it's not the chase that i love, it's me following you

by Dresupi

Summary

A collection of short Quicktaser prompts I've written.

None of these are connected unless otherwise noted.

I will mark explicit chapters with an *

The first chapter is the table of contents.

Notes

If you prompted me one of these, and I've missed you in the gifted tag, please let me know!

:D
Table of Contents

1. Table of Contents

2. “You think that I won't stay? Sit there, watch me choose you. Watch me earn you." for anon

3. "Only when I give you permission" for anon

4. "I will kiss you all over" for leftylain

5. "Eyes up now, look at me" for anon

6. 'Highlighter' for myloveiamthespeedofsound

7. 'Soak' for georgiagirlagain

8. 'Slow' for thestarfishdancer

9. 'We're the only people in detention AU' for stardustedgirl

10. "Stop it, the cake needs to actually bake before you eat it, but here lick the spoon" for greenmonnonmonster

11. "I'll bring the handcuffs" for thestarfishdancer

12. "Alright, hold my bag while I go kill Tony." for thestarfishdancer

13. "Why did you scream like that?" for freudensteins-monster

14. "Clench" for thestarfishdancer

15. "Dominate, Bruise and Love' for tara-the-terrible

16. "Dominate and worship' for georgiagirlagain

17. "Because I love you, okay?" and 'moving in" for georgiagirlagain

18. "Stop fidgeting" for thestarfishdancer

19. "Don't go" and 'sleeping in' for lifeofamarvelgirl

20. 'Arranged Marriage AU' for antiela

21. 'Bakery AU' for freudensteins-monster

22. 'Stuck at the top of the Ferris wheel AU’ for labelleizzy

23. 'Princess Bride AU' for ageisia

24. 'Darcy didn't really want to know why her hair was suddenly blue and sticky' for ifimnewhereami

25. 'Jack-o-Lanterns' for lilacsilver

26. 'Pumpkin patch on the Barton farm' for typhoidmeri
27. 'Harvest' for thestarfishdancer
28. 'Beanie' for pleasepleasepleaseme
29. 'Fireplace' for itsjanetsnakehole
30. 'Apple Cider' for thestarfishdancer
31. "Whimper' for ozhawk
32. "Don't go" and 'hurt/comfort' for lilacsilver
33. 'Sleeping in' and "My leg is asleep" for spanglecap
34. 'Disastrous date and nervous' for freudensteins-monster
35. "Don't you trust me" and angsty fwb for hollyspacey
36. 'Fakeout makeout' for hollyspacey
37. "What the hell was that noise?" for agentskyebarnes
38. 'Vampire AU' for girlwitharedpurse
39. 'Creepy Hotel AU' for hollyspacey
40. "Please let me watch you masturbate" for typhoidmeri
41. "Look deep into my eyes, princess" for girlwitharedpurse
42. 'NYE, everything goes wrong until it doesn't' for livvy1800
43. 'Christmas Caroling' for sweetisigyn
44. 'Snowball fight' for hollyspacey
45. 'Last minute shopping' for kjs-s
46. 'Traditional Sokovian Treats' for typhoidmeri
47. 'Sloth' for kthesarcastic
48. 'Pride' for marvelfanuniverse
49. 'Sloth' for thestarfishdancer
50. 'A rumor is going around town' for typhoidmeri
51. 'Here comes trouble' for marvelfanuniverse
52. 'Third day without sleep' for sweetsigyn
53. 'Equipment malfunction' for thestarfishdancer
54. 'The one who got away' for hkthauer
55. "What was that sound?" for anon
56. 'First kiss' for georgiagirlagain
57. '*Lingerie' for anon
58. 'Caught in the rain' for sweetsigyn
59. 'Trapped in an elevator' for typhoidmeri
60. 'Enemies to lovers' for iamteambucky
61. 'Genderswap (Rule 63 for both characters) for anon
62. 'Meet-cute' for renateseline
63. '*F*ck Her Gently' for anon
64. 'Uptown Girl' for anon
65. 'Honey I'm Good' for anon
66. '*Pillowtalk' for hollyspacey
67. 'Intimacy' for greennonmonster
68. 'Monster' for littleplebe
69. '*Clothes Off' for thestarfishdancer
70. 'Sleeping with a Friend' for taleasedubh
71. '*Restrains; Blindfolds; Orgasm Delay' for greennonmonster
72. '*A/B/O' for typhoidmeri
73. '*Making love' for bloomsoftly
74. '*Massage; Fingering' for anon
75. '*Lingerie kink; Spanking; Striptease' for thestarfishdancer
76. '*Loss of Virginity' for anon
77. '*Semi-Public' for itsjanetsnakehole
78. '*Frottage' for hollyspacey
79. '*Roleplay' for Littleplebe
80. '*Restrains; Food Play' for anon
81. '*Uniform Kink' for subluxationexpert
82. 'Tomorrow Never Knows' for anon
83. 'Strawberry Fields Forever' for anon
84.  'Norwegian Wood' for anon
85.  'I Want To Hold Your Hand' for anon
86.  'You Really Got a Hold on Me' for anon
87.  'I've Just Seen a Face' for anon
88.  '"Valentine's proposal' for anon
89.  '"Powa' for queenspuppet
90.  '"Raspberry Beret' for anon
91.  'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' for anon
92.  'Mr. Brightside' for anon
93.  'She Hates Me' for anon
94.  'You Never Can Tell' for anon
95.  'I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)' for anon
96.  'I Like You So Much Better When You're Naked' for itsjanetsnakehole
97.  'But I Do Love You' for kittywings01
98.  'I Want You' for anon
99.  'Fade Into You' for hotrockcandy
100.  '"Good Vibrations' for mefiora
101.  '"Creep' for unified-multiversal-theory
102.  '"The Distance' for anon
103.  'What I Got' for anon
104.  'Fools' for typhoidmeri
105.  'Kindergarten Teacher AU' for alpacamyhedgehog
106.  'Knock on the door at 2 am' for hollyspacey
107.  'Arranged Marriage; Part 2' for ibelieveinturtles
108.  'Uptown Girl; Part 2' for anon
109.  "'You think that I won't stay? Sit there, watch me choose you. Watch me earn you." Part 2 for thestarfishdancer
110.  'Kindergarten Teacher AU; Part 2' for bloomsoftly
111.  'Monster; Part 2' for bloomsoftly
112. 'Meet-cute: Part 2' for bloomsoftly
113. 'Third Night without Sleep: Part 2' for georgiagirlagain
114. 'Haunted House AU' for littleplebe
115. 'Friends hooking up at a wedding AU' for hollyspacey
116. 'Chef Pietro AU' for bloomsoftly
117. 'Loud Music Neighbors AU' for aspiring-trashfire
118. 'Min (Viking AU)' for anon
119. 'Distance of three' for anon
120. 'Corn Maze' for kjs-s
121. 'Touch Football' for sweetsigyn
122. 'Hoodies' for anon
123. 'Pies' for bloomsoftly
124. 'Corn Maze ii' for thestarfishdancer
125. 'Frost' for aspiring-trashfire
126. 'Corn Maze iii' for freudensteins-monster
127. 'Fallen Leaves' for agentdaisymaximoff
128. 'Stargazing' for hollyspacey
129. 'Bed sharing' for anon
130. 'Abundant' for marvelfanuniverse
131. 'Thundersnow' for georgiagirlagain
132. "H-how long have you been standing there?" for notrealsureyetuniverse
133. 'Crocheting' for romanoffersbite
134. 'Glitter' for sweetsigyn
135. '*Lazy mornings in bed' for alltheselovelywords
136. 'Kitten therapy' for thestanceyg
137. 'See your breath' for anon
138. 'Hoodies' for anon
139. 'Vodka-Mocha Cocktail' for hkthauer
140. 'Jack Frost' for anon
141.  'A21 Angst' for anon
"You think that I won't stay? Sit there, watch me choose you. Watch me earn you." for anon

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 27 February 2016 on tumblr.

Darcy plopped down on the stool next to his. “Excuse me if I don’t trip over myself believing you.”

“Trip away. I will keep you from falling,” he arched an eyebrow, propping one chiseled bicep on the bar, leaning on his hand.

She bit her bottom lip, closing her eyes momentarily. She couldn’t help it. He hit all her buttons. He turned her on. Everything about him was mouth-watering. And she was going to get hurt. She could feel it on the horizon. “You are dangerous…” she muttered under her breath, not expecting him to hear.

“No, I’m not,” he insisted, his face mere inches from hers. His breath smelled like Red Hots. “I won’t hurt you, Darcy. I couldn’t.”

She opened her eyes, catching his gaze and holding it. Ice blue eyes peered into hers. The man was magicking her with his eyes. “You could.”

“But I won’t…” he insisted before kissing her, long and deep. “I won’t.”
“Ježišmarjá…” Pietro swore softly as she ran her tongue up the length of his cock. Her full lips parted as she sucked him into the warmth of her mouth. “Darcy…Darcy…” His hips bucked upwards, trying to get more. Just a little more.

She slid off, releasing him with a soft pop as she gripped him at the base. Her hand sliding in her saliva as she stroked him.

“Remember, Babe. Not until I give you permission…”

He groaned, watching her hand stroke him. He ached. Down his thighs and into his gut. He needed release. But all he could do was sit here and beg while his girlfriend teased him into insanity.

“Darcy…please…have mercy…”

“You didn’t have mercy on me…” she arched her eyebrow and swirled her tongue around the head, licking off the drops of pre-come that had gathered there.

“Bullshit…I did too…” he argued. In vain. Because he knew. He knew. He’d teased her for two hours. On the dot. No matter how much she begged him. And he’d enjoyed it. And she’d come so hard, she hurt his fingers. Her muscled had clenched him so tightly, he’d wished it was his dick inside her.

This was his payback. Retribution. Credit where credit was due.

And God, it was good. It was frustrating, but it was good.

Of course, she’d at least had the luxury of knowing when he was going to ease up. Let her come. Let her ride out her orgasm against his face. He had no clue. He was completely at her mercy.

But there was a comfort in that. Darcy wasn’t sadistic. She’d let him come eventually. He should just enjoy the ride.

He sputtered out nonsense when she sucked him back into her mouth with no warning. It was in no language. None he’d ever heard.

She hummed around his dick, her tongue fluttered up and down the underside. He gripped the sheets on the bed. “I’m close… Kurna…fuck… I’m close… Darcy… Darcy? Can I come? Please… please can I come?”

Her hands slid up his thighs, and she released him for just long enough to say, “Yes… come for me…”
“I will kiss all of you, Princeza…” Pietro murmured in her ear before sucking her earlobe into his mouth.

Darcy giggled at the thought. “So we aren’t having sex tonight, then? Because THAT will take you a while, I don’t care HOW fast you are…”

He huffed indignantly, releasing her ear. “I WILL kiss all of you…and by the end of it, you will be BEGGING me to take you…my lips will have you soaked for me…and you won’t remember anything. Except the name of the man who has made you so…SO wanton…” As if to punctuate his point, he sucked a mark on her jaw. “That is the first. Get ready to beg, Princeza…”

She scoffed. Snorted. Laughed in disdain as he kissed her. His lips pulling gently at her skin.

“What if I fall asleep while you’re kissing ‘all of me’?” she asked. “Hmm? What then? Are you going to wake me up?”

He’d made his way down and around her jaw, she felt his teeth nibble slightly, making her jump. “You will not fall asleep…”

“Hey now, that’s cheating. No teeth with kisses…”

“There are teeth with my kisses…” he nibbled her gently again. “Not all my kisses. But some…”

There were teeth. And tongue. And suction. And his lips. God his lips.

He kissed his way all over her face, sucking and biting her lips. Making her rub her thighs together when he tongued slightly along her hairline.

Over her throat, alternating soft pecks and open mouth.

He treated her chest and her breasts like a rare delicacy, tasting and licking until she couldn’t help but whimper under his attention.

She’d firmly decided not to make any noise, but gave up on that as a pipe dream when he kissed his way down her belly. He swiped his tongue over each of her hip bones, making like he was going straight down between her legs and detouring to make slow work of both of her legs.

Pietro smirked as she quivered, as he spread her legs and lowered his head between them.

“Roll over…” he whispered, earning a groan that verged on a whine as Darcy obliged him, all the while trying to ignore the burn just there at the apex of her thighs. Where his wonderful mouth had yet to kiss.

His lips pressed slowly up one side of her back, over the nape of her neck and down, down, down
the other side. Over the swell of her buttocks, he knelt between her legs and pulled her hips back towards him.

“You are so beautiful…” he whispered, his fingers trailing down to her heat…pressing into her dripping core. “So beautiful…”

“Pietro…” she whined. Yes, she was calling it whining now. “Please…Pietro…please…”

“Please what?” His fingers slid through her slick folds. Judging by his tone, he was as wrecked as she was. Didn’t stop him from being a smug, arrogant ass, though.

Darcy was about two shades past caring. She just wanted a piece of that arrogant ass.

“Fuck…Pietro…put your mouth on me…”

He pulled her hips up more, his fingers still sliding slowly in and out of her. “That ALMOST sounds like begging…not quite, though…”

“Oh Jesus…” she pressed back against his hand. “Please. Pietro…fucking…just…eat me out, okay? I need it…please…I want your mouth…need it…”

He made a noise in the back of his throat, kneeling behind her and pressing his mouth against her cunt from behind. He made humming sounds. Several of them as his tongue worked her neglected clit, his fingers still pumping in and out of her.

God, she hated admitting he was right. But he was right.

By the end of it, by the time she shuddered out an intense release against his flicking tongue, all she was saying was his name. Over and over and over again.
“Eyes up now. Look at me.”

Darcy met his gaze, her pupils still blown wide. She licked his come from the corner of her mouth.

Pietro reached across her, undoing the restraints on her arms first, massaging her wrists and pressing kisses to her palms. The leg restraints came next. The spreader bar and the ankle cuffs. He rubbed her feet momentarily, he’d give her a longer massage when they went to another room.

“You were amazing, Princeza…” A shiver ran through him at the thought of just how amazing she was. At how good she was for him. How much he loved her. “I love you so much…”

“I love you too…” she croaked, her voice dry and hoarse.

Pietro reached out to brush her hair from her face. “Some water?”

She nodded. “Please…”

He held the bottle for her, tilting it slightly so it didn’t spill. She drained it in no time, sitting up fully and swinging her legs over the side of the bed.

“Bathroom…” she informed him, rising and padding off down the hall.

He took the time to tug on his boxers and sprint out to the kitchen to make her a sandwich.

She appeared momentarily at the counter, wearing his bathrobe and propping herself up on the surface.

“Do you have Swiss cheese?” she asked.

“I do…do you want that?”

“Mmhmm.”

“Anything for you, Darcy.”

She let her eyes close as she laid her head on her arms, a languid smile spreading on her lips.

“Do you want to sit down?”

She shook her head. “Still a little…sore?”

“Aww, why didn’t you say so before?” He slipped his arm around her and led her to the couch. “Get comfortable and I’ll rub some arnica on that…did I bruise you?”

“A little…” she sighed and laid herself down sideways on the couch, leaving him to figure out how
to fit himself in so he could do a little first aid on his beautiful *Princeza.*

“I’m sorry…was it too much? Did I…was it too hard?”

She shook her head. “It was perfect. Do it like that every time…I like the marks. Makes me remember. Like. Bam. Pietro was here.”

She moved to let him sit down before sliding her legs across his lap, rucking up the bathrobe a little as she took a bite of her sandwich.

He smirked and pushed it completely aside, letting his fingers run over the mosaic of varying shades of blue and purple marring the pale porcelain of her ass and thighs. Nothing too terrible, they’d probably be gone before the weekend was over.

Especially with the arnica.

She wiggled her hips a little in his lap and he chuckled, warming the cream in his hand before sliding it over the smooth lines of her skin.

“So was it…it was good?” He always asked.

And she always answered, “Mmhmm. The best.”
"Highlighter' for myloveiamthespeedofsound

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 9 July 2016 on tumblr.

“Annddd…check…” Darcy reached over and swiped across Pietro’s nose with the pink highlighter in her hand.

He snorted and sat upright, batting at his nose and smearing the ink across one cheek, cursing in Sokovian.

She laughed, placing the cap back on the marker. “Serves you right. You’re supposed to be keeping me awake so I could finish this and you’re out like a light in five minutes…”

Pietro glared briefly in her direction before standing and grabbing her hand, yanking her off in the direction of the door. “You want me to keep you awake? I’ll keep you awake. ALL NIGHT, Princeza.”
The balloons hit her face with almost enough force to throw her backwards if she hadn’t been hiding along a wall to begin with. The water completely soaked her hair and she spluttered out a curse when her speedster boyfriend rounded the corner, laughing.

“What? You didn’t-” she cut him off with a water balloon to the face. And another in rapid succession.

He spit out a piece of the balloon and wiped his eyes, shoving his wet hair back. “Oh, you’re going to get it now…”

“You mad, Bro? You didn’t see THAT coming. BAM!” Darcy giggled as he grabbed her, pulling her close for a quick kiss.

“I may love you more than anything, Princeza, but you are going down.”
"Slow down…I can’t understand you when you talk that fast…” Pietro’s hand was in her hair and his eyes were narrowed as he tried to understand what she was saying.

“First off, I find it HILARIOUS that you need me to slow down. And second…Dude…N’Sync Reunion Tour. Justin Timberlake. J.C Chasez…Lance Bass…REUNION.”

Pietro shook his head. “I don’t know what any of that means. Besides Justin Timberlake.”

“Boy Band. Nostalgia. My high school years. CONCERT. Will you take me?”

“To a concert? Sure.”

Never had Pietro Maximoff ever regretted four words more than those.
Darcy sort of wanted to bolt the second she walked into the library, but instead, she just took the table furthest away from him, setting her things down and plopping into the seat.

Pietro had his feet up on the table, that arrogant look already completely stuck on his face; he was trying too hard, it didn’t look natural.

The librarian came in, took one look at them and shook her head, miming that they needed to sit at the same table. Darcy groaned and got up, trudging over to his table and sitting in the chair he subsequently kicked out, mentally cursing her entire life the whole time.

He leaned over on his elbows. “Isn’t this the part in the movie where we fall in love?” he asked, batting his eyelashes.

Darcy set her jaw and reached for the book he was leaning, sliding it out from under his elbows and making him thunk his arm on the table. She smirked to herself and set to ignoring him completely. But as she soon found out, Pietro didn’t like being ignored.
"Stop it, the cake needs to actually bake before you eat it, but here lick the spoon" for greennonmonster

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 23 July 2016 on tumblr.

Pietro froze, eyes wide, his finger in mid air, dripping the chocolatey batter onto the countertop. A cross between “caught with his hand in the cookie jar” and “deer in headlights”.

Darcy grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand to her mouth, sucking the batter off his finger and releasing it with a pop. She handed him the spoon, shooting him a look.

“How long…” His voice cracked slightly and he paused to cough, clearing his throat. “How long does it need to bake?”
"I'll bring the handcuffs" for thestarfishdancer

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 23 July 2016 on tumblr.

“You certainly have high hopes for a coffee date…” Darcy arched an eyebrow in Pietro’s direction.

He grinned brightly. “I always have high hopes…but, you know…it was a joke….I don’t break out the fuzzy handcuffs until at least the fourth date.”

She chuckled, “Is the fourth date the bondage date, then? Third date is the sex date and the fourth is bondage?”

His face flushed a particularly adorable shade of red and he shook his head, pushing his hair out of his face. “It’s honestly whenever you want it…”

She was blushing just looking at him, and laughing because if this conversation was any indication, they would probably turn out to be the most vanilla couple in the world. Not that there was anything wrong with vanilla. “Good to know, Wonder Boy…good to know.”
"Alright, hold my bag while I go kill Tony." for thestarfishdancer

Chapter Summary

Originally posted posted on 23 July 2016 on tumblr.

Darcy thrust the bag into Pietro’s hands. He zipped around in front to block her. “Princeza…he is not worth going to prison over…”

“Darcy…use your words…” Tony chided. “Listen to Quickdraw McGraw over here.”

“My words? I don’t think you want to HEAR the words I have for you, Tin Man…”

“Hey…it’s not my fault that you decided to ignore my memo about labeling your food.”

“You fed. My emergency chocolate. To the Hulk,” she seethed.

“And he really enjoyed it. Next time, maybe label your food.” Tony shrugged.

“I am going to murder you…”
"Why did you scream like that?" for freudensteins-monster

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 23 July 2016 on tumblr.

“I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN AXE MURDERER!” Darcy swatted Pietro on the arm, still up on the chair she’d jumped onto when he’d rounded the corner and scared her.

“An axe murderer? So you jumped on a chair? Because height will give you an advantage against an axe murderer?” he asked, reaching up to help her down.

“I don’t know, okay? Some wires got crossed in my brain.”

“Clearly.”

“Hey…you weren’t supposed to be home for two more days. What if I had been holed up here with my lover?”

Pietro shrugged, “Where is he? I’m feeling frisky…let’s do this.”
Pietro gasped when her walls clenched around him. “Ježišmarjá…” he swore, his hips pumping into her at the same steady pace, his fingers vibrating against her clit.

Darcy bit her bottom lip between her teeth, her gaze meeting his as she frowned, deep in concentration. Her muscles tightened again and she moaned his name, her hips moving in time with his. Her hands were gripping the pillow above her head. “Fuck, Pietro…”

He smirked and kept it up, bolstered by her reaction and the way she kept tightening around his cock. She was close. She was fighting it for some reason. “Come for me, Princeza…”
His hand rubbed at the now tender skin soothingly, pressing his lips to the back of her neck as he rubbed the arnica cream into the fresh bruises on her buttocks.

“You were so good for me, Princeza…” he whispered. Darcy preened at the compliment, rolling slightly so she was cradled in his arms, more than draped across his lap. Cradled in Pietro’s arms was honestly her favorite place to be. Other than at the receiving end of a well-deserved spanking. And now she’d had both today. So she was doing pretty well, if she did say so herself. “I love you…” his lips moved on her neck, only a slight pressure against her.

She returned the favor, pressing her lips against his forehead. “Love you too.”
Darcy sucked him into her mouth, desperate for the feel of him in the back of her throat. For the slightly bitter taste of the pre-come smeared on the head. She needed to hear him. He was always so quiet during their scenes, except for this. It was like he saved it up.

This was almost her favorite part. Hearing Pietro swear and feeling him tug on her ponytail as she bobbed her head up and down his length. He didn’t disappoint this time either.

“Fuck…Princeza…you feel so good…” His hips stuttered in their rhythm, the hot splash of his release on her tongue made her jump. Made her hum around his cock. Made him shudder for it. “So good…”
"Because I love you, okay?" and 'moving in' for georgiagirlagain

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 6 August 2016 on tumblr.

“I don’t see why you have to do this…” Pietro reached for her hands, batting the armful of her clothes out of them. They fell in a small pile on the floor. “I don’t mind that your things are here.”

“Piet, I don’t live here…I shouldn’t have all this stuff over here…you need your space…” She knelt to pick them up again.

“I don’t want my space…” he took the clothes from her again. “I want you, Princeza…”

“You’ve got me…” she said with a smirk, reaching for her clothes again.

“Stay…Why don’t you live here?” he asked. “We’re together every waking moment…and I hate it when you leave…let’s just move in together…”

She blushed, “Why would you wanna live with me? I’m a slob.”

He chuckled, “Because I love you, okay? Is that reason enough?”
“You know I can’t…” Pietro said with a grin. “It’s impossible.”

Darcy rolled her eyes and flopped down into his lap. “How about if I’m on top of you?”

He waggled his eyebrows. “I can think of hundreds of ways for you to be on top of me. But I’d still be fidgeting.”

“Yeah…but that’s the good kind of fidgeting…I am one-hundred-percent in support of that kind of fidgeting.”
Pietro hadn’t meant to fall asleep. But the movie ran really long, and before he knew it, he was waking up on her couch. The sun was up, shining on the floor of her apartment, which meant it had to be at least nine in the morning.

They had tugged the throw on the back of her couch over them during the night. He pulled it up over Darcy’s shoulders, hesitating before he tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

He crept towards the door, deciding against zipping out, because he couldn’t control how loudly he shut the door.

“Don’t go…” Darcy said. He heard shifting as she sat up and faced him, blinking the sleep out of her eyes. “Please?”

He felt himself nodding. Apologizing. Explaining himself.

She shushed him with a hand on his. “Want breakfast?”
The press of his lips was tentative, tender. Something she’d have never thought possible the first time she looked at him. It was nothing like the way he’d kissed her at their wedding ceremony: a short, rushed affair, both in kiss and in feeling.

Pietro’s hand moved slowly through her hair, moving it out of her face so he could gaze down into her eyes. “I know we didn’t really choose each other…but…I hope I can make you happy.”

And honestly, in that moment, in her heart…she wanted nothing but to do the same for him.
'Bakery AU' for freudensteins-monster

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 13 August 2016 on tumblr.

Darcy couldn’t help it. Her mouth was watering. And for once, it wasn’t for food.

It was for the hot baker she was interviewing for the six o’clock news. Maybe it was a fluff assignment, but she didn’t care. Just so long as she got to stare at Pietro Maximoff’s muscly, veiny biceps and forearms as he kneaded the bread.
“Whose bright idea was this again?” Pietro asked with a heavy, overly-theatrical sigh.

“I’m the only one here with you. Who EVER could you be talking to?” Darcy asked, her sarcasm as thick as Pietro’s stupid head.

“Ever heard of a rhetorical question?”

“Ever heard of shut the hell up and enjoy the view?”

“Ever heard of someone climbing down the ferris wheel to get away from their annoying car-mate?” He stood up, shaking the car and Darcy leapt for his hand.

“No…don’t! Sit back down!” she exclaimed. Pietro arched an eyebrow, eyeing her with no small amount of amusement as he sat back down in his seat. “And shut up. Before you even start. I just didn’t feel like going and identifying your smushed up corpse at the morgue later.”

“Oh…Okay…but I’d just like to point out…you’re still holding my hand.”

She looked down at their clasped hands, sniffing indignantly. “Whatever, dude. You’re still holding my hand.”

“Am not.”

“Are too.”
“You’re making fun of me?” Darcy asked.

The man in black snickered. “I remember your farm boy. It’s been five years, hasn’t it? Does it bother you to hear that?”

She sniffed. “I don’t think you CAN upset me anymore.”

“He died a noble death, does that make you happy? He only spoke of true love and a beautiful faithful girl that he had to return to. I assume he meant you. It’s a good thing he died before he could see how wrong he was about you.”

Darcy grimaced, “What do you mean, WRONG?”

“Faithfulness! He spoke of faithfulness! Now tell me, Princess…when you got word he was gone, did you get engaged right then? Or did you wait a little while? An…appropriate amount of time? Say…a week or so?”

She was shaking with anger. “I died the day he did!” She reached for the man in black and shoved him. “And you can die too, ASSHAT!”

As he fell down the hill, his voice echoed. “YOU…DIDN’T…SEE…THAT…COMING???”

She gasped, “Oh my god, Pietro…” and hurled herself down after him.
'Darcy really didn’t want to know why her hair was suddenly blue and sticky.' for ifimmewhereami

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 27 August 2016 on tumblr.

She closed her eyes for a moment, trying to ignore the feel of the sticky liquid dripping down her back.

“What is that? She asked, not really wanting to know…” Darcy asked with a shudder.

“I can tell you what it isn’t…it’s not dangerous…” Bruce said carefully. “It’s also not easy to remove…”

She opened her eyes to glare at Pietro, whose hi-jinks and zipping around were the cause of this sticky situation. “Happy?”

“Exceedingly…” he said with a smirk. “I finally figured out how to get you to sit still…” He pulled up a stool and sat in front of her, reaching for her hand.

“You know, the same could be said of you…”
“What is that supposed to be?” Darcy squinted at the pumpkin in front of Pietro.

“You said to carve a scary face. I did.”

“Is that…Clint?” she asked, leaning back. “You know…that’s actually pretty good. For a carving on a pumpkin.”

“I cheated. I downloaded a template off the internet…”

“There are templates for pumpkin carvings of Clint’s face?”

Pietro smirked. “I might have…uploaded a picture…”

“Did you PAY for that template?” Darcy swatted his shoulder. “I love you more now, if that’s possible, you little troll…”
“That one….” She pointed towards a rather large lumpy pumpkin in the middle of the field.

Pietro shook his head. “No, no…not that one…it was closer to the edge, I think.”

“I think you’re full of it, Maximoff.”

“I am NOT!” he said with a laugh. “I promise…it looks just like him.”

Darcy crossed her arms over her chest. “I think this was just a ruse to get me alone.”

He shot her a look. “If all I wanted was to get you alone, I’d think of something better than a pumpkin that looks like Nick Fury.”

She shrugged. “I dunno, you’ve got me alone now…”

He grinned at her. “And what does that say about you?”

“That I probably don’t mind being alone with you.”

He laughed. “You should. I bite.”

“Just don’t leave any marks, I have to go to work on Monday.”
“This is such a load of—“

“All right. Come on. It’s fun. Apple picking is fun.” Darcy hip checked him and reached for his hand.

“We paid money to pick our own apples. Darcy. We could have just gone to the store!”

“Yeah, but these don’t have like…nasty pesticides or anything on them! And I’m going to make pie. Apple pie.”

He turned to lock eyes with her. “Can I eat it off of you?”

“The pie?”

He arched an eyebrow.

She laughed. “Dude. Knock yourself out. And you know…stop complaining about apple picking.”

“Consider it done, Princeza.”
Pietro zipped over, yanking the beanie off her head and placing it on his own in the blink of an eye. He was sitting back in his seat before she’d realized what happened.

Darcy groped around on the top of her head. Looking on the floor before pausing and looking up directly at him. “Thief,” she accused, a smile forming regardless.

Pietro shrugged. “It looks good on me.” He tugged the burgundy beanie down over his ears, reaching up to flick the pom pom on top. “I think it really brings out my eyes.”
“This is really nice…” Darcy said as she tucked herself under Pietro’s arm. He was finally sitting still after lighting the fire, dashing out to the kitchen for a bottle of water and putting out the fire in the process, and then relighting the fire.

He let his head rest on top of hers, sighing deeply as she wrapped her arms around his torso. “It is. It’s a little boring…but it’s nice.”

Darcy rolled her eyes. “I’m boring?”

“No, no…you are not boring, Princeza…” he insisted. “I am just…needing to move.”

She exhaled and unwound her arms, much to his apparent dislike, if the whining sound that he emitted was any indication. “Go. Be free. Go do a few hundred laps around the cabin or something.”

“Really?”

“Really. Go. I can cuddle with you when you’re unconscious.”

“Do you mean asleep?”

“Yeah. Of course. What did I say?”
“Are you, though?” Pietro asked, arching an eyebrow. “It was an odd request; you can understand my questioning it.”

“Pietro. Wanting cider in the middle of a lovely autumn walk is not an odd request.” Darcy rolled her eyes and grabbed his hand again.

“You haven’t answered my question and it’s making me nervous…”

“You know, I BET they’ll have some cider at that coffee house near the tower…” she dragged him after her.

“Darcy?” He tugged on her hand gently. “Are you, Princeza?”

She blushed crimson. “You know, I was going to tell you later? After dinner? But your smart ass had to guess before I could.”

His expression of shock morphed into another one. More goofy. More smiley. “You are? When?”

“When did it happen, or when are we due? Because I’m pretty sure it happened Labor Day weekend…which would put us welcoming a charming little bundle of snark around May or so.”
Darcy low-key *loved* hearing him make that sound. That desperate sound in the back of his throat. The moan turned whine.

She licked a long stripe up the underside of his cock, squeezing slightly as she worked her hand up and down the shaft.

Pietro whimpered again, his hands clutching the sheets beneath him. “*Princeza, you're going to kill me...*”

“Somehow, I don’t think that’s true...”
“Don’t go…”

He’d whispered it, and yet somehow, Darcy heard him and turned back. She’d thought he’d want to be left alone. Whenever Pietro got hurt, he always disappeared. Ran off to lick his wounds alone.

“Please stay, I need you.”

And for some reason, he was asking her to stay this time. He needed her. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to be alone. It was that he needed her. And Darcy wasn’t one to let someone down when they were depending on her.

So she turned back, walking back to the bed where she’d helped him lie down. She sat down near his feet, but was soon tugged up to lay down beside him.

He turned, his arm over his bruised ribs while he rolled to face her, wincing as he settled in. He lay his head onto the same pillow where hers was resting. His arm came up slowly, very slowly, especially for him. Pietro brushed a lock of hair out of her face and then continued to stroke her cheek.

“Darcy?”

“Hmm?” She was lost in the feel of his fingers stroking her skin, almost unable to answer.

“Tell me about your day.”

She smiled, allowing her eyes to close as she began to speak.
"Can you move over or something?" Darcy pushed at Pietro’s arm with both hands. It was no use. He was fast asleep and dead weight. It was so difficult to sleep in around here. “My leg is asleep because of your bony ass. MOVE!” She shoved him a little harder and he rolled completely over and off the bed, sitting up with a start and zipping around maniacally as he tried to figure out his surroundings.

Darcy sighed. He was like a wet cat when he got scared awake.

“What the hell?” he asked once he’d calmed down enough to talk. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“My leg was asleep. You were on top of me again.”

He shot her a look of mild annoyance. “You don’t usually complain when I’m on top of you.”

“Well. You usually aren’t so lazy when you’re on top of me either.” She smirked and stole one of his pillows, turning over to face the opposite wall and taking half the blankets with her.

As expected, he settled in flush against her back, aggressively spooning her while his hand slid up her shirt. “Challenge accepted, Princeza.”

“Wait. What challenge? There was no challenge.”

He chuckled. “Oh yes there was. I’ll show you lazy.”

Sleeping in didn’t really happen that morning, but they were in bed until noon, and that counts, right?
“Pietro…” Darcy reached for his hand as they huddled under an awning as the rain fell in torrents. “You can’t control the weather.”

He shrugged, grumbling under his breath. “Still. The second part of the date is ruined. And the first part was…”

“Awkward…because you were constantly glaring up at the sky the whole time…”

He sighed, tugging her closer into an embrace. “I’m sorry. I was just so nervous about taking you out, and—“

“Why are you nervous? I’m the one going out with the studliest of the Avengers. I changed my clothes fourteen times before I settled on this dress, the first one I put on.”

“You’re beautiful…” Pietro said, pulling her hand up for a kiss. “Absolutely breathtaking.”

“Likewise…” she said, beaming.
Pietro’s question hung in the air. The silence afterwards was almost oppressive.

“Not really, no.” Darcy said defiantly, squaring her shoulders. “You can’t commit to anything more than fuck buddies, so no.” She shrugged. “You never given me a reason to trust you.”

He flinched, almost as if she’d smacked him. He swallowed thickly, his voice noticeably quieter afterwards. She’d hurt him. Struck a chord. “Well. Good. I don’t deserve it.”
“PIET…” Darcy approached him at the bar, her hand gripped him tightly. “Kiss me, babe.”

His eyebrows went up, but the look in her eyes combined with the death grip she had on his arm clued him in to the direness of the situation.

He’d never kissed Darcy before, but he set his drink down and reached for her with both hands, cupping her face and pulling her close. Their lips touched and it sent a bolt of something straight to his gut.

She kissed him almost hungrily, her hands clutched at his t-shirt, holding him close and tight against her until she wasn’t anymore.

Darcy broke off the kiss, letting out a sigh of relief as she glanced over her shoulder. Pietro noticed for the first time that she was shaking. “That guy…” she whispered, barely audible over the music. “He just wouldn’t…”

“Which guy?” he asked, understanding immediately why she’d grabbed him. He craned his neck to see over the crowd of people, his eyes peeled for a slimy piece of street sludge that had Darcy so scared that she’d practically mauled her best friend to get away. If he was the boyfriend in this scenario, it’d make sense that he’d go beat down the guy who scared his girlfriend, right? That was why there was all this righteous indignation pumping through his veins, right?

Her hands pressed against his chest again and she shook her head. “Don’t. I just…I want to go home, okay? I’m going to call a cab.”

“Ohay,” he slammed back the rest of his beer and reached for her hand. “Let’s go, Princeza.”

She snickered. “Piet, you don’t have to keep up the act, he’s gone.”

He laced their fingers. “Just in case, I’ll come with you.”
"What the hell was that noise?" for agentskyebarnes

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 24 October 2016 on tumblr.

Darcy frowned. “You?”

“No, before that…” Pietro frowned, scooting in closer to her. Over on her side of the bed.

She snorted in laughter. “You are straight up tripping. I told you we shouldn’t have watched that movie right before getting ready for bed.”

“No, I heard something…I heard…” he trailed off, mumbling something under his breath.

“What?” Darcy leaned in, pressing even closer to him. “I can barely hear you, speak up.”

He grabbed her suddenly, leaning down to kiss her and swallow her squeals of indignation. “I think it was the rumbling of the love machine…” he repeated, zipping away to dodge her as she tried in vain to smack him. He laughed and grabbed her hands, pulling her over on top of him. “Tell me to stop, Princeza.”

She rolled her eyes. “No way. You’re in for it now.”
His touch was cold. Shiver inducing. But not the bad kind.

Pietro dragged his fingertips up her arm, past her shoulder, pausing on her throat. On the pulse he said he could see. Feel. Hear.

Darcy dropped her head to the side, letting him sweep her hair out of the way and press his nose right up against her skin. She felt him inhale, his arms snaking around her waist.

“If you tell me I’m your particular brand of heroin, I will beat your undead ass, Maximoff…”

He chuckled. She heard the snap of his fangs. “No, Princeza. You are not a drug that I hate myself for needing…nor are you a delicacy that I treat myself to once in a great while…”

“What am I?” she murmured, practically quivering in his arms.

“A woman. Who has not yet given me permission to bite her…” His tongue laved a spot on her neck, right over her pulse point. “Do you want this, Darcy?”

“I want you…”

“And you have me…” His arms tightened around her. “That was not the question. Do you want this?”

“Yes…” Darcy let her head loll to the side.

Pietro inhaled sharply, his teeth grazing her flesh as he reluctantly moved down from her pulse point, choosing instead to sink his teeth right where her neck became her shoulder.
Darcy leapt into Pietro’s arms when the scratching started again. “There it is again!” she buried her face in his shoulder and he couldn’t help but be a little less than upset at how this evening had turned out.

Here he was, thinking it would be awkward to share a hotel room so soon after beginning a relationship. Hell, he’d even worried that their fledgling feelings would be overwhelmed by the close quarters.

Thank Thor for the small things. Like rats. And outdated, creepy hotels on route 66.
Darcy blushed at Pietro’s blatancy. He was still dressed, from the waist down anyway, sitting back on his knees and pressing hers apart. He raised an eyebrow, licking his lips before he spoke again.

“Let me see how you touch yourself…” His gaze flitted down between her legs, where her panties were still mostly covering her. He let his knuckles drag down her inner thigh, let them settle between her legs. “I want to know I’m doing it right…” He rocked them gently over her mound.

She swallowed thickly, noting how his pupils had blown wide, how he kept wetting his lips.

Pushing up on her elbows, she gestured towards his lower half. “If mine come off, so do yours.”

He chuckled and rose on his knees to push everything down over his hips. “Of course, Princeza. I wouldn’t dream of being unfair…”

His erection bobbed slightly when he moved to kick his pants and underwear onto the floor.

Darcy lifted her hips, shimmying to push her panties down and off. She dangled them off her toe, jumping when Pietro snatched them off her, pressing them to his face before balling them up in his fist and tossing them over his shoulder.

He pressed her legs further apart, grunting a little when she let her fingers trail down her body. She flicked one of her nipples, twisting it lightly. “What do you want to see?”

“Whatever you normally do when you’re alone…” he paused, his voice lowering. “Do you think about me?”

Darcy grinned. A sort-of half-grin. “What if I did?”

His eyebrows raised. “Do you?”

“Sometimes.”

“Tell me…” his thumbs stroked over her knees, his eyes watching her right hand as it slowly crept down her body, coming to rest at the apex of her thighs.

With two fingers, she played with herself, dipping down briefly into her slick folds before she began stroking. “I dunno…it’s mostly just me thinking about that one time you took your shirt off in the common area…” She closed her eyes, gasping softly as she began to pet at her clit.

She felt him shift, felt his fingers dig into her knees. “Liked that, did you?” he asked, his voice sounded tight. Not at all the easy breezy thing he usually had going on.

“Very much…” Her breath hitched and she shifted herself down further on the bed. “I think about you touching me…”
“Like this? You imagine…my hands instead of yours?”

She nodded.

“I’d like that…” he murmured, his hands moving leisurely up and down her inner thighs, pressing them further out to the side.

“So would I…”

“Not yet…I want to see how you make yourself cum—don’t cum—but I want to see.”

Darcy closed her eyes again. She bit her lip as she gradually sped up her pace, letting her fingers work her clit in small tight circles. She felt Pietro’s hands tighten on her thighs, heard his breath get heavier. Louder.

She couldn’t really hold back the sounds. Not with him here. Watching her.

His hand appeared on hers, yanking it back suddenly. Her hips bucked up, trying to chase the sensation. Bring herself off.

He reached down, cupping her gently, letting his thumb settle over her clit. He pressed just enough to make the burn die down. She felt two fingers stroking their way up into her. She rocked her hips up against his hand.

His thumb mimicked her movements from before, drawing small circles around her clit as he stroked her inner walls, bringing her higher and higher.

When she came, it was intense, her walls clenched around both of his fingers as his thumb sped to almost vibration like intensity. He coaxed sounds out of her that she’d honestly never made before. And he brought her down slowly before withdrawing his fingers and sucking them into his mouth.

He released them with a pop. “That was fun. Can I do it again?”

Darcy blushed, giggling as she reached for him, pulling him up towards her mouth for a kiss. She wrapped her legs around his waist. “Maybe in a few minutes…I have something else I’d like to try…”
"Look deep into my eyes, princess" for girlwiththeredpurse

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 17 December 2016 on tumblr.

“Look deep into my eyes, princeza…”

A smile played on his lips when she obliged him, smirking all the while because she wouldn’t be his Darcy if she didn’t.

“You’re beautiful,” he stated. Definitive. Because she was. All blue eyes and soft curves.

“I know you are, but what am I?” she teased, leaning up to peck his lips.

Pietro grinned. Blue eyes, soft curves and a smart mouth.

And apparently, eight arms like an octopus, given how quickly she yanked off his shirt.
Darcy sniffled a little, staring down at her hands. She’d come with a date, only to lose him to some supermodel. And regardless of her careful planning, she was once again, all alone on New Year’s.

Someone cleared their throat behind her. She turned, catching Pietro’s gaze before she looked away again.

“I think your date stole my date…” he said quietly, coming to stand beside her. “Or maybe mine stole yours? Either way, I’m sorry.”

She shrugged. “It’s okay, really. I don’t know what I was thinking. He was way too hot for me—“ She stopped talking, letting that last sentence sink in. She’d been planning on continuing with ‘to bring to something like this’, but the truth of it was, he had just been too hot for her.

Pietro snorted. “Too hot for you? Darcy. You’re a ten. An eleven. On a scale that had to be invented to measure your beauty. Besides. I’m the superhero who lost a woman to an investment banker. What does that say about me?”

Her cheeks reddened. Warmed. She had to laugh to break the silence. “I think it safely says you need someone to kiss at midnight.”

“Are you offering, Lewis? And please say you’re offering.”

She turned to look at him, his blue eyes honest and sparkling even in the dim light outside. The ball was starting to drop, people were counting down.

“Hell yes, I’m offering. Are you accepting?”

His lips were on hers when the people were still counting ‘five’. But it didn’t really matter. They didn’t leave hers until well after the “Happy New Year” wishes were wished and shouted all across the city.
"Christmas Caroling" for sweetsigyn

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 29 December 2016 on tumblr.

In retrospect, caroling at the children’s hospital wasn’t exactly the BEST idea for Pietro’s volunteer-work. It involved lots of standing still, and even if he did have a nice voice, he just wasn’t interested in standing still. Darcy sighed when she turned to talk to him after the first hall, only to find him missing.

He did, however, make the best of their time by entertaining the kids in the terminal ward. Their faces lit up with giggles when he zipped all over the room, stealing things from tables and replacing them in odd positions. Teddy bears ended up balanced on heads, dolls danced across the footboards.

And singing DID eventually happen. Even if it was him teaching the kids the alternate lyrics to ‘Jingle Bells, Batman Smells’.

It might not have gone the way Darcy had planned, but things seldom did with Pietro Maximoff. Things such as caroling at the children’s hospital turned into an impromptu comedy show for eight-year-olds.

And becoming Quicksilver’s handler turned into meeting the love of her life.

Things were weird like that.
“TRUCE?” Tony called from the other side of the snow wall. “C’mon, Speedy…cut an old man a break.”

“Why should I accept a truce when we’re three snowballs from winning this?” Pietro asked, shooting Darcy a wink in her hiding place.

As hot and melt-worthy Pietro Maximoff winks were, she knew that was the signal for her to start creeping up on Tony with her mega snowball. Pietro was going to lob two right at Tony’s chest and then feign low ammo. And then just as Tony was thinking he might have a shot at winning, She was going to smash this one right in his face.

It worked like a charm. And Tony’s sputtering, combined with snow spitting and flailing was almost worth it.

Almost.

Because it all paled in comparison to Pietro’s loud WHOOP of excitement and the way he zipped right over and picked her up, spinning her in the snow so fast it threw her hat off to destinations unknown.

It all kind of happened so fast, she wasn’t even able to breathe until after it was over. He plopped her back down in the snow, her hands went to her hair…then his hands went to her hair and then his lips were on hers. Pulling. Plucking. Boiling hot in the freezing air.

And then Tony. Tossed a stupid snowball at them. What a…lipblocker. Was that a thing?

“OOPS! SORRY!” Tony called. “Thought your lips got frozen to hers, Maximoff!” He tossed his other snowball in his hand, catching it again and smirking triumphantly in their direction.

Darcy sighed, knowing the moment had passed. Pietro was going to retaliate in spades.

And he did. But not before pressing six little pecks all over her lips.

Oh. And she got another wink, too.
“Just let me go do it. I can be there and back again in five minutes. No stress,” Pietro insisted as he helped Darcy on with her coat.

“Negative. I want these gifts to be actually PAID for, Sticky-Fingers.”

He narrowed his eyes. “I would NEVER steal Christmas presents. I would leave the money with the cashiers.”

Darcy leaned up to kiss him. “That’s still stealing, babe. You have to have proof of purchase.”

He grumbled as they made their way to the door. “I hate waiting in lines.”
"So your mom used to make these knedle things?" Darcy asked, stuffing a sugar cube into the plum where the pit had been. She passed it down to Pietro, who had finally perfected the quickest way to fold the dough around the fruit without tearing the dough or making it too thick.

He nodded. "I remember there being just…plates and plates of them. And now that I’m trying it myself, I think that my memory is either a gross exaggeration, or perhaps my mother did little else on December the twenty-third.” He dropped the newly formed dumplings into the boiling water. "Considering it’s taken us two hours to make a half dozen…”

Darcy hip checked him. "I’m not complaining. Anything to spend time with you, babe.”
Darcy kissed his lips, pressing his wrists back on the couch. “Be. Still.”

“Why?” Pietro smirked, obviously amused by her efforts, since he could probably just slip right out between her fingers if he really wanted to. The fact that he was here was an indicator that he actually wanted to be here. “What do I get for being still?”

“What do you want?”

He arched his eyebrow in response.

“Pietro…”

Her vision was a blur and suddenly she was laying back on the couch, her legs across his lap as he rubbed her bare foot.

He shrugged when she looked at him. “What? If I’m being still, you have to be still too. It’s only fair, princeza.”
“No one ever says no,” Pietro assured her. His chest puffed out slightly and he was kind of – no definitely – strutting beside her. He had to be kidding.

“I just did,” Darcy raised her eyebrows and shrugged.

“Really? You don’t want me to run you around the complex?” He looked a little crestfallen.

She laughed nervously, taking a deep breath and deciding to just go for it. “I was kind of hoping you were going to ask me out…”

“Out?”

“Yeah…out…like on a date?” There was a silence after she said the word that pretty much made her want to crawl into a hole and die. Even though it was probably only about two seconds before he responded.

“Say it again?” he asked, folding his arms over his middle and bending towards her.

“Say what? A date?”

“No, the whole thing. You want me to …”

She sighed. “I didn’t say it was what I wanted. It was what I was hoping—“

“Hope is just another word for want. Let’s not split hairs, Darcy. You want me to…”

“I want you to ask me out on a date.”

He puffed out his chest even more, zipping around in front of her. “Wanna go out sometime, Darcy?”

“Okay…that sounds fun.” She grinned up at him.

“Don’t make me twist your arm or anything…” he teased, walking at a much more leisurely pace beside her again. He was definitely strutting more.
“You are the laziest superhero in the entire world…” Darcy said with a smirk. She folded her arms and leaned back on her hip, surveying the human mess that was Pietro Maximoff. He had at least three throw blankets wrapped around him in various ways. Five pillows from their bed were propping up his head, left knee and somehow, cradling his drink. “You look like some kind of mutated blanket monster…are you like…sucking other things into the blanket blob with you?”

He grinned, reaching for her hand and tugging her down on the couch with him. “Come on Darcy…fuse with me…”
“Oh my blob, it’s on People too…” Darcy slid the magazine across the table to him, wide-eyed and barely contained. “We are on every single trashy magazine, Pietro.”

It was him who had given it away. Pietro was pretty sure of it. He couldn’t be cool around Darcy.

He didn’t want to be, if he was being honest. She was too much. Too pretty, too funny, too sweet. He was supposed to act nonchalant when his girlfriend was the best person in the entire world? When all he wanted to do was tell every single person that they were together?

Of course, the tabloids blamed both of them. For their “bedroom eyes” and body language.

He snickered at that. Darcy’s bedroom eyes were a hell of a lot sexier than that.

“I’m glad you think it’s funny, Piet…this is…this is—“

“Frankly, a long time coming?” he reached for her hand. “And I don’t care. I want everyone to know you’re with me, Princeza.”

Her expression softened and she leaned over the table to kiss him. “Are you sure? This is going to hurt your most eligible bachelor rep…”

“Good,” he said definitively. “It’s about time.”
Darcy’s head rested against the cinder block wall of her cell. She wondered if her captors knew how bad cinder blocks actually WERE for underground lairs. They leeched stuff out of the air, didn’t they?

She sighed, fairly certain that this was her brain trying to protect her from the dangerous thoughts that threatened at the edges of her mind. Just a way to keep busy until she was rescued.

And she was going to be rescued. Pietro would probably run here on foot the second he found out where she was. And Bruce was going to figure it out, because he was Bruce. And that would be that and she’d be out of this soul sucking, air leeching underground cell before she could say, ‘Here comes trouble’.

As if on cue, there was a loud crash down the hall. A loud zooming sound went past her cell door.

“I’m in here…” she called.

The zooming came back, knocked her one inept guard on his ass and stopped at the window.

“What? Is that you, *Princess*?”

“The one and only. Care to let me out?”

“With pleasure…” The door shook, the handle falling apart as he rattled it clean off its hinges. He zipped in and scooped her up in his arms. “Tuck your head.”

She did, clutching him tightly as he got her the heck out of there.
Darcy collapsed into bed, scooting over towards Pietro and snuggling into his side. They both breathed a sigh of relief at the quiet that was filling their apartment.

“Did he go to sleep?”

“Yes. I think so. I fed him. Again. And I think he’s asleep now. Finally…” she buried her face in his shoulder. “You’d think he’d be tired…it’s been three days since anyone in this domicile has slept…”

“Well, it’s tiring work, being so adorable…” He let his hand go up to stroke her hair, just as the high-pitched shrieking wail sounded from the cradle in the corner. He groaned and Darcy shoved him away.

“Your turn.”

“I know, I know. I’ll go walk him around again for a few hours. Get some sleep, Princeza.”

Pietro zipped over to the cradle, bending over it to scoop up his son, who cooed with delight at seeing his Papa. “Come now. Your mother is not like us, mišče. She needs to sleep. You’re being unreasonable.”
“Uh-oh…” Darcy jumped up from her desk and sprinted over to one of Dr. Foster’s machines. She was frowning and punching buttons on the keypad. “Uh-oh…”

“What kind of uh-oh?” Pietro asked, approaching cautiously, ready to grab her and run for it if the thing started to blow.

“Equipment malfunction…” she muttered, still pressing buttons.

“I’m talking more about whether it’s a ‘Oh shoot it’s not fast enough uh-oh,’ or an ‘Oh shoot we’re all going to die uh-oh’…”

“Ummm…well. This light is blue…supposed to be green. Which could either mean…it’s overheated and it’s cooling down…or…”

“Or…”

“Or you know. It’s going to rip a hole in the fabric of space and time and suck everything into it like some cosmic fuckup of a black hole…”

“Is there a way to tell the difference?” he asked, still banking on the fact that he was going to try everything within his power to grab her and outrun the thing.

“Just to wait…” she trailed off as the light turned green again. She let out a sigh of relief. “Just cooling down.”

“You might want to talk to Dr. Foster about maybe installing a separate gauge for the temperature readings…”
“I’ve missed you, Darcy…” he whispered, his hand moving through her soft curls. She tilted her head into his touch and he could swear her bottom lip wobbled. His eyes filled with tears as she reached up to slide her hand over his, hold it there against her face.

“Missed you too, Piet…”

“I’m not letting you get away from me this time,” he promised, leaning down to kiss her trembling lips. “No matter what, do you understand?”

She smiled. A watery smile, but still a smile. “Is that right, Wonder Boy?”

He returned the smile. “What, you didn’t see that coming?”

She shook her head. “Nope. Thought I’d lost you for good.”

“No, never…” he whispered. “You’ll never lose me.”
"What was that sound?" for anon

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 28 January 2017 on tumblr.

Darcy grabbed his arm, pulling it in front of her. Pietro laughed. “It was the wind, Princeza.”

“The wind…” she scoffed. “Famous last words.”

He scooped her up in his arms, running them the rest of the way to the front door of their destination: the Barton Farm. “You forget. I am faster than the wind. So you have nothing to fear.”
Pietro reached over to stroke at her hair, twirling one of her curls around his finger as he stepped closer. Their height difference was very apparent when they stood this close. Darcy raised up on her toes, prompting him to slide his arms around her waist to support her. It was necessary, wasn’t it?

He didn’t care, he liked it. Liked feeling her lean against him, the heat from her body mixing with his. The pressure of her hands on his chest. The way she curled her fingers into the cotton of his t-shirt. Her breath felt warm on his face as he leaned down. He paused, searching her eyes for a moment before he asked, “May I kiss you?”

She licked her lips, her tongue a flash of pink as she wet them both, nodding her affirmation. “Please?”

Her scent was all around him, drowning him, swimming around his head. Vanilla and something citrusy…she smelled like summer and happiness and everything wonderful all rolled up into one glorious person.

He leaned down, and she met him halfway, parting her lips slightly when they met his. He felt her inhale sharply, felt her fingers grip tightly at his shirt, like she was trying to hold him there. Keep him from getting away.

For once, he wasn’t trying to run. He wanted nothing more than to stay right here. He wrapped his arms around her waist, moving his lips against hers to deepen the kiss.

It was the perfect amount of pressure and it ended all together too soon. They broke it off, both panting for air, eyes flitting around briefly before moving closer and connecting again.

He moved his hand up her back, curling into her hair once more. When they ended it for a second time, she spoke, her voice cracking slightly. “Do you want to take this inside?”

Pietro nodded. “Please?”
Darcy actually hadn’t been entirely sure about the lingerie. Pietro usually whipped her clothes off her too quickly for him to even notice what her bras and panties looked like. He definitely appreciated her naked body a LOT, though. She was pretty sure of that.

But there was just something about the way the silk felt on her hands in the shop. She knew the nightie would feel good on her skin. Soft. Silky. Sexy.

And it was cut low…it showed off the ladies. Pietro was fond of the ladies…

And as it turned out, Pietro was fond of the nightie too.

“I like this…” he murmured against her skin, rubbing his face against her belly before pulling her astride him. “Keep it on, princeza?” He reached up underneath, tugging off her panties. “Let me in, but keep this on?”
'Caught in the rain' for sweetsigyn

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 9 February 2017 on tumblr.

The rain came suddenly. Promptly ruining their picnic and forcing them to run for the car. Having Quicksilver for a boyfriend had it’s perks though, Darcy was realizing. Pietro had them back in the car before they got too soaked.

Of course, it was raining too hard to drive. Or maybe it was just more fun to make out in the backseat until the windows fogged up.
Darcy reached out and grabbed his arm when the elevator stopped. It felt like it shivered and gave up. She squeezed tightly and pulled herself closer. “Are we falling?”

Pietro tilted his head in mock disbelief. “Are you plastered to the ceiling?”

“No…but it stopped…” Her blue eyes were wide, darting around, obviously scared. Seemed like a job for the boyfriend.

He reached over to wrap his arm around her shoulders. “It’s fine. We’ll be fine. Tony installed a failsafe on the elevators last week. We just…have to wait a few minutes and it will correct itself.”

He turned to gaze down at the top of her head. “You okay?”

She shifted closer. “Depends. How long of a wait?”

“About ten minutes or so…”

“Huh…”

“What?”

“You just seem to be kind of an expert on elevators,” she mused.

“Not on elevators. Just on getting stuck in one and what not to do.”

“So what shouldn’t we do?” she asked, turning to face him, his arm still draped around her shoulder.

“What shouldn’t we do to pass the next ten minutes, Piet?”

“Well, we definitely shouldn’t flip the green switch up on top…”

“Oh, okay. That’s fine. Not really the button I wanted you to press…” she winked and leaned up on her tiptoes to kiss him.
Pietro pushed her back against the wall with him, his finger poised over his lips. His other arm was pressed protectively against her front and it was so hot it could be branding her. Hand on her hip, forearm across her belly. His bicep was mushed up against her breast. Darcy couldn’t believe that this was what she was focusing on when there was an enemy agent in the lab.

Her breath hitched as she tried to hold it.

She could see the cords in his neck as he craned around to try and see in the low light.

God, how had she not noticed how utterly gorgeous he was? Probably because she was so focused up on how utterly douchey he was. Sonic the Douchehog.

He turned to face her, his nose brushing against hers as he did. “I’m going to get you out, you just have to trust me…” His eyebrows raised slightly and Darcy nodded, gulping. Her heart was hammering in her chest and she was certain it wasn’t entirely because of the danger. “Okay…stay here.”

“What?”

“Shhh. Stay here. I’ll be right back…”

“But what if you’re not?” Darcy asked, her heart in her throat as he answered.

“Then I guess you’ll get your wish.”

She frowned and blinked a few times. He was gone. Zipped off to fight some baddies. The sounds of breaking glass and metal on metal clanging told her that something was happening.

He appeared in front of her, stooping slightly as he slipped his arms around her. “Hold on to me, and duck your head.”

She did as she was told, ducking her head and closing her eyes as the air whipped past them. It was weird, as they moved, it looked like time sort of slowed down around them. They must have used the emergency stairs, because she was down on the sidewalk before she knew it.

She wobbled on her feet as he set her upright. He reached out to steady her. “Alright?”

She nodded, grabbing his arm before he let go of her. “It wasn’t my wish.”

“What?” he frowned.

“Before? When I asked what I could do if you didn’t come back? It wasn’t my wish for you not to come back.”

“You tell me to drop dead often; I assumed…” he shrugged, trying to pull his arm away from her,
but she held on tighter. “You cannot blame me for the assumption.”

“I don’t really want that, though. I…I just think you’re annoying. I don’t hate you.”

“Aww,” He smirked.

“And I don’t want you to die. I…I want you to come back. So we can…go get coffee or
something.”

His eyebrows raised. “Well. I suppose I will have to come back, then.” He shot her a grin and
zipped off.

And Darcy was left wondering if she’d just asked Pietro on a date. She was pretty sure she did. But
even more surprising was how okay she was with it.
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 6 March 2017 on tumblr

Chapter Notes

Davis Lewis/Petra Maximoff

Petra zipped up beside him, her voice barely a whisper in his ear. “Are you finished yet?”

“I’d be a lot closer to being finished if I didn’t have to answer that question every thirty seconds. No joke, I’ve been timing you,” Davis quipped, arching an eyebrow as he scanned over the program code on the screen in front of him.

“You’d probably be a lot closer if you weren’t timing me either. Just a thought…” Petra smirked and disappeared with a blur.
'Meet-cute' for renateseline

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 6 March 2017 on tumblr.

Pietro was just going to zip through the lab, grab the shoes Tony had put out on the table for him and retreat back to his apartment.

Of course, that was before he saw one of the lab assistants struggling with two drink carriers’ worth of coffee.

He zipped back over, grabbing both and depositing them safely on the counter, spinning around and slipping his arm around her waist as she tumbled towards the ground. “Whoa…” he grinned and set her upright.

She looked up at him, her bright blue eyes wide with what started out as fear and ended in something else. “Whoa yourself…” she said with a grin.

He shifted his weight back on his hip and ran his fingers through his hair. “I’m Pietro…maybe you’ve heard of me?” He shot her a smile.

She smirked. “I’m Darcy, Pietro. And you’ve gotta cool it a few hundred degrees…some of us are trying to work.”
Darcy’s head was spinning. They’d ended up on the floor. Again. Not for the first time.

But what usually ended up in one hell of a rug burn on her ass was actually…kind of sweet? And not-rug-burny at all?

Pietro’s skin was covered in a thin sheen of sweat, his arms were propped up on either side of her head, bracketing it as he pressed slowly into her. He ducked his head down, his lips catching on her jaw and sucking gently.

She arched up against him, shifting her hips so he could hit that spot…the good spot. The money spot. She groaned, his name a faint sound in her exhale.

“Darcy…” he whispered, the sounds tickling her ear and making her grin.

“Who are you and what have you done with Pietro?” she asked, a giggle puncturing the seriousness of the moment.

“What?” he tilted his head slightly to the side. “What do you mean?”

“I dunno, usually you’re…scooting me across the floor by now…what’s with all this slow, sensual stuff?”

“I am sensual,” he argued.

She chuckled. “No offense, but you are hard and fast. It’s a workout to be with you. I can skip the gym on the days you come over.”

He scoffed and rocked his hips slowly into her. “Well…I will chase you around the track later to make up for the lack of cardio…”

“But seriously though…” she tightened her legs around his waist. “What’s going on, you okay?”

A serious look replaced the teasing smirk that had been there. His features relaxed into a soft smile. “I am absolutely fine, princeza. Just wanted to take my time with you…”
Darcy tugged him through the door by his lapels. Pietro went willingly. They'd been dancing around this for the whole evening. She'd been calling for room service the entire night and requesting him.

It had all felt like foreplay.

And now he was off the clock and went by her room on the off chance that he hadn’t been reading her wrong.

As it turned out, he wasn’t. Darcy Lewis, Tony Stark’s baby sister, wanted him. Wanted him bad, judging by the way she was sticking her tongue down his throat. Far be it for him to argue with such a beautiful heiress.

She ended the kiss suddenly, her wide blue eyes darkening as she took in his newly disheveled appearance. “You can’t tell anyone about this.”

“My lips are sealed,” he promised.

Her hand was already on his fly before he could finish the sentence.
Darcy snorted into her drink, her gaze cutting down to the end of the bar. Pietro knew what she was laughing at. Or rather…she was laughing at.

The blonde at the end of the bar was eye-fucking him pretty hard.

“Find this entertaining, do you?”

“Aww…Piet. Go put the poor girl out of her misery.” Darcy waggled her eyebrows, and Pietro really wanted to take her up on that offer. Except, not the girl at the end of the bar. The one sitting right in front of him. If she showed him the slightest sign she was miserable, that is. “C’mon. She’s your type, isn’t she? Tall? Blonde? Her eyebrows look pretty good…”

Pietro chuckled. “You know…I don’t notice eyebrows. Maybe that’s just me, but…ehhh…” He shrugged. “I wouldn’t say she’s my type at all.”

Scoffing, Darcy rolled her eyes. “In what universe is she not your type?” She took a sip of her soda.

“This one,” he said, arching his eyebrow and deciding to just go for it. “I’d prefer someone sitting a little closer to me…”

Her eyes widened and she actually looked around, her eyes focusing where Sam was seated on Pietro’s opposite side.

Pietro sighed and leaned in, pressing his lips softly to hers. “You’re my type, Darcy.”

She licked her lips and kissed him again. “You’re not drunk are you?”

He laughed. “I cannot get drunk, princeza.”

“And so this is actually happening? I’m not like…dreaming or something?”

“Not unless I’m dreaming as well. And if that’s the case, well…I do not think I would want to wake up.”


“It’s only a line if it worked. Lewis?”

She set her cup down on the bar and stood up, holding out her hand. “It’s a line. It’s definitely a line.”
Her lips sank down into his bottom lip. Pietro grunted, pulling her onto his lap. Darcy’s nails scored his back when he entered her, slipping so easily into that silky wet heat.

A smug smile appeared, her lips quirk ing up at the corners. “Missed you, babe.”

He groaned in response, quite literally unable to form a reply. He raked his fingers through her hair, pushing it all back from her face so he could kiss her again. So he could play that game where he tried not to break contact with her lips even as she was bouncing in his lap. He never won, but it was too much fun for that to be an issue.

There would be words later. So many words. He’d whisper his affection across the pillows until he couldn’t hold his eyes open anymore. But right now…

Right now, he wanted to climb into her, but this was as close as he could get.
Pietro didn’t really sleep as much as Darcy seemed to need to. But he didn’t mind lying here and holding her until she drifted off.

He pressed soft kisses against the shell of her ear as she snuggled up to her pillow, waiting until her breathing evened out before he tried to disengage from her embrace.

Just as he’d pulled his arm out from beneath her, he heard her whisper. In her sleep, no doubt, but he heard it nonetheless.

“Love you, Piet.”

His heart stammered in his chest and he paused there at the edge of the bed before climbing back in and wrapping himself around her. “Love you too, princeza…”
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 13 April 2017 on tumblr.

Song is 'Monster' - Imagine Dragons.

Chapter Notes

I tried to write this little angsty thing. And it turned cute. Help? I can’t even, apparently. This pairing takes away my will to even.

“Heya, Stranger…” Darcy’s purple tipped manicured fingernails stood out in stark contrast to the chain link fence she’d curled her fingers through. In fact, everything about Darcy stood out in stark contrast to everything. She was just so damn bright.

“Hey,” Pietro answered, careful to keep his answers short. Clipped. Not inviting another response. Maybe she’d just get tired of waiting. He wouldn’t have to tell her why this wasn’t going to work. Why he couldn’t be around her.

How she was too good for him. How it hurt to be near her, because what he wanted, he wanted badly. And he wasn’t sure he could stand it if she ever wised up and left him. It was better not to begin at all, than have to stop after they’d started.

“I get the feeling you’re avoiding me…” She wasn’t looking at him. “Which. Whatever, dude. You do you, okay? Just…don’t play games, okay? I don’t…I don’t do that anymore? If you’re not interested or whatever, just tell me, capiche?” She paused, shaking her head. “I don’t know why I said that. I’m not a mobster or anything.”

She was giving him an out. And that was amazing of her, given the way Pietro had been acting around her. Hot and cold. Day and night.

“I am not interested.” The words were as empty as he was.

And he wanted to take them back the second he said them. The way her face fell.

“Right. Cool. Have…have a good run, Pietro.” She pushed back against the fence, turning to leave.

His chest ached, he very nearly had to lock his knees to keep himself from running after her. To keep from bringing her into this mess that was his life. She didn’t deserve someone who couldn’t sleep at night for the nightmares. Who couldn’t handle anything since they’d brought him back from the brink of death. She wasn’t for him. He was broken.

His feet were skidding to a stop beside her before he could stop himself. “I lied. I am interested. I just…think that once you get to know me? You will be the one who is not interested.”
“Well, you could let me decide that for myself, ya know. I am completely competent like that,” she snapped.

“I know. What can I say? I am a selfish man, Darcy…if I am destined to lose you, I do not want you at all.”

She rolled her eyes. “Well that’s a first.”

“What?”

“Usually it’s the opposite. Guys don’t want me if they have to keep me. You don’t want me if you can’t.” She snorted and walked a little faster. “Thing is? I’m not someone you keep. I’m someone who stays. And until you can figure that out, you’re grounded.”

He frowned. “What?”

“You heard me, Wonder Boy. You’re grounded.”

“From what?”

“I dunno, what’s something you like? Xbox?”

“You don’t have that authority,” he scoffed.

“You’d be surprised. I know a lot of FRIDAY’s codes. Some Tony doesn’t even know.”

“Let me get this straight, draga… you are grounding me from the Xbox…until when?”

“Until you realize that I’m my own woman and you can either be with me, or without me, but you will never ever HAVE me. Cuz I’m not a thing, Maximoff.”

“If I’m not going to have you, there’s not much fun to be had, is there Lewis?” He arched his eyebrows, smirking salaciously.

Darcy pressed her lips together. “Just for that? No Netflix either.”

He protested. “You wouldn’t!”

“I would. Now. Go run around the track and think about what you’ve done. If you’re lucky, you can help me cook dinner when you get back.”
“Can I rip this?” Darcy asked, gripping the neck of his t-shirt. Her blue eyes were impossibly dark, boring into his. Her tongue came out to lick at her bottom lip and Pietro found himself nodding.

It was just a shirt. A shirt that was in the way.

She ripped it easily enough, tearing it just enough to run her hands over his bare skin, leaving it in tatters around his neck. He ducked down to suck softly at the hollow of her throat, relishing the way her breath caught when his tongue touched her skin. “Do you like that?” he whispered, feeling a surge of prideful smugness at the way her voice had gotten all whiney.

“I do. But give me more…”

Her hands were down at his waistband, pushing his pants down over his hips and wrapping her hand around him. He bit down on his bottom lip and bucked into her hand. “I’ll give you whatever you want, princeza…just…” He reached up to pop open the button on her blouse. “Take your clothes off.”
Pietro had felt the electricity between them for a while. Even before tonight. But he’d always shied away. Because it was trouble, wasn’t it? To fall for a friend? 

He was past the point of falling. He had already fallen. And her hand was in his, tugging him closer.

“Darcy?” he murmured, a last-ditch effort. A call for help. Because this was in her hands now. He wouldn’t say no unless he heard it from her.

She rose up on her tiptoes and pressed her lips to his, making the decision for both of them. This was happening.

“Darcy…” he repeated, his tone low and gravelly, dripping with arousal and every ounce of self restraint he had left. “We should probably go home?”

“Yours or mine?” she asked, her thumbs stroking along the neckline of his t-shirt.

He shook his head. “I do not care…I just…I need…”

“Me too…” she paused. “Mine’s closer.”

He nodded. “Yours then.”
“You okay up there, babe?” Darcy asked, dragging her fingers up Pietro’s stomach. His abs jumped, his muscles tensing and releasing as she touched him.

He nodded, adding a groan on for good measure. “Please…Darcy…let me…”

He could get out of those cuffs in a blink if he wanted. He’d proven it to her on more than one occasion. But there were times like this, where he wanted to be tied up. Blindfolded. At her mercy.

And Darcy definitely wasn’t one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

To be perfectly honest? Her boyfriend was scorching hot all the time.

But handcuffed to her headboard? Blindfolded with one of her scarfs?

Cock hard and leaking all over his belly because she’d been teasing him for the better part of a half hour?

Fuck, he was gorgeous.

She climbed on top of him, reaching for his dick and lining it up with her entrance. Because she was dripping wet for him. This teased her as much as it did him.

Pietro whimpered as she slowly lowered herself onto him, a moan shaking free from her lips as her body met his.

Smirking, he rocked his hips up towards her. “How close are you, princeza? How many times would you have to fuck yourself onto me before you come?”

“Four…” she gasped. “Maybe five?”

It was at that moment that she realized who’d been in charge this whole time.

“Let’s see if you can do it in four. Otherwise, I’m taking over.”

Darcy let her fingernails dig into his waist.

Fuck, he was phenomenal.
Pietro growled and nuzzled her neck, his arm slinking around her waist. “You smell like home…” he murmured.

“What?” Darcy asked, still a little dazed from the sudden burst of hormones. The burst of hormones that had her thighs falling open, hips rocking up as he lined himself up, pressing slickly into her core.

“You asked…what you smell like to me…” he reiterated, his hips thrusting forward with a snap. “You smell like home.”

She couldn’t respond until several minutes later. After he stilled, holding her close as his knot swelled inside her.

“Pietro…” she whispered, still panting as he sucked soft kisses up the line of her throat.

“Hmm?”

“What does home smell like?”
Darcy sank down onto him slowly, her mouth open slightly as she moaned. “Ohhh…”

Pietro reached for her hands, lacing their fingers as her body met his. His breath came in shallow pants. He squeezed her hands and drank in the sight of her.

Nude and straddling him. She should always be nude and straddling him. Even if they weren’t fucking, it was a good look for his *princeza*.

“You’re beautiful, Darcy…” he murmured.

Pausing in mid-rise, she arched an eyebrow. “That’s just ‘cause I’m gonna ride you. That’s all.”

He shook his head. “You’re beautiful. I love you. And I’d love you even if you didn’t ride me.”

Darcy took her bottom lip between her teeth and sank back down. “Is that so?”

Nodding, Pietro tugged one of her hands up to his lips, pressing a kiss across her knuckles. “It is.”
When she’d asked for a massage from the quickest Avenger, Darcy had kind of been hoping for, at most, a little relief from her back pain.

She hadn’t really expected to end up on her back, with Pietro’s hand up her skirt, fingers pressed relentlessly against her g-spot. Magic fingers indeed.

“Right…right there…oh fuck…Pietro…”

He preened a little, arching his eyebrows. “Does that feel good? _Princeza_, I’ve dreamed about this…”

“About fingering me on the floor of the supply closet?”

He shook his head. “I’ve dreamed that you’d allow me to touch you like this…”

“No problem allowing that, believe me. Now let’s see if I’ll let you stop…”

“I can go for hours…” he murmured, his eyes darkening. He added his thumb into the mix, rolling it over her clit. “As long as you want me…”
“Oh…I like that…” he murmured, his hands reaching out for her the second her dress hit the floor. Darcy was wearing only a pair of white lace panties, a matching bralet. Her nipples were stiff and visible.

He loved lace. Loved the way it didn’t hide an inch of her from view, loved the way she moaned when he rubbed her through it. Loved the way he could see how red her ass got when he spanked her.

She was settling down across his lap, almost like she was expecting it now.

Pietro was nothing if not happy to oblige his love. His princeza got everything she wanted.

Especially if she moaned like that when his hand came down on her ass. Moaned and writhed in his lap.

“You’re gonna spoil me, Piet…” she murmured. “If you do this every time…”

He reached between her legs, cupping her, two fingers stroking against her clit, sliding in the slickness that was seeping through her thin lace panties. “Good…” he countered. “It’s about time someone spoiled you.”
She pressed her hand against his lower back, coaxing him closer.

Pietro inhaled sharply when he entered her, his head dropping down to rest against hers. “Darcy…” he murmured. “Darcy, you are so warm…”

She tilted her head so she could slot her lips over his, her fingertips trailed up and down his back. He pulled back slowly, pressing forward experimentally as a ragged moan tumbled from his lips, almost as if it were being pulled from him.

He swore under his breath. A mixture of Sokovian and English, a mumbled litany that was music to her ears.

She hummed, rocking her hips up to meet one of his slow thrusts. “You feel so good, Pietro…”

His speed increased after that. He pressed his hand up behind her right knee, pushing her leg up and back to change the angle slightly. He held her gaze, watching to make sure that everything he did was okay, was approved before he added something else.

“Show me…show me what you like…” he murmured. “I want you to come…”

Darcy nodded, lifting her leg a little more so she could rest it against his shoulder. She shifted down slightly on the bed and wrapped her other leg around his waist.

He gripped her hips and pressed into her. “Like this?” His eyes were dark, only a thin ring of blue still visible around the pupil. His lips were pink from all the kissing they’d done earlier. Slightly parted as he panted.

“You can…you can go harder,” she urged, crying out when he did. Nodding her head and mumbling ‘yes, yes…there…oh Pietro…like that…”

All it took was a quick brush of her thumb over her clit and she was rolling over the edge with Pietro not far behind.

He slowed to a halt, being careful to support his weight on his arms until he could roll over to the side. “Thank you…” he murmured, his lips pressing softly against her temple, right along her hairline so it tickled and made her shiver.
She curled up next to him, nuzzling against his throat as she got comfortable. “Thank you. You quick-learner, you…”
“Pietro!” Darcy giggled, wrapping her arms around him as he pressed her back against the tree. “We are in the park, Mister. People get arrested for much less.”

He chuckled. “People get arrested because they get caught. You can keep quiet, can’t you, princeza?”

“You KNOW I can’t,” she protested.

“Try…” he murmured, dropping down to his knees in front of her. He was nosing under her skirt in no time, tugging her panties out of the way as his tongue slid towards its goal.
“Shhhh…” Pietro placed his hand over her mouth, muffling her cries as his fingers buzzed against her clit. He was cupping her through her clothes, which was frustrating to say the least, but of fucking course he was getting her there.

Holy hell, he was getting her there.

In a supply closet just outside Bruce’s office, Pietro was getting her there.

She cried out, rocking up against his hand and knocking what sounded like a plastic box full of smaller plastic boxes onto the floor at their feet.

He removed his hand from her mouth and kissed her, swallowing her moans of ecstasy as she rode out an intense orgasm against his hand.

“You are incredibly loud, my princeza…” he murmured, but for the life of her, she couldn’t detect an ounce of chastisement.
Chapter Summary

Originaly posted on 14 May 2017 on tumblr.

Sexy Handyman Roleplay? :P

To be continued...

Darcy was absolutely expecting Pietro to come over, she just wasn’t expecting what she saw when she opened the door.

Her cocky, self-assured, hotter-than-should-be-allowed boyfriend in a pair of tight jeans, a white t-shirt and an honest to god tool belt.

He ran his hand through his hair, he wore it kind of long these days, but it was down in his face, rather than pulled back in a low ponytail like usual. “You said you needed something fixed, ma’am?” He arched an eyebrow and winked.

Darcy’s eyes went wide. Oh holy fuck, he was doing it. The thing. THE THING. The thing she’d told him a few nights before in a bout of post-coital bliss. The thing that she didn’t think he took seriously. The handyman fantasy thing!

“Uhh…” she mumbled, too drunk on the sight of Pietro in a too-tight t-shirt to think clearly.

Luckily, he had everything taken care of. “Something about a…” he trailed off as he walked inside. “Something in your bedroom?”

“The fan,” she blurted. “It’s…it’s on the ceiling.”

He grinned and gestured for her to lead the way.

She was watching him flip the switch and tug on the chain soon after. “Seems fine to me…”

Oh holy fuck, he was amazing.

“Well, I mean…it’s probably just being good ‘cause you’re here.”

“Maybe I should wait around, then…do you have anything else you’d like me to check out?” he asked, his voice dropping to a low murmur for the last part.

She was pretty sure her panties hit the floor sometime around then
Darcy dragged the strawberry up Pietro’s abdomen, rubbing it around his lips before letting him take a bite.

She rocked her hips over his. Even though he wasn’t enveloped inside her yet, he could feel her slick heat as she rubbed herself against him.

Taking a bite of the fruit herself, the juice dripped from her lips and made his mouth water. He yanked at the restraints, wanting nothing more than to lick her everywhere she was wet.

“Darcy…” he murmured, watching her take another bite of the strawberry. “Let me have a taste…”

She offered the berry down to him, but he shook his head, glancing down where they were nearly joined instead.

“I’m not untying you,” she said with a wink, rubbing herself up and down his hard cock.

“I know…” he whispered, “Just…bring yourself up here to me…” he licked his lips. “You feel…” he bucked up to meet her. “So very…juicy.”

Her eyes widened and she rose off him. “Are you sure?”

He nodded vigorously, watching as she crawled up the bed to center herself over his face. “Yes…like that…” he groaned as she slowly lowered herself over him.
Darcy hummed against him, letting her hands slide all over Pietro’s hard body beneath the state-of-the-art polymer fabric that Tony had designed especially for heat distribution and aerodynamics.

“Darcy…” he whispered. “Let me shower, please?”

She pouted. “Will you put it back on?”

He arched an eyebrow. “How about you help me take it off, eh? I could…strip for you? In the bathroom?”

She nodded and accepted his outstretched hand. “I wish you would fuck me in that uniform…”

“There’s no place for me to do that!” he protested with a laugh.

“There has to be a way for you to pee. If there’s a way to pee, there’s a way to get your dick out,” she insisted.

“I will try…” he promised. “For you, princeza, I will do anything.”
'Tomorrow Never Knows' for anon

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 11 January 2016 on tumblr.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so this prompt gave me feels about a fic idea I’ve been floating around for a while, and I’ll probably use this as the preface for that fic whenever I get around to writing it. Basically, Pietro is in a coma after Sokovia, and Darcy is in and out of his hospital room, helping Wanda. Anyway, the ship is a little one-sided at this point, but I really liked writing this! OTP feels ftw!

Pietro's Sokovian is actually Serbian. And you can hover over the text to get a translation. Nifty! Except if you're on a phone or a tablet...for those you'll have to scroll down for the translations...so sorry. :( 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Pietro was aware. Regardless of what the nurses said.

He could hear everything. It was just...muffled and out of context.

He could sense Wanda in the room. Could sense her fear. Her anger. Her worry.

He tried to communicate with her, knowing she was reaching out with her mind, trying to will himself to open his eyes.

It was like sleep, but not. Sleep was warm. Comforting. This was cold and oppressive. Muffling his senses. A distant hum that never faltered.

Six rounds from heavy artillery. That’s what took him down. He remembered that like it was yesterday. It hadn’t hurt...it just had made everything slow. Like before.

No, what had hurt was the cradle. The rounds of resuscitation. Dying was painless. Being brought back was excruciating.

Trying to open his eyes was exhausting.

The first time he succeeded, Wanda wasn’t in the room.

SHE was, though.

An angel, he thought immediately. Cascading lengths of brown hair, big grayish-blue eyes, almost silver. She’d smiled at him, revealing a gap in her front teeth. It was cute. She was beautiful, setting a vase of flowers on his bedside table.
Just a snapshot, nothing more. He only kept his eyes open for a few seconds before succumbing to the cold sleep again. It was the first thing he’d seen since Sokovia, so he committed it all to memory.

He thought about his angel all the time. How the light in the room made her hair shine. How she’d smiled at him like she’d been waiting for him.

He was vaguely aware of voices. Wanda was disappointed that she hadn’t been there.

She tried in earnest to breach his mind after that.

And he wanted to let her in. He did.

But it was like she was chipping away at an ice block ten feet thick.

The second time he opened his eyes, both Wanda and his angel were in the room. Talking. Wanda was smiling.

Neither of them saw him, but he watched them both for what felt like an eon, but was in reality about thirty seconds.

And he heard her speak. Now he could pick out her voice when she talked to him.

He was trying to remember if he knew her. Did he?

Maybe.

No. No, he would remember someone like her.

The third time, he opened his eyes, he was alone. But he kept them open, even chancing to blink.

He was ecstatic.

He looked around the room, finally able to make out his surroundings. He was in the cradle still. In a hospital room of sorts. There was a window.

He couldn’t move, couldn’t turn his head. Could only move his eyes.

Wanda’s excited squeal got his attention. She rushed to his side. “Pietro! Brate!”

He looked at her, looked past her to the doorway, where his angel stood, leaning against the door frame.

He looked back at Wanda, willing her to use her mind.

_Can you hear me, Pietro?

-...Yes...

_Are you hurting?

-No. Are you alright? Did everything...?

_I’m fine, Pietro...How are—

-Wanda...tell me...what is her name?

Who??
Wanda turned towards the doorway, turning back with an annoyed, yet placating look on her face.

*I should have known. Pietro...always thinking with your—*

*Her name?*

She spoke it aloud, “Darcy.”

The beauty herself responded, “Hmm? Want me to get the nurse? Wanda?”

Wanda smiled, shaking her head.

*You are an idiot, brother of mine.*

*Tell her I asked…*

His sister rolled her eyes.

*Fine.*

*Tell her I think she is beautiful. Ask her to visit me…ask her to talk to me…tell her…*

His eyes fell shut again before he was ready, the cold taking over without warning. Wanda’s muffled voice was frantic.

But he felt peaceful. Darcy. His angel had a name and it was Darcy. He let his body rest. Knowing that he could and would see her again.

Chapter End Notes

Brate-brother  
Moj anđeo-My angel

*thank you to abbie-a-aaronson for fixing my google translate disaster.*
'Strawberry Fields Forever' for anon

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 11 January 2016 on tumblr.

Okay…deep breaths…do NOT panic…Tony’s going to get you out soon.

She glanced over at Pietro. He certainly wasn’t looking especially calm at the moment. In fact, he looked scared. She’d only ever seen him scared twice before. And both times had been when something was attacking the tower and he was worried about her.

So now SHE was a little scared.

“Friday?” she said, her voice sounding shaky and a little shrill.

“Ms. Lewis?”

“Any idea when the elevators will be working again?”

“Mr. Stark is working on fixing them as soon as possible. He estimates it will take between five and ninety minutes to free you and Mr. Maximoff.”

“Five and ninety. Lovely.”

Pietro looked up at the speaker briefly at the mention of his name before his gaze started to flit all over the elevator. He’d been steadily getting more and more panicked since the elevator had gotten them stuck between floors. And of course, since it was one of Tony’s space age inventions, there was no godly way of getting the doors open without dropping them twenty stories and probably a few feet under the surface of the earth. So, until Iron Asshole could get whatever was broken FIXED, they were stuck in this tiny little elevator.

He pulled at his collar, backing up and hitting the back of the elevator, his chest was heaving. “I can’t breathe.”

Oh. And her boyfriend was claustrophobic.

It made sense…from what little he’d told her of his experience with Hydra, he’d been kept in a tiny cell while the experiments had been done on him. hat, coupled with an unbridled and untrained ability to travel at the speed of sound…probably made for an all-around NOT fun time.

Pretty much like right now.

He zipped from corner to corner. “I can’t…breathe. I can’t…I can’t…I can’t…” he started babbling then, repeating the same words over and over again in Sokovian. “Molim te, pusti me napolje…pusti me napolje…molim te…molim te…molim te”

And while Darcy was by no means fluent in Sokovian, she knew a few words and phrases and could pull from context clues as well as the next person. “Please…let me go…let me go…please…please…please”
She reached out for him. “Piet…Piet…come here…”

He looked at her, his eyes wide and wild, almost like he didn’t recognize her.

“Pietro…” she got ahold of one of his hands and he stopped, still muttering “molim te” under his breath.

Darcy knew a panic attack when she saw one. She pulled him closer, opening her arms and he folded himself around her, sinking down to the floor.

She shushed him, stroking his cheek, scratching his head, all the things that she did to make him relax at home. Of course, that was usually just to wind him down from training or from a mission. Never from something like this. “Shh…it’s okay, Piet. I’m here. I’m here. I’m not leaving. You’re not alone.”

He gulped and buried his head in her lap while she continued to stroke his hair. He felt so heavy, wrapped around her like this. His tense muscles started to relax and soon, his breathing evened out and he sat up, looking at once ashamed and grateful. “I am sorry about that…I do not like enclosed spaces…”

“I know, Babe. It’s fine…” she hesitated before continuing, “Does this happen often?”

He shook his head, “Not very often. Wanda was usually there…”

She nodded, “Sorry if I wasn’t as good as she is…”

“Wanda has mind control powers. You did just fine, Darcy…thank you,” He pulled his knees up, propping his arms on them and leaning back against the wall behind them.

“I’m here for you, Piet. This relationship isn’t one way…understand?”

He smiled weakly.

“I mean it. I’m on call for you 24/7. Except during the Walking Dead.”

He chuckled.

“I’m kidding. I’m always available for you. Because I love you.”

“Wow, this must be true love. Like in the movies. If you’d abandon Daryl Dixon for me…” he said dryly, bumping her shoulder with his. “Love you too, Darcy.”

Darcy scooted in closer to him, wrapping her arms around one of his, resting her head on his shoulder. “So…” she drawled, “Wanna play ‘I, Spy’?”
She kept saying she had work in the morning. That she should get to sleep.

She said it a billion times.

And Pietro knew he should leave. Let her sleep. He didn’t have work, but he didn’t want her having to go in super tired.

But every time she said it, she found another reason to keep him here. Another topic.

He’d honestly never spent the night with a woman and had it be just this. Just talking.
Hugging a throw pillow to his chest while he lounged on the floor with her in front of her bed.

The light from her TV was casting a flickering blue hue over everything. Reflecting off her glasses.

She’d invited him up, and he’d gone, not really sure if they were at the point in their relationship where sex should come into it.

Darcy wasn’t sure either, judging by the way her gaze had wandered over the bed, ignoring its existence. Like it was there only to hold the throw pillows they eventually situated themselves with on the floor in front of her TV.

His shoes came off after hers. Only after she’d asked him to take them off.

Her apartment was small. A studio. The bathroom was about five paces away. Kitchen about ten. It smelled like her. Lemons and vanilla. Cookies.

They didn’t discuss it. What they were doing. They’d been on three dates. Three was apparently the magic number.

But this.

This was almost better.

Almost. Because no one was going to believe him if he said talking was better than sex.

The way she laughed. The way she looked when she was tired. Eyes red, watery. Laughing at things he said that shouldn’t be funny, but they were because it was four in the morning.

She kissed him a few times. Just casual pecks, though. Her lips smacking against his, tasting a little like the cinnamon gum she chewed.

Nothing like the kisses they shared outside her door before she invited him in. Mouths open,
her tongue gently prodding. Once they came inside, the kisses became chaste. Innocent. Like she was scared to let herself go there.

He wasn’t sure, so he figured he would err on the side of caution. Let her take the lead. It was refreshing. No worries. Like riding in the passenger seat on a long night drive.

It was warm. It was safe. It was nice.

He must have fallen asleep. He awoke with the sun streaming in the window. Her cat was laying in the sunspot, annoyed that he was in the way. There was a note folded in his hand.

“Had a lot of fun, couldn’t bear to wake you. You’re cute when you’re sleeping. Coffee in the kitchen. Lock the door on your way out. Call me later. Darcy.”

It was actually one of the less awkward ways he’d woken up in a woman’s apartment.

He got up, groaning as his back popped, awkwardly stiff on one side.

He poured himself a cup of coffee, drinking it black because she didn’t have much milk left. Her cat wound itself around his legs having followed him out to the kitchen. He noted how strange it was that he hadn’t seen the feline prowling around the night before. Or, he just hadn’t been paying attention. Darcy HAD mentioned she had a cat.

A quick glance at the clock on the wall told him it was close to ten, so he downed the rest of his coffee quickly, and hand washed the mug. Something he didn’t even do at home, but he felt obligated to here.

He did a quick pocket check and left, locking the door as per her instructions.

Well, if I’m dead set on doing everything in that note…

He pulled out his phone, thumb lingering over her number before tapping the screen.

She answered on the second ring. “Hey there, Sleeping Beauty.”

He chuckled, “If that were true, you should have kissed me awake before you left.”

He could almost hear the grin in her voice, “Maybe I DID, but it didn’t work.”

“Huh. I really must be a heavy sleeper.”
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 19 January 2016 on tumblr.

High School AU.

Pietro glanced over at her. The flickering light of the big screen at once illuminating her face and casting shadows. His gaze flitted down, to the arm rest. Where she had her hand. He didn’t know why he was suddenly nervous. This was Darcy.

Darcy Lewis. Definitely not the only person to befriend him since he’d moved to the States, but one of the first who did it because she genuinely wanted to, and not just because he was foreign either.

That’s how everyone else viewed him. A badge. A notch. A check on a bucket list of people. He might not have noticed it at first. But now he did.

He was something they could brag about to their friends. “I took the Sokovian kid to the mall with me.” “Oh really? I went with him to the dance!” “Oh wow. You’re a great person.” “I know, right?”

Charitable friendship, Wanda called it.

He and his sister were novelties. And as soon as someone new moved to town, or an exchange student flew in, they’d be cast aside like birthday toys at Christmas.

The first time Darcy asked him to hang out, he’d said no. He’d still been under the illusion that he was popular. She wasn’t anyone to speak of. She’d shrugged and walked away, “Suit yourself, Wonder Boy.”

She’d called him that since he set that record for the 100-meter dash in gym. Before the track coach had convinced him to join the team. He was still breaking records. Not that anyone in this town cared anything about sports unless it was Football in the fall or Baseball in the Spring. Basketball in the Winter. Basically, if you didn’t move a ball around, it didn’t count for much.

Darcy was seemingly everywhere and nowhere at all. Flitting in and out of classes, chewing on the end of her pencil and staring dreamily at a spot four feet in front of her. Head in the clouds. Yearbook staff. Which translated to being everywhere.

She’d asked him again at the dance. He’d gone with the head cheerleader. Until she’d left him out behind the cafeteria to go fuck her boyfriend in the back of his truck.
Darcy was suddenly there, outside the cafeteria, not chewing on a pencil, but still there. Beside him. When he was pissed and didn’t want to see anyone.

“Wanna go hang out?” she’d asked.

“NO,” he’d blurted, leaning back against the brick wall behind him, crossing his arms across his chest.

“Oh, okay,” she’d said pleasantly, leaning back beside him. “Need a ride home?”

He’d set his jaw and nodded.

She hadn’t said a word on the way to his house.

Picked up a pile of papers and books off her front seat, tossing it into the back, sliding a bunch of wrappers onto the floor. Reaching for the adjustment lever so he wouldn’t have to.

He gave her directions, but that was all the talking there was.

Just her humming along to a song on the radio. The volume was so low, he couldn’t even figure out which song.

She let him out in front of the house, waving as he got out. He just stared at her car, a maroon hatchback, puttering its way up the street, before turning around himself and going inside.

The following Monday, she started sitting with him at lunch. No prelude. Just the soft thump of her lunchbox and the scrapey sound of a chair being pulled out.

He would have told her to leave, but she just sat there. Didn’t talk to him at all. Talked a hell of a lot to Wanda, when she joined them.

But not a word to him. Not that first day.

Not the second either.

Not a word until he forced himself into their conversation. And she’d turned and locked eyes with him.

Blue eyes. Blue-gray. Why hadn’t he noticed that before?

Which brought them to where they were. Seated in a dark movie theater. The shared arm rest currently occupied by her arm. Light skin, a few freckles. A Spongebob wrist watch. A green beaded bracelet. Chewed on fingernails and picked at cuticles.

He glanced up at her face again, her eyes were cast downward, looking at his hand, currently on his knee. Her bottom lip was between her teeth.

This is Darcy. She’s not going to reject you...

He took a deep breath and went for it. His hand closing around hers, fingertips dragging lazily as she turned it so their palms were pressed together. A little shiver went through him when she laced her fingers with his, thumb stroking gently.
He exhaled simultaneously with her, glancing over and smiling slightly. Crookedly. Because they were both idiots and now they knew it.

But, they could be idiots together now.
Darcy slid the plate of Pietro’s leftovers into the fridge with a sigh. A glance at the clock told her it was after ten.

She tried not to let it get to her. She understood. He was on a team. He was an Avenger. It wasn’t like he could just tell Cap he had plans.

As far as she understood it, he had a hard time reigning in all the little things his powers granted him. He was fast, but he was clumsy. He wasted a lot of energy in multiple strikes because of it. He had to get better. This was the mantra. He was doing pretty well, but he had to get better. He couldn’t let what happened in Sokovia happen again. He was faster than the speed of sound, so ideally he should have been able to save Clint AND the little boy and not get shot up in the process. Pietro was pretty adamant about not having another close call like that. And she had to agree with him. Not that she wouldn’t love him full of holes, but…

She slapped a post-it on the fridge. “I saved your dinner. -D” She added a heart as an afterthought because it looked too cold without it.

She shook herself a little, because it didn’t do anyone any good being bitter and jealous of something that couldn’t be helped. She understood his reasoning, it just took some getting used to. Being in a relationship and being alone more than not.

She was in the process of turning off the lights when the front door opened. It closed and she felt his arms around her waist, lips on the juncture of her jaw and her neck. “I’m sorry, Princeza…”

“It’s okay,” she said automatically. “I mean…it’s not okay, it’s just…I understand.”

“No…it’s not okay,” he agreed, “I’m neglecting you…”

She didn’t really know how to respond to that. “Uh…”

He kissed her neck again, stubble scraping against her skin. She reached up to grip his forearm, running her hand up and down, making sure he was really there. “I have the next week off…no training.”

“Is Cap aware?” she snorted. She could honestly imagine Captain America beating down their door and dragging Pietro out by his ear.

“Yes.”

“And he’s okay with it?”

“It is a Captain-America-Sanctioned holiday,” he chuckled, adjusting his grip on her waist, pulling her flush against him. “Morale boosting, you know…”
“Oh wow. I guess I should send him a thank you card or something…”

He nuzzled her neck, moving up to kiss right behind her ear. “I am so sorry, Darcy…”

“Piet…”

He turned her around, arms moving up her back. “Can I kiss you?”

“Weren’t you already?” she jibed.

He smiled crookedly, leaning down to press his lips gently to hers.

_Oh God, he’s a good kisser. Did I forget that? How long has it been since he’s kissed me?_

She moaned unabashedly when he parted his lips, she reached up, running her fingers through his hair, pulling him closer, keeping him there until the annoying need to breathe caused her to break off the kiss.

“I forgot how good you are at that…” she whispered.

He looked almost sad, leaning down to kiss her forehead. “Darcy…I’m so—”

“How about instead of saying you’re sorry, you just…I dunno, spend the rest of the night showing me how sorry you are?” She arched an eyebrow, grabbing his hand and turning, trailing him behind her down the hall.

She gasped when she found herself suddenly on the bed, Pietro hovering over her before descending on her lips again. “Hope you’re not tired, _Princeza_…”
He hadn’t seen her since Stark took them to L.A six months before. She’d been in the lab there. Bringing coffee to some of the scientists. Talking back to Tony, being an all-around smart ass.


She’d been in the lab that day, but she was in his bed that night. And every night he was in L.A. All eight of them. It was…an unusual precedent for him. He’d even left his number with her. Multiple numbers. Cell. Landline. Fuck, he’d even left his email address.

And she’d utilized…none of them. Never called him after they went back to New York. Not once. And she hadn’t provided him with a number to reach her. And he didn’t want to be one of those…stalker guys who couldn’t take a hint.

So…when he’d seen her this morning in the lab here in New York…he’d been reasonably surprised.

She was behind a counter, picking up something that had fallen. She replaced whatever it was and straightened, tossing her long hair over her shoulder, and Pietro fell all over again. Practically tripping over himself to talk to her.

And she’d been…warm. Cordial. But she was not responding to his advances.

He’d obviously been deluding himself. She wasn’t just making it easier because of the distance. She flat wasn’t interested. Which…baffled him. Those eight nights had been…some of his best. And he’d given her his best. And she’d seemed…pretty satisfied.

She got sent out for coffee soon after that. He went with her. She didn’t protest his being there. He waited until the elevator doors closed before speaking. “Darcy…”

“Pietro…don’t. Just stop, okay?”

He didn’t argue, simply asked, “Why?”

“Because…YOU…are on the fast track to hurting me.”

“I would never hurt you…”

She snorted, “Right. Just like you would never fuck your way around New York. Leaving broken hearts wherever your skinny ass decides to spend the night.”

He pressed his lips together. “We weren’t like that.”
She shrugged, “We were supposed to be.”

“Says who?”

“You.”

“That’s bullshit.” She shrugged and stepped out of the elevator. He followed, fuming. “I would never hurt you…” he repeated.

She didn’t respond.

“Look, let me try again. This time, know that I mean to keep seeing you.”

She still didn’t say anything, exiting the lobby with him on her heels. She wrapped her arms around her waist and started walking in the direction of a distant coffee shop sign.

“Please? If you still want to, that is…I’ll leave you alone if you don’t…I don’t want to leave you alone…I want to bask in your beautiful smile every day.”

Her mouth twitched as she tried to hide a smile.

“That’s the one…” he grinned and leaned down. “Such a beautiful smile.”

“Say more nice things…” she arched an eyebrow.


She was laughing. Laughing was good.

“Dinner…I could get on board with dinner.”

“You’re right…we’ll save that other stuff for the second date.”

“Not the second. We had eight dates in L.A. So this one would be the ninth, making the next one the tenth…” she corrected him.

And usually, he’d be ready to argue. To insist that this was a new cycle of dating. But, her arm had slunk through his, and her head was on his shoulder, and they were walking really close together.

And he really couldn’t be bothered to argue this time.
“Darcy, marry me…”

She immediately stopped what she was doing. Because it took a fair amount of concentration.

She stopped, licked her lips, cracked her jaw, and looked up at him. “No way did you just propose in the middle of a blow job, Maximoff.”

He grinned widely, “Sounds like I did.”

“No, what you did, was propose at the end of the most unsatisfying blow job you will ever receive from me…” She sat back on her heels and stood on wobbly legs, turning and sitting down on the bed beside him.

“See, now that just sounds like each and every time you blow me, it’s going to get better and better…” he teased.

“That was your Valentine’s blow job, too…”

“I know.”

“That you’re getting partly because of this amazing evening you planned. (The other part being that I love you)…”

“Aw, I love you too, Princeza.”

“Which is WHY I’m completely blown away by this…because you had ample opportunity to propose earlier. During dinner. On our walk afterwards. Even when we got milkshakes on the way home…”

He shrugged, “I didn’t think of it until just now. And I must have done it right, if you’re blown away.”

She covered her face and fell back on the bed. “Pretty sure you did it WRONG. If YOU’RE proposing, YOU’RE supposed to be on your knees. Not me.”

“Oh, you want me on my knees? I’ll get on my knees for you…” He was immediately on the floor in front of her, nuzzling her legs apart and pressing kisses to the insides of her thighs. “Marry me, Darcy? Please? I’ll make you so happy…”

“You already do…” she laughed and ran her fingers through his hair. “I’m already so happy.”

“Happier, then…”
She smirked and pulled him up to meet her lips. “Okay.”

“Okay as in yes?” he asked between kisses.

“Okay as in yes.”

He attacked her mouth, kissing his way down from there…already making good on his promise to make her happy. So very happy.
“Oh…fuck…Pietro, get behind me…” she rolled to the side and onto her stomach, she pushed up on all fours as he slid into her, her walls clenching around him.

“Darcy…” he grunted as he rolled his hips to meet hers.

“Christ…” she whimpered when he started to piston his hips, gripping hers tightly to steady himself.

God, he was exhausted, but he had yet to come even once. Darcy was currently working on orgasm number four and he was just trying to get her to sigh those three little words he loved hearing.

You’re so good…

He licked his dry lips and moaned, the pulling at the base of his spine was causing his cock to jerk inside her. He wanted to hear her say it first, though. Needed it.

She clenched around him tightly and he slowed, lapsing into a babbling bout of whispered desires. Usually in Sokovian, they tumbled from his lips in English for some reason. “Darcy, please…just tell me I’m good…fuck…tell me how good I make you feel…” he bit his tongue painfully to stop the deluge of words.

She looked into the mirror on the dresser, catching his gaze in the reflection. “Ahh…” she sighed in relief. She bucked her hips back into him, a smile gracing her lips. “God…Pietro, you’re so fucking good…” He bit his lip to mask the whimper that burst forth. He started moving again, unable to take his eyes off her reflection as she arched her back and practically purred. Her walls clenched around him again. “You gonna make me come again?”

“Fuck…yes…” he bit out.

“Rub my clit…please…” she pleaded.

He licked two fingers and reached around to oblige her. Do anything she asked. He rubbed the tight bundle of nerves as he fucked her, the angle felt a little awkward, but she was moaning his name and he couldn’t stop if she liked it that much…

“So…so good…Pietro…I love feeling your fingers on me…”

He grunted as a wave of pleasure washed over him, his dick was starting to spasm, his lower back pulled almost painfully as his release hit him like a truck. She rocked back into him, meeting his sporadic thrusts and shuddering her way through her own orgasm.

He collapsed afterwards, rolling onto his back and Darcy scooted over to snuggle up to him. She hummed as she pressed her face against his chest, the pop of her lips was magnified when she kissed him there on his collarbone.
“Was that good for you?” he asked, smiling weakly.

He felt her grin against him. “You are the fucking best…pun intended.”
Raspberry Beret' for anon

Chapter Summary

Anon on tumblr prompted: "raspberry beret-prince-darcy and whoever, smut please?"

Give me a choice and I’ll usually pick my OTP. :P Just sayin’. AU where Pietro works at a grocery store. I went with a raspberry beanie instead of a beret, but…I think it still works. ;)

Originally posted on 30 April 2016 on tumblr.

He grunted into her mouth, reaching up to yank the fuchsia beanie off her head so he could push her hair back from her face.

"I promise...I don't usually do this..." she murmured, making a grab for his belt.

"What's your name?" he asked. His tone sounded desperate, but she WAS rubbing his dick through his black polyester work pants, and things were heating up in more ways than one.

The light was terrible in the stock room, the fluorescent tube was yellowed and flickering, but she was fucking gorgeous and he wasn't really one hundred percent believing that this was actually happening and wasn't a dream. He was actually going to fuck a beautiful woman in the dry good stock room. He was fairly certain this wasn’t covered in basic training.

"Darcy..." she answered, pressing another kiss to his lips before turning and bending at the waist, holding onto one of the metal stock shelves as he flipped up her skirt.

"Darcy..." he repeated, caressing her through the panty hose she had on over her underwear. "I'm--"

"Pietro..." she groaned, "I know..."

"How do you--"

"Name tag..." she pressed herself back against him, rubbing her ass against his crotch and he was back in the here and now. Of course. Name tag. He was at work. Fucking a stranger in the stock room at work. He was so getting fired.

He rolled down her panty hose, pushing them down her thighs along with her underwear.

He didn't care if he got fired.

He rubbed his hand between her legs, marveling at how wet she was.

You only live once. Fuck...

She moaned and arched her back, pressing herself into his hand.

He fumbled with his zipper, before reaching into his back pocket for his wallet. He found the condom he had stashed in there, working on getting his pants down and sliding it over his aching
cock before he pressed it into her.

She made a strangled sound when he bottomed out, causing him to haul her up more, pressing his hand over her mouth to muffle her cries as he thrust in and out. That seemed to get her even more excited as she met him, thrust for thrust, reaching down between her legs to rub her clit as he worked on fucking her in the quietest possible way. If he railed into her like he wanted, they'd probably both moan like porn stars and someone would hear.

"Please...just fuck me..." she pleaded, the sounds felt hot and wet against his palm and he released her, placing his hands on her hips because fuck it. YOLO, right?

He let out a groan as he snapped his hips forward, the sound of flesh slapping together seemed like the loudest thing, but his common sense told him that the shelf rattling and their combined sex sounds were probably louder.

She cried out his name when her pussy clamped around him, pulling him right over the edge with her into the most intense orgasm he'd had in a while.

They cleaned up in record time. She took the condom from him, wrapping it in the wrapper and sticking it in her purse. She kissed him again.

"Can I have your number?" he heard himself asking.

"I'll be around..." she grinned. "Pietro."

"What if I lose my job? You were moaning PRETTY loudly...my boss might have heard."

Smirking, she reached for his phone. "Give it here..."
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 15 April 2016 on tumblr.

Anon on tumblr prompted: "Crazy little thing called love. Queen. Pietro/darcy. Pregnancy fic? However you want to do it. :) thank you! !!"

Link to the song here

Pietro was acting weird. Ever since she told him.

Maybe waving five used pregnancy tests in his face hadn’t been the best way to tell him, but dammit, she was excited.

A baby wasn’t something Darcy ever thought she’d want. And yet, here she was, practically bouncing in her seat in a complete role reversal, as her usually jittery boyfriend was being all pensive and emo.

“You’re sure?” he asked, looking over at her.

She felt the hope drain out of her immediately. He wasn’t happy. Not like she was. She must not have a great poker face because he noticed immediately.

“Don’t…don’t worry. I just…I need some time to get used to the idea.”

“The idea of WHAT?” she snapped. “Of having a baby? Last time I checked, your part is over. It’s me who’s going to balloon up and get fat and…” she trailed off, shaking her head. “Is that it? Because if it is, I’m kicking you in the balls, Maximoff.”

“NO. Of course not…” he protested. “I love you. But you’re not being fair. My part is NOT over. After you balloon up and give birth, we BOTH have to be parents. We both have to be responsible for another human being and I am SORRY if that scares me a little bit. Considering how this isn’t something I’ve EVER thought about.”

“So are you saying I should get rid of it?”

“NO. I’m saying I need longer than five minutes to get used to the idea.”

“Since WHEN?”

“Since…now.”

Darcy felt fear and dread well up in her stomach. They’d been there all along, underneath the excitement.

She stood and stormed out of the room, ignoring Pietro’s attempts at convincing her to stay.
He was cursing under his breath and trying to refrain from zipping through the crowd. He knew he shouldn’t be acting like this. Because if Darcy got mad at him it was because she was feeling the same way. He knew her too well.

Because they weren’t exactly the most…mature of individuals. They shopped for groceries like they were teenagers and their parents were gone for the weekend. Wanda’s description, not his.

And now, they were going to be parents. And Darcy spent a scary percentage of her income on shoes. And come to think of it, so did he. On shoes.

He’d never been around a baby really. There had been younger kids in the orphanage, but the babies were kept separate from the older children.

He’d kissed a few since becoming an Avenger. Held a couple. That was something people wanted you to do, apparently. But they always cried when he touched them. Always sent directly back to their mothers or fathers after the obligatory picture.

But if it was HIS child, he couldn’t send it back to anyone. It’d just be him. And that thought scared him. A lot.

He side stepped a toddler, ambling slowly alongside his mother, a wide, toothy grin stretched across his face.

Pietro felt the corners of his mouth tugging upwards as he thought about Darcy. With a chubby little child toddling along beside her. Between them. With hands so small they could only grasp fingers.

Maybe they could do it after all. Maybe it was something you picked up. Baptism by fire.

He paused outside a storefront, a baby clothing store, as luck would have it. With a window display of baby Adidas.

Of course it would be the shoes that convinced him.

He found her. Like he always did. Found her hiding in Jane’s apartment.

Found her to show her what he bought.

No less than six pairs of baby Adidas. In varying sizes. The sales person must have loved him. Buying shoes so small that there was no way they’d ever be used for their intended purpose. They had soft cloth soles to allow the baby’s foot to stretch and grow.

And then she was kissing him, sliding off the chair onto the floor with all the shoes and kissing him, because he was SO ADORABLE talking about being a ‘Papa’ and how he couldn’t wait to meet their precious, precious brouzechek, whatever that was…she’d ask later. She assumed it meant baby or something.

And then Jane kicked them and their plethora of baby shoes out of her apartment and he zipped them back to theirs. Stripping off clothes and making love on the floor because apparently renting out space in her uterus to his little mutant fetus turned him on like crazy.

And he whispered how sorry he was, his lips against her neck as he stilled. “So sorry, Princeza…I’m an idiot. Of course I’m excited.”
“You’re not an idiot…” she consoled him, running her fingers through his hair and relaxing back onto the carpet for a moment. She allowed her head to loll to one side, to catch glimpse of all the fucking baby shoes he’d purchased that day. “Okay…you ARE an idiot. But not for freaking out about the baby.”
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 10 April 2016 on tumblr.

Anon on tumblr prompted: "Quicktaser, mr. Brightside, the killers?"

Link to the song here

Pietro hadn't meant to look through Steve's sketchbook. But, it was just sitting out on the counter in the common room. And he was a nosy bastard. Wanda told him he'd end up seeing something that he couldn't un-see, and he'd deserve it.

He'd laughed at the time, but now. NOW.

He couldn't get the image out of his head. And it wasn't the sketch that was causing him so much strife.

No, it was the sketch's origin. How it came to exist on that thick white paper. A breathtaking beauty standing out starkly in charcoal.

Darcy. Darcy in all her voluptuous curvy perfection. Completely nude and far more breathtaking then he ever thought she'd be. And he had a fairly high opinion of her.

But as he looked at the sketch, in Captain America's sketchbook, he started to panic a little. His heart beat faster and faster until he closed the pad, scooting it away from him and backing quickly out of the room. It wasn't until he was in his own room, zipping around in his own hyperactive form of pacing, that he allowed himself to think about the creation of that drawing.

Steve's hands peeling off her dress, her undergarments. Her hands sliding up his muscular chest. His lips pressing to hers. All kinds of patriotic all-American fucking following immediately after. Steve drawing the sketch from memory because he'd seen and explored each of those curves so often.

Pietro fell back on his bed, trying to quell the thoughts as they poured into his brain. He shouldn't be worried about this. This shouldn't bother him so much. He had plenty of opportunities to ask Darcy out. They hung out on a regular basis. She was always so nice to him. But he was the idiot. Putting it off and putting it off. Scoring with his "twinkies" was easier than the time and effort he'd have to put into a long-term relationship with Darcy. He wanted to sow his oats.

And now he'd waited too long and Captain Fucking America had swooped in. There was no chance for him now. No chance for an idiot who didn't see something wonderful right in front of his nose. Or even worse, an idiot who SAW something wonderful and put it off anyway.

There was a sharp knock on his door.

"You ARE an idiot..." his sister called through the closed door. "She's not dating Captain Rogers. He had to draw her for an art class. Now get your head out of your ass and go ask her out yourself!"
He rose, walking to the door and opening it. "What?"

"She's not dating him," she said, folding her arms in exasperation.

"I thought I asked you to stay out of my head..." he grumbled as he turned to grab his shoes and zipped back to the door, intending to go remedy the huge injustice that was he and Darcy not together immediately.

"It's hard when your thoughts are so fucking LOUD..." Wanda turned to walk back to the couch. "Trying to watch Cutthroat Kitchen and you're back in your room whining about Darcy. It'd be your own fault if she was dating someone else...blbchek."

She was still muttering as he zipped to the door, turning to look back at the TV. "I saw this one. She cuts her hand, has to drop out..."

He laughed and zipped out amid a stream of Sokovian curses from his sister.
'She Hates Me' for anon

Chapter Summary

Anon on tumblr prompted: "She fucking hates me-puddle of mud-quicktaser. Break up reunion fic?"

Special thanks to leftennant for practically writing this for me. Like. I had a hard time with this one. I hope you like it, Nonny!

Link to the song here.

Originally posted on 1 April 2016 on tumblr.

Sometimes things in Pietro’s life happened too fast, even for him.

Like when he and Darcy broke up.

He was still kind of reeling from that. One minute she was here, the next she wasn’t. She was mad at him. Yelling. And then she was gone.

And now…

Now, he went between mad and sad. Sometimes at the same time. He was mad at her for leaving. Mad at himself for making her leave. Sad because she wasn’t here. Sad because he wanted her here.

Oh. And horny. Horny every time in between.

It was a fucking terrible existence. Because SHE turned him on and he wanted HER. But thinking about her made him sad. And mad. And horny.

He was a mess.

Now, he was sitting here looking at the mixed CD Barton had made for him. He wasn’t even sure what was on it, but he didn’t know what else to do but listen to it.

Except he didn’t listen to it.

It wasn’t something he could…DO right now.

It was on. It was noise.

It drowned out his thoughts. Until he wasn’t sad or angry or horny anymore. He was just numb.

It also drowned out the knock at the door.

Until it didn’t anymore. Until he had to get up and answer it.

He did so grudgingly. Dragging his feet and tripping over the rug on his way there.
He opened the door to a box. A box of his stuff. Thrust into his hands. By Darcy.

And suddenly, it was there again. All bubbling to the surface. The sorrow, the anger, the... desire. The box in his arms was suddenly too heavy.

His breath came out in huffs through his nose, because if he opened his mouth, he was going to either cry or yell. And he didn’t want her to see him doing either.

But he couldn’t stop looking at her. Gazing into those big blue eyes. Those full lips. A bolt of desire ran down his spine as he fought all the dueling emotions in his body at once.

“Piet...” she murmured, reaching for him. Her eyes were watery, her bottom lip between her teeth.

“Piet, I’m so—“

The box went flying, his lips found hers immediately. “I’m so sorry...” he mumbled. “So sorry. Darcy. Forgive me. Please. I won’t ever—“

“Shhhh,” she anchored her hand in his hair, pulling him close, “Don’t. I’m sorry. I was the shitface who—“

“I miss you, Princeza. I can’t...without you...”

“I miss you too...you can’t what?”

“I just can’t...” His lips crashed into hers, and he groaned a little when she tugged his hair.

“Me either...” she whispered. “I won’t ever...I won’t do that again.”

“I don’t care...” he whispered, his breath harsh as he hoisted her up onto his front. “I just need you...”

The next few minutes...hours...he honestly didn’t know. Whatever it was, it flew by in a flurry of clothing and skin and flesh and HER and it felt like they’d just gotten started when he was collapsing against her, kissing her stomach and belly button. Rumbling happily when she carded through his hair, scratching his scalp with her nails.

“What the hell is this music?” she asked, drawing his attention for the first time away from her and to the CD he’d been playing on repeat since before she got here.

He chuckled, “It is a mixed CD that Barton gave me. Songs to get me through the break up.”

She snorted, “I got one too. At least yours isn’t all Alanis Morrissette and Ani Difranco.”

He wrapped his arms more tightly around her. “I’m glad I have you here to get me over this break up.”

Darcy stroked his head. “Same...speaking of which...you’re good to go again, right?”

He pushed up on his hands, “Draga, surely we haven’t been apart for so long that you forgot that I’m ALWAYS good to go again?” He crawled slowly up her body, meeting her lips as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

“Not quite...” she nipped lightly at his bottom lip. “But, I think I should ‘get over’ you this time...” she pushed him over to the side, rolling on top of him in one fluid motion, straddling his hips.

“There.”
Sometimes things in Pietro’s life happened too fast, even for him.

But he vowed right then; Darcy was not EVER going to be one of those things.

He’d slow down for her. He had to.
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 11 March 2016 on tumblr.

Anon on tumblr prompted: "You never can tell, Chuck berry, quickshock or wintershock."

I tried to write this Wintershock. I really did. But then the song is about a guy named Pierre, which, let’s face it, is just a French Pietro. That, coupled with my headcanon that Darcy and Piet would get married and keep it a secret for as long as they could made Wintershock impossible for this prompt. I’m so sorry. Also, little nod to ATJ in this, because he changed his name when he got married. That is all.

Link to the song here

“Oh…that’s never going to last…” Clint shook his head. “I’ve done the Vegas wedding thing… those never last…”

Pietro wasn’t sure when Barton was going to understand how his powers worked. That he could appear in a split second, so maybe talking shit behind his back wasn’t the best option. “For your information, it wasn’t a Vegas wedding…it was a DC wedding. And you can kiss my ass…”

Clint jumped, turning to face Pietro, his cheeks reddening slightly, “Whoa, sorry…didn’t see ya there…”

Pietro sniffs.

“I think what Clint was trying to say was…we’re concerned. You and Darcy haven’t really talked about getting married before…” Sam was a little more diplomatic. Didn’t lessen the sting any more.

He made a face, “What the fuck does that mean? Talked about it. We love each other. We live together. We don’t have any secrets. We just decided to make it official. Legal. It was already official…” he shrugged.

“Are you sure there wasn’t another reason you did it?” Clint raised his eyebrows knowingly.

“No? I’m not sure what you’re getting at…” He knew. It was the same thing Wanda had asked them when they’d shared the good news with her. And his response to them was going to be the same one they’d given Wanda.

“Is Darcy…is she pregnant?” Clint asked, looking around like it was supposed to be some dirty secret or something.

“I’m sorry…what year is this?” Pietro snapped. “We didn’t get married to ‘legitimize’ a child. We got married because we love each other. And if Darcy was pregnant, everyone would know because I’d be bragging about it.”

“He would, too…” Darcy added, sliding her arm around his waist and leaning on his shoulder.
“Wouldn’t be able to shut him up.” She turned to look up at him, her expression looked tired. Exhausted. “Do you see why I didn’t want to tell anyone?”

He rolled his eyes and turned both of them away from the naysayers. He leaned down to nuzzle her neck.

They walked away to a chorus of “Darcy…Pietro…wait…don’t go…”

“That was stressful…” she stated. “But at least we can wear our rings now…”

“When do we break it to them that we’ve actually been married for three months?” he asked, chuckling as they walked slowly to their apartment.

“Eh…let’s put it off until I change my name.”

“Hey…I’m changing mine too…”

She grinned and leaned up to kiss him. “I know…that’s so hot, Hubby-of-mine…even if Lewis-Maximoff doesn’t exactly roll off the tongue…”

“You know…I’d like for YOU to roll off my tongue right now…”

“What does that even MEAN?” she giggled as he peppered tiny kisses wherever he could reach.

“Unlock the door and I’ll show you…”
The knock on her door startled her. She was just getting into her jammies and preparing for a night of binging. Ice cream and Netflix, to anyone concerned.

She’d spent the entire day at the airport, only to be informed that Pietro’s flight had been cancelled due to inclement weather. She’d tried not to sound sad when he called her to give her the bad news, but she couldn’t help but be a LITTLE bit disappointed. She hadn’t seen him in a month, and there were certain parts of her anatomy that had been anticipated a throw down. Not to mention an entire week of cuddles and kisses and making up for all the disgusting couple stuff they’d been missing out on while she was West Coast chillin’.

Not so much chillin’ as doing a mountain of organizing for Stark Industries’ Los Angeles. Pepper was handling New York and had given Darcy the supreme duty of cleaning house and junk clearing. Not even as fun as it sounded, if that was possible. But the pay was amazing. Enough to pay off her student loans. And then some.

The biggest of MANY downsides was having to leave her loving boyfriend back in New York. She really REALLY missed that snarky piece of shit. He was HER snarky piece of shit.

She grumbled, getting up from the couch and shuffling towards the door, she looked out the peephole and nearly killed herself trying to open up the door as fast as she could.

He was leaning against her doorframe. Sweat drenched and panting. But he was here.

“Piet! Babe, what are you—“ he cut her off with a kiss.

“I ran…” he breathed, kissing her again.

She frowned, pulling him inside. “What do you MEAN, you ran?”

He took a deep breath, “I’m really thirsty…oh my god, is that a faucet?” he walked out to the kitchen and stuck his mouth over the spout of her Brita filter, turning on the water and gulping it down.
“Pietro. Darling. Swizzle Stick. Are you telling me you fucking RAN from New York to Los Angeles?”

He held up a finger. One second. He turned off the water and wiped his mouth. “Yes. Is that a problem?”

She felt herself grow warm all over. “You ran over twenty-five hundred miles just to see me?”

He shrugged, “I missed you. And the flight got cancelled…there wasn’t much else I could do.”

“You could have switched flights, come in a couple days…”

“Not an option. Today. Today is the day I was waiting for. I did not want to wait longer. Today…I would have gotten here sooner, but I did not take into account the Rocky Mountains. They are big.”

She beamed up at him. “You’re an idiot. I fucking love you so much…”

He smiled, pushing his hair back from his face and wrapping an arm around her when she hugged him. “I love you too, Princeza.”

She loved him, but he smelled RANK.

“Shower…” she said, grabbing his hand and tugging him along with her to the bathroom.

“I just got here.”

“Bubble bath?” she countered, raising her eyebrows suggestively.

“Are your ‘bubbles’ going to join me?” he grinned, and let himself be pulled after her.

“Of course. My ‘bubbles’ are gonna be stuck to you for the whole week.”

“Can’t wait.”
"I Like You So Much Better When You're Naked' for itsjanetsnakehole

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 10 March 2016 on tumblr.

itsjanetsnakehole on tumblr prompted: "(I can't remember if I did this already or just thought about it) I Like You So Much Better When You're Naked by Ida Maria, Darcy/Pietro, please all the smuts."

Link to the song here

“Do you EVER shut up?” Darcy ripped open the shirt he was wearing, the buttons flying off in every direction.

“Never…” Pietro smirked in that annoying way he had. “And we both know you don’t want me to…you like the accent…isn’t that what you said to Clint? Hm?” he slid his hands up the sides of her thighs. She tremored slightly before half-heartedly smacking them away. “That you really liked my ‘panty-melting’ accent?”

“I’m going to fucking KILL him…” she growled, grabbing at his belt and undoing it.

He leaned down, his lips teasing around her earlobe. “I’m curious…can I actually melt your panties off?” His hand slid up between her legs, rubbing lightly at her through the damp cotton. “Mmm…feels like they’re well on their way…”

She bit off the moan that threatened to escape, crushing her mouth to his, anything to get him to shut up. She ground herself against his fingers, desperate for his touch despite everything about him that annoyed the ever-loving fuck out of her.

Right now, she didn’t give a shit, she just wanted him to fuck the ever-loving fuck out of her.

She bit down hard on his lip, reveling in the muffled moan that issued from deep in his chest. A sound she felt more than she heard.

He swatted her ass with his free hand and she gasped into his open mouth, the sting resonating as her face grew red. He rubbed the spot he’d smacked, rucking up her dress at the same time. He raised his eyebrows questioningly.

She nodded, closing her eyes when his hand hit again. Not as hard as before, but it still stung.

His hips canted towards hers, his lips red and wet from her kisses earlier. “You like that, Princeza?”

“Fuck you…” she ran her hands up his bare chest, scratching her nails against his skin, gasping each time his hand came down against her. Her hips rocked against the one between her legs, which he was holding just close enough to tease, but far enough away to keep her from being able to reap any benefits of his busy fingers.

“All in good time…don’t be so impatient…”
She groaned loudly, clutching his shirt and pulling him closer. Each slap shook a tiny moan from her lips. Right against his throat. He swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing. She could feel his cock, hard and pressed against her. She reached down to rub him through his pants.

His other hand fumbled with the zipper on her dress, tugging it down quickly and moving back so the dress pooled at her feet.

He made a noise when he saw the black bustier she was wearing underneath. He pulled her back against him, hand slapping her ass a little harder than before. “Turn around.”

She did, pressing her ass towards him, leaning forward on the bed, rucking up handfuls of the cliché hotel duvet. He tugged down her underwear, fingers sliding briefly over her. She heard the zipper on his pants, felt the blunt head of his dick pressing against her cunt.

“This what you wanted, Princeza? You want this? Want me to fuck you?”

“Yes…” she blurted. “Fuck, Pietro…please.”

He paused for a moment, rubbing her ass where he’d been spanking her before. He gripped her hips and thrust forward, entering her swiftly and without warning. She widened her knees, sticking her ass up in the air more, keening into the bedspread.

After that, it was hard and quick. Hips slapping, guttural sounds, his name a harsh whisper on her lips. She rubbed her clit and her release slammed through her, starting as a cramp in her lower back that spread and left her knees shaking.

He pulled out, pumped his dick until he came on her back. Her name slipping out like a prayer as his hips rammed the back of her and the hot spurts of seed cooled on her skin.

He turned, sitting down on the bed beside her, shrugging off his shirt and swiping it over her back a few times. He tossed it somewhere and fell back on the bed.

She panted softly, her hips protesting as she rolled slowly onto her back.

“Why do we do this?” she asked, both hoping for and not really expecting a straight answer. “I fucking hate you.”

She got one. Not the one she was expecting though.

“I think we both know you don’t hate me,” he cocked an eyebrow. “And we do this because it makes us feel safe. There is trust. You know I’m not going to do anything you don’t like. I know exactly WHAT you like. And we both know we’re going to come our brains out.” He shrugged.

She snorted. “I’ve had better,” she lied. She lied out her ass. She lied out her well-fucked cunt.

He snickered, “No, you haven’t. And neither have I.”
'But I Do Love You' for kittywings01

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 6 March 2016 on tumblr.

kittywings01 on tumblr prompted: "Darcy x Pietro, "But I Do Love You" Leann Rimes, if you please? Smut not necessary, but fluffy feels?"

Rather than rip things from the lyrics, I decided to go with the spirit of it? Darcy doing something that she’s less than thrilled about simply because she loves Pietro more than she loves her beauty sleep. AH! I picked the right two idiots. They are so freaking CUTE.

And YAY! If you're on a PC or laptop, you can hover your cursor over Pietro's "Sokovian" (Serbian) for a translation! Translations were procured by moi, from Google, so they're probably terrible.

Unfortunately, if you're on a phone or a tablet, you'll have to scroll to the bottom for your translations like a common peasant! Outrageous! But alas, there's nothing I can do.

Link to the song here

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy groaned when the alarm buzzed. Four-thirty a.m. was too fucking early. Especially on a “vacation”. And this bed was actually quite comfortable for a hotel. Not at all like a bunch of lumpy corpses, which is what they usually felt like.

It was still dark, though. Sunrise wouldn’t be for another hour, and by that time, they’d be sipping coffee and watching it rise over the Grand Canyon from the hood of their car.

The water was already running in the bathroom. And she couldn’t help but smile, because today was the day Pietro had been waiting for. It wasn’t surprising that he was up before her. In fact, it might be surprising if he WASN’T up before her.

She’d showered the night before, so she got out of bed, flicking on the light and rummaging through her suitcase for jeans and a t-shirt. She was dressed by the time he zipped out of the bathroom, sliding his arms around her and pressing his lips firmly to hers. “Good Morning, Princeza!”

“Haven’t brushed yet…” she pulled away from him. “Let me take care of my dragon breath before you go tonsil spelunking, please…”

He rolled his eyes. “Like it’s bad or something? I do not expect you to always be minty fresh…”

“If it tastes bad in my mouth, I can only imagine what it tastes like to you…” she disappeared into the bathroom, poking her head out a moment later, toothbrush in hand, “Good Morning to you! By the way!”
She heard him chuckle as she started brushing.

He was rushing her down to the car ten minutes later, coffee thermoses full and piping hot. She wished she’d thought to bring a hoodie along, because she wasn’t counting on Arizona being so cold at night.

But Pietro was always pretty warm. And any reason to snuggle up to her boyfriend was welcome.

She drove them out to the park, taking the route they’d mapped out previously. It was a fairly uneventful drive, given the time of day.

She parked the car and they got out. She practically had to grab his shirt, because he was ready to run over to the edge of the rocks the second she turned off the engine.

There were a few people here already, but she had been expecting more. Who wouldn’t want to watch the sun rise over the Grand Canyon?

Well…Darcy, for one. She wasn’t here to see the sun. As cheesy as it sounded, she was here to see the look on Pietro’s face when HE saw it. Early mornings weren’t her thing. But they were HIS thing. And HE was hers.

She snuggled up next to him with her coffee, sighing happily when he put his arm around her. “Love you…” she whispered, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Love you too…” he pressed a kiss to her forehead. “Thank you for this…”

She shrugged, taking a sip of her coffee. “What’s the time?”

“We’ve got ten minutes,” said one of the others sitting near them. An older woman, who kept looking at them and smiling.

They thanked her and retreated back into their bubble. Darcy took big gulps of her coffee in the hopes it would warm her up a little, and Pietro’s legs were bouncing excitedly, the heat coming off him in waves.

When the sun began to peek up over the horizon, he stilled, eyes wide as they watched it rise further and further.

She was right. His smile was worth the two-day drive AND getting up early. Of course, Darcy kind of thought his smile was worth anything. He’d gone and made an old softie out of her.

“Tako lepo…kao zlato;” he whispered reverently.

“So beautiful…like…?” she prodded, knowing SOME Sokovian, but she wasn’t by any means fluent yet.

“Gold,” he provided.

“Ah. Yes. I agree.”

“Not as beautiful as you, lutko moja.”

She grinned, face turning red like it did every time he said something like that. “Stahp…” she nudged him with her shoulder.

“Never…you are too cute when you blush…”
She rolled her eyes and took another sip of her coffee.

“So…eh…after today, we are going to Roswell, yes?” He eyed her hopefully.

“Yes. But I promise you, Piet…most aliens are NOT as cool as Thor.”

“I will be the judge of that…”

Chapter End Notes

Princeza-Princess
Tako lepa-So beautiful
kao zlato-like gold
lutko moja-my doll

(Thank you abbie-a-aaronson for fixing my Serbian disaster)
"I Want You' for anon

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 25 August 2016 on tumblr.

College AU, long-distance relationship. ; All the smut.

Link to the song here, Savage Garden, 1997.

The rap at her window had her bolting towards it. She pushed it open, barely able to make a sound before Pietro's lips were on hers. He was crawling through, over the window seat covered with her stuffed animals, his kisses broken only by his desperate adulations.

"I missed you, Princeza..." he whispered. "Missed you so much...I love you...the past few weeks have been hell without you here..."

"Shhh..." she replied. "I don't care if we're in college, my dad will still kill you if he finds you debasing me in the room where I used to play Barbies..."

He chuckled, climbing inside completely before closing the window behind him. "I don't debase you, I make love to you, Darcy..."

She bit her lip and pushed down her pajama pants in a flourish of courage and wantonness. "Do whatever you want, just please touch me..."

He groaned at the sight of her. She didn't know how much he could see in the small amount of light her desk lamp provided, but she was soaking wet for him.

He reached for her, pressing his mouth right where she wanted him. He ran his hand up the inside of her thigh, coaxing them further apart, so he could lick in other places than just her clit. His fingers parted her more, sliding in the slick that was practically dripping out of her at this point.

He hummed as he licked a long stripe from her center to her clit. She grunted impatiently and sank to her knees, pulling at the button on his jeans, desperate to feel him inside her.

He scrambled out of them, barely kicking them away before she sank down on top of him, biting his shoulder to muffle her moans of pleasure at the full feeling.

"I missed you, Pietro..." she whispered, echoing his earlier sentiments. "We have to figure out how to do this more often..."

"I'm transferring next year..." he murmured. "I can't do this again...I need you, Darcy..."

"I love you...Pietro...I love you..."

"I love you too, Princeza..." His hand slipped down between them, two fingers teasing her clit. "Come for me, Draga. Come on my cock, I need to feel you...so tight, so wet. Quaking around me..."
She rose up and down, trying to rush along her orgasm before her head exploded, or before her father heard them.

She came. Hard. Tears squeezed from her eyes and her vision went white around the edges. Her walls clamping down just as she bit down onto his shoulder again.

His own stuttering release wasn't far behind.

"I don't want to ask you to move to Culver..." she whispered, sniffing as a wave of emotion crashed over her. "But please...move to Culver..."

He smiled. "It's as good as done, Darcy."
'Fade Into You' for hotrockcandy

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 7 July 2016 on tumblr.


Pietro zipped out to the kitchen, opening the fridge to retrieve the soda Darcy had asked for. Little did she know she was getting a soda with a shake. And no, not a milkshake. He grinned to himself. That would teach her to jump scare HIM in the middle of a scary movie marathon.

He felt Wanda's silent stare boring into his back, so he turned abruptly, shaking the can in his hand as he closed the refrigerator door. His sister sucked her teeth, shaking her head. "Shaking her soda? Really, Pietro?"

He smirked. "She's got it coming. She jump-scares me last night. That was really dangerous. I was on my way to the bathroom."

She sighed. "You know. Instead of doing that, you could just...I don't know...ask her out?"

Pietro scoffed. He scoffed again. He laughed and shook his head. "Why would I do that?" The look on Wanda’s face told him that his reaction did NOT have the effect he was going for.

She raised her eyebrows and shrugged. "I don't know. No idea at all. None. I mean...where could I have gotten that?" Her tone was dry and sarcastic. Like they both knew exactly where she got that from.

"Look, I don't know what you're suggesting, Little Sister...but Darcy and I are friends. That is all." He shook the can a little more vigorously. "Friends who prank each other."

"As much as I want to stay out of your personal life, Pietro..."

He laughed again, "Oh really? You do? Because you seem to be--"

"Hush. As much as I don't want to KNOW anything about your romantic life. I also want to throw the two of you in a closet and see what comes out."

He grimaced. "Why a closet? Why not a bedroom? Or I don't know...anywhere but a closet?"

Wanda chuckled. "Funny that a BED is the first thing you think of."

"It wasn't the first thing I thought of! And you know what? Butt out. It's not like that."

"What's not like what?" Darcy asked, entering the room. "And can I have that soda already?"

Pietro froze, trying to think of something to say. Instead, he absently popped the top of the soda, spraying himself with the carbonated, sticky drink.

Darcy guffawed loudly, going on and on about how it served him right.
And Wanda simply shook her head, leaving the kitchen and walking back to her room.

Pietro turned and looked over at Darcy, feeling a surge of warmth spread through him at the sound of her laughter. At the smile on her face.

He reached for her, intending to tickle her. She twisted out of his grasp and they ended up on the floor, in the puddle of soda with their hands grasping at each other. On their knees and trying to knock each other over onto the floor. Their hands shooting out in the attempt to tickle the other and render them helpless.

Pietro knew he could win at this easily if he used his powers. But, really…it wasn’t about winning, was it?

His hand shot out, wrapping loosely around her arm as she giggled and attempted to reach him before he tickled her. He froze. Overwhelmed with the sudden urge to kiss her. To press his lips to hers and taste them. She was probably sweeter than the soda they were skidding around in.

She’d stopped too, her chest was heaving as she tried to catch her breath. She had handfuls of his t-shirt clutched tightly and she slowly let them go, smoothing her hand over his chest in an attempt to right the wrinkles.

“Darcy…” he murmured, licking his lips. “Darcy…can I kiss you?” His question hung in the air for entirely too long before she answered.

She swallowed. “As long as you’re not pranking me right now…because I will murder you in your sleep if you are.”

He shook his head, “No…I’m not pranking you…”

She nodded, “Okay then…hell yes, kiss me.”

He leaned over, his hand grazing her cheek as his lips met hers. He tugged her forward, flush against him as he rose up on his knees. Her hands were sticking in his hair and her shirt was cold and wet against him…but the kiss. The kiss was amazing and it cancelled out everything else.

She broke it off only for a second to de-stick her hand from his hair and ask, “What took you so long?”

He smirked, “Well…Wanda threatened to throw us in a closet together just to see what happened…”

Darcy giggled, “Okay, I LOVE your sister, but…why a closet, though? Why not a room with a bed?”

“I really, REALLY like the way you think…”
First of all, let it be known that Pietro THOUGHT he was alone, or he’d have never even tried it.

Not that getting caught masturbating was that big of taboo or anything. Darcy knew he did it. And he knew she did it. And what she did it with.

The Hitachi Magic Wand. That thing and he had a tense relationship. Not because he was against Darcy masturbating or anything. It was just…he couldn’t get past the fact that it did it better than him. And she could swear up and down that it didn’t. But he wasn’t stupid, and yes, he could vibrate his fingers and his tongue and yes, that got her off.

But nowhere NEAR as fast as the Hitachi got her off.

He’d seen it in the bathroom, drying by the sink on a hand towel. And he’d taken his shower and gotten out. Side-eying it again as he dried off.

He plugged it in. The damn thing had a power cord. And it was huge. And loud. Evidenced by when he switched it on. But it vibrated like a jackhammer. The thought of Darcy pressing this to her clit was more than a little arousing. He wondered if she was as loud by herself as she was with him.

He glanced over at the half-open bathroom door. No one was home. And he’d clean it off afterward.

Pietro took a deep breath and reached down to take hold of himself, pumping his fist a few times before pressed the buzzing head of the vibrator to his dick, gasping loudly at the sensation and then jumping out of his skin when Darcy pushed the door open, yelping when she saw him.

He flipped off the Hitachi, setting it down on the counter, not even taking the time to glance over at her. “Don’t say a word.”

“I wasn’t.”

“I mean it, not a single word, Lewis.” He grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist, moving past her and walking out to the bedroom.

“Did I kill the mood?” she asked, following him out to the bedroom, the Hitatchi in tow.

“Darcy…you never kill anything. Not when it comes to that.”

She knelt to plug it in, setting it down on the side of the bed and moving closer to him. She pressed
her lips to his, tugging at his towel. “Well in that case…”

He chuckled as she pressed him down on the bed, reaching for the wand. She wrapped her hand around him, moving smoothly up and down his length a couple of times before she flipped the switch.

He jolted when she pressed it against his thigh, laughing and trying to twist out of her grasp. She chased him up onto the bed, straddling his thighs and pressing his cock against his belly, pinning it down with the wand.

His breath caught in his throat when she rubbed the toy up over the head his cock, causing him to swear. Loudly.

“FUCK…” his hips rolled up towards hers and she eased up, rubbing it lightly up and down the shaft.

“More?” she asked, pressing it lightly to the head again.

He nodded, looking down as she pressed it more firmly against the head. Pre-cum oozed out onto his stomach and he groaned loudly.

She reached down to cup his balls and rubbed the vibrating head of the wand up and down his length.

The sensations were…intense. He couldn't think about anything other than what she was doing. How she was doing it. And wanting more than anything to just come. He needed to come.

The orgasm surprised him, shooting up his stomach and making him cry out. She moved the Hitachi, rubbing him through the rest of it with her hand, a grin playing on her lips.

“Ježšmarjá…” He exhaled. “That was…fast.”

She laughed and rolled over to the side, wiping her hand on his discarded towel before handing it to him. “There’s a reason I keep that thing around…”

He wiped off his stomach and rolled over to kiss her. “Why do you keep me around?” he asked, kissing her in that spot right behind her ear that made her shiver and giggle.

She pulled him down for another kiss, sliding her tongue into his mouth as he reached down to tug at the button on her jeans. “Cuz I love ya…”

He smiled, undoing the button and the zipper enough so he could move his hand down into her panties. “Love you too, Princeza.” His fingers slid through her folds and he pressed his lips to hers again. “This okay?”

She hummed and relaxed against the pillows. “More than…”
"Creep' for unified-multiversal-theory

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 2 September 2016 on tumblr.

Link to the song here, TLC, 1994.

This...this is really angsty and not fair to anyone. And I'm sorry. But the song...it goes with the song.

Toxic Relationship ahead.

"Why don't you just leave him?" Pietro asked, running his fingers through her hair.

"You gunnin' to be my main squeeze, Piet?" Darcy asked, a smile playing on her lips.

"Absolutely. I want to take you out."

Darcy melted a little. He was a sweetheart. Color her surprised. She'd thought maybe this would just be a little side fling. Pietro was hot and was definitely an excellent way to pass the time and keep her mind off Johnny.

Johnny, who hadn't been loyal since the day he was born.

Johnny, who she stayed with for seemingly no reason other than he'd self-destruct without her. How that responsibility had come to rest on her shoulders, she wasn't sure.

And so, if Johnny was out having his fun, there was no reason why she couldn't have some too.

Of course, her fun had turned into feelings.

And those feelings had somewhere along the way turned into deep feelings. And she knew she should have ended this a long time ago, but she just couldn't.

So, here she was. In love with two men. One knew, the other didn't. As far as Pietro was concerned, this was just a fling.

One thing was absolutely clear, though. Two men were in love with her. Johnny had a messed up way of showing it. And Pietro was...

Pietro was perfect. And if Johnny wasn’t in the picture, she'd probably be shacking up with him on the way to whatever else normal couples did.

This wasn't fair to anyone. Not really.

Johnny would be devastated if he found out about Pietro.

A lump rose in her throat, like it did whenever she thought about the details.

She pressed her face into Pietro's shirt and his hand came up to stroke her back.
"I don't like seeing him hurt you like this, Princeza..." his voice was low, his tone serious.

"I'm hurting him too."

"No. You're not. You're protecting him. He's able to do what he does with no thoughts or consequences. And you're the one with all the guilt."

"If he knew...he'd..."

Pietro snorted in disgust, wrapping his arms more tightly around her. "He doesn't deserve you."

She snuggled closer. "I don't want to talk about that now."

She felt him sigh. Felt his hand stroke up and down her spine. "Alright. What do you want to talk about?"

She played with the hem of his t-shirt. "Are you hungry?"

He was quiet for a moment. "I could eat."

"Wanna order something?"

"No. I want to take you out. Someplace nice."

"We can't..."

"No one has to know it's romantic. That can be our secret."

Her gut told her it was wrong. But dammit. It had been so long since someone took her out.

"Okay...yeah," she agreed, nodding her head. "Let's do that. Let's go out."

He grinned. "I'll make you fall in love with me, Darcy Lewis."

Too late.
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 13 June 2016 on tumblr.

Link to the song here. "The Distance, Cake.

Car Racing AU.

Pietro's car rumbled to a stop just across the finish line. He let his head hit the wheel. He wasn't one to admit defeat, as evidenced by his stubborn decision to inch his car to the finish even though it was barely driving. He'd probably completely blown the engine and bent the rims by driving with three blown tires. He hit his head lightly against the wheel, giving himself a few seconds to feel sorry for himself.

And all he could see was Lewis with the fucking cup in her hand. He wasn't angry that she'd won. He was just...disappointed at how he'd lost. One stupid, cocky mistake after another.

They were...together. Darcy and he. If you could call what they were 'together'. Hate-fucking? Was that a thing? No, it wasn't hateful. They didn't hate each other. They shot insults back and forth to the point where they ended up wrapped around each other on the closest available surface. The sex itself was...pretty intimate. It was just...god, it was so complicated. They done it last night. After swearing off each other for days before. For all he knew, this was karma or something. He'd been a shoe-in. A favorite. People lost some fucking MONEY on him today, he was certain of that.

He shook his head, pulling himself up and out of the window. He ignored the chastisement from his crew. Their angry words didn't register. He ripped off his helmet and let it fall from his hand, waving his hand blindly in the direction of whoever it was yelling at him.

Yes. He knew he was an asshole. He knew he deserved the loss. Shut up. Shut up. "SHUT UP..." he bellowed, the look in his eyes sending the head of the pit crew scampering back to the car in silence.

Pietro grumbled under his breath and walked off the track. Barely anyone remained save for small groups of people drinking and laughing. He stopped in his tracks when a glass bottle burst apart on the ground in front of him. He looked in the direction it came from and ripped off his gloves, flipping off the person who threw it.

"Maximoff..." her voice was kind of quiet. "You okay?"

He looked up, his vision almost blurring around her. She was still in her jumpsuit. She didn't have the cup with her though. "Lewis..." he nodded. "Don't you have...I don't know...after parties to go to?"

"I was waiting for you."

"Why? You're a winner. I'm a fucking loser. Look at me..." he spread his hands. "I'm a huge ass. You're everything good and I am everything horrible."
She arched an eyebrow and it stirred something deep inside him. "You're not a loser."

"Don't fucking tell me that I'm not a loser because I finished. That makes me worse."

She shrugged, "You're not a loser. You just didn't win this time..." She extended her hand. "Wanna go back to my hotel?"

"Don't you want to go be a winner? Get photographed and get your ass kissed? That's the best fucking part, Lewis. You'd be an idiot not to take advantage."

She smirked. "Then I guess I'm an idiot."

"I wouldn't have done this if I'd won, you know. I'd have gone off and..."

"Well. I'm not you. And you don't deserve me. But we both know that already..."

He snorted, reaching out to take her hand. "You're too nice to me."

"Well. You have room to improve. And I'm not completely selfless..."

"Sure you are. You said it yourself, I don't deserve you."

She laughed. "Don't mistake my meaning, Piet. I get something out of this. I come to you for a good hard dicking and I get it. Every time. Nobody dicks like you, Babe."

"Oh, I see. Using me for sex," he smirked, tugging her close. He liked the way she fit right under his arm.

"Sex. Companionship. That's all anyone wants isn't it?"

"Sex. Companionship. To win the fucking Grand Prix."

She tilted her head slightly. "Aww...Maybe next year."

"You gonna let me win?"

She chortled. "Not a chance, Maximoff."

"Ha. Good. I like a challenge."
"Mother fucking..." Pietro swore after he dragged the door over his bare foot, all before his shoes had even hit the wall beside the cubbies by the door in the general direction of where he'd kicked them.

Blood rose to the surface of the scrapes and scabbed over just as quickly, already healing. Didn't mean it still didn't hurt like a...

Like a...

Fuck it, it just hurt. Just…times a million.

"Well, 'mother fucking' to you too," Darcy quipped, kicking his shoes into the closest cubbies.

He sighed, he couldn't be mad at her. Shouldn't bring this home with him either, if he was dead set on being a perfect boyfriend.

But he was far from perfect and he didn't know why Darcy put up with him, honestly.

Her arms slid around his waist, her face pressed against his chest and he couldn't help but mold himself around her. Lose himself in the scent of her hair. Coconuts.

He inhaled deeply.

"Bad day, Swizzle Stick?"

He snickered at the nickname she insisted on saddling him with. It had started out as an ironic joke, but here she was, six months later…still calling him Swizzle Stick. And here he was. Secretly loving it. He pressed a kiss to her forehead, released her and zipped over to the fridge for a bottle of water and back to her side. "It's better now..."

"Well still… clue me in..." she tugged him in the direction of the couch. "Spill it."

He took a few sips of the water, the edges of his problem already fading into the background. Her presence was so calming. Maybe SHE should be his handler.

Except that was a conflict of interest. And he wasn't going to need one in a few short weeks. Hopefully.

"Clint again?" she asked, leaning against the corner of the couch, miming a back rub and indicating that he should turn and let her give him one.

He sighed and relented, kind of hating that she spent all her time doing things for other people and then coming home and doing things for him. "Yes..." he said, on the verge of pouting like a child.
Because Clint was treating him like a child. Again. There was only so much of being called a “kid” that a grown ass man of twenty-three could really handle.

"Ehhh, just a few more weeks. He's retiring soon."

"I know..." he leaned back into her touch as her fingers worked to knead the knots out of his shoulders. He jumped a little when she hit a nerve. She adjusted her grip, finding the knot causing the headache he hadn’t even realized he had and rolling it gently.

"I know you know..." she shifted in the seat, bracketing him with her legs as she continued to rub his back. "If it makes you feel better, you should totally bitch about him. Hell, I might even join in."

"Tell me about your day instead, Princeza."

"Well...I was sent out in the company car, looking for this special kind of soy sauce that Tony wanted...only to find out that 1. He got the name wrong and 2. It's not being made anymore."

"Do you want to switch positions? It sounds like your day was worse than mine..."

"Nah. I found out in the first thirty minutes and spent the rest of the day returning all those shoes that don't fit."

"You mean the shoes that you wore once and took back because you are the worst kind of millennial consumer ever?" Pietro corrected her, and was subsequently rewarded with the hard dig of her thumb into his back.

"Yep. Those shoes."

"You are a woman after my own heart, you know that?"

She chuckled softly, pressing kisses to his temple as she slowly eased up the pressure on his back, "I already have your heart. I keep it in my purse with your balls."

"You know, I might need those back if you ever want to have sex again..." he teased, rolling his neck as she released him, the tension now completely gone.

“Oh...do you need those?”

“I need YOU...” In a blur, he rolled over, kneeling between her legs as he pressed his lips to hers.

“What did I say about the zipping?” she chastised with a good-natured grin.

“You love it...” he nuzzled her neck.

“I love YOU...”

“I love you...” he breathed in her ear.

“Feeling better?”

“So much...” he grinned, “Times a million.”
The place where his leg touched hers burned.

It was the sort of pain where she wasn’t sure if she wanted to pull away or press closer.

Well, she knew which she’d rather do.

Pietro smoothed his palms down his thighs, trying to stop the way his leg bounced nervously. Darcy wanted to reach over. Reach out. Take his hand. Something.

But there was the teeny-tiny voice in her mind that told her she might be misreading this.

The lingering glances. The awkward pauses. That thing his Adam’s apple did whenever he gulped. Which he did often when she was around.

The way he kept dropping things. Dude was a clumsy klutz and a half.

A clumsy klutz who wasn’t going to address this tension. So maybe she needed to own up.

She took a deep breath, which did nothing to calm her nerves, because it filled her nose with the smell of whatever he was using to wash that rockin’ bod of his. Some kind of manly man soap that came in black and silver packaging so you knew it was #for men. Whatever it was, it smelled good on Pietro and she wanted to bury her face in his neck.

Maybe if she did that, it would get the point across?

He cleared his throat, drawing her out of her thoughts.

“Piet?” she said, her voice cutting the silence like a hot spoon in ice cream. Basically sliding in and melting the edges.

“Hmm?”

“I might be completely off base here, but given the significant amount of…” she paused. “Tension happening…would you like to make out a little and see if that helps?”

He exhaled roughly, his breath coming out seemingly all at once. “Yes. I would.”

“Awesome…” she turned slightly, catching his gaze for the first time since he’d come over to watch tv. They’d both been purposefully avoiding doing exactly this.

She started to lean forward, her bottom lip trembling as she moved into his personal space. Where she could feel his body heat radiating into the room. She could hear him breathing, hear her own heart beating as she moved closer and closer.
His hand came to rest on her waist, his thumb brushing over the softness of her belly as she closed her eyes, brushing her lips gently over his.

Pietro’s hand tightened on her waist, pulling her closer and she went.

Not so much like an undertow as like a current. One she’d been fighting and fighting and fighting before suddenly stopping. Floating in the warm sun and watching the sky as she went down river.

His kisses were firm, and his other hand cupped the back of her head as she moved over into his lap. Every single movement, every single second felt more natural than anything they’d done for the entire evening.

She grasped at his shirt, her palms sliding up over his chest. He felt almost feverishly warm.

He broke off the kiss to stare up into her eyes. He raised his eyebrows quizzically. “Is this… alright?” She nodded and he sighed with relief, kissing her again. “I am glad, because I do not want to…ruin what we have?”

“I don’t think this is ruining it, I think it’s making it better…” she murmured, leaning closer to him, pressing herself flush against his body. The way she’d always wanted to.

“I agree…I’ve wanted to do this for so long, Darcy…” His hands slid up her back and back down to her waist. “You have no idea…”

“I might have a tiny bit of one…”
Sofia was relentless. “Ujko. Pietro. You have to meet her. Miss Darcy is the nicest. I love her.”

Pietro knew he was going to give in. He knew it was harmless.

But if one more person tried to set him up with someone, he was going to scream. Wanda was doing it. She had her daughter, his niece, doing it. Just because he hadn’t dated anyone in a while. In a year. And a half. Plus a month or two.

“She’s not lovely. She’s beautiful. I promise. You have to come pick me up from school tomorrow.”

He sighed. “I’ll go ask your mother if it’s alright…” Pushing himself up off the floor, he glanced back at his niece. She was almost the spitting image of Wanda. With a little of Steve thrown in for good measure. She certainly had her uncle wrapped around her finger.

He leaned back against the wall, feeling so entirely out of place with all these mothers waiting for their children. And he was fairly certain he was being checked out by some of them. He scooted closer to the smaller group of dads.

“PIETRO!” Sofia’s tiny voice belted louder than the rest of them as she ran out the door and into the school yard. “Miss Darcy said she’ll be out here in five minutes.”

“Sofia…” he lamented, sitting her down on a newly vacated bench. “I’m sure she’s much too busy to come meet me…”

She poked out her bottom lip. “But you have to meet her. You haveto.”

“Five minutes,” he relented, sitting down on the bench beside her.

It was nearly eight minutes, actually.

But he would have to admit afterwards, it was worth the wait.

Sofia was right. Her teacher was beautiful. So beautiful that he nearly forgot his name when she came over to introduce herself. She had her hair up in a high ponytail, chestnut curls cascaded down her back. She had grayish-blue eyes and wide lips and when she talked, he couldn’t help but smile stupidly back at her.

“Ah, so you’re Sofia’s ujak? She talks about you all the time…I’m Miss Darcy…you can call me Darcy…” She grinned up at him as he shook her hand.
“Uhhh…Pietro…Pietro is my name…” he chuckled nervously. “Pietro Maximoff…I’m pleased to meet you.”

“You know…” Darcy said thoughtfully, still holding his hand. “Even though I knew you were Sofia’s mother’s twin, I thought you’d be much older for some reason…but you aren’t. You’re…” she clamped her mouth shut. “I am saying a lot of things…”

“And he’s SINGLE,” Sofia added, much to his chagrin.
He yawned as he walked to the door, peering out the peep hole and laughing out loud when his suspicions were confirmed. “Oh Darcy…”

He opened the door, arching an eyebrow as he took in her nervous stance. “I gave you a key.”

“I know…but I didn’t feel right just coming in…”

“But I gave you the key…” he repeated. “It’s for coming in…” He moved aside while she scurried into his apartment.

He closed the door behind them. “I think if you’re coming over for booty calls, you can have a key…”

“They’re not booty calls…” she said exasperatedly. “That would have to be our entire relationship and it’s not.”

“We have a relationship?” he teased.

She smacked his arm. “Of course we do.”

Reaching for her, he gathered her up in his arms and nuzzling his nose against hers. “Stay here, then…”

“I was planning on it…”

“No…*stay*…princeza…stay here. Don’t leave in the morning. Just *stay*…” His lips found hers, kissing her softly, his lips forming words against hers. “Just *stay*…”

“Pietro…” she murmured. “What are you asking?”

“Live with me…bring your things and yourself and your life here.”

“Okay…” she said simply. “Okay.”
Darcy kissed him once more, her arms encircling his neck as he bent down to reach her.

He was tall. Pietro was tall. Her husband was tall.

She swallowed thickly, her hands playing with his hair and stroking the nape of his neck. It seemed strange, how foreign her husband was to her.

Even though they’d only met twice before they’d gotten married. So she wasn’t sure why that came as such a surprise.

“You’re so short…” he mumbled, nibbling lightly on her bottom lip.

“I prefer to think of it as fun-sized…” Darcy said with a haughty sniff.

He chuckled and slid his hands down to cup her ass, hauling her up on his front. Arousal pooled low in her belly when she realized just how jacked and strong he actually was. “I think I agree. This is fun…”

She was eye level with him now. “Where are we going, Big Guy?”

Gulping, Pietro threw a fleeting glance over towards the bed. “Wherever you want. We don’t have to…tonight, you know…”

She nodded. “I know…” Darcy threw a decidedly less-than-fleeting glance over towards the bed. It was huge. King. With lush pillows and bedding.

This was a nice hotel.

Not that she expected anything less from her parents.

“Why don’t we…head over there? And we can just…take things as slowly as we want over there?”

He sighed in relief. “That sounds… perfect, actually.”
Darcy twirled her hair around her finger, rolling over in her bed to face him. He had his back to her, bent over slightly while he pulled on his pants.

Reaching over to lightly drag her nails up his spine, she giggled when he shivered. “Do you really have to go now?” she asked.

“Well, if I want to keep my job.”

“So lose this one and get another one Monday when I leave…” she teased. She swore she was only teasing.

But Pietro stiffened and turned to face her. “I could lose my apartment if I quit my job.”

She frowned. “Dude, lighten up, I was only kidding…” She rolled back over, taking the satin sheets with her. “It’s a joke.”

He snorted. “A joke. Everything’s a joke when you don’t have to work for a living.”

Okay, she wasn’t going to lie. That kind of stung.

She sat up abruptly. “Look, I know for a fact you didn’t touch the food I ordered for you, or I would have to guess that someone pissed in your Cheerios.”

“Just…drop it, Darcy. It does not matter. It is part of…the…details you said you didn’t want.”

“Pietro…is everything alright, or…?”

“Look, this should probably be the last time we do this,” he said hurriedly, reaching for his shirt and yanking it over his head. “I shouldn’t have come in that first time, and I shouldn’t have kept coming back…it’s too stressful. I’m worried we’re going to get caught.”

Darcy sighed. “See, stupid-old-me thought that was the draw.”

“No. It’s not. Getting caught means I lose my job. And then…the other stuff that I already listed. But none of that means anything to you, does it?”

Okay, that was absolutely enough. “HEY!” Darcy sat up and reached for her nightgown, yanking it down so hard over her head that the seams popped. “Don’t do that. How was I supposed to know anything you didn’t tell me, Piet? And for another thing? Don’t sit there and lump me in with your boss or your landlord or whatever just because you can’t tell them off. Don’t take that out on me! I didn’t do ANYTHING but love you.”

Both of them froze at her sudden declaration. Pietro turned, crawling up the bed to face her once more. “What did you say?”
She swallowed and looked down, yanking back the blanket and getting out of the bed. “I said I love you. But I bet that’s somehow…’stupid’ or ‘naive’ or whatever. But you know what? I don’t care. I love you. I love you because we have been doing all the things that people do when they fall in love. I’m not going to apologize for it, okay?” She set her jaw and straightened the hem of her nightgown.

“Okay…” he said quietly, a small smirk pulling at his lips as he stood up. He walked closer to her, reaching out to stroke his fingers along her shoulder and upper arm. “It’s not stupid. Or naive.”

She shrugged, but leaned more into his touch as he stepped closer. “Yeah?”

“Yeah…” he murmured, leaning down to press his lips gently to hers. “I love you too.”

“Yeah?” she asked, sort of unable to say anything else.

“And I’m sorry…”
“You think that I won’t stay? Sit there, watch me choose you. Watch me earn you.“ Part 2 - for thestarfishdancer

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 15 July 2017 on tumblr.

Pietro could tell she still didn’t believe him. But he didn’t care. He had all the time in the world.

And he didn’t mind spending it on Darcy Lewis. Because if anyone deserved to be treated like a queen, it was her.

And he was going to need the practice if he was going to be worshipping her for the long term.

So he took his time and kissed her softly.

He wound his arms more tightly around her bare waist and pulled her flush against his body. The sheets were tangled around their legs.

She was clutching his forearm like he was going to float away if she let go. He stroked his fingers gently over her hand. “You don’t have to hold on so tightly, princeza…I’m not going anywhere.”

Her fingers loosened and she mumbled an apology that he kissed away before she could finish it.
Pietro was nervous. Nervous about the date. About taking Darcy out.

What had started as just an innocent flirtation to make his niece happy had turned into real feelings and a real date in seemingly no time flat.

And now here he was, waiting outside her door after ringing the doorbell. It had seemed like ten years had passed since he pushed the button, and he was thinking about pushing again, or just knocking, when the door opened.

She…she looked amazing.

She was a knock-out.

Pietro had noticed that she was attractive before this, obviously. But seeing her out in a low cut dress and dark eyeliner and cherry red lipstick made him almost do a double take.

“Wow…” he managed to choke out.

She smirked and reached for her purse. “That was definitely the reaction I was looking for…you’re not so bad yourself, Piet.” She winked and stepped out into the hall. “Where to?”

He regained his composure long enough to say the name of the restaurant where he’d gotten reservations.

Gulping, Pietro offered his arm and Darcy took it.

He was in so far over his head that he was going to need CPR.
“Please, Darcy…” Pietro murmured, his hand stroking through her hair as he lowered his lips to hers.

Only to have her turn away at the last second, forcing him to kiss his way down her jaw, over her throat. He felt her skin react to his touch. Goosebumps. Chills. Shivers.

“I thought you said I was ungrounded…” he teased.

“You are…I just like it when you kiss my neck…”

“Then I will kiss your neck, princeza…” He leaned down to make good on his promise.
A breeze rolled past, rustling the pages of the book she had lying open on her desk. It wouldn’t have been anything worth noting, if she wasn’t sitting in the climate controlled labs of Stark Tower. Or somewhere that it was possible for a window to be open or something.

But it was, and so it wasn’t.

“Heya, Pietro…” she said, closing her laptop screen and turning in the direction of the breeze.

“Darcy…” He grinned and set her coffee down on the desk beside her.

“How many coffees are you going to bring me, Wonder Boy?” She asked, taking a sip from the cup he’d given her.

He shrugged. “As many as it takes.”

“You’ve got no chill, you know that?”

He tilted his head, studying her closely. “Did you want an iced coffee?”

“No, no…” she laughed and stood up. “Not what I meant. Just…remember when I told you to cool it?”

He nodded. “Yes, I remember that very well.”

“Okay, well…this is permission to stop cooling it. Turn up the heat, Piet.”

“Are you sure about that, princeza? I am told I can be very…hot.” He winked and she couldn’t believe a line like that worked. But it worked. For Pietro, it worked.

“Bring it,” she replied.
Darcy found them in the living room a few hours later. She woke up almost in a panic because it was quite obviously time to feed her son. Or so the wet spot on her shirt told her.

Pietro was fast asleep, sprawled on the couch, with their baby curled protectively against his chest. Rook was wide awake. But he seemed pretty happy to be so close to his Papa. And he seemed even more interested in his Mommy once he realized she was there too.

“Yeah, that’s right, Jelly Bean...” Darcy murmured as she scooped him up, not being able to stifle the smile that tugged at the corners of her mouth when Rook immediately started to root around. “It’s dinner time...well...second dinner time for you.”
Okay, so she wasn’t usually in this part of the haunted house. She was usually at the end, helping the scared shitless out to their cars and smiling sweetly in her Harley Quinn costume.

She wasn’t usually decked out in scary zombie attire and holding her Harley Quinn mallet over one shoulder in a particularly menacing way.

But Pietro had this coming, okay? He’d jump scared her for the last time and he was going to get what was coming to him, dammit.

Just because he was an Avenger, didn’t mean he wasn’t going to get scared in this haunted house.
Darcy awoke in her own bed, alone and without any misgivings from the night before. Wanda’s wedding had been a gorgeous, drama-free night.

And then she looked at her phone. Texts, tweets, even a tagged picture on Facebook. All of them about the same topic. "OMG DARCY GET IT GIRL!“ and "Pietro is HELLA fine, I KNEW you guys had to be hooking up.”

The picture was the clincher. And it brought the whole evening roaring back.

Pietro’s fingers were clutching at the beaded fabric of her dress, and her arms were wound completely around his neck. They were kissing. Open-mouthed, tongue-tangled, kissing.

She reached for the collar of her t-shirt as she looked at the picture, clutching it like it was a proverbial string of pearls. Because that had been a good kiss.

There was a gentle knock on her bedroom door and she quickly reached for the blanket to cover herself. "Yes?“

"It’s me…”

Pietro. Oh my god, did he spend the night? Oh my god, did we? Did we? No…we didn’t.

“Come in…” she said hesitantly.

He held up his phone. “Have you seen?”

She nodded. “I’ve seen.”

His face crumbled. "I’m sorry…I probably ruined our friendship. Everyone thinks we’re hooking up and…”

“So?”

Pietro frowned. "Soooo…we’re just friends. We’ve always been just friends.“

Darcy tapped on the picture and turned her phone around to show him. "This was an excellent kiss. Definitely not something people who are ‘just friends’ do. I think we should explore it further…if that’s something you’re into.”

If he’d hesitated at all, she might have thought he wasn’t. But he didn’t hesitate.

“Yes. It’s something I’m into. Yes.”

“Cool,” she said, grinning.
"What the flimity-flam, dude?" Darcy, dripping with iced coffee and whipped cream, turned to glare at the guy who had legit just PUSHED her backwards on the sidewalk. "Scratch that. I'mma pull out my big girl words, because you deserve them. What the actual fu--"

At that point, she jumped because a bus roared past them, laying on the horn.

"Oh…” she said, trailing off.

"Oh,” the guy who was looking better and better by the second (in direct correlation to how she was looking worse and worse, mind you) parroted back to her with a slight smirk. He pointed at a restaurant in front of them. "Come on, you're all drippy."

His accent was cute. Attractive. Cute. Something Eastern European or possibly Russian.

She frowned. "No offense, dude. But this is New York. You can’t just walk into some random restaurant, drip on their floor and demand napkins. Plus, that place looks on the upper scale of ritzy. Their napkins are probably cashmere or something."

He chuckled. "They’re not cashmere, they’re linen.” He approached her slowly, obviously thinking about leading her and then thinking better of it. "You can come in and clean up if you want. I’ll even feed you for your trouble."

"I’m hella late as it is, and I’m going to have to go replace the coffee or my boss will totally…” she trailed off. "Who am I kidding? My boss probably doesn’t even know it’s morning. I can spare a couple of minutes. No food, though. I just ate."

Jane probably didn’t even have her clock set for daylight savings. She was fine.

"I’m Pietro, by the way.” He smiled and extended his hand. Shaking hers even though it was sticky. "And uh…don’t worry about the drips…this is my restaurant. I’ll clean it up." He nodded up to the sign and Darcy pretty much swallowed her tongue because once she saw the name of the place, everything clicked.

Maximoff’s. And he was Pietro. So that meant he was one half of the brother and sister team that was taking the New York Culinary scene by storm. And the only reason she knew that was because she’d read up on the place.

Because Tony wanted to take Pepper on a date here, but they were booked up for months.

"Holy crapnuggets…so you’re the chef?"

“Only on the days I’m here,” he said with a grin. "And I uh…never got your name?"

"Darcy,” she said, in awe as she took in the interior of a place featured in one of Pepper’s hoity toity
magazines. "Say…I have a favor to ask…"

“I already saved your life, Darcy. Soooo…yeah, I guess I owe you.” He ducked behind the bar and came up with a glass. He filled it with club soda and gave her a small stack of cocktail napkins, probably so she could dab at the stains on her sweater.

She blushed and shook her head. “You’re right. Never mind.”

“No! I was kidding…hoping you’d…fight a little for it?” He was leaning on the bar and looking very extra especially yummy and Darcy was having a really hard time not asking him out as her favor. But that would be icky and not conducive to her plans for a pay raise.

“My boss…well…he’s not my BOSS-Boss, but he pays my boss?”

Pietro nodded. “Right…?”

“Anyway, he wants to take his girlfriend here and he hasn’t been able to get in. Is there any way you could help me with that?”

If she wasn’t completely sure that this five-star chef was already in a relationship or three, she might have thought Pietro looked a little disappointed by her favor. "You want…reservations…for your boss?"

"And his girlfriend. It’s Tony Stark and Pepper Potts, if that makes any difference.”

He shrugged. "Not really…what night would you want them for?"

"I dunno…whenever? He really wants to eat here.”

He motioned over her shoulder, and a pretty blonde woman appeared as if out of nowhere. Blondie was smiling REALLY widely at Pietro. And it honestly made Darcy want to roll her eyes. "What can I do for you, Pietro?"

**Oh brother…**

"What’s the earliest we have an opening?”

She pulled out a tablet with a stylus, tapping around on the screen before replying, “Saturday. We have an eight-thirty and a nine.”

“Pencil in Tony Stark and Pepper Potts for the eight-thirty. Thank you,” he smiled and turned back to Darcy, effectively dismissing the blonde. Who was definitely giving Darcy the stink eye, now that she was paying attention. "There,“ he said. "Now, I have something to ask you…”

Darcy dabbed the napkin in the club soda, even though she was starting to think that maybe this sweater was a lost cause. "Go for it."

"Do you have plans next Monday?"

There was a sharp exhale at the end of the bar, and Darcy realized that Blondie hadn’t quite left the vicinity yet. And honestly, this looked like something she didn’t want in the middle of. "I actually work pretty much every day."

His face fell, and she almost felt bad, except he was a mistake waiting to happen. "Oh…well. If that ever changes…” He slid a napkin across the table. There was a phone number scrawled there.
"Call me."

Darcy pressed her lips together and nodded. "Yep. I will surely do that!"

She got up, making for the exit and planning to toss the napkin out the first chance she got.

Except she didn’t. She kind of stuffed it in her bag on the way back to the coffee place.
Pietro knocked on her door for what felt like the billionth time that weekend.

The music immediately stopped and she opened the door seconds later. "Excuse my tone, but what the hell do you want now?" Darcy asked.

"Are you traipsing into Mordor in there?" he asked impatiently. "Because that’s the only reason you should be playing that music that loud."

"For your information, I’m cleaning my bathroom, so…yeah. The cleaning equivalent of traipsing into Mordor."

He rolled his eyes. "Just…turn down your tunes. You dork." He meant that in the most good-natured way possible, he hoped she could tell.

"I’ll turn them down. But if I’m a dork, so are you. You could recognize the music through the wall, so…” She shrugged and grinned up at him.

“It’s a beautiful soundtrack,” he countered.

“I know.”
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 22 August 2017 on tumblr.

She didn’t know why, but she wasn’t scared of him.

She’d been traded to their tribe and had ended up in his home. She supposed she could call it that. It looked like one of the ships she’d ridden on to get here.

There was but one bedroom in the entire abode, which led her to believe she was either married to him, or the far more likely… she was to be his mistress until he did get married. She couldn’t imagine Vikings could take a foreign wife.

He told her his name was Per. At least…that’s what she thought it was. He thumped his chest and pointed to himself repeating the word. And then he picked up one of the stones from the pile near the fireplace and pointed at it, repeating the word. Which Darcy understood to mean that he was telling her what he was named for.

Back home, the word for that was pietra.

“Pietra…” she replied, gesturing to the stone. "Pietra."

"Pietro?” he asked, pointing to himself and smirking widely. "Pietro?“

A smile tugged at her lips. She liked the name. She wondered if he’d let her call him that. "Can I call you that?” she asked, aware that he couldn’t understand her. "Pietro?“ she pointed to him, nodding. "Yes? Pietro?”

He reached forward, taking her hand in his. He laced their fingers and sat closer. He extended his hand, pointing towards her, his finger barely brushing against her collarbone. He gave her a quizzical look.

“Darcy,” she replied. "My name is Darcy."

"Darcy?” He raised his eyebrows, his lips caressing each letter in her name like it was precious. "Darcy."

She nodded. "Yes. Pietro.” She pointed to him and he smiled again.

“Darcy. Min Darcy.” He pulled her hand towards him, close to his chest. "Min."

She wasn’t sure what that meant, but it felt nice to hear.
'Distance of three' for anon

Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 31 August 2017 on tumblr.

Chapter Notes

Brooklyn 99 AU

I made Darcy the Jake Peralta character and Pietro the Amy Santiago character. Just because I feel like that’s their personality types.

“Maximoff…” Darcy flopped down in her rickety desk chair. "Tell me. Whose name has the bigger number over there on the board?“

‘The board’ was of course, the dry-erase board in the briefing room. At the top left corner were the names 'Lewis' and 'Maximoff'. And beside each were numbers. Numbers of arrests they’d both made in the last year.

And she was winning.

He rolled his eyes. "The year’s not over yet.”

“Technically yes. You’re right. But I find it hard to believe that you can close that distance in two months’ time.”

He arched an eyebrow and looked up at her from over his computer monitor. "The distance is three. I could make that this afternoon if I wanted."

"Care to make a friendly wager?"

“We’re already in the middle of your last friendly wager.”

“Right. And what if we went all or nothing today? First person to get to three wins the whole shabang.”

“I get your car if I can bag three today?” He chuckled, holding out his hand. "Deal."

She shook it and started to worry slightly at the glint in his eye as he squeezed her hand. "May the best cop win.”

Darcy winked. “She will, don’t worry.”
"I am fairly certain the exit is this way…” Pietro nodded towards the corn lined path to the left.

“Dude, I’m gonna have to take your word for it. Because with the way you zipped us in here, I don’t know my ass from my elbow right now…” Darcy reached out to grab his arm to steady herself. "If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were trying to get us lost."

He arched an eyebrow. "I can think of at least four better ways to get you alone."

She laughed. "Nice dodge of my question, Darling-Face. "

"It was not a question, it was a… musing,” he countered. "You mused."

"Fine. Nice dodge of my musing."

“Thanks.” He winked and laced his fingers with hers.
Chapter Summary

Originally posted on 9 September 2017 on tumblr.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“No super speed!” Clint called out. "For the last time, Piet. No super speed in touch football."

Pietro rolled his eyes and got into position in a huff.

Darcy grinned in his direction, winking once and grinning wider when his face reddened. Okay, so maybe she hadn’t protested that much when Clint asked her to flirt with Piet and throw him off. She just hadn’t been expecting it to work so well.

"No! No, bratishka!” Natasha snapped her fingers at him. “Keep focused, Pietro. I’ll give you her number after.” It was her turn to wink at Darcy, followed by a triumphant sneer in Clint’s direction.

“Let’s just play football, shall we?” Tony called from behind them. "We can play the dating game later!"

"Oh my geez…” Darcy groaned.

Chapter End Notes

Bratishka - Little Brother (Fight me, Nat’s Pietro’s adopted big sister).
The hood of her hoodie flew up over her head and she turned, ready to round on the prankster who would *dare*…

And of course, no one was there.

Which could only mean one thing. Pietro.

“I swear to Thor Almighty, Maximoff. I will get you back.”

“Gonna have to catch me first, *Princeza*…” Pietro grinned and Darcy knew an opening when she saw one.

She leaned forward and kissed his lips. He froze. Absolutely still.

Releasing him with a soft pop, she tugged his hood up over his head gently, yanking on the drawstrings to close it up tight. "Caught ya…"

Grinning, he shook his head. "No offense, but those were completely unfair tactics."

"Offense!” she stated bluntly. "You have superspeed, I have super lips. It’s completely fair.‘
Darcy burst into the common area, eyeing the likely culprits as if this were a police line up and she was the lead detective. "I know it was one of you…" she muttered, narrowing her eyes.

Clint shot her a look of annoyance mixed with confusion. It wasn’t him. He was way worse at lying to her than this.

Natasha had a blank look on her face. Let’s be honest, Darcy couldn’t read the Black Widow, so she wasn’t sure whether or not it was her who had eaten half of her blackberry pie.

Her blackberry pie made with the last of her frozen blackberries. It was the middle of October for cripes’ sake, she wasn’t getting anymore blackberries. At least, not good ones.

That left one person. And now that she was thinking about it, the most likely suspect.

Especially considering he had blackberry smears in the corner of his mouth.

“Pietro…” she pointed her finger at him accusatorily.

He gave her the most shockingly innocent face he could muster. Which was something else, considering he was guilty as sin. And as sinful as guilt. Whatever that meant.

Ugh, she knew what it meant. It meant that she was just as likely to climb in his lap and lick the blackberry smears from his lips as she was to actually get upset with the Sokovian speedster. Dude had this weird charm about him.

This weird charm that made Darcy stupid.

So, so stupid.

“You ate my pie,” she accused, folding her arms.

“No, I didn’t,” he countered, standing up to mirror her stance. Except he had about ten inches on her. And yet, he wasn’t nearly as foreboding as she was.

Feeling ballsy, she extending her arm, reaching up to thumb the blackberry smear from the corner of his mouth.

She arched her brow and glared expectantly. "What’s that, then?“

He looked unphased. "No idea. That is not mine. Oh my goodness. How did that get there?” he deadpanned. "Will any of those work?“

"It was my last blackberry pie,” she whined.

“That is why I did not eat all of it.”
She rolled her eyes before turning and leaving the room. "Such a gentleman."

He let her get as far as the elevator before he zipped around in front of her. "Are you actually mad? You have never gotten mad at me for eating them before."

“No, not mad. Just…” she paused for effect. "Disappointed."

He pouted. "Noooo, that is worse."

His pouty face was absolutely adorable. She figured he probably knew that though. She wondered who else it worked on.

“What can I do to make it up to you?” he asked.

She could think of a billion different ways, but the one that came out was, “Come help me eat the rest of it.”

“Help you eat it, or feed it to you?” He was smirking, but something had changed. The tension between them was palpable.

“Which interests you more?” she asked, answering his question with another question. A playful question. One that did nothing for the tension.

His smirk spread into a salacious grin. “I think you know, or you would not have asked.”

She wasn’t sure what kind of courage she was running off of, if it was residual gusto from her brief stint of being angry or what. But she totally answered him.

“Feed it to me.”
Darcy yanked on his hand, holding him fast to her side. "Slow down, Wonder Boy…"

“I don’t want to slow down, I want to get out.” He glanced around the corn maze, wondering how quickly he could run through and find the correct path out.

“Why? Is this… too confined a space?” Her brow furrowed with worry and that was the exact opposite expression he was hoping to elicit.

“No, no…” He turned, clasping both her hands in his. "That’s all fine, I just… I’m ready to take you home, princeza."

"In that case, definitely slow down…” she said, lacing her fingers with his. "Stop and sniff the rhododendrons once in awhile."

"I see no rhododendrons. Only corn. And a beautiful woman who deserves to spend the rest of the evening off her feet, if you understand where I’m going…"

“I do understand where you’re going. And I want to go there too. Eventually…” She pulled him down for a kiss, her lips lingering on his for a moment. "The trip is just as fun as the destination, Pietro…consider this foreplay."

He kissed her again, his arm wrapping around her waist and pulling her close. "Or pre-foreplay? Because you’re still getting foreplay, Darcy."

Biting back a smile, she nodded. “I can make my peace with that.”
“I’m cold,” Darcy mumbled, wrapping her arms more tightly around herself. There was frost on the grass, why was she out here running again? Frost implied that Darcy Lewis should be cuddled up inside, under a blanket and wearing fuzzy socks. Perhaps a paperback novel clutched in her decidedly warm hands.

Basically, anything that was the opposite of what she was currently doing.

Pietro zipped up behind her, wrapping his arms around her as well.

She immediately clasped his hands, trapping them against her body. “What are you doing?” she asked, her tone much more snarky than her actions implied.

“I’m warming you up…” He stopped walking, forcing her to stop as well. "Want me to stop?“ He nuzzled against her throat and she remembered exactly why she was out here, freezing her hind quarters off.

She released his hands, spinning in his arms so she was facing him. "Never stop."

“You know, those might be famous last words, princeza…”
“Are you coming, Darcy? I’ve already run in and out of this maze fourteen times since you’ve been walking…” Pietro teased.

“You take all the fun out of these things…” she countered, sniffing haughtily. “It’s supposed to be something fun we do together… corn mazes are supposed to be fun.”

“Everything we do together is fun,” Pietro argued. “You have smiled more times today than I can count.”

Pressing her lips together to hide her grin, Darcy kept walking. It was more her company that was making her smile than anything else.
Darcy was seriously just trying to take the dog out for exercise. Sparky the science dog was her responsibility and taking him to the dog park meant he could run around with the other dogs.

And Pietro came along because well… he needed exercise too. And he was always saying how he wanted to go do things with her.

She had a sneaking suspicion that it was his round about way of asking her out, but she wasn’t about to make this easy for him.

So when he zipped off the second she let Sparky off the leash, she sighed and collapsed onto a park bench. It was exhausting, all these high-energy personalities around her: a decidedly low energy personality who hadn’t even had coffee yet.

Pietro zipped back up, sitting on the bench beside her and holding out an orange leaf. “First leaf of autumn, Darcy.”

She laughed, taking it from him. “Did you catch it before it hit the ground?”

He shrugged. “Maybe.”

“You know most guys give flowers, right?”

“I’m not most guys,” was his snarky reply.

“Don’t I know it…”
“I told you it was pretty out here at night…” Darcy said smugly, folding her arms.

“To be fair, you look pretty everywhere you go…” Pietro mumbled, wrapping his arms around her waist and resting his head on her shoulder.

A blush rose in her cheeks, and she grinned widely. “Kinda wish we’d brought a –”

There was a whoosh behind her as he let go of her, zipping off and reappearing with his sleeping bag. “A blanket?”

Laughing, she reached for it. “That and a –”

He zipped off again, blowing her hair in front of her face upon his speedy return. “Pillow? I brought two?”

“Perfect.”
Pietro jolted when Darcy’s feet touched his leg.

“Sorry,” she mumbled.

“You are not sorry,” he retorted, reaching for her and pulling her close. "Quit touching me with you freezing feet. Get over here and snuggle already…” He tucked her close to his side, nuzzling her with his nose. "Why are you so cold anyway?"

"Because Mr. My-core-body-temp-is-two-degrees-warmer-than-regular-people’s needs the thermostat set to sixty-five…” Darcy groused half-heartedly. Pietro kissed her forehead, working his way down to her jaw. She shivered against him. But this was different. It wasn’t from cold.

“Let me see what I can do about that, princeza.”
Pietro rolled over, tucking his chin over Darcy’s shoulder. Her feet were freezing when she pressed them against his legs. It made him jump, and she giggled.

He burrowed his face into her hair, inhaling her scent and wrapping his arm around her waist, pulling her back against his body and making it abundantly clear that he didn’t want her to leave the bed.

She patted his arm. “Piet. I have to go to work.”

He groaned and held her tighter. “They get to have you everyday. You could just… stay home? Call in…” he trailed off, nuzzling his nose against the shell of her ear. ”You know.”

"Call in horny?” she asked.

“I do not want to put words in your mouth, but if you want…”
The thunder boomed outside, followed by a streak of pink lightning across the sky. The wind was blowing the snow against her window and it honestly looked eerie. Out of place altogether like it was.

Pietro zipped up behind her, goosing her sides before practically pressing his face against the glass. "Whoa."

"I know right? Mother Nature is all kinds of pissed."

He goosed her again, this time, wrapping his arms around her waist. “Come sit down. Instead of staring out the window all night, you could stare at me?”

Darcy couldn’t help but smile. “I’m not getting out of our plans just because of a little thundersnow, am I?”

He snorted. “It is your only night off from the lab. If you want to spend it staring out the window, we will.”

“Nah. I’d rather stare at that mirror in my bedroom…” she said, trailing off as she walked back towards the room in question. The room that housed the mirror. "The one right beside my bed?"

He frowned for a moment, watching her walk away. Understanding bloomed suddenly and he was zipping after her.
“H-how long have you been standing there?” Pietro asked, eyes wide as he registered just who had been standing there behind him. Not his sister, as he’d previously assumed.

“I guess since like… ‘Darcy is trying to kill me’ … something about my long, long, legs and huge eyes.” Her cheeks were pink and said eyes were darting around nervously. "I'm… sorry, I was trying to tell you I was here…"

“Telepathically?” he asked, a bit bewildered.

“No, I just…” she sighed. "I tried to talk and nothing came out, and I kind of thought you were just joking at first. Like you saw me back here and were trying to be cute or whatever… and then you just kind of kept on talking…” She trailed off, the pink in her cheeks deepening to red. "You really don’t leave much space for someone else to talk, Pietro… and you were saying such nice things… things I like hearing. Things I’ve wanted to hear."

He chuckled, glancing down at his hands. "So… the uh… cat is out of the bag, I guess.”

“Yeah…” she replied, laughing nervously.

“Would you like me to put it… back… in the bag?” he asked, fear sinking like a stone in his belly.

She shook her head. "No, I don't… don’t do that…” The corner of her mouth twitched and she reached out, fingertips brushing his hand. He opened his palm and she slipped hers in. Their fingers laced, and if it was at all possible, she turned an even darker shade of crimson.

He smiled down at her and squeezed her hand. "Are you okay?“

She laughed. "I’m fine. Just…” She placed her other hand on her cheek. "Red."
Chapter Summary

Fun Prompts

“Here. A hat. Adore it and wear it. Or don’t, it’s literally no skin off my nose.” Darcy tossed the crocheted garment onto Pietro’s lap and promptly left.

He picked up the hat, running his fingers over the soft yarn and turning to watch her retreat down the hall. "What—"

Clint chuckled from his chair across the room. "Wow."

Pietro frowned. "What?"

"Nothing."

"You do not say ‘wow’ for nothing."

“It’s just…” Clint shrugged. “Probably none of my business.”

“It really is not, but I am intrigued, so speak, Old Man.”

“You might wanna chase after her.”

Pietro raised his eyebrows, standing and pulling the hat onto his head. “Right,” he scoffed.

“I’m serious. You might want to.”

“I do not have a death wish, so no. I do not want to.”

“It takes… time to make something like that. And she absolutely does care whether you like it or not. So, I say chase her, Dicksilver.”

Clint had a point. And Pietro secretly DID want to chase after her. This was just a good reason.

“Dicksilver?” he asked.

“Old Man?” Clint retorted.

“Touche,” Pietro conceded, before yanking the hat a little further down on his brow and zipping off after Darcy.
“So… you and Pietro, huh?” Jane asked, smirking like she knew something when she absolutely didn’t.

Darcy snorted. "Me and who? No. We’re just really good friends.“ Friends who made out and groped each other on occasion. In fact, she couldn’t think of a place on her body where Pietro hadn’t put his hands… they were taking things slowly, but they weren’t dead, okay? And Jane knew none of that, because they were being totally sneaky and hiding it.

"Okay,” Jane replied, sounding skeptical. "Just answer me two questions and I’ll let it go.“

"Fine."

“Who was it helping you make those glitter bombs for Pepper’s bachelorette party earlier?”

“Pietro. He was the only one who could get the things closed fast enough.”

“Okay, and what is the herpes of craft supplies?”

Darcy rolled her eyes. "Glitter.“

Jane smirked, nodding towards Darcy’s butt. "Okay, glitter-ass. That’ll be all.”

She turned, catching a glimpse of the back of her pants. Complete with a glittry, Pietro-sized handprint.

Darcy sighed. “Fine. Whatever. No regrets, he’s a great kisser.”

“Little handsy…” Jane noted, barely keeping the laughter out of her voice.

“A lot handsy, and I encourage it.”
Pietro’s tongue slid smoothly over her sex, flicking in just the right spot. Darcy’s toes curled into the sheets and her fingers tightened their hold on his hair.

She whimpered when he repeated the action, so close she could taste it, but for once, her speedy-speedster boyfriend wasn’t in a hurry.

He chuckled against her when she tugged at his hair, her hips bucking to meet his mouth, even as he moved away, pressing soft kisses to her inner thighs as he pushed up on his hands.

He licked his lips and grinned. “What’s wrong, princeza?”

“Come here, you ass.” She reached for him, pulling him close.

“Just my ass?” he teased. “Or the rest of me too?”

She wrapped both arms around his shoulders and he came willingly, curling himself around her body, his hand moving deftly between her thighs to finish what he’d started.

Two fingers pressed into her, stroking from within as his thumb practically vibrated against her clit.

She was shaking apart in seconds, his name a sharp cry as her walls clamped down around the digits curled inside her.

He hummed in her ear, murmuring something in Sokovian that soothed, even though she didn’t know what he was saying.

Her fingers trailed down to wrap around his throbbing member. The murmur turned into a moan, and she decided to send Steve a bouquet of flowers for coinciding Pietro’s day off with hers.

Lazy mornings in bed were few and far between, but she’d be on board with making this a weekly occurrence.
Pietro’s eyes fluttered open. Something didn’t feel right. He was getting that pins and needles feeling, but only in the very middle of his back.

“Darcy?” he murmured, reaching over to push gently on her shoulder. "Is the furball on my back?"

She grumbled, lifting her head and pushing back rogue curls so she could see. "Yes. He’s making bread back there, so don’t move.” She mimed that kneading thing cats did to get comfortable. Little Barry loved doing that. Especially on Pietro.

“Make him stop. It hurts. He’s using his claws.”

“Claws? Piet. He fits inside a coffee mug, how painful could it be?”

“Why don’t you move him onto your back and we’ll talk?”

She rolled her eyes and leaned over to scoop up the kitten into her hand. Barry mewed loudly, clearly upset from being interrupted. She placed him on the pillow between their heads. “There. Mean old Pietro won’t let you lay on his back.”

Pietro grumbled, but reached up to stroke the cat behind the ears. Which only prompted the feline to move closer to him, curling up between his neck and shoulder.

He sighed. Whatever, it was late.
Darcy felt a cool breeze whip past her on the track. Rolling her eyes, she reached for the zipper of her jacket, tugging it up more as she neared the end of her circuit.

The breeze whipped past her once more and she groaned. “Show off!” she called out, watching the blur that had run ahead skid to a stop, turn and run back to face her.

Pietro appeared in front of her, grinning widely and jogging backwards in front of her, his breath coming out in hot puffs in front of him. “I’m sorry, princeza, did you say something? I couldn’t hear you through all the awesome.”

She arched an eyebrow. “I don’t know how you can simultaneously make me swoon and gripe at the exact same time, but it’s happened, so…”

His grin grew wider and he slowed more, falling into step with her, even as she slowed down to a quick walk. “I guess I’m just magic, eh?”

She hummed and shrugged. “I guess you could call it that. Not sure that’s the word I’d use, though…”
Darcy jammed her hands into the pockets of the hoodie. It was kind of huge on her, but Pietro was kind of a tall, broad guy.

She snuggled down into the softness, inhaling his scent.

A strong pair of arms appeared seemingly out of nowhere, wrapping around her waist as a voice whispered in her ear. “Thief.”

“Well, I mean it was just sitting there on the chair,” she said, tilting her head to the side so Pietro could nuzzle against her throat, the scratch of his beard making her skin tingle.

“Just sitting there, eh?” He sucked a soft kiss to her throat, zipping around in front of her to kiss her better. “That makes it fair game?”

“Absolutely. Possession in nine-tenths the law.”

He chuckled, the sound moving over her like melted chocolate, dripping down her spine. His teeth grazed her skin. “This is good to know, princeza.”
Her breath hung in front of her in white puffs as she checked the time on her phone. Pietro usually wasn’t this late.

To be fair, he was only two minutes late.

But the guy brought new meaning to the word punctual, so it was throwing her a little that he was late. And it was pretty much freezing.

Maybe she should go in and secure a table? Preferably near the back of the shop so they’d be warm?

A breeze ruffled her hair and Pietro’s arms wrapped around her middle to steady himself as his feet skidded slightly on the cold concrete sidewalk behind her. “Sorry I’m late,” he said, resting his chin on her shoulder.

“Two minutes, I was about to send out a search party,” Darcy teased, turning her head so she could kiss his cheek. “Plus, I’m cold.”

“Oh?” he asked, nuzzling her cheek with his own. “Guess I’d better do something to warm you up, then…”

“We’re in public,” Darcy reminded him, untangling from his arms. “So I’ll accept some kind of festive hot coffee drink as a placeholder.”

He chuckled and slid his hand into hers. “Fair enough. But I’m walking you home.”

“ Anything to make you walk,” she countered.
Chapter Summary

Holiday Cocktail Prompts

Mythology AU, Modern Mythology, Mutual Pining,

Darcy stepped down into her backyard, a trowel in one hand to tend her waning vegetable garden and a pair of gloves in the other. She stopped on her back porch to close her eyes, to breathe in the air. To determine if winter was truly here or not.

An icy wind blew down from the treetops outside her cottage, brushing over her cheek and lips and leaving her shivering with cold.

Her eyes opened and she chuckled out loud. She should have known.

Standing there at the edge of her garden, he was leaning against the trellis. Dressed from head to toe in some sort of unearthly shimmering blue fabric that was of the gods and for the gods, he shook the frost from his hair and zipped over to her. “Good morning, Darcy.”

“Good morning,” she scoffed as she walked away from him and over to her now dying tomato plants. The frost he’d left there was withering the remaining leaves on the stems. She’d have to pull them up later. “Took you long enough, Pietro.”

He shrugged once. “I come when they tell me to.” He slid around on one foot, spinning slightly and reaching for her hand. “Come skating with me?”

Darcy had to work to hide the smile from gracing her lips, but she knew there was no way to hide the pinkness in her cheeks at his invitation. She’d had something of a crush on the sprite ever since he’d first appeared to her in her twelfth year. But he was only here for three months at a time.

“If I come skating with you… you’ll make me fall for you again, and then you’ll leave me in three months and I’ll be just as alone as I was yesterday…”

“You know just how to break my heart, don’t you?” he pouted, looking truly put upon as a few snowflakes began to fall from the sky. “When I told you that there’s no other one for me on this earth.”

She sniffed again. “You say that like you wait for me.”

“I do,” he insisted, his hands moving down her arms until she dropped the trowel to the ground with a soft thump. He intertwined both of his hands with hers. “I do wait for you, every year. I’m so lonely for those nine months, princeza. But you know I cannot stay. If I were to stay, the seasons would be off. The earth would cease to be… not to mention my sister would throw a tizzy fit. You know Wanda loves making all the leaves fall from the trees here.”

Darcy had to laugh at that one. Pietro’s twin sister was responsible for Autumn and was entirely in love with her craft. If Pietro so much as messed up her groove by a few days, there would be Hel to pay.
“I miss you so much when you’re not here,” Darcy said softly. “If I allow this relationship to continue, I’m only opening myself up to heartbreak.”

“Not if you come with me…” he whispered, dipping his face low so he could bring his lips to hers. She turned at the last second and he caught her cheek, but the surprising warmth shook her resolve.

“How are you so warm?” she murmured, turning to graze her fingers over his cheek, run her thumb over his jaw and cheekbone, noting the way he closed his eyes and leaned into her touch.

“Because I have to be,” he said smugly. “I’d freeze otherwise.” Not allowing Darcy to derail the conversation, he prodded her once more. “Come with me. I’ll show you icy landscapes that stretch as far as the eye can see. Forests of diamonds that only come out in the winter… Sights more beautiful than you’ve ever seen… but not more beautiful than you, my Darcy…”

His fingers trailed down her other arm, the one holding the mittens. He brought it up in his.

“But I’m human,” she argued.

“Only if you want to be…” Pietro kissed her hand and she dropped the mittens on the frozen ground between them.

“What I want to be is with you,” she whispered.

“So be with me,” he countered.
"We can’t keep this up forever…"

His words surprised her. They broke the stubborn silence that pervaded his bedroom while she pulled her blouse over her head. Pietro didn’t seem the type to worry much about the possible repercussions of a friends-with-benefits situation.

Especially when they both seemed to be enjoying the benefits so very much. Or she thought, at any rate.

She tugged on the hem of her shirt and placed both hands on her hips for a long moment. “Okay. That’s fine, I guess.”

She could almost feel Pietro’s frown boring into her back. “What’s fine?”

“I mean, fair judgment. This can’t go on forever. So, it’s fine. I agree. We should end it.”

She didn’t look over her shoulder at him. Couldn’t really. She didn’t want to see his face right now. It had been his idea, after all. He was the one who wanted out.

“If that’s what you want,” he said dismissively.

Frowning, she reached for her pants, yanking them up and buttoning them. It was what he wanted, not her. She would have been fine to keep up with this for a little bit longer. Maybe they’d have been caught. Maybe they wouldn’t.

But from the sound of his voice, he wanted more of an argument from her. Maybe he wanted to feel special? Needed to know she was sad it was ending. Whatever it was, she wasn’t giving it to him.

“Look, I gotta get up early for work,” she said, tears threatening to spill and she couldn’t tell if they were angry tears or something else.

She heard him call her name as she stormed from his apartment. But she didn’t stop.
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