black Widow, whether it was because of Clint or Bucky, she didn’t know, and couldn’t bring herself to care. “If I’d wanted to sleep with Clint, I can assure you, upsetting you would never have even crossed my mind.” She pushed herself back to her feet and let the door shut quietly as she walked down the hall. She could see her friend’s shadow falling just over to top of the stairs; gentle rain fell icily through her mind, washing against the broken glass.

“I’m sorry,” Clint pushed himself up from where he was sitting on the steps. “She shouldn’t have said that to you.”

“Just rolls off my back, Hawk,” she shrugged. “I really don’t care what she calls me, not only do I know it’s not true, but I’ve been called worse by people whose opinions I valued much more than hers.”

Clint pulled her into his arms, still standing on the stairs, so they were nearly the same height. He kissed her tenderly on the cheek and laid his head against her temple. “So, you think I should let her down gently, or does this warrant a scene?”

“You gonna cry and throw things when you break up with the spider, Hawk boy?” Darcy teased her arms tight around her friend’s waist. She could feel the fizzling electricity of indecision on his
emotions.

“Don’t think it’s worth it as this point, baby girl,” he sighed. “She already threw us away.”

“I’ve got ice cream and whiskey down stairs,” she whispered. “What say you finish up with Nat and we go out and drink by the pond?”

“Your boys coming too?” he pulled back, tucking a strand of damp hair behind her ear.

“Naw,” Darcy bumped her hip against the Hawk’s. “It’s just you and me, Archer.”

“It’s a date,” Clint smiled tightly at the girl who had taken up a big spot in his heart; a place he hadn’t even realized was empty.

Darcy gave him a last hug and watched him walk down the hall towards the Black Widow’s room. The door shut behind him with an ominous click, and Darcy fled down the stairs to gather her supplies to get the Hawk well and truly drunk. She rubbed her hands together. She had so many plans.

Chapter End Notes

I love comments... comments make me write faster!

Thank You!
Blue Monday

Chapter Notes

To be completely honest, I didn't think I was going to get this chapter out today. My city got struck with freezing rain and sleet just as the sun went down, and it took me a record three and a half hours to get home. That being said, I told someone I was going to try to get this out, and despite the fact that my husband and kid abandoned me to my computer two hours ago, I pushed on and finished. I needed to get this done.

Chapter title inspired by the Orgy cover of Blue Monday.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 22: Blue Monday

Clint leaned gently on the door, the only light in the room coming from the bedside lamp, casting a harsh shadow across his former lover. It struck him how beautiful he'd always thought she was, some of that pretty had worn off in the past couple of months. He folded his hands behind his back and just looked at her, finally seeing her how others must; cold, heartless and distant.

“So, she did get to you,” Natasha’s voice cut through the silence like ice.

“Who, Darcy?” Clint pushed himself off the door. “She didn’t get to me, Natasha. She listened to me, something you never did when it came to anything outside work.” He sat down on his abandoned kitchen chair and leaned forward on his knees. “You know Mike?” his eyes cast down to his hands. “I know you’ve never met, but we talk about him,” he sighed, twisting his fingers around in his fist. “He owns the general store. He knows who I am. His parents had a lot outside of town where circuses and such came through,” he flicked his eyes up towards Natasha, who wasn’t even pretending to look at him, her eyes fixed on a small water mark on the corner of the ceiling.

“They kept all kinds of old posters, he’s got one of me,” Clint looked back down at his hands, feeling the rough callouses on his fingers and resisted the urge to pick at them. “When I saw it, all I wanted to do was show you, because it reminded me of the good times with the circus, the family I had there,” he leaned back in the chair, feeling the wood creak as he pushed his weight into the back. “But then I knew if I showed you it would lose its shine, cause you would scoff and say something about sentiment,” Clint gathered himself up and looked at her, wishing she’d catch his eye. “I have a family again, here on this farm, these people here are family and that family doesn’t include you, not now.”

“You’re breaking things off?” Natasha asked, still fixated on the stain.

“You already did that,” he nodded, rubbing his fingers. “I’m just making sure we’re on the same page.”

“We are,” she bit out. “You can leave now.”
“I’m sorry it had to come to this,” Clint said quietly.

“I’m not,” her eyes were like flecks of glass when she finally looked at him. “It was always going to
end, Clint. I’m going to be young forever as far as we can tell, and you’re getting old.”

“And if you were anyone else, that wouldn’t matter,” he sighed, not sure why he bothered.

“You’re delusional,” Natasha’s laugh was broken and cold.

“Right,” Clint pushed off the chair. “Because love doesn’t change things,” he all but shouted. “Love
doesn’t make people overlook things like that.”

“Love,” she threw her head back and laughed. “Love is chemicals and sentiment, it’s not real.”

“Natasha,” he stopped with his hand on the door handle, unable to turn and look at her. “I’ve been in
love with you for ten years, putting up with all kinds of baggage because of my feelings,” he laid his
head against the cool wood. “The fact that you’ve never cared like that for me,” Clint screwed his
eyes shut and pushed away the hurt. “That makes it both easier and harder for me to walk away,” he
twisted the knob with more force than strictly necessary. “If you need anything, ask Steve. I’m going
out.”

“With the little girl,” Natasha guessed. “She’s charmed you and you’re just marching to her tune.”

“Believe what you want,” he threw over his shoulder. “I don’t care anymore.”

Darcy covered the cold hard ground with blankets she’d pilfered from all over the house, layering
them over each other so the cold wouldn’t be able to seep up through and steal their warmth. She
took a deep breath of the late autumn air, letting it expand in her lungs. The pond was just far enough
away from the house that she couldn’t feel it as Clint said his peace to Natasha, but she could feel his
jumbled mind once he came outside. She curled up on the pile of blankets, supporting her weight
with both hands, and waited for her friend, a bottle of good Irish whiskey she’d bought from Mike
and a pint of Ben and Jerry’s Phish Food waiting beside her.

Darcy heard him before she saw him, which was unusual; he shuffled his feet, kicking up the damp
autumn leaves as he moved. Clint dropped down on the blanket next to her, letting gravity pull him
all the way down.

“Well, it’s over,” he reached for the bottle, cracking open the seal and taking a deep pull.

“You okay?” she accepted the whiskey from him and took a much smaller sip.

“Not even a little,” Clint’s voice was full and gruff as he took the bottle back.

“Ice cream?” she shook the tub at him.

“I think I’ll just stick with the whiskey, for now,” he chugged the alcohol, feeling it burn all the way
down.

“Your loss,” Darcy dipped her spoon in the ice cream and sucked a large bite into her mouth,
humming obscenely as she pulled the spoon from between her lips.

Darcy lay with her head pillowed on Clint’s stomach, his fingers tangled in her hair and an empty
bottle of whiskey at his side. She licked at the last of the melting caramel and chocolate off her spoon, and smiled, her friend’s comfortable drunk, like a warm spring rain on her mind.

“The stars are real pretty here, Kansas,” Clint’s voice was soft with drunken awe.

“What you talking about, Iowa,” Darcy chuckled as he tried to pull his fingers through her hair, only to find them hopelessly tangled. “You grew up on a farm,” his concentration was trained fully on disentangling his fingers, creating tight knots in her long curls. “You saw plenty of stars.”

“Not really, until the circus,” Clint shook his head from side to side, forgetting her knotted hair. “Use to sit on top of the rail cars at night and watch the stars.”

“See, nothing new,” she tucked her hair behind her ears.

“Those stars didn’t dance, though,” she sighed, letting his arms fall to the side.

“They’re not dancing now, either,” she laughed, rolling so she could see his face, pulling her hand up under her cheek. “You’re drunk.”

“Did you get me drunk so you could take advantage of me, Darcy Lou?” Clint gave her a seriously awkward come hither look, she had to hold her breath to keep from bursting into giggles when his wink devolved into him blinking hard.

“Not a chance, Hawk Boy,” she pushed out between her lips, keeping her mirth locked in.

He let out a long suffering sigh and looked back up at the sky. “No one ever wants to take advantage of me,” he pouted up to the stars.

“Sorry buddy,” Darcy wrapped her arms around his middle, the warm rain turning cold as his thoughts took a melancholy turn.

“Natasha never took advantage of me,” the spark of lightning through her thoughts nearly caught Darcy off guard. “We always did things her way. Always holding her down, when it was new it was kinda exciting when she’d run away and fight me. But after a while, I wanted her told hold me while we made love, or fucked, since she doesn’t love me.”

“Yeah,” she rubbed her face against the warmth of his chest, trying to chase away the fizzle of electricity his emotions stirred up. “You’ve said.”

“I miss soft fingers,” Clint rubbed up and down her back, calming the growing storm inside himself.

“Yeah,” Darcy watched as the pinched look evaporated, replaced by wistful dreaming, the sun warming the icy rain.

“Soft fingers, and nice kisses,” he continued. “And warm snuggles.”

“You’ll have those things again,” she assured him.

“Promise?” he looked down at her, his alcohol added emotions sparked rainbows, and she couldn’t help but beam at her friend.

“Yeah,” Darcy told him, nodding her head. “I promise.”

“Can I cuddle you?” Clint pulled her up against him, tucking her head under his chin.

“Of course, big brother,” she pulled the edge of the top blanket around them, tucking the warm
woolen fabric under his opposite side.

“But you won’t take advantage?” Darcy just gave him an incredulous look. “Cause your all kinds of cute, but that would be really gross.”

“No worries, Iowa,” she snuggled into their warm cocoon. “I’m not now, nor will I ever touch your little hawk.”

“Good deal, Kansas,” Clint hummed, his arms strong and comforting around her. “Love you, sis.”

“I love you too, big brother,” she smiled as the rain of his emotions stopped for a moment and she could smell lilies blooming. “Now, enjoy the dancing stars, cause you’re gonna be feeling this in the morning.”

“They’re so pretty,” he grinned up at the distant suns peppering the midnight sky. “Will you hold my hair while I puke?”

“Sure thing,” a yawn cracked her jaw, the long day very much catching up with her.

“Okay, good.”

*****

Darcy woke slowly, the cold pre-dawn air freezing her nose and making her shiver despite the warmth radiating off of Clint’s body wrapped tightly around her. She could just make out Natasha as a hazy blur without her glasses, but the Widow’s emotions gave her away, sea softened glass along her spine.

“I knew you’d be good for him,” the Widow’s voice raw from sleep and fading pain killers.

“You did this all on purpose,” Darcy looked up at the older woman, feeling her tongue drag like sandpaper through her mouth.

“I always have a reason for my actions, honey,” Natasha picked at one of her nails. “He needed a little incentive to cut the cord.”

“So you acted like a major bitch,” Darcy shook her head. “Why? Why do that to him, put him through all this?”

“Pretty much,” the Widow shrugged. “I’m not good for him, never was. Don’t tell Barton, he needs to move on.”

“Yeah he does,” she burrowed deeper into the warm blankets, Natasha’s emotions freezing her to the core.

“Look after him for me,” she asked. “He’s the closest thing to real love I ever had.”

“Sure thing,” Darcy looked up at the Archer’s sleeping face. “You know, this doesn’t make me hate you less.”

“I can live with that,” Natasha hefted her duffle up over her shoulder and stalked away.

*****

Clint groaned as he laid his head against the porcelain lip of the toilet, Darcy’s warm hand rubbing up and down his back. “Why would you let me drink that much,” he asked, his stomach roiling with
indecision.

“I didn’t let you do anything,” Darcy kept her tone light and soft, in deference to her friend’s suffering. “I seem to recall you climbing a tree to keep me from taking the bottle from you when I tried to cut you off.” She held a cool towel to his forehead as his stomach rolled and he vomited whiskey and bile into the waiting toilet. “I also remember you falling out of the tree.”

“On my head?” he moaned, arching into Darcy’s hands as they quietly soothed him. “It feels like I fell on my head.”

“When you can keep it down, I’ll get you something for your head,” Darcy told him quietly, her fingers tripping up and down his spine.

“Thanks,” Clint laid his cheek on the edge of the toilet and squinted up at her. “You’re the best sister I’ve ever had.”

“You’re a pretty awesome brother, too,” she pulled herself up off the floor and twisted the knobs of the shower. “You about ready for a shower?”

The archer held onto the toilet for a moment, contemplating the state of his stomach. “Not sure, Kansas,” he looked down at his feet, which looked really far away. “If I bend over, I’m going to puke, and I don’t want vomit in my sinuses, that shit fucking hurts.”

“You want me to get some help?” she chuckled at his pitying puppy dog look.

“But then you’ll see little hawk,” he stage whispered.

“She’s not seeing your dick, dude,” Bucky all but shouted, sending Clint diving back over the porcelain bowl. “I got this, Darce.”

“Don’t want you seeking me naked either,” he grumbled into the toilet bowl.

"Clint, I've seen you naked," Bucky rolled his eyes. "I've seen you naked with just a cowboy hat on, dancing on a table. There is literally nothing of yours I haven't seen, and nothing I want to see again."

"I do not recall that," Clint told the inside of the toilet.

"That I completely believe," the Soldier grumbled, watching his girlfriend comfort her idiot, hungover companion.

“You got three choices,” Darcy soothed, rubbing his back.

“Can’t I just get in the shower in my boxers?” he asked her quietly. “No little hawk that way.”

“Sure thing,” he let Darcy and Bucky help him off the floor and into the shower.

“Thanks,” Clint mumbled once he was sitting under the spray. Darcy and Bucky sitting together on the toilet lid. “She’s gone, isn’t she?”

“Yeah, Hawk,” Darcy curled up in Bucky’s arms, Clint’s sadness washing over her. “She left before dawn.”

“She say where she was going?” he asked quietly, his voice barely carrying over the shower.

“No, sorry,” she let her head fall on her lover’s shoulder. “I’m sure she’s alright.”
“No doubt,” the archer agreed. “Natasha always lands on her feet.”

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment in the box below, it's what makes me want to write more chapters!!
Chapter Notes

Yes, I'm late again... or am I on time since I was late last time? Whatever. I had a Chanukah party last night, so no time to type. Anyway, this is officially the last chapter of the year!!! Happy New Year everyone, and thank you so much for being the worlds most wonderful readers.

A great deal of this chapter was thanks to a plot bunny that came up in a comment from nyurla, so thank you so much for planting the seed of Clint getting his toenails painted, it kinda stuck with me... Anyone who wants to slip some plot bunnies into the comments, you are more than welcome. I do use them.

So, Enjoy! and please have a safe and happy New Year!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 23: Have I Told You Lately

A calm fell over the farmhouse once the Widow left. The knot at the back of Darcy’s spine loosened without the constant bombardment from the broken edges of Natasha’s stunted emotions, leaving her feeling loose and soft. She sat propped up on the arm of the couch, nursing a cup of coffee, her feet draped over Clint’s legs while he bent over her toes, a small bottle of scarlet polish clenched in one hand.

“Don’t you two look cozy,” Bucky threw himself down on the end of the couch causing the cushions to jump. Clint let out an undignified squawk, painting a long stripe of red up the top of Darcy’s foot. “Aren’t you supposed to be some super spy sniper, precision, man.”

“World’s greatest marksman” Clint mumbled as he pulled out a cotton ball to clean up his mess. “Fuck off Barnes.”

“Yeah, Buck,” Darcy sipped at the hot coffee, the steam bathing her face. “You just might be next.” She let Bucky’s contentment and happy teasing wash over her, mixed with warm love and the spicy bite of lust he always had simmering beneath the surface.

“You gonna ask real nice, princess?” Bucky pulled the bag of polishes from the coffee table, making them clack together happily as he sorted through the bottles.

“What do you have in mind, Soldier?” Darcy gave him an exaggerated wink over her mug.

“And on that note,” Clint shoved the brush back into the bottle, screwing it on tight, and patting Darcy’s leg. “I think I’m gonna go see Mike about that wood I ordered for the tree house.”

“Ordered wood,” Darcy snorted, earning her incredulous looks from both men. “He ordered wood for a tree house,” she said by way of explanation.

“I’m not even dignifying that with a response,” Clint dropped the polish in the bag Bucky was
holding, she just shrugged.

“You and Cooper are really putting some elbow grease into this project,” Darcy inspected her carefully painted toes, blowing gently on the wet paint. “We gonna get an invite once it’s finished?”

“I think I can swing that, if you can promise to behave like a semi-lucid adult,” the archer slipped his feet into his work boots, hiding his pretty purple toes. “Alright kids, as you were.”

“Dinner’s at six,” Darcy smiled, taking the sparkly silver polish that Bucky handed her. “And tell Laura we would love to have her clan for Thanksgiving if she doesn’t have any plans.”

“You couldn’t tell her?” he shrugged his way into his heavy Carhartt coat and flipped up the collar, catching Darcy’s bright grin and cheeky wink. “Baby girl, I just broke up with the deadliest assassin on the planet, present company excluded.”

“No, I think Natasha’s got me beat,” Bucky mumbled, stuffing his socks in his boots and swinging his feet up for inspection.

“Right,” Clint shrugged. “You really think it’s healthy to start pimping me out to some sweet unsuspecting mother of two?”

“She’s not so unsuspecting,” Darcy pulled one of Bucky’s bare feet into her lap. Gently slipping spacers between his toes. “Plus, I feel that low down warm feeling you get when you look at her.” Clint just covered his face and groaned. She looked down at Bucky’s long toes. “Jesus, Buck, you’ve got some ugly feet.”

“Didn’t hear any complaining from you that one time,” Bucky wiggled his toes.

“I’ll pass your message along,” Clint pushed the front door open, and propped the screen with his steel toed boot. “Just for the love of all that’s Holy, do not allow your soldier to ever finish that sentence.”

Bucky’s laughter followed him out the door. “That was mean,” Darcy used the small brush to liberally coat Bucky’s big toe with silver sparkles.

“Maybe you should punish me, then doll,” he lay down with his head on the arm of the couch. “Steve should be home soon.”

“That something you wanna try?” she painted the next nail, using the edge of her thumb nail to scoop up the excess polish.

“You and Steve make me feel safe,” he shrugged. “Maybe it’s time I see what you do with Stevie alone.”

“Only if you’re really sure,” Darcy capped the polish and looked over at her lover. “You wanna talk about it with Steve first? Maybe watch me with our boy?”

“If it’s okay with Steve,” Bucky wiggled his toes. “All ten toes, baby doll, my piggies are getting jealous.”

“Got it Soldier,” she let the subject drop, as exciting as the prospect of spanking Bucky was, it made her nervous, too. Steve had been very firm on leaving the discipline aspect of their play just between the two of them, worried that it might trigger the Soldier. Bucky might be a bit rough, but hadn’t been interested the one time Steve brought up spanking in the bedroom. “Any thoughts about Thanksgiving? Requests?”
“It was a different holiday when I was a kid, doll,” he sighed, thinking back to the small tenement and his mother humming in their kitchen, her bright yellow curtains doing their damnedest to brighten up the place, warm smells of whatever she was cooking filling the rooms. “Most years, pennies were hard to scrape together, Ma did what she could.”

“Wow,” Darcy blew over his wet toenails. “Steve just asked for pumpkin pie.”

“I like apple,” Bucky said quietly.

“Then apple pie shall be had,” Darcy grabbed his other foot and grinned at his melancholy expression.

*****

Steve followed Natasha as far as the Canadian border, grateful to Mike for keeping up his old Indian, despite the fact that he had no one to ride it. The truck would have stuck out like a sore thumb, but he was pretty sure the Widow hadn’t noticed the bike following her and her matte black Ducati as she slipped easily through traffic. And thanking anyone who would listen to an old science experiment, that they had landed in the perfect small town, and for finding Mike and his family. Steve watched as the Widow slipped over the border just miles from the nearest border crossing. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and thumbed the send button.

“Hey Buck,” he relaxed hearing his lover’s breath and their girl in the background, flitting around the kitchen. “The package has been delivered.”

“We’re not in a spy movie, Punk,” Bucky perched his phone between his shoulder and ear. “How long ‘til you’re home?”

“Eight hours, give or take,” Steve leaned against the bike seat, taking a long drink of water from the bottle in his pack. “Then I got no plans of going further then Mike’s store for a long time.”

“Sounds good,” Bucky sighed, watching as Darcy made more coffee, he’d never met anyone who consumed more caffeine than his girl, except maybe Barton, who was a very close second.

“Hey,” Darcy bounded up, wrapping her arms around Bucky’s waist, and setting her chin against his chest. “That Stevie?”

“Yeah,” Bucky dropped a kiss on her forehead. “Wanna say Hi?”

“I’ll just be a minute,” she plucked the phone away from the Soldier and skipping up the stairs. “Hey baby,” she smiled into the phone, hearing Steve’s warm chuckle. Now that she’d embraced her powers, it set her off kilter to hear her lover without feeling the calming ebb and flow of the ocean.

“How’s Barton feeling?” Steve dropped the empty bottle back in his pack. “He was snoring like a champ when I left this morning.”

“A little dehydrated, but otherwise, no worse for wear,” she shrugged even though he couldn’t see her. “I got something kinda serious I need to talk about with you.”

“What’s wrong, Darce?” he asked, clear concern coating his words, she could almost imagine the soothing waves washing away sandcastles, the image was so tenuous she felt her heart clench, needing to feel him. “Something happen, how come Buck didn’t say nothing?”

“Slow your roll, Captain Tight Pants,” Darcy flicked on the taps in the bathroom to block the sound from the Super Soldier downstairs and perched on the closed lid of the toilet. “We were goofing
around downstairs, Bucky was teasing Clint, playing with the edge of too much information, and I totally blame you for that one, and then he started talking about me punishing him, and I know we’ve flirted with him being sent to timeout when he gets too rough, but he’s talking about spankings and joining us. Clint left and Bucky got real serious about it. He wants to watch up, you know, to see if it’s something he’d like to join in on.”

“I see,” Steve said slowly, taking in what Darcy had told him. “How do you feel about it?” Darcy tended to play the submissive role when they were all together, only issuing orders to Steve once Bucky had told her to. Bucky always seemed more comfortable with her in the submissive role, and now he was proposing a total shift in their dynamic.

“I don’t want to trigger him,” she said, picking at her thumb nail where some of the silver polish had dried. “We play pretty hard sometimes,” she sighed, thinking about how worked up she could get Steve just with the flat of her hand on his ass, his hands tied above his head securely, that the barest touch could send him over the edge. “I don’t want to say no, but...”

“You don’t want to say no because you want him to join us, or because you’re so used to submitting to him in the bedroom that you don’t feel like you can?” he asked quietly.

“I don’t know,” Darcy tucked her feet up, leaning her chin on her knees. “He got this little thrill when he mentioned it, like a rush of cloves over dark chocolate, it tasted so good.”

“Why don’t we table this until I get home,” Steve said, zipping up his pack and dropping it onto the ground near him. “You think on it, mull over what you’re feeling.”

“Okay,” she rubbed her head on her raised knees.

“You never told me how I feel or whatever,” he shifted, putting the phone to the other ear. “Both Buck and Barton kept telling me to ask, and I just got, I don’t know, I wanna know.”

“Coney Island,” she interrupted. “Bucky says that when I described how you feel to me, it reminded him of Coney Island. Just, you know, without the people.”

“Oh,” Steve shifted again, subconsciously trying to get closer to her voice. “Wow.”

“It made Bucky believe how I felt,” Darcy said very quietly, almost too quietly for even his super enhanced hearing.

“Yeah, he said,” they both stood quiet on their own ends of the phone for a long moment.

“I think we should let Bucky watch,” Darcy finally broke the silence. “He wants to, and if he wants to join us, I think we should let him. If we don’t, I don’t know, it would feel like we were hiding something from him, and that just doesn’t sit right.”

“Okay then,” Steve stood up and straddled the old Indian, shouldering his pack and kicking up the kickstand. “I’ll see you in a few hours, doll.”

“Love you, Stevie,” she told him.

“Love you, too,” Steve snapped the old burner phone shut and tucked it in the pocket of his bomber jacket, stating the engine.

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Bucky heard the gravel of the driveway crunching under truck tires, sighing and tossing the old
National Geographic onto the coffee table, glancing up to where Darcy was still talking on the phone with their guy. He could hear the water covering up the conversation the two were having, which made him a little nervous. The truck engine shut off and Clint’s boots hit the gravel, followed by two lighter sets of feet hitting the ground.

“Hey kids,” Clint called from the porch, peeking through the window. “Laura got called into work unexpectedly and asked if we could keep the rugrats occupied for the evening.” He stomped his boots hard on the wood boards of the porch before opening the door slowly.

“I’m not a rat, Mr. Hawkeye,” a little voice called. Bucky could hear the pout on little Lila’s face. “I’m a princess.”

“’You’re not a princess,” Cooper said matter of factly.

Bucky folded his arms over his chest, watching the little troop stomp their way in, imitating Clint’s over exaggerated noise. “What did you think you were walking into, shouting like that?”

“I’m sure I don’t want to know,” the archer stuck his tongue out at the Soldier, hanging his old Carhartt coat on its hook. “Just wanted to be sure you were both company ready, where’s Darcy?”

“Upstairs talking to Steve,” Bucky nodded his chin up the steps.

“Hi, Mr. Soldier,” Lila looked up at Bucky, her little head wound tight in a sparkly pink scarf, her little hands covered in big matching gloves, she couldn’t manage to get off on her own. “Would you please help me with my mittens, they won’t let go of my fingers.”

“Absolutely, princess,” Bucky winked at the little girl’s wide grin, helping her pull off the gloves and unwinding her scarf. “Every little girl is a princess,” he whispered. Four year old little Lila blushed and placed a kiss on his cheek.

“Thank you, Mr. Soldier,” she took her bundle of winter things back into her arms.

“You can just call me Bucky, princess,” he said, catching Darcy’s eye as she descended the stairs.

“Okay, Mr. Bucky,” Lila said quietly, hurrying off to pass her bundle to Clint. “Hi Ms. Darcy.”

“Hey sweet girl,” Darcy accepted a hug from the girl and held out her arms to her brother. “Cooper, how’s it hanging my man?”

“Momma sent us with Mr. Hawkeye,” Cooper shrugged. “She had to go to work, and Grandpa Mike can’t watch us, so we’re staying with you.”

“Well, that sounds like fun,” Darcy grinned at the kids, herding them into the kitchen. “Guess what I found in the attic yesterday?” she said to Lila, whose eyes got very big at the prospect of a surprise. “I found an old tea set; I thought we could have a proper tea party, with real tea and biscuits.”

“Really,” all the breath left Lila’s lungs as Darcy placed a beautifully painted china cup in her hands. “Will Mr. Soldier, I mean Mr. Bucky and Mr. Hawkeye join us?”

“I’m sure we could persuade them,” Darcy winked at the two men. “Maybe your big brother will even have tea, if we promise to do something he wants later.” The boy in question scoffed his shoe on the floor and looked dubious.

“I wanna shoot arrows,” Cooper said quietly to the toe of his brown work boots. “I guess I could have tea first, it’s awful cold outside.”
“First,” Clint kicked his boots off, his pretty purple toes sparkling under the light of the living room lamps. “We’re gonna help Ms. Darcy make dinner.”

“You’re toes are so pretty,” Lila stopped, looking at Clint’s feet. “Can I have pretty toes, too?”

“Sure, princess,” Bucky took the china cup back from her and put it up on the counter with the rest of the set.

“You, little Hawk,” Darcy pointed at the archer. “Are not allowed to help anywhere near my kitchen.”

“Aw, Darcy,” he deflated. “I’m not that bad.”

“You are,” Bucky spun a knife between his fingers. “You killed the cast iron frying pan, and wasted coffee this morning by filling it with grounds so thick I’m not sure there was even water in it; no cooking for you.”

“Okay, crazy knife-wielding assassin dude,” Clint stopped as both kids looked at him wide eyed. “Ex assassin, not crazy, good, nice Bucky?”

“Clint, why don’t you quit now that you’re ass deep in manure,” Darcy guided the archer to the stairs. “We got this.”

“Yep,” he nodded, taking the stairs two at a time. “Just gonna clean up for dinner.”

“He really likes her,” Darcy whispered to Bucky, wrapping her arms around his waist, waiting for her soldier to relax, and the kids to make their way into the kitchen. Bucky just made a non-committal noise. “I’m glad, I want him happy.”

“Anything you want, baby doll,” he patted her hands clasped on his stomach. “What you making us for dinner?”

Chapter End Notes

Again, Happy New Year, and thank you all for reading and supporting my little habit this past year. I’ll see you all next year with more updates!
Old Hats and Once Upon a Time

Chapter Notes

We're all better at our house, so here's a chapter.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 24: Old Hats and Once Upon a Time

Darcy filled the old metal teapot and set it on the stove to boil. They didn’t have any of the fancy teas that her grandmother had used for their tea parties when she was younger, but as Clint and Bucky pulled an old steamer trunk down from the attic, both of their heads adorned with wonderfully dramatic feathered hats, she figured that it didn’t matter all that much.

“My dear,” Bucky bowed low, flourishing his hat covered in silver and gold plastic feathers. “We found hats,” he plopped the plumage filled monstrosity back on his head, the artificial feathers molting bits that floated down between them.

“And boas, and dress up clothes,” Clint wound a hideous lavender feather mess around his neck, spitting out a feather that stuck to his bottom lip. “Can’t have a tea party without the proper dress, and a feather boa.” He draped a hot pink one around Lila’s shoulders, and the little girl did a twirl, a bright smile on her face as she hugged the brilliant feathers tight to her chest.

“Boys aren’t supposed to dress up,” Cooper pouted, sitting on one of the kitchen chairs, watching Clint and Lila dance around the living room in their brightly colored boas, while Bucky pulled Darcy into a loose box step, letting her steal his hat, that fell down over her eyes.

“And who told you that?” Darcy giggled as Bucky dipped her, making her lose her hat, her hair brushing the hard wood floor of the kitchen. The soldier’s metal arm was firm against her back, and she let herself completely trust his hold, watching the young boy from her upside down vantage point, trying to hold in her giggles.

“Tommy from school,” the boy crossed his arms over his chest, glaring at the delicate purple flowers that decorated the old China tea set, Darcy had placed on the kitchen table. “He says boys aren’t supposed to wear girl’s clothes, that it’s not right.”

“Tommy’s stupid,” Lila’s little voice was matter of fact, her giggles momentarily stopped. The oversized hat covered in royal purple feathers, that Clint had been fashioning, covered her entire face, the heavy feathers tipping it low, so that it almost lay against her chest. She brushed the hat back and glared at her brother, the effect completely ruined when the hat fell right back down. The archer swept the girl up over his shoulder, her giggles coming right back.

“But,” the boy huffed, slipping down further in his chair.

Darcy twirled out of Bucky’s arms and flopped down in one of the open kitchen chairs. “Cooper,” she leaned forward, catching the young boy’s eye. “It’s okay if you don’t want to wear silly hats and
dress up,” she smiled at him, feeling Bucky drop down behind her. “It’s absolutely your choice, but there’s nothing wrong with it if you wanna try.” She could feel a little knot of tension unfurl inside of Cooper.

The tea kettle whistled loudly from the stove, effectively breaking the serious moment. When Darcy returned with the china tea pot full of steeping tea, Cooper had a dark green hat on his head, the feathers falling down his back like a cape. She gave him a small wink, and poured the tea.

*****

Clint disappeared out the back door with Cooper an hour later, both his and Darcy’s bows in hand, while the boy followed with a standard quiver full of practice arrows, clutched in arms.

“Mr. Bucky Soldier?” Lila’s head rested against his metal arm, little purple feathers sticking out of her braid and catching in the plates, the girl looked up at the soldier, her eyes blinking sleepily.

“Just Bucky, princess,” he smiled down at the little girl, whose eyes reminded him so much of the past, her trust radiating from them even as her head lulled.

“Mr. Bucky,” she rubbed her face against his arm dislodging feathers. He caught Darcy’s eye and nodded when she mouthed for him to let it go. “How come your arm’s made of metal? Momma said I shouldn’t ask, but,” she blinked up at him, her dark lashes fluttering over her gray eyes, the picture of innocence and curiosity. “It’s so shiny and pretty, and I gotta know how come you got a metal arm and a not metal arm, cause momma said you can’t be born that way.”

Bucky took a deep breath, and Darcy curled up into his other side, making him feel safe and comfortable. “Well, a long time ago,” he started.

“Is this a ‘Once upon a time,’ story?” Lila asked, her eyes drifting closed as she wrapped her hands around his left wrist.

“I suppose it is,” Bucky agreed.

“Those are the best stories,” the little girl yawned, tucking herself under his heavy arm and tucked her braid back over her shoulder.

“Well then,” Bucky cleared his throat. “Once upon a time, back in Brooklyn,” he started again, feeling both girls snuggle down against him, Darcy’s hand resting just over his heart as he looked up at him, a small smile on her face. “I joined the army to fight in the Second World War.”

“Is that why momma calls you Winter Soldier?” Lila asked quietly. Darcy snorted; Laura called Bucky by his old title because she was still a little pissed about walking in on the two of them fucking. But they couldn’t tell the girl that.

“No, princess, that comes later,” was all he told her, slipping down on the couch so the three of them were more comfortable, propping one foot up on the coffee table. “I had to leave my best friend Steve, yes, Mr. Captain,” he smiled at the huff Lila made. “I thought about him every day, and I was real sad, cause before that, Steve and I had done everything together our whole lives.” Darcy curled her legs over the one he’d propped up on the table and tucked his arm around herself. “While we were at war, my men and I were captured by a real mean man.”

“Did he give you the metal arm?” Lila wondered, her eyes slipping closed, her blinks longer and longer.

“Not yet, princess,” he told her. “Just be patient, I gotta tell the rest of the story first.”
“Sorry Mr. Bucky,” she whispered.

“That’s okay,” Bucky picked a feather out of his arm and tucked it back in the girl’s braid. “Where was I?”

“You got captured by the real bad man,” she snuggled up against his ribs, her little hands twisting in his burgundy Henley.

“Right,” he took a long breath. “So, we got captured by a very bad man,” he repeated, letting his head fall down against the back of the couch. “They left us in the dark dank dungeon, coming back for us one at a time.”

“Don’t make it took scary for her, babe,” Darcy whispered against his shoulder, nuzzling her face into him.

“I won’t,” Bucky kissed her brow, his whole body warming at her gentle hum of contentment. “I couldn’t let the bad men take my soldiers, they were mine to protect, so I stood up and demanded that I would be next.”

“Cause you’re so nice,” Lila’s voice just above a whisper, her body limp with sleep against his side.

“Thank you, princess,” he looked at Darcy who watched him with tears in his eyes, his girlfriend feeling all the mixed emotions warring within him as he remembered his first brush with Hydra. He gently squeezed her hip, where she’d tucked his hand, giving her a small smile. “The very bad man took me into this room, and gave me bad medicine that made me feel funny and fall asleep,” he waited for the little girl to interject, but she stayed quiet. “I was in that room for a long time, so long that I can’t remember how many days went by.”

“I think she’s asleep,” Darcy whispered, uncurling herself from their little nest to check. “She’s totally out,” she stretched her back, pushing her hands into her hips and arching back. Bucky couldn’t pull his eyes away from the arch of her spine, and the way her breasts pushed up toward the ceiling. “I think Clint has the kid’s room set up for them.” Bucky lifted the girl into his arms and followed his girlfriend up the stairs and deposited Lila gently in the twin sized bed. Darcy tucked her in and left a kiss on the girl’s forehead, before directing them both out and leaving the door cracked just a little.

“She’s not scared of me,” Bucky whispered, as he took a last look at the girl through the door.

“Not at all,” Darcy wrapped her arms around his metal bicep, tipping her head onto his shoulder. “You make her feel safe, like a big warm blanket and her favorite teddy bear all rolled into one.”

“I used to tell Once upon a time stories to my little sister,” he pulled her back down the steps.

“I bet you were the best big brother,” Darcy settled them back on the couch and flicked on the TV.

“Some of the time,” he shrugged. “I have to confess to being a bit of an ass when Becca discovered boys and started following Steve around all the time.”

“Aw, you were jealous of your baby sister,” she cuddled into him. “Must have been hard.”

“Catholic neighborhood, and the fact that being gay was illegal, so yeah, it was hard,” Bucky tucked her under his arm, kicking his feet up on the coffee table, his chin against the crown of her head. “It’s all better now,” Darcy made a non-committal noise, and zoned out on television, while Bucky dozed.

*****
The house was silent when Steve finally got home, pulling his boots off and dropping them to the floor. His feet ached as he placed them bare on the hardwood floor. The warm scent of home invading his senses, filling him with contentment and easing the tension that had been lingering along his shoulders since he’d gotten off the phone with Darcy.

He quickly ate the dinner that Darcy had left for him in the fridge, not even bothering to heat it in his haste to get upstairs and back with his partners. Steve took the stairs two at a time, his feet silent on the steps, skipping the ones that squeaked. The door to the guest room was ajar. He pushed it open just a little further, the two McArthur children were tucked into the reassembled bunk beds, sound asleep. He looked down to the closed door of Barton’s room and shook his head. Laura’s car wasn’t outside.

Steve crept quietly into the master bedroom, knowing that no matter how quiet he was, he would still wake Bucky. He watched his lover as he rolled away from Darcy to look at the door, feeling more than seeing the smile bloom on his face. Steve quickly shed his clothes down to his boxers, folding the clothes over the chair and sliding into bed between Darcy and Bucky. He wrapped his arms around the girl and gave his best friend a long welcoming kiss.

“Since when do we have kids?” Steve whispered to Bucky as the Soldier spooned down against his back, the metal arm tucked over him to rest on their girl’s hip.

“Laura got called into the hospital,” Bucky’s voice was soft and rumbling through Steve’s back. “She needed someone to watch them, Clint volunteered us.”

“He’s got it bad,” the Captain murmured. “How’s it been going?”

“We had a tea party,” he whispered, shuffling around behind Steve, inching his body closer to his boyfriend. “And story time, it’s nice having them around.”

“A tea party,” Steve chuckled. “Was that before or after the pedicures? Cause Darcy sent me a very cute pic of your sparkly toes with a little red star on your biggest piggy.”

“I told her not to send that,” Bucky grumbled good naturedly.

“Made me smile, jerk,” he breathed in deep that rich lavender scent of Darcy’s hair, feeling her fingers wander over his arm as she shifted in her sleep. “You missing Becca?”

Bucky nodded against his back. “Something awful,” he replied. “But it’s sort of a good ache.”

“I miss her too, sometimes,” Steve sighed. “Good night, Buck.”

“Night Stevie,” he kissed the nape of the other man’s neck and closed his eyes.

*****

Breakfast was in full swing when Darcy finally pulled herself from the warm comforter Steve had tucked around her when he and Bucky had gotten up for their run. Darcy knew she should have made herself get up with them, but she’d been so comfortable, and having two energetic kids under the age of twelve in the house had sapped every ounce of energy from her body, the thought of running around the farm before the kids got up, just did not sound like a solid plan.

Clint held out a cup of coffee to her When she reached the kitchen table, which was rewarded with a big smile and a light kiss against the crown of the archer’s head.

“Hey,” Steve pulled her from the archer, wrapping his arms around her. “Your husband needs a kiss
first, sweetheart,” he teased, capturing her lips with his, licking the seam of her lips until she opened to him. “I was gone for so long, should give me one before stinky Barton.”

“Ew,” Cooper covered his eyes as Steve swooped down and kissed Darcy again. “Girls are so gross.”

“Just you wait, buddy,” Clint ruffled the boys hair. “One day you’re gonna lose your mind over some girl.”

“Or boy,” Darcy interjected, skipping to Bucky and kissing him good morning.

“Ew,” Cooper repeated. “Boy kisses are even worse than girl kisses.”

“Not always,” Bucky smiled over at Steve, who returned it. “Some boy kisses are awesome.”

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a little something in the comment box… it makes my world go round.
I just want to thank EJ for continuing to be by cheerleader when I freak out a bit about how I'm going to pull off something I set myself up for. And thank you for every single one of you who comment on each and every chapter, its what makes my muse continue to feed this story.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 25: Smack My Bitch Up

Steve watched Bucky out of the corner of his eye, the other man leaning forward on his jean clad thighs, one hand pulling down his face as he watched Steve. Darcy eased his unbuttoned jeans down his hips, lifting one leg at a time to remove the denim pants, and carefully folded them and put them down on top of the dresser along with his t-shirt; Steve's eyes never leaving Bucky's.

“Anytime you start to feel uncomfortable,” Darcy pushed Steve to lean over the mattress on his elbows, ass in the air, but she addressed the other man. “You can leave, and we’ll talk about it when Stevie and I are done.” She gave him a kind smile, her hands petting softly down Steve's back. “Of course you also have your safe words.”

“Don’t be afraid to use them,” Steve gave his friend a quick smile before pillowing his head into his arms, and waiting for Darcy to start. “Neither Darcy or I will be upset.”

“If I don’t know I need to?” Bucky asked his eyes on Darcy’s hands pushing Steve’s legs apart and his shoulders into the bed.

“You don’t have to be here,” Darcy patted Steve softly on his raised rump and knelt in front of the Soldier. She traced her fingers along his jaw. “You can now, and no one will be upset, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want, not ever again.”

“I wanna see,” he said quickly, leaning his face into her fingers. “I wanna see how you take care of Steve. You take such good care of me.” Darcy leaned up and kissed him softly before standing and making her way back to Steve.

Darcy pet her hands down Steve’s back, gently repositioning him on the bed, head pillowed in his hands, feet braced apart on the floor, his ass in the air just above Darcy’s waistline. “Are you ready to start, Captain?” she asked, her fingers soft on his hips as she focused on the man in front of her, pushing all feelings but his out of her mind. She could feel the turbulent frothing surf that let her know how conflicted her lover was, along with the sticky sweet scent of caramel ice cream being swept away by a hot dragging tongue, cutting through the center of her being.

“Yes ma’am,” came Steve’s reply, muffled slightly by the bed clothes.
“We’ll start with six for leaving us in the middle of the night, with nothing but a note on the kitchen table,” she dragged her hands down the swell of his ass, her ministrations still soft. “Then ten more for feeling guilty about leaving the Widow to fend for herself at the border,” her fingers dancing over the skin of his inner thighs. He bit the inside of his cheek to keep from squirming under her light touch. “And finally, six more for disregarding my feelings and riding that bike without a helmet” the last one pulled a sharp bark of laughter from Bucky, and Darcy had to hold her breath to keep from joining him. “How many is that, Captain?” she asked, her fingernails dragging along the sensitive skin right under his balls.

“Twenty two, ma’am,” Steve breathed out, releasing a full body shiver as her fingers ghosted back up over his ass.

“Soldier,” Darcy looked over at the man sitting quietly on the overstuffed arm chair, leaning so far forward, it looked like he could tip off at any moment. “Any you’d like to add for the Captain’s punishment”

Bucky was quiet, studying the way Darcy stood between the Captain’s legs, still fully clothed in her cut off shorts and green tank top. Steve nodded just slightly, the sight of his best friend, his face calm, laid out naked in front of their girl, made something loosen inside him. “Add three for making fun of my nail polish.”

“You hear that, Captain?” she asked, leaning over his body. “The Soldier was not pleased with your teasing,” she pulled his head up by the hair at the back of his head. “What do you say?”

“I’m sorry Buck,” he looked up into Bucky’s eyes before dropping his gaze back to the bed.

“No problem, Punk,” Bucky gave him a small smile and leaned back in the chair.

“What’s the new count, Captain?” Darcy asked, straightening and stepping back.

“Twenty five, ma’am,” Steve answered immediately, fisting his hands into the bedsheets, preparing himself for the first blow.

“I expect you to count each one,” she watched Bucky as she gave the Captain orders. “If you move or lose count, we start all over.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, digging his hands tighter into the sheets and bracing his core as he waited. Sometimes Darcy would start right away, and sometimes she’d make him wait. As he watched her cross through his field of vision, obscuring Bucky from his sight, he knew he’d be waiting.

“Undress me,” Darcy asked, pulling Bucky’s hands from the armrests of the chair and placing them on her hips.

“I thought you’d never ask, baby doll,” he reached towards the button of her fly, only to have his hands stopped between Darcy’s.

“When you’re in here,” she held his flesh hand tightly. “And you or I or both of us are punishing the Captain,” she squeezed his hand just a little more. “I’m ma’am, understood?”

“Yes, ma’am,” a thrill of lust went through her, a spark of cinnamon and wood smoke curling in her gut, making her suppress a moan. She released his hand and leaned her hands on his shoulders as he slowly unbuttoned her shorts, dragging the zip slowly down, before working the tight denim down her thighs.

“Didn’t think that would turn you on so much,” Darcy whispered, shivering as he ran his hands
down her calves, picking up both legs in turn to pull off the shorts, dropping them on the floor.

“Didn’t know it would, ma’am,” he laid a kiss on her belly as he sat back and pulled her into his lap. Bucky’s fingers walked up her back, pulling her tank top up slowly. “You’re really beautiful.”

“The things you say Soldier,” she raised her hands and let him pull the shirt over her head, allowing him to pull her into a short kiss before climbing out of his lap again. “But this is about the Captain.” He nodded and gestured for her to proceed. Darcy could feel both boys’ eyes on her as she walked back over to the bed, where Steve had done exactly as she’d say, and had not moved a muscle. “We’ll start with six,” she rubbed her hand over Steve’s ass. “We start slowly,” she told Bucky. “Just to warm up. The Captain’s serum keeps me from really bruising him, but we still like a bit of a warm up.” She took her hands off the Captain and took a deep breath, letting the salty anticipation and caramel coated arousal flow over her. Her hand came down on Steve’s back side, his steady position holding him still; a light blush bloomed in the hit's wake.

“One, ma’am,” Steve said clearly. Darcy kept her focus on the man in front of her, bringing down the second hit without hesitation. “Two, ma’am.” She took a deep breath and let Bucky’s emotions in just a little. The cinnamon and woodsmoke had receded, replaced by the frosty edge of snow as he watched his lovers with uncertain interest. “Three, ma’am.” Embers sparked from the fire, deepening his uncertainty. “Four, ma’am.” She pushed further from Steve’s emotions and delved into Bucky’s, they were after all there to see if Bucky would be alright joining their play. She could still feel the cinnamon under all the frost, joined by the rich taste of hot chocolate on the back of her throat. His arousal had waned, but his comfort level was growing. “Five, ma’am.” Darcy focused back on Steve, his backside a nice warm pink, the skin just a bit warmer than his usual enhanced metabolism's normal. “Six, ma’am.”

“Slide all the way up onto the bed, Captain,” she rubbed a gentle hand down his spine. “Hands under your hips, please.” Darcy looked back over at Bucky. “You wanna join me?”

“No ma’am,” Bucky shook his head, and watched Darcy nod in understanding. She walked over to him and slid up into his lap while Steve watched them from the bed.

“I wish you could feel what I’m feeling,” she whispered into his ear, kissing along his jaw. “Steve’s starting to relax, when he came in today, it felt like a storm was brewing inside of him, he was wound so tight. I’m going to make all those storm clouds go away, bring sun to the beach.”

“What about me?” Bucky asked, looking over at Steve’s peaceful face and pink ass. “What’s the snow doing?”

“The snow’s coming down, but not too hard,” Darcy nuzzled his neck. “I can taste cinnamon again, which is promising.”

“What does that mean?” he pulled her farther into his lap, her bare skin sliding along his jeans.

“Cinnamon is the way you smell when you’re thinking sexy thoughts,” she giggled at his slight frown.

“Perhaps you should finish Steve’s punishment,” Bucky kissed her and pushed her back to her feet.

“You’re absolutely right,” Darcy climbed up on the bed and sat to one side of Steve, so she could see both boys easily. “Start from seven, Captain,” her hand smacked down harder this time, a red print blooming on his skin.

“Seven, ma’am,” Steve grunted. She rained the next nine hits down on his butt and hips, feeling his
muscles tense as the warm sting turned to hot pain, his counting growing tighter each time. “Sixteen, ma’am.” He was sweating a little, and his eyes unfocused. He panted as she stopped, letting out a rushed breath.

“How many more do we have, Captain?” she asked, checking in with Bucky, whose fingers where digging into the arms of the chair.

“Nine, more, ma’am,” he answered.

“Scoot off the bed, Captain,” Darcy shimmied off the bed herself and perched on Bucky’s knees, forcing him to sit back again. “Come stand in front of us.” Steve walked slowly over to where his lovers were sitting, his arousal prominent as he stood in front of them. “You enjoying yourself, Captain?” Darcy asked, biting the inside of her cheek to keep from grinning at the man.

“Yes, ma’am,” he confirmed, letting Darcy turn him around so that Bucky could see the bright red of his back side.

“You okay, Soldier?” she pulled his arms around her waist, settling them on her stomach.

“I’m alright, ma’am,” the spark of arousal growing gently, now that they were all close together.

“We have nine more,” Darcy told him, leaning back into the Soldier, and letting his hands wander up and cup her breasts. “Three of those are yours, Soldier.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Bucky pinched her nipples and bit into the side of her neck. “Captain, start counting at seventeen.”

“Yes, sir,” Steve replied without hesitation. Darcy’s hand connects with the skin of his hip with a loud smack. “Seventeen, ma’am.” She leaned back into Bucky as he continued to pull at her nipples, shooting sensation down to pool deep inside. “Eighteen, ma’am.” The Soldier’s fingers slipped down her stomach and teased gently at her folds. “Nineteen, ma’am.” She closed her legs around his hand, but that didn’t stop his ministrations.

“I bet I can make our girl come before she finishes your punishment, punk,” Bucky’s thumb pressed against her clit making her lose her rhythm.

“Twenty, ma’am,” Steve growled. “Challenge accepted, sir.”

“Five more, Captain,” Darcy shivered as the Soldier pushed a finger inside, his thumb continuing to work her clit, even with her legs clamped down on him.

“I’m ready ma’am,” he told her. “What do I get when I win, sir?”

“What do you want, Captain?” Bucky used his hands to pull Darcy’s legs apart, mouthing along her neck as he swept his fingers through her arousal, adding a second finger inside. “I want first taste, sir,” he tensed as Darcy smacked the other hip suddenly. “Twenty one, ma’am.”

“First taste of what, Captain?” Darcy asked.

“Of you, ma’am,” she brought her hand down again, while Bucky continued to work at her clit, her walls starting to flutter around his fingers. “Twenty two, ma’am.”

“And if our Soldier wins?” she huffed out, knowing that was probably going to happen as her muscles started to tighten, the brightness of orgasm building behind her eyes.
“He gets your pussy first, ma’am,” the Captain focused on staying still as Darcy brought her hand down again, he could tell she was tiring because her hits were softening, that or she was too close to care. “Twenty three, ma’am.”

“Oh fuck,” Darcy’s orgasm washed over her. Bucky’s metal hand took over and spanked Steve hard on the ass.

“Twenty four, sir,” Steve couldn’t help but rock a bit under the new assault, but Darcy didn’t really care. “Looks like you win, sir.” Bucky’s hand came down one last time. “Twenty five, sir.”

“Get on the bed, punk,” Bucky lifted Darcy in his arms and deposited her on the bed next to Steve, who was laying down, his hands pillowed into his arms.

“I usually rub aloe on Steve afterwards,” Darcy sighed as Bucky pushed her legs over his shoulders.

“Not cause I really need it,” he interjected.

“It makes me feel better,” she countered.

“How about instead, I eat you out and you blow the good Captain,” Bucky dragged his tongue through her arousal. “That make you feel better too?”

“Fuck yes,” Darcy melted into the bed and pulled Steve up over her face, taking his dripping erection between her lips.

“Agreed,” Steve sighed.

Chapter End Notes

Comments, thoughts, suggestions? Please leave them in the box below!
So, getting back into the swing of writing has been a little more of a challenge then I would like. Thank you all for being so supportive and kind with your reviews while I've been dealing with this difficult time. My goal is to get back to two updates a week this week.

Thanks again for all the kind words those of you who read Handle With Care sent me and thank you to all my readers for being amazing.

Enjoy.
bright. Her efforts were simply rewarded with a sharp pinch to the ass, Clint’s mouth pushing her head back into the wall behind her, his hips trapping hers and keeping her from moving, his hat’s brim darkening his face, where it was pushed up over her brow.

“You seen this man around town?” a gruff voice asked Mike not ten feet away. Darcy didn’t have to see the picture to know it wasn’t good, the dark scent of burnt wood rolling off her friend as he stayed stock still against her.

“Can’t say that I have,” Mike said to the man, Darcy’s eyes flew to the archers, relaxing in his grip as she fully caught on to their situation, letting him kiss against her lips, and locking her legs around his hips, freeing his hands up in case he needed to go for his gun. Clint pet gently down her arms, pulling them around his neck as she relaxed.

“Heard you had some new additions to town recently,” a second man said, Clint shifted them so he could see the Agents over her shoulder, his hat falling from her forehead as he tipped his head to the side.

“A family moved into a farm off the back road,” Mike continued conversationally, his slight limping gait audible in the overly quiet store as he moved around behind the register. “Just a couple and their family,” Clint huffed against her lips bringing about a smile of her own. The register chimed brightly. “Good old boys come home to roost, not a stranger among them,” Mike lied smoothly.

“So, no one you don’t recognize hanging about, no one new?” the first man pressed.

“Not a one,” the clerk confirmed the crinkle of paper bags and the small thunk of plastic against the counter punctuated his words. “Not too many stumble this far away from the highway, less they’re lost,” he continued. “Those just fill up at the station, maybe grab a bite at Granny’s, don’t stick around but an hour before they’re on their way again.”

“Thank you for your time,” a full bag dragged off the counter.

“No trouble at all, Agent?” Mike prompted, waiting patiently. Clint shifted them so he could peer further over her shoulder, easily holding her weight in one hand, his other hand fisted in her burgundy curls. The movement kicked a can of soup off the end of the shelf, the clang on the floor nearly making Darcy bite through the archers lip.

“Who’s that?” footsteps moved down the aisle, the hard snap of dress shoes against the cheap linoleum caused Darcy to tense further. Clint changed his angle of attack, tilting his head to hide both of their faces as he ate at her lips, his free hand slipping just to tips of his fingers along her thigh, catching a ticklish spot. Darcy thrashed against the sensation; rocking the shelves and knocking another can lose.

“You two knock it off over there,” the clerk sighed, exasperation clear as Clint stilled against her, the dress shoes retreating back down the aisle. “Sorry about that, folks,” Mike chuckled with embarrassment, playing his part perfectly. “John Jacobson, your mother would tan your hide, she knew what you were up to in my store.” The snap of shoes moved further towards the front of the store and away from the couple breathing the same air heavily, the storm in Clint’s mind nearly blown out, but the dark deep smell of burned wood and destruction still hung heavily between them. “Just my stock boy, kids today,” she could almost hear the shake of Mike’s head.

“Sorry Mr. Mike,” Darcy squeaked out when Clint found that spot on the back of her leg again. “We’ll leave.”

“You both run on home,” Mike called over the Agents, who were calling into what Darcy could
only assume was home base or something. “Don’t let me catch you in the back room again.”

“No sir,” she shouted as Clint lowered her to the ground, resisting the urge to stretch out the still feeling in her hips. The archer tucked his head over hers, making sure neither of their faces were visible to the Hydra Agents still standing with Mike at the front of the store. He pulled her through the back door, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“You okay?” Clint pushed her against the brick wall along the side of the building, stepping back to look her over carefully as he fished a keyring out of his pocket, spinning the keys around one finger impulsively before palming them.

“I think you bruised my pelvis,” she ran her hands down the front of her hips and stretched her back until it popped.

Clint raised a brow, giving her an incredulous look and waiting for her to finish. “You’re fucking two super soldiers,” he rolled his eyes as she ran her hand through her hair, setting the very tousled curls to rights as best she could. “And you think I bruised your pelvis? I think you need to check in with your slightly aggressive lover for that one, chicka.”

“They don’t usually dry hump me against metal fixtures,” Darcy drawled, Clint just chuckled and pulled her sunglasses free of her hair, handing them to her. “You definitely bruised my ass with your pinching.” she shoved the large frame glasses over her eyes. “Bucky will not be pleased that you damaged the merchandise.” The archer shrugged, walking towards Mike’s truck and fitting the key into the lock. “And I nearly gagged on your slimy ass tongue. I swear you licked my tonsils.”

“Couldn’t let you get away,” he shrugged again as he climbed into the cab, leaning over to unlock the other door. “And you seemed like you were about to scream.”

“Well, you did assault me,” Darcy pulled herself up into the cab, folding her arms across her chest and sliding low on the bench seat as they watched a large black SUV roll into view, the tinted black windows and shiny new paint job making it stick out. “We need like a signal or something.”

“What like a sign,” Clint started the ignition as the SUV passed the alleyway completely, shifting the truck into reverse. “Something that says I’m gonna do something completely out of character and you just need to roll with it until I can explain how I saved both of our asses?”

“Yeah,” she agreed, sticking her tongue out at his condescending tone, peering over the top of her glasses at him, daring him to say something about her feet up on the dash. “You know, instead of grabbing my ass and smashing our bits together.”

“Next time, I’m just going for the boob grab, see if you slapping me will distract them enough that we can get away,” he winked cheekily under his trucker hat, flicking the turn signal and taking a right at the only stop light in town. “How about you just trust me.”

“Dude, you grab my boobs and little hawk will get some attention he's not going to like,” Darcy grumbled. “And when Bucky tried it I punched him,” she crossed her feet, pushing one up against the glass of the windshield, leaving a shoe print. “I do trust you, hawk ass.”

“Little Hawk is just fine not getting up close and personal with your little kitty ever again,” Clint took them in a big circle around town, his eyes casting back and forth for any sign of the SUV.

“Right,” she watched him drum his fingers along the steering wheel anxiously. Darcy watched as the general store came back around on her left, the archer not even slowing. “Well, it was like kissing my brother.”
“Likewise, darling,” Clint huffed out a laugh, taking them down the dirt road toward the farm, tension seeping from his shoulders the farther they got from Mike’s store.

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Darcy kicked off her boots inside the door of the house, the familiar feeling of her boys washing over her with a taste of cinnamon and caramel coating the back of her throat, washing away the last of the burned wood that Clint had been steeped in since the store. She dropped her coat on its hook and sighed at the shopping list that drifted out of her pocket. They could live without coffee, though not for long, but it wasn’t dire; however, the toothpaste was a necessity. Clint shuffled in behind her, leaning a hand on her shoulder to pull off his own boots.

“Barton,” Bucky growled from the living room, taking in the sight of the archer and their lack of grocery bags. “Why are you wearing Darcy’s lipstick?”

Clint hung up his coat on his hook and fitted the borrowed trucker hat over it, before turning to look at the former assassin. “Hydra was sniffing around the general store,” he said. Steve froze in the kitchen, his glass hitting the counter a little too hard.

“That does not answer my question,” the Soldier’s eyes not leaving the crimson stain at the corner of the other man’s mouth, cinnamon being overpowered by deep drifting snow.

“Public displays of affection make people uncomfortable,” Steve supplied, pecking Darcy on the lips, smiling down at his girl as he subtly checked her over, finding her none the worse for wear.

“You kissed Darcy,” Bucky shot Barton a look that could have dropped a lesser man where he stood.

Darcy laughed at the look on her boyfriend’s face, earning her a glare of her own. “Oh, we did more than kiss,” she teased as she straddled his lap, cuddling herself under his chin and kissed the Soldier’s throat gently, leaving small kitten licks up to the cleft in his chin, the blizzard roaring inside him giving way to the burning flames she was slowly stoking inside him.

“If it makes you feel any better,” the archer dug into the fridge, pulling a pitcher of iced tea from its depths, ignoring the assassin’s gaze following him over Darcy’s head. “It was the most intensely uncomfortable thing I’ve ever had to do in the line of duty with someone I actually liked.”

“Thanks Hawk,” Darcy rolled her eyes, tipping Bucky’s face down to hers as she continued to kiss and lick the fire hotter, the renewed spark of cinnamon drifting through her mind as his eyes caught hers.

“Like kissing my sister,” Clint said into his glass, chuckling at Bucky’s groan, Darcy’s fingers having found their way under his shirt. “Get a room.”

“What happened to the agents?” Steve rinsed his own glass, shaking his head as Bucky lifted their girl into his arms, her happy giggle disappearing up the stairs, ending in the slam of the master bedroom door.

“Mike turned them away,” the archer told him, trying not to hear his sister’s delighted squeal and the sound of the metal bed frame sliding along the wood floor upstairs. “Got in their big black SUV, and drove out of town.”

“We all need to be more careful,” Steve sighed, glancing out the kitchen window, the dust from his battered old pick up obscuring the sight lines down to the fence. Clint nodded and refilled his glass. “I wanna beef up security.”
“Beyond two super soldiers running the perimeter every morning and occasionally looking out the window?” Clint sasses, stirring a very healthy amount of sugar into his second glass of tea, trying not to miss the coffee they were very out of.

“We’ve been a little lax,” the Captain agreed, nodding to Mike through the window as the man made his way slowly up the porch steps.

“We’ve been complacent,” was the reply, the Hawk dropping down into the living room arm chair, tipping his head to Mike. “What we need to do is figure out how they even thought to look here.”

“I think I can answer that,” the clerk accepted a glass of tea from Steve and set it carefully on the coffee table, easing himself down on the couch. “Some fool local kid called in a tip, must have thought he was gonna get some kind of windfall for turning you all in,” he took a long drink of the unsweetened tea, ice cubes clinking merrily. “Saw Buck at the coffee shop, got a small glimpse of the arm,” Mike put the glass down and propped his prosthetic up on the table next to it, rubbing at the stump firmly. “He’s been set right, convinced it was a nice shiny watch worn by the business man who’s been sniffing around the old fair grounds looking to buy.”

“Like I said,” Steve ran his hand down his face. “We need to be more careful, and I’m gonna call Tony in the morning.”

“Cameras, surveillance,” Clint nodded. “No Friday, she freaks me out.”

Chapter End Notes

Please feed the muse, she’s a bit shaky on her feet these past few weeks.
Happy 100th Birthday to Bucky Barnes.

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 27: Mice and Men

Darcy sat down at the kitchen table, a steaming bowl of oatmeal in front of her. “So,” she looked around the table at the people who had become her family, Bucky and Steve nursing the to-go cups of coffee that Laura had the foresight to bring with her, and going over a list of things with Clint. Mike stood at the stove, one hip cocked against the counter as he spooned more oatmeal into bowls for his grandkids. “What happens now?” With Hydra sniffing around town, things were going to change. Darcy wasn’t naïve enough to think that one conversation with Mike would send them away, not if they thought they had a solid enough lead on any one of the Avengers.

“I talked with Tony,” Steve pushed his note pad over to Clint along with a pen, the archer was busy scribbling over the Captain’s neat handwriting with notes of his own. “We’re gonna get some real security going, and step up the training we haven’t been pushing for months.”

“But no AI,” Clint looked up from his task, pointing a steady finger at Steve. “You promised.”

“I did not,” the Captain gently swatted the accusatory finger away. “But no, no Friday, according to Tony it would take too much equipment, power, and time to bring Friday out here, and more technical skill than any of us have.”

“So,” Darcy prompted again. “We talking some cameras and stuff or like trip wire and landmines?”

“Cameras mostly,” Bucky grumbled into his coffee, still giving Clint the stink eye, even after his very satisfying session with Darcy only a couple of hours before. “Problem is, this ain’t stuff we can pick up at the local Radio Shack.”

“Local Radio Shack,” Darcy just raised a brow at her boyfriend. “Were you even unfrozen when Radio Shack was like a thing?”

“Watch it girly,” the Soldier took a long drink from his paper cup, the thick earthy taste of hot coffee rolling over his tongue. “That mouth of yours gonna get you in trouble.”

“Promise,” she gave him a saucy wink and took a drink of her own coffee, bless Laura for being awesome.

“Seriously?” Clint just sighed. “Do you two ever stop?”

“No sassing, Hawk,” Bucky growled low, his face stony. “You’re on my shit list.”

“Dude,” the archer threw his hands up. “Get over it, it’s not like I want Darcy like that, it was an emergency, kept us from being recognized, nothing more, let it go.”
“You kissed my girl,” the Soldier continued to give the Hawk his best murderface. “Walked right into my house with her lipstick all over your face, like it was nothing.”

“It was nothing,” Clint leaned over the table, getting into Bucky’s space, the two men locked into an intense staring contest, feral looks on their faces.

“Oh for fucks sake,” Darcy growled at the men ingoing her. “Steve, hit him in the head or something, I think James might need a reboot.”

“A reboot, doll?” Steve rolled his eyes and spun his cup between his hands. “Bucky’s gotta just get it out of his system.”

“He spent an hour literally pounding me into the mattress,” she watched as Bucky and Clint stared at each other, neither even twitching. “Kinda thought thoroughly marking his territory would get it out of his system. He did everything but pee on my leg, and I dealt, cause you know, I’m like that, but now I’m done.” Her fingers rubbed gently at the bruising bite mark on her neck, which was already turning a deep purple, not that it hadn’t been completely satisfying when he’d done it.

Steve shrugged. “Yeah, I guess not.”

“I got this,” Laura pushed the two boys away from each other, and grabbed the Winter Soldier by the front of his shirt, laying a hard kiss on his lips, before pushing him back into his chair. Bucky was still for a moment, too stunned to react, since Laura usually did nothing but ignore him, or give him her own version of stink eye. “You both done now?” Bucky just nodded.

“Darling,” Clint pulled Laura down into his lap, folding his arms around her waist. “That is absolutely the best way to end an argument, though next time, I’d much rather you kiss me.”

“Next time I gotta fix your macho bullshit,” Laura rolled her eyes. “I’m kissing Darcy. Seriously Soldier, worst kiss ever,” she eyed Bucky, who turned red and sputtered.

“I,” he looked at Steve then Darcy, both of whom just shook their heads. “I wasn’t exactly,” his shoulders sagged when they all laughed. “It’s not like I was expecting you to kiss me, you don’t like me.”

“You’re so cute,” Darcy giggled.

“So,” Steve interrupted. “We can’t pick this shit up at Radio Shack, even if we could find one, which means we gotta either go find it, or have it brought there.”

“Can’t ship it here,” Clint scooted back into the table, Laura still sitting across his legs. The mother of two picked up the paper from the archer’s hand and read over the parts they would need.

“So we scavenge what we can, and Stark can ship what we can’t to places that aren’t here,” she flattened the paper back on the table. “Send someone to pick it up.”

“Hydra’s gonna be watching everyone ever associated with us,” Steve folded his arms and leaned back in his chair. “And crossing the border isn’t an option.”

“I can do it,” Bucky said off hand. “Widow did it, if she can, it’s a damn sight sure I can without drawing attention.”

“I’m not letting you go alone, Buck,” Steve shook his head. “Not risking Hydra getting you back. Here on out, we all travel in pairs at least, no more lone wolf missions.”
“Have Tony set up drop points,” Clint looked at the modifications Laura had made to the list, indicating all the things they could get without the billionaire’s help. “I can pick them up,” he shrugged and passed the list back to the Captain. “I’m least likely to get recognized.”

“And who do we sent with you?” Darcy looked at her two boys, not wanting to give either of them up for any length of time. “Bucky and Steve both stick out, and your partner’s long gone.”

“Widow ain’t my partner any more, anyhow,” Clint shifted in this seat, letting Laura lean back against his chest. “I’ve done plenty of solos, wouldn’t be new.”

“And I just said no lone wolfing it,” Steve countered, pinching the bridge of his nose. There just wasn’t a good answer. “I’ll go, stick to the shadows, use the bike, it’ll have to do.”

“You stick out like a sore thumb, Punk,” Bucky grumbled, noting the stiffening of Darcy’s spine at Steve’s suggestion. “It should be me, I’m trained for stealth.”

“And I’m the Captain,” was the reply, the Super Soldier’s arms tightening across his chest. “It’s my job to keep us as safe as possible, I should go.”

“All the more reason for you to stay here and take care of the home stead,” the Soldier pointed out. Darcy watched the two men argue back and forth like some kind of bazaar tennis match. “You went on the last mission; it’s only fair if I go.”

“Both of you shut up,” Laura smacked her hands down on the table. “This is ludicrous, and you’re upsetting Darcy.” Both Super Soldiers turned to the girl sitting between them.

“It’s okay,” she said quickly, feeling their distress at her perceived distress, like acid at the back of her throat. “Someone’s gotta go with Clint, I don’t want him alone, it’s just,” she took a deep breath, trying to push away their feelings. “You promised you weren’t gonna go again for awhile,” she said to Steve. “And it’s stupid, and I know Hydra practically breathing down our door changes stuff, but I don’t want you to go.”

“Oh Darce,” Steve deflated, pulling her from her seat and into the circle of his arms. “I don’t wanna go either, but we gotta keep us all safe.”

“Which is why,” Laura interrupted, stealing a sip from Clint’s to-go cup, getting just the dregs at the bottom of the paper cup. “I’m going.”

“No,” Steve didn’t even hesitate. “Not a chance. You’re a civilian and I won’t risk it.”

“You are both needed here,” she reasoned, her arms crossed over her chest, effectively blocking Clint from the conversation with the way she was perched on his knees. “And I’ve got more training than a civilian, I’m proficient with not only a gun, but a bow also. Plus, no one’s gonna look twice at me.”

“She’s got a point,” Bucky hedged, Laura glared at him for just a moment, before nodding.

“What Laura didn’t say,” Clint peeked around the woman in his lap. “Is that she did two tours in Iraq which is how she met John.”

“It’s your call, Barton,” Steve shrugged, letting Darcy back into her own seat. His girl immediately going to Bucky for cuddles, so the other soldier wouldn’t feel left out. The Captain watched Laura’s face change slightly as her friend nuzzled up against their boyfriend, it was subtle, just a slight pinching around the eyes and tension in her shoulders, but it clearly did not please her to see Darcy and Bucky so close. “You think she can handle it, you have a go ahead.”
“Set it up,” Clint nodded.

“Okay,” the Captain pulled out his phone and made the call to Tony.

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When Laura and Clint cleared the kids out of the living room with the promise of building snowmen, followed closely by Darcy and Mike, Steve steered Bucky into the kitchen, setting the dishes into the sink. “So, Laura doesn’t like you much,” he said, watching his girlfriend throw halfhearted snowballs at the kids, the lightly packed snow bursting to pieces long before it hit either kid.

Bucky nodded, rubbing his metal hand over his face. “She did kiss me,” he pointed out helpfully, but Steve didn’t even crack a small smile, tilting his head and waiting for his friend to continue. “Right, she um,” he scratched the back of his neck, feeling the heat creep up over his cheeks. “She sort of caught Darcy and I playing, in a particularly compromising way, before she knew we were a threesome.”

“I can see that being a bit embarrassing,” Steve nodded for a moment. “But she doesn’t look at you like she’s embarrassed, she’s angry.”

“I kinda had Darcy tied to the bed,” Bucky hated that he felt ashamed of the way he and Darcy found pleasure together, he shouldn’t, but the way Laura looked at him, the way she still sometimes looked at him, he didn’t blame her. “And my hand around her throat,” he sank down onto a chair, his hands over his face, while Steve leaned against the sink. “Laura busted in with a gun, made me get down on the floor with my hands over my head. I’ve never felt worse, and then I saw the bruises I’d left on Darcy’s neck.”

“What did Darcy do?” Steve ran his hands over his boyfriend’s shoulders, feeling the plates of his left arm shifting under his fingers.

“Talked her down,” the Soldier mumbled. “Barton helped, she thought I was taking advantage cause you were gone, though I was raping Darcy.”

“So Darcy talked her down, made her understand,” Steve pushed, peppering kisses over Bucky’s hair. “What did she do for you?”

“Got Laura and Clint out of the house,” Bucky’s smirk came back onto his lips slowly as he remembered going back into their room to find Darcy completely nude, trying to tie herself back up on the bed. “We played all afternoon, she screamed so pretty for me.”

“I love you, Buck,” Steve captured his lips against his, sliding his tongue against the seam of Bucky’s lips. “Laura still lets us watch the kids,” he said as he knelt between his boyfriend’s legs, his hand running down his chest to the button of his jeans. “She can’t really hate you,” he flicked the button open.

“Not here, Stevie,” Bucky put up a token protest that Steve completely ignored, dragging down the zipper. “Anyone could walk in.”

“Barton’s got too cautious for that,” he eased his lover’s jeans down just far enough for his cock to spring free. “Now shut up and let me take care of you.”

“Shutting up,” the Soldier groaned as Steve’s tongue licked around the head of his cock before taking it between his lips, slowly sinking as far down as he could. “Just don’t stop.” Steve just hummed, sending sensations up Bucky’s spine. He wrapped his fingers though the dyed brown locks and held on as his lover’s tongue swirled around him, driving all thoughts of Laura’s nasty looks out
of his mind.

A while later, Darcy came in through the kitchen door and kicked off her snow covered boots. “I smell cinnamon sugar funnel cakes,” she grinned at her two boys, sitting at the table, nursing glasses of iced tea. “I want some,” she slipped into Steve’s lap and licked the corner of his lips. “Mm, Bucky and Steve,” she smiled and licked along his bottom lip, pulling the flesh into her mouth and sucking gently. “I think it’s Stevie’s turn,” she smiled at Bucky over her shoulder. “What do you think, Soldier?” she winked. “Though I do like how you taste on his tongue.”

Chapter End Notes

Please feed the muse.
Credit Teaser

Chapter Notes

So, we’ve made it to the end of the first story in the series. We still have a long journey ahead, but as things are going to be changing, most likely a great deal, for our friends at the farm, I thought this was a good place to take a breath and end the first bit. This chapter is a bit of a tease for the beginning of the next story, which I should be starting very soon.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything Has Changed

Chapter 28: Credit Teaser

Darcy lay in bed watching the ceiling fan making its slow orbit around the light fixture and listening to her lovers sleep. The house felt unsettled without her constant rainstorm, Clint had only been gone a few days, and it was nice having the house just to the three of them, but she missed her brother. She pushed herself out from under the covers and scooted to the end of the mattress, climbing over Steve’s feet, the two men rolled together to fill the space she’d vacated, and a small smile flitted over her face as they snuggled in together.

She slipped down the stairs on nearly silent feet, avoiding the steps that squeaked the most, and across the kitchen floor. Darcy took a deep breath of the stillness around her, searing deep within her own soul, trying to remember if she’d ever felt the coming and goings of her family as keenly as she had the past year, since that night in the bar, since Bucky Barnes crash landed in her life. It had never been like this empty ache, not when her parents died or Jane left her as Shield fell; sure they’d both hurt like a hole in her chest, but this was different. Clint wasn’t gone, he just wasn’t at the farm, and something inside her couldn’t stop reaching for the constant that was absent.

Steam curled up out of her chipped ceramic mug, the one Bucky had dropped one too many times while doing dishes. It was big enough to almost qualify as a bowl with a handle, just big enough for that first cup of coffee in the morning. Darcy cradled her tea between her fingers, the bright peppermint scent warming her as she rocked slowly on the porch swing, swaddled in the heavy down quilt Laura had made her for Christmas. She searched the heavens for the dippers and Cassiopeia and Draco, all the constellations she used to find on long nights in the desert with Jane, in front of their little fire pit on the roof of the old car dealership. Now she watched shooting stars from her swing, between the branches of the old sycamore tree, with the gentle rush of the ocean and silent fall of snow against the backdrop of her thoughts. Her lovers’ minds soft and pliant in sleep. She took a slow sip of tea and longed for the rhythmic thrum of rain to help lull her to sleep.

Her tea was long gone when the swing stopped rocking, Bucky’s weight causing the old wooden seat to rock erratically for a moment before finding a new rhythm.

“Heavy thoughts, doll?” he asked, pulling her under his arm, fitting her snugly against his chest as he rested his chin in her hair.
“Couldn’t sleep,” she rubbed her face into the thin cotton of his t-shirt and breathed in the sleepy smell of snow. “I miss our Hawk.” Bucky hummed. “It’s the rain, I don’t know, it’s like the taste and smell of him is a void now that he’s away for a long time, like a hole sucking in everything around it. I reach out for the memory, and I can remember how it felt to taste him, but I can’t remember the taste? I guess.”

“Does it hurt?” he asked, running his fingers through her sleep tousled mess of curls.

Darcy felt around where her rainstorm should be, her big brother. Did it hurt? Not really, not in those kinds of words. It was an empty spot where Clint had carved his spot, just like Bucky and Steve had their spots. Like Laura and Mike and the kids had been making their little places inside of her that made Darcy whole. “No,” she let her head fall back on his shoulder, her eyes slipping shut. “I just miss him.”

“He’ll be home soon,” Bucky lifted her into his arms, quilted blanket and all. “Now it’s time to come back to bed.”

“Did I wake Steve, too?” Darcy mumbled, a yawn cracking her jaw as her soldier carried her back into the house, her mug forgotten on the porch.

“Nope,” Bucky whispered as he navigated the steps up to their room. “He’s still in dreamland, doll.”

“That’s good,” they paused in the doorway, Darcy still wrapped tight in her dark lover’s arms, admiring their light. Steve lay on his back, mouth slightly open as he snored lightly, taking up the entire middle of the bed. “We might have to move him a bit.” Bucky just chuckled softly.

Chapter End Notes

I want to thank everyone who has been reading this story, whether you’ve been reading for the last year, or you read it all in one go, I can't tell you how much your reading, commenting and leaving kudos has meant to me, and continues to mean. Thank you so much for reading, and I hope to see you all soon when the second story of Rebuilding begins.

End Notes

Let me know what you think.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!