Post your request here and the work will be put on hold.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Not Rated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
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<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
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<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>I'm doing it again, Fluff, Smut</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2016-06-24 Completed: 2017-08-09 Chapters: 12/12 Words: 6707</td>
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</tbody>
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**Imagine Requests Part 2**

by Lady_avenger37

**Summary**

Okay, I decided to do a part 2. Same stuff applies as it did for the first one. Only taking 5 requests at a time. Slow updates. I will update tags as I go.
I'm Back

I'm back!

Yup. I decided to start another request book, but I'm adding a few more rules to it.

Rules:

1) I will only take 5 requests at a time.

2) This will not just be almost all Marvel characters. I know that's what lots of people want, but I want to get requests for other things as well.

3) No OC requests. That's what really killed me with the last book. It was hard for me to do the OC ones if it wasn't my OC. I also won't be posting my own OC one shots in here either to make it fair.

4) Lastly, no like 5 paragraph long requests. Thats way too much and I don't feel like I get enough freedom with it.

Fandoms I'll write for:

Captain America/Avengers

Agents of SHIELD

Agent Carter

NCIS

NCIS:LA

Death Note

The Last Apprentice Series/Seventh Son

Community

Political Animals

Any Chris Evans, Sebastian Stan, or Taron Egerton movie or show (characters only)

Dark Angel

Castle

Firefly

Big Time Rush (the show)

and more! Just ask if there's not something that you're looking for and I can tell you if I will write it or not!
Just no Supernatural, Doctor Who, or Sherlock requests. I don't watch any of them, or plan on it.

Thanks! Love you all!

-Rachel
Steven Timothy Barnes. Your son. You had just given birth only a day before and now you were preparing to bring you son home. Ever since you gave birth, Bucky, your wonderful husband has refused to hold him. You know why too. He’s scared that he’s going to hurt him. Preparing to take him out to the car, you put Steven in his carrier, ready for Bucky to carry him out. He needs to hold him eventually. But holding Steven in the carrier didn’t seem to phase him. It was silent almost the entire ride back, until you figured out a way to get Bucky to hold him.

“Buck?” He made a sound of acknowledgement. “When we get home, do you think you can take him out of the carrier and put him in his crib? I think I’m going to pass out on our bed once we get inside.”

“Rachel, do you think you could?”

“Why?” You asked already knowing the answer.

“I don’t want to hurt him.”

“Buck.”

“Seriously Rachel. I don’t want to hurt him. Who knows if something were to happen and I’d turn into him again? I don’t want to hurt our son.” He was at the verge of tears at this point.

“James Buchanan Barnes. You listen to me. You would never hurt our son. Ever. Remember how you were scared to hold me with your metal arm? How you were scared you were going to hurt me when we made love? You didn’t hurt me because you love me. For that same reason you wouldn’t hurt our son. So don’t you ever not trust yourself. Plus, when was the last time you had a relapse?” You turned his face to yours once he parked in your driveway. He was looking towards his feet.

“Almost two years ago.”

“See! Nearly two years! There may be a relapse eventually, but have you ever hurt me during one of them?”

“No.”

“This is what I mean Buck. Your heart overpowers him, and before you mention Stevie, you know he’s the one who started the destruction of the soldier. So will you carry him now?” You asked hopefully.
“What if I mess up?” Your poor Bucky Bear looked petrified.

“I'll go with you. Forever and always.” You smiled at him as the worry seemed to fade away.

“Forever and always doll.” He responded and kissed you while heading into your house with your son in his arms. Leaving you to carry the empty carrier.

Chapter End Notes

WHEN I open requests again, I will not be accepting any Marvel ones. Just so you all know. Since 4 of the 5 requests are Marvel. Spread the love people! Don't forget to ask if I will write a certain fandom that isn't on the list!
It was a Captain America keychain. All you did was reach in and grab the first object your hand touched. Your cheeks were bright red, as was his. On the other hand, Tony’s face lit up.

“My ship is sailing! It will become cannon!” He cheered.

“(y/ship/n) is sailing!” Clint chirped in.

“Shut up.” You mumbled as the two excited men led the two of you to the closet. Well more of a shipping container than a closet.

“What the hell Stark.” Steve said as you reached the container.

“This way you can’t escape Capsicle or Little girl.” Tony stated.

“Plus it’s a shipping container.” The two idiotic males laughed their asses off. While you and Steve rolled your eyes at the two and began to walk away.

“No! Get back here!” Tony yelled as you and Steve ran away. Seeing the four of you running by, Natasha, Thor, Bucky, Ward, and Eggsy joined in to the chase. Once the others heard what was going on, everyone but Thor and Bucky stopped.

“Stevie you need to get laid!” Bucky yelled as he nearly caught you. Steve turned around and waited for you to catch up to him, and he picked you up and carried you as you continued to run. Bucky fell back a bit, but Thor almost reached the two of you.

“Go into a room Steve.” You told him once the others were out of sight. He opened the closest door, which so happened to be a broom closet. The two of you held your breaths as you heard two of them run by.

“Thanks Steve.” You said, breaking the silence. All Steve did was cover your mouth with his. He quickly pulled away when you didn’t respond right away.

“I’m sorry Y/n. I…I…” Steve stuttered and it was absolutely adorable. You kissed him in order to shut him up, as he did with you.

“I like you too Steve.” You said as the door was opened abruptly by Thor.

“I FOUND LADY Y/n AND BROTHER STEVE!” Thor boomed and he grabbed the two of you and carried you back to the shipping container. You were over the Demigod’s shoulder while Steve was getting dragged behind. You didn’t mind going back now, since you had some ideas for what you and the Captain would do. Tony and Clint were already there by the time you were brought back. Bucky arrived a few seconds after your little group.

“For running off, the two of you will be stuck in there for 12 hours!” Tony declared.
“What about 15?” Clint added.

“15 is too weird.”

“What if a mission comes up?”

“Shit. Only exception is if there is a mission that absolutely needs you two.”

“Fine.” You and Steve said as you were pushed inside the container. Looking around you saw a mini fridge, a bed, a fan and a light.

“What do you want to do Y/n?” Steve asked while standing by the bed.

“I have an idea.” You said as you walked over to where Steve was standing and pushed him on the bed.
This is the last one for now. Hopefully I should have the requests up by next weekend. Updates won’t be as fast as they were on the other book as I’m working a lot and actually being an adult now. Kinda sucks, but at the same time-nah it sucks. So much responsibility!

Another mission, another day at Kingsman HQ. Ever since the whole Valentine ordeal you and the rest of the Kingsman agents that didn’t die, only you, Roxy, Merlin, Percival, and Eggsy were quite busy. Thankfully there have been a bunch of new recruits that have passed the tests. Pretty much just what Eggy and Roxy’s test was, but all who passed were accepted. While walking back to your room at the mansion your phone went off. Pulling it out, you looked to see that it was a text from Merlin. Only reason he did that was your glasses were broken from the mission you just returned from. But none the less, Merlin wanted you, Roxy, and Eggy to meet him in his office. You were praying that it was a vacation, or if anything staying back to help train new agents. Surprisingly you were the last one to arrive. Eggy managed to beat you and he just winked at you when he saw your shocked face.

“I know shocking!” Roxy exclaimed.

“How on earth did Gary manage to beat me here?” You said incredulously. Somehow you were allowed to call Eggy by his given name, and if anyone else did their head would be blown off. That was also your subtle way of flirting. You see, the two of you have been having this game for awhile where you would flirt back and forth, but nothing past that. He was your best friend after all. Plus, he seems smitten with Roxy. It kind of bothers you, but you push your little crush on him aside for the sake of his happiness. He deserves it. Merlin just looked at the three of you and wordlessly you all sat down and payed attention.

“Okay you three, I’ve got another mission for you. You are to go to Statesmen and help them recruit talent. You will be staying there for two months, and here’s Rachel, head of the Statesmen to tell you a few more things.” Merlin said and motioned to the screen. On the screen there was a woman about Eggsy and Roxy’s age on the screen. She was wearing a pair of grey glasses similar to ours at Kingsman with smaller lenses, and looking over at Eggsy he seemed shocked.

“Em? Is that you?”

“Shit.” Merlin and Roxy said at the same time. He knew her?

“I was undercover two years ago Egg. My alias was Emma, and I’m sorry I never told you.” She said. I could tell she was actually saddened by telling this to Eggsy. He looked sad yet pissed at the same time.

“You’re explaining everything when I get there. Got it.”

“Yes sir, Eggy sir.” She mocked him causing the two to burst into laughter. Roxy smiled at the sight, and Merlin chuckled.

“Yeah, sorry Merlin. Okay the three of you are going to need to be less British when ya get here, cause that ain’t going to help you one bit. These people will only really want to sleep with you then, and Eggsy you can’t be sleeping around during this.”

“Who said I’d be sleeping around?” Rachel gave him a ‘are you shitting me’ kind of look.

“I think we’ll be getting along just fine with Rachel, don’t you think so (Y/n)?” Roxy said.

“I think the three of us will be giving Eggsy hell for two whole months while getting paid as well!” You said.

“I agree with you (Y/n). I don’t know why Merlin couldn’t tell you this himself, but that’s all I need to tell you right now. Oh, and before I forget, pack for humid weather during the day and cold nights. Also think American when packing. If you don’t have a lot of stuff that works, I’ll help you shop when you get here! See you in a couple days! Bye!” Rachel finished. Merlin sent us out to pack and get some rest before going to America. This was going to be interesting to say the least.

“You are dismissed. Now go and pack. I don’t want to see any of you here until you get back.” Merlin said and the three of us left.

Once we were outside the door, Eggsy looked like a kid on Christmas day. You and Roxy exchanged confused looks. That was until Eggsy spoke.

“Yes! I get to see her again!”

“What’s the big deal Eggsy? Why is she so important?” You snapped. He pouted then grinned.

“I thought I’d lost her because one night she was laying in bed with me, and the next mornin’ she was gone. No trace of her left.”

“So, what if she was just ditching you?”

“It wasn’t the first time she’d spent the night. Every time she left a note. There was no note.” He said sadly.
Author's Note

I know I said I was going to update this past weekend, and you can tell that didn't happen. That is mainly because I want to release all five at once. Plus it's been getting a little harder for me to write Marvel ones that are not stereotypical. I don't want you reading the same shit over and over again. So bear with me while I work on these requests. I did say it would be slow updates didn't I?

-Rachel
I Met a Girl - Bucky Barnes x Darcy Lewis (Request)

Chapter Notes

First off I just want to say sorry for the lateness, but life is getting in the way. Also I wasn't going to make you all wait for me to post them all at once.

Requested by Pucca25. Sorry it's short and that I cut some of the song out. All of the lyrics are in italics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Darcy was always very outgoing and obnoxious. She didn’t really care that much about it either. It was who she was. One day when she was at the tower with Thor and Jane, Bucky so happened to be there as well. She had only seen the super soldier once before, and it kinda bummered her out that she didn’t see him. Little did she know that Bucky saw her. Well he heard her before he saw her. Her loud voice going straight to Bucky’s ears.

She don’t laugh at everything but when she does the planet swings around her
She don’t step on sidewalks seams, her teenage boyfriends all still dream about her
She don’t need the glitter of the vegas lights, she blow a kiss and leave it spinning’ like a tilt-a-whirl

Knowing she was at the tower, Bucky observed this quirky girl from a distance. He didn’t know what to think at first. She was loud and very outspoken. That made him feel something he hasn’t in nearly seventy years. It’s been so long that he couldn’t place a name to this feeling.

I met a girl
She made me smile, she made me wait
She crossed the street, she crossed my heart
She fixed her dress, she bit her lip, she let me up
I met a girl with crazy shoes and baby blues
The way she moves is changing my whole world
I met a girl

This would go on for months, and occasionally the two would run into each other in the communal areas. That only intensified these feelings for Bucky. He only recently put a name to the feeling when he asked Natasha about it. She told him:

“You’re practically swooning over her Barnes. Just ask her out. Cause she drools over you, but the two of you are just too damn oblivious.”

Oblivious was an understatement. As during those months that had passed, Darcy found herself falling for the super soldier. She started noticing things she’d never noticed before, and that damn body of his was killing her slowly. And that’s how Bucky felt about her.

She dances like nobody sees her, I can’t believe I get to be here in her world
I met a girl
She made me smile, she made me wait
She crossed the street, she crossed my heart
She fixed her dress, she bit her lip, she let me up
I met a girl with crazy shoes and baby blues
The way she moves is changing my whole world
I met a girl

*I met a girl*

Chapter End Notes

To those who requested, I'm working on it! More should be coming soon!
Holy shit it's been awhile. I'm so so so so so sorry that I haven't been updating. I'm finding it hard to write these requests as I'm not having the motivation at the moment. My life is crazy right now and I really hope you guys can understand this. Plus, the smut is getting harder to write as I don't want to copy what I've wrote previously. I love you guys so much and I hope you can understand.

-Rachel
Steve McGarret x Reader (Request)

Chapter Notes

Requested by BadBloodWithCap. Here you go darling, and sorry for the wait. I know I didn’t include the smut, but I couldn't write it this time. That goes for the other requests with smut, I just haven't been able to write it. Sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Agent (L/n). How many times do I have to tell you that you can not hit a suspect in interrogation!” Assistant Director Granger yelled at you. You were completely justified in your actions. The bastard grabbed your ass!

“Granger! He grabbed my fucking ass! How was I not supposed to smack him?”

“Easy. Brush it off,” He said and continued before you could interject. “I think it’s best if you go someplace a little more relaxing. So you’re going to be NCIS’ liaison for HPD’s Five-0 team.”

“What? I don’t need to relax. Suspects need to stop being ass holes!”

“Your plane leaves tomorrow, and you’ll stay there as long as it’s deemed fit. Now go.”

You stormed out of there and made your way to the gym to let out some steam. The one place where you knew that you could go to let out some of your anger. You went straight for the punching bags and imagined it was Granger’s face. At one point, you were practically cussing at the punching bag as if you were ‘talking’ with the assistant director.

“(Y/n). You gotta go darlin’ cause I’m closing up early tonight,” Randy, the owner said. He was a close friend of yours since you started at NCIS. He was an agent too.

“Sorry. Just that bastard of an assistant director doesn’t understand shit!”

“Granger ain’t that bad. He’s just a little-“
“Fucking prick that-“

“Do you need me to open up early tomorrow?”

“I’ll probably be in Hawaii by then,” You grumbled. I mean awesome that you get to go there, but only because Granger is forcing you makes it suck.

“He banish you to the land of volcanos?”

“You. I’m now the NCIS liaison for HPD’s Five-0 team.”

“Well that sounds like fun kid. I’ll call McGarret and warn him,” He chuckled. “Nah, I’ll only tell him the good stuff. The two of you should get along just fine.”

“Bye Rand. I’ll hopefully see you in a couple weeks,” You said and left the gym to go and pack you shit up. That’s pretty much all you had. Cause you sure as hell weren’t going to leave your DVD’s and CD’s in LA. Hell no. They were your babies. You didn’t have that many clothes, so that didn’t take long, but it still pissed you off that you had to leave your home. One that you called yours for over five years now. Soon you forced yourself to leave and made your way to Hawaii.

-time skip two months later-

The rage coursing through your veins as this creep that has been kidnapping young women is insurmountable. You weren’t paying attention when you were rescuing one of the girls and he grabbed you. So here you were, chained to a bed and held captive. After the first attempt when he only chained an ankle, he chained you to the entire bed. At this point you were waiting for a very very pissed off Steve McGarret to barge into the room. Then would proceed to bitch at you for taking too many risks. A few minutes later you heard the yells of said man wanting to know where you were at.

“I’m in here McGarret and I’m a little tied up right now.” You yelled hoping that they’d heard you. And they did. Like you predicted McGarret was fuming and ready to yell at you.

“Don’t you think she’s heard it enough Steve?” Danny said. Bless him. I actually got along with him pretty well, but that was also because we would make fun of the LA team. Especially Granger. We were ruthless.
“Not until she gets it through-”

“Just take the damn chains off you fuckers. This ain’t comfortable that’s for damn sure.”

“We are finishing this discussion later (L/n).” You groaned. You still had to hear it.

“Sorry kid. I tried.”

“It’s okay Danno. I’ll just name my new punching bag after him. Can somebody get these fucking chains off?!”

Paramedics filled in and removed the chains. They proceeded to check you for further injury only to find a couple bruises and cuts. Nothing major. Once you were cleared you went to the bar. Once arriving you ordered (y/f/d) and proceeded to down it in a few seconds. Ordering another one, you kept downing them to the point where you lost count.

“Don’t give her anymore,” Someone said behind you.

“Who the fuck do you think you are! I’m a grown ass woman and I can keep drinking if I want to! So fuck off pal,”

“I’m your boss and we need to talk,” You turned around to face a two headed Steve McGarret.

“Since when have you had two heads? Like I need to see anymore of your pissed off face.”

“Agent (L/n) get up.”

“No.”

McGarret muttered under his breath and then threw you over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He carried you to his car and tossed you in the passenger seat. You started giggling at McGarret. He gave you an ‘are you fucking serious’ look and had a small smile himself. Wait what? He was smiling?
“Of course I smile (Y/n). I’m not a robot,” Steve said. Shit you were talking out loud. “You know that you are quite talkative when you’re drunk.”

“So? What’s wrong with that?” You slurred.

“Nothing.”

“What is it. Tell me.”

“Since you’ll probably forget come morning…It’s just that you’re so quiet and murderous looking most of the time at work, it’s refreshing to see you lighten up without trying to kill yourself.”

“I never asked to be here! Granger just sent me here because I punched a dude who grabbed my ass!”

“That doesn’t mean that you can go off and be reckless! I agree what Assistant Director Granger did was stupid, but you shouldn’t do whatever the hell you do all the time!” He said.

It lead to a screaming match between the two of you. Once he parked his car, the two of you stormed out and kept yelling at each other. Trying to get under the other’s skin. Not even a split second after we entered his house, Steve pushed me against the nearest wall and was kissing me. My hands found the nape of his neck to pull him closer to me. My hands were ripped away and held above my head.

“I’m gonna teach you to listen to orders.”

“What will you do if I don’t?” You question.

With that he carried you to his room and threw you on the bed. Let’s just say that you won’t be able to sit comfortably for a while, and you’ll listen to McGarret more often.

Chapter End Notes
I'm posting the requests right now. I am opening up requests again, but NO MORE MARVEL. I love them, but I want to write other characters. So please don't request ANY Marvel characters or shows. Also no non-con/rape ones. I just can't bring myself to write something like that. Sorry for those who want that kinda stuff. If you guys have any questions feel free to ask!
Steve Rogers x Reader (Request)

Chapter Notes

The_best_fangirl997 requested this one! Here ya go, and sorry for no putting the smut in there. Enjoy!

Italics are Russian cause I didn’t want to trust google translate today

He started to resist his handler’s words. The same words that they said after taking him out of cryo freeze each time. You were there to make sure that he stayed alive. You were after all a sixth-generation Hydra doctor. Your family was deeply engrained in the organization’s history like the Malick’s were. You even saw your younger sibling get sent through the portal to die. They said it was an honor. Bullshit. You didn’t want any part of this. You wanted to live your own life away from all of this shit. Looking at the broken shell of a man in front of you, you saw your way out.

A couple days into developing your plan, you tell the Soldier about this. You knew he wouldn’t tell a soul because he’s been out of cryo for too long and is starting to remember. He was very doubtful that your plan would work as it involved lots and lots of luck. Bucky, he remembered his nickname, found a way for the two of you to communicate when nobody was watching. The two of you were surprisingly good at reading lips. So, it worked out. You had agreed on trying tomorrow morning during his check up. Your plans were soon destroyed when explosions were heard outside the base.

“Get the Soldier out! The Avengers are here!” One of the agents yelled. Soon there were guards running past your room. When you tried to get out, the door was locked. So, they were leaving you here to die? Not long after that thought occurred, your door opened to Brock Rumlow.

“What’s going on Brock?” You asked.

“Cap and his buddies are here for the soldier. I need you to come with me so we can get out (Y/n),” He said and you just listened. Plus, he was one of the very very few you trusted here. “We’ll be fine (Y/n).

“Of course we will cause you’re going to get us-”

“You won’t be doing anything,” Captain America said.
“What’s got your panties in a twist Cap?” Brock said.

“Where’s Barnes.”

“Probably gone by now. You know he doesn’t remember you?”

“He does,” You whispered. Steve caught it and his eyes showed hope when he met your gaze.

“Really?”

“What the hell are you talking about (Y/n)?” Rumlow seethed.

“Bucky remembers. I’ve been lying on the forms.”

“What the fuck! I thought we were on the same team! We were supposed to help create a new generation of Hydra agents.”

“I know! You didn’t see Bucky while he struggles to get a grip on anything. You don’t see the pain in his eyes every single time they wipe him. Also, did you know how they wanted us to create a new generation of agents?”

“Recruit them?”

“No you shit head. They wanted us to MAKE the next generation.”

“What’s so bad about that?” “Because I don’t love you.”

“Why you little bitch-”

“That is no way to treat a lady,” Captain America said. That left you swooning. Suddenly you felt an arm around your neck and a chest pressed against your back.
“Well she ain’t no lady. She’s a third-generation Hydra agent.”

“So what.”

“And you’re choosing to protect her over saving your friend?”

“Who said that he hasn’t already found him?” Bucky said, emerging behind Captain America’s impressive form.

“So the soldier wants his toy? Well you can’t have her.” “BUCKY!” You yelled.

“STEVE!” Bucky yelled at the same time. It all was a blur. You heard a gunshot, saw a flash of red, white, and blue, followed by the feeling of arms around you. “Shhh. Your okay doll. We’re going to get you out of here for good.”

You didn’t realize that you were crying until you felt Bucky’s arms tighten around your frame. Steve observed the scene in front of him. A small smile graced his lips. It wouldn’t reach his eyes because in that short amount of time he talked with you, he felt the need to protect you, to care for you, and to love you. That feeling never changed the longer he got to know you. It only intensified. He was falling even harder. He would watch the way your eyes lit up when you would talk about certain things, or the shyness whenever you met someone new. The cherry on top was that you helped Bucky. You took care of him even when he didn’t know who he was.

With the smiles came the sadness. The loneliness that filled him when he saw you with Bucky. The two of you were extremely close. Like a couple close. It killed Steve inside to see you with him, but if it made you happy then he would suffer. Little did he know about what your relationship with Bucky really was like.

You and Bucky were catching up on movies you missed. Cause Hydra is full of bastards that don’t let you watch much TV. You would barely have enough time to get through a 30-minute episode of a show, let alone an entire movie. So here you were, lying on the couch across Bucky’s lap venting to him about how Steve doesn’t notice you.

“Of course he notices you doll, he would be crazy not to,” Bucky said.
“Then why can’t he tell that I’m in love with him?” You replied.

“Stevie’s never been good with the ladies. Just give him a little bit longer then I’ll smack some sense into him.”

“I’m literally one more eye fucking session away from jumping him wherever we’re at,” Bucky did a spit take. “I mean seriously! Can’t the man tell that I’m head over heals for him? Is he that damn oblivious?”

A new voice in the room made you jump, “He thought that you were dating someone else.”

You turned around to meet the new voice to only find Steve standing there with a sheepish look on his face. You fought the blush that wanted to appear, and regained your composer.

“I’m going to leave you two alone to fuck-figure this out,” Bucky said and quickly left the room.

“Steven Grant Rogers. Who on earth did you think I was dating?” You said.

“You and Buck are so close that I thought you were dating. It sure as hell looked like it when we got you two out of that Hydra base.” Steve looked at his feet. Fighting the urge to pull you to him and make you his.

“Well Bucky is like the brother I never had. I just felt the need to protect him after all he went through, and in return, with the help of Brock, he protected me. So, if I were dating him it would be like kissing my brother.”

“Would it be okay if I kiss you?”

“Please.”

That was when you felt the soft lips of Steve Rogers meet yours for the first time. His lips molded against yours and moved gently against yours. Your hands gripped his shoulders to help bring your mouth closer to his. Steve’s hands settled at your hips and pulled you closer to the point where there was no space left between the two of you. He swiped his tongue across your lower
lip, asking for entrance that you easily granted. Your lips pressed harder against his as you were becoming more desperate for him by the minute. Steve’s hand slid under your shirt and pulled it over your head, and frantically went to the button on your jeans and nearly tore them off. He had the same regards towards his clothes as he shed them in the blink of an eye. It was at this moment that you knew that he loved you. You knew that Steve was never comfortable with his body, even though he’s big now. The confidence and eagerness ebbing off of him made your heart swell.

“What is it?” Steve asked.

“Nothing. Just admiring the man I love.” You said.

That lead to the rest of the night/morning with you and Steve showing each other how much you loved each other.

“So will we be getting any mini Capsicles in the next nine months?” Tony asked at breakfast.

“If there is, then they’ll be trained by Natasha on how to chop your balls off.” You replied not wanting to take any of Tony’s shit this morning.

“Shit, the mood swings are starting.”

“Wait, why teach a kid when I can do it myself?”

“Darling, we can just shave his stupid beard off tonight? Deal?” Steve whispered in my ear.

“Hell fucking yes!” I exclaimed. “You better run Stark.”
Requested by Jen G, I'm really sorry that this is extremely short and shitty.

Note: I’ve never had anxiety, but according to close friends they think I have developed it cause of college. So for those who do have diagnosed anxiety, I don’t mean to offend or not portray it correctly. I’m just going to use my experience when I have these random attacks.

You felt everything at once. The pain, the guilt, the fear, and lastly the sadness. Bucky was laying on a hospital bed after the last mission you were on. You felt like the world was closing in around you and that something was clawing at your throat. It was freaking you out as well. Because how was this happening? You were just going to a concert with Steve and Bucky. Nothing should be different. Your mind was everywhere at once leaving you distracted enough for Bucky to wake up and see you in your distraught state.

“Doll, I’m fine, you’re fine. Just breathe,” He said

“Bucky!”

“(Y/n), come on. Join me.”

So you listened and he began to whisper sweet nothings in your ear, relaxing you considerably. With that you knew that for the moment you were going to be alright.
Hey everyone! I know that it's been a while, but that's the joys of college and working during the semester as well. Plus I have a tendency to forget all the fics I write. Cause I write almost all of them on paper before typing it.

okay....I'm just going to give you guys this and I hope that you like it!

You and Light were currently lounging around your apartment. Him writing a couple names down for the hell of it, and you sprawled out on the couch thinking. Or you could call it daydreaming.

"What would you do for a Death Note?" You jumped up and sang to the tune of the Klondike bar jingle.

Light looked at you confused. More like a "what the hell are you doing" kind of look.

"Don't ya get it? Like you would do anything-" He rolled his eyes.

"I know (y/n). I'm not an idiot. I am-"

"Kira! I know Light. That's the reason that I love you!" You exclaimed.

"Just because of that?" He questioned and quirked an eyebrow up.

"Nope," You replied popping the "p" sound. "But you'll have to kill me to find out."

Light ran across the room to you and pulled you close to his chest as he was holding on for dear life. Just the thought of that made your heart swell.

"Don't you ever joke about that (y/n)! I would never do that, even if it meant hat I would be locked up by L!" Light exclaimed.

His hands went to cup your cheeks and tilted your face up to look at him. His eyes piercing into yours. You being able to see the emotions behind him. He's normally so good at covering them up. This shocked you. You saw the genuine fear and worry in his eyes. Making you regret joking about it in the first place.

"You mean so much to me. I plan on ruling the new world with my goddess right beside me," He said softly.

The devastation in his eyes was still present. That killed you. You knew that he wanted you by his side, but not all of this. With that his hands left your cheeks and went down to your waist and pulled you close again. You stood there silently in his embrace.

"Light and (y/n) sitting in an apple tree-" Ryuk sang.

Damn that Shinigami.
"Go away you snot-slinging Shinigami," You said and Light laughed.

Not a crazy laugh, but a genuine one.

"This is why I like her, even if she hurts my feelings," Ryuk said.

"Leave Ryuk," Light said.

Once the Shinigami left, you looked up at your boyfriend. He was looking down at you. His reddish hair creating a curtain and framing his face. You leaned in kissed him. The feeling of his lips meeting yours never got old.

"You know if we rule the new world-" You said.

"When," Light corrected.

"When we rule the new world we'll need a bloodline to continue it," You said and wiggled your eyebrows.

Light smirked.

"You're right. It wouldn't hurt to practice, would it?" He said.

"Nope. Cause you know practice makes perfect," You replied then tangled your hands in his hair and slammed your lips against his.

The two of you practiced the rest of the day. Let's just say that L may have his heirs, but so do we.

Chapter End Notes

I really like this one cause Light is my fav, and I'm pissed off at Netflix for fucking up Death Note.

If any of you feel my pain I'm always available to talk.
Steve McGarret x Reader (Request)

Chapter Notes

I know it's been a long time, and I have a new post for this book! This was requested by @BadBloodwithCap. Thank you so so much for requesting, not just on this book but my other one as well! I hope you enjoy and sorry for the very long wait!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You woke up in a place that was quite familiar to you. One of HPD’s holding cells. You were a part of 5-O, but you had a tendency to let loose when you were either stressed out or pissed off. Which was more often than not. Calling over the guard on duty, you asked for your phone call. You made a few calls, and those people were not pleased to say the least, but you were out within the hour. Once the sun hit your skin, a pleasant warmth that flowed through your veins the night before returned.

-Last Night-

Your fucking prick of a boss just kept getting on your nerves. That’s why you were at the bar. You wanted to get drunk and maybe get laid to help you forget about a specific shithead. That shithead was Steve McGarret. He was never kind to you to begin with, but your aunt, the governor had given you a position on the team a year ago. Everybody welcomed you with warm arms, besides Steve. He was also the man you were harboring a crush on. A childish, schoolgirl kinda crush. The world has a sick and twisted mind, making you have feelings for the one person who hated you more than anything in the world. Thinking of that, you downed your first shot of tequila for the night. One lead to two which lead to ten. You knew that you were very drunk, and a couple of guys at the other side of the bar began fighting.

When you noticed this, you went over and tried separating the men. They only got angrier and began throwing punches. Eventually hitting you in the face. Leading you to getting more pissed off than when you started drinking, and punching one of the men in the face. Then the bane of your existence walked in an arrested you.

Great. Your life was turning into more of a shit show by the minute, and you still had to go to work. To face the man who arrested you. The short walk to the office helped clear your head and relax slightly. That changed the second you walked into the doors.

“What happened to you last night?” Danno joked.

“Tried to stop a fight-” You said.


“No,” You said.

“Fine, then how the hell are you out of that jail cell? Oh, I bet it’s because you called Auntie to get you out. Cause that’s the only reason that you’re here right now. You probably failed the academy, but she gave a donation and boom you can me a cop. Even though you aren’t cut out to be one! You always are out getting plastered and then come into work and try to help others. Like that little girl last week that you couldn’t even protect! Probably still hungover so a bullet tore
through the kid’s heart!” Steve yelled.

Danno jumped into action and held Steve back as you collapsed to the ground.

“That was NOT her fault! It’s the bastard who shot her! Now go take a walk. Now,” Danno told Steve. Steve left and Danno walked over to you. You hugged the man with all the strength you could muster. That was low even for him. Danno kept reassuring you that it wasn’t your fault and that you’re a great cop, but Steve’s words kept ringing through your head. The more you let them get to you, the angrier you got. How could he say those things! You pushed Danno to the side and ran out to look for Steve.

It didn’t take long to find him as he was out sitting in the sand on the beach. You called him name and he turned to face you. His face was set, but you thought that you saw a flash of regret cross his features.

“I got my place here fair and square. I worked my ass of in college to get my degree, being at the top of my class. That same determination led be to me being at the top of my class in the academy. So why don’t you get your head out of your ass and see that I’m a damn good cop that has earned my right to be here!” You yelled at him.

“I know. I just don’t like things that are out of my control. You’re the definition of out of my control!” He yelled back.

“How am I out of your control, besides that the governor assigned me to your team!”

“I somehow developed feelings for you! Every single time I try to push them aside, they only come back stronger! I don’t want to see you get hurt,” He said.

He liked you too? He has a damn good way of showing it.

“I know,” You said and crashed your lips against his in a long-awaited kiss.

His hands tangled into your hair as he pulled your body closer to his. Your lips smothered his as it was a just a release of the pent-up tension that was going on between the two of you.

“I’m sorry (y/n),” Steve said.

“I’m sorry too Steve,” You said and it was the start of something new between the two of you.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading! New stuff in the works!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!