

Come With Me Now

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Come With Me Now

by [DemonDeepFried](#)

Summary

“It’s been an hour,” Tony growled, slumping back into the sofa. “You think they’d have given it up by now.”

The couple in referral- Pietro and yourself- were currently shouting at each other across the room. Something that had become too common an occurrence in the Avengers Tower of late.

“-THIS IS THE LAST STRAW, Y/N!” Pietro yelled at you, pointing accusingly at you.

“JUST HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO REMIND YOU TO PUT MILK BACK INTO FRIDGE?!”

Throwing your hands up in frustration, you replied, “WELL DON’T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON YOU RUNNING AROUND KNOCKING EVERYTHING OVER, 24 BLOODY 7! AND HAVE YOU SEEN THE STATE OF MY LAB?!”

Things get heated between you and the speedster, in Avengers Tower (...and cue the smut)

Notes

So, this is basically the same as the other Come With Me Now fic, except that it's a gender neutral reader. Please, enjoy :)

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“Oh, here we go again,” he snarked, rolling his eyes and zapping around you, “Always with the lab: ‘*Ooh precious lab this*’ and ‘*ooh, precious lab that*.’ Never do see me complaining that it’s been a month and I still haven’t got any trainers that will withstand my own goddamn feet!”

“That’s because its take fucking time, Quickie!” you retorted, swiping at him- but of course missing. “You won’t even stay still long enough for me to fucking measure you! How the hell am I supposed to design and build you some trainers if I can’t even run any fucking tests?!”

“Well maybe if you stopped leaving goddamned milk out, I wouldn’t have such hostility towards you,” he snapped back, without warning, appearing two inches from your face.

The sudden proximity startled you slightly but you refused to back down and held your ground.

Narrowing your eyes at him, you snarled, “Well maybe if you weren’t such a...a fucking dickhead all the time, I would be more inclined to priotise what you want. But instead I’d just prefer to keep as far the fuck away from you as I can. You think bearing for you every second of every fucking day is what I do in the fucking lab?”

“Stop twisting my fucking words, Y/N,” he barked, glaring down at you- the position between you hadn’t changed since he’d speedstered up to you. “You know that’s not what I mean.”

Pushing him, you went on, “Then tell me what you mean, Speedie. Show me what you want from me-”

“Pentru dracu,” he growled before his strong arms were encasing your own.

You hadn’t even meant to goad him but the next thing you knew, Pietro had you slammed into the cupboard door and his lips crushed against yours. Rolling against your body, it made you painfully aware that your bodies were flush together and he was...*shit...was he hard?*

Sliding one of your hands- they had both seemed to find themselves tangled in his silver locks- down his muscular chest and to his crotch, you realised that *yeah, he really fucking was*.

“Shit, Pietro,” you murmured into his mouth. “Fuck, *fuck*.” You couldn’t help the curses slipping out when he brought one hand up from where they were both holding your hips firmly against his, and slid it up your shirt, feeling your chest with one hand while sucking and nibbling on your neck.

When he started to rub your crotch through your tight trousers, you only just managed to gasp out the words, “Bedroom. *Now*.”

In the blink of an eye, you were being thrown onto your back and felt the soft mattress of a bed cushion you. Looking up, you saw Pietro stood above you, panting.

“Not tired already, are we?” you teased, with a small smirk, just casually laying yourself out...

That animalistic twinkle in his eye was enough to shut you up, but not enough to prepare you for when he dived onto the bed on top of you and began tearing off your clothes quicker than you could say, ‘*Are all Sokovian men as hot in the bedroom as this?*’

With a predatory smile, he leaned forwards and slowly -*too fucking slowly*- latched his mouth around one of your nipples.

“Oh,” you gasped, head lolling backwards and hands clenching in sheets.

Feeling the grin against your skin, you arched your back toward him, begging for more. One hand still teasing your other nipple, he nipped at the one in his mouth with teeth- tugging it and releasing it, all the while keeping your gaze with his ice blues.

You were so aroused, it was almost painful, but he was still just teasing your nipples and sucking bruises onto the skin of your neck. But when he rocked against your thigh, you could feel just how much he was desperate for this too- or more specifically, how *hard* he was for this right now.

Remembering that your hands were still useful, you traced his defined muscles all the way from his shoulders to his thighs and dug your fingertips in a little, eliciting a delicious groan that vibrated against your neck- where he was currently licking at the dip in your throat. Curving your hands around, you felt for his cock and there it was: thick -*seriously thick*- and dripping precome into a little pool on your belly.

Just rubbing your palm along the shaft made the Avenger shiver under your touch and you wondered vaguely when was the last time he had been with someone.

He bucked into you, somewhat involuntarily, and you grinned triumphantly when he sat up and pulled your thighs apart firmly.

Peering up at your face from under his messy fringe, you saw small smirk quirk his lips as he said, “All hot for me, Y/N?”

Pulling him down with a hand on the back of his neck and capturing his lips in a clumsy kiss, you muttered, “All hard for me, Speedster?”

He pulled back up to a kneeling position afore your open legs, but you caught a quiet, ‘Touche’, just before you lost sight of his head but felt an *-ohmygod-*amazing sensation on your entrance.

His tongue flicked across your intimate muscles, sucking the tender skin, making you groan loudly. Opening your eyes- you hadn’t even realised you’d shut them in your state of bliss- you saw that he was pressing his two forefingers against your lips, you let them into your mouth and sucked them, getting them slick and wet.

When he withdrew them, he returned to your entrance and gently and carefully fingered you open. By this point, you were basically bucking off the bed. In his hands he suddenly held a bottle of lube *-damn, that speed thing comes in handy-* which he popped with one hand and poured into the other.

“Shit! Maximoff!” you called out, momentarily forgetting that you had a room full of avengers only a corridor away. All manner of desperate and needy noises were coming from you now and you strained to keep your hands clutched to the bed sheets. “Just fuck me already!”

“If you insist,” he chuckled, but you could see how much he was already done with the teasing. It took only a minute before he was primed at your entrance and about to slide in, when-

“Wait, Speedie,” you paused him, placing a hand on one of the muscly forearms that held your thighs, “You know...how...you’re sorta super sonic when it comes to speed?”

Looking slightly frustrated by this point, his member still leaking precome in pools and throbbing red, Pietro nodded, “Uh, yeah, had realised.”

Uncomfortable, you bit you lip before continuing, “Well, is that the same...everywhere?”

A sudden glint of realisation lit up his face and shot you a knowing smirk and wagging his eyebrows, then plunged into you in one swift motion.

You both cried out then.

Loudly.

Sorry guys, you mentally apologised to your colleagues in the other room.

“Oh Gods, Pietro!” you gasped, “Move! Fucking move!”

He had taken a moment for you to get used to it but now started off at a painfully slow pace, grinning down at you when you begged for him to move faster. Sucking more love bites into

your neck, he carried on a gradual pace, only slowly increasing.

“Pietro, fuck, please,” you murmured, coming apart underneath him, “Please, just...faster!”

After several minutes of the same agonising pace, that wasn’t getting either of you close to anything, he started to snap his hips with a bit more guster and you could tell that the avenger’s mutation had just woken up and smelt the situation.

Despite everything, he still tried to maintain a decent pace but as he lost control, you could see the beginnings of his trademark silver blur.

Then he really started to go.

“*Oh, gods!*” you wailed, clawing at the mattress, Pietro’s hips slapping against yours as his torso became a blur and you tossed your head back. “*Oh shit*, oh Jesus, fucking hell, Pietro!”

“*Dracului iad*,” he cursed in his own tongue, his delicious accent rolling off his tongue between thrusts. “*Esti atât de frumoasă...măreție...zei.*”

Your orgasm rocked through your entire body and left you a shaky, quivering mess, but Pietro was still going and you orgasmed twice, three times, a fourth!

“Jesus, gods!” you yelled, “Pietro, oh yes, gods, Pietro.”

He stilled for just a second and you felt him throbbing inside you, shooting his load and his head fell back in bliss. “*Zei, Y / N, nu-mi amintesc ultima persoană pe care am iubit-aȘa ... îmi pare sincer rău pentru tot ce am simțit diferit impresie*,” he breathed out quietly, after collapsing next to you, adding, “*Chiar dacă a lăsat laptele din.*”

You turned to him and raised an eyebrow- still slightly heady from your multiple orgasms (did you can’t five or six?)- reminding him, “You know I don’t speak Romanian, don’t you?”

Chuckling to himself, he told you, “Sorry, I forget sometimes and can’t help but speak my own tongue. I was just saying that you are the first person, for a very long time, that I have ever loved truly, like this. And I am sorry for ever giving you the impression that I felt otherwise. Even if it was you who left the milk out.”

Batting him around the head, the two of you shared a laugh before falling promptly and exhaustedly to sleep.

Three memorable things happened that next morning:

1. Pietro told you how much he loved you and demonstrated it with breakfast in bed
2. You realised that you would be bed-bound until your legs started working properly again (Pietro would *not* stop reminding you of why.)
3. And, on his way past your door with Tony, you heard Clint comment, ‘I think I honestly preferred it when they were screaming at each other over milk.’

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