Reveries : A Collection of Imagines from a Distracted Fangirl's Mind

by itellmyselfstories

Summary

All of my imagines in one place, one per chapter. Feel free to make a request for another character or prompt.
Some are pure fluff, others 100% smut. Comments and feedback are always welcome!
Imagine Sebastian coming home to you on the verge of tears because your newborn daughter won’t stop crying

Imagine Sebastian coming home to you on the verge of tears because your newborn daughter won’t stop crying. He takes her out for a walk while you have a relaxing hot shower.

“Shhh…. Shhhhh… come on, darlin…”
You rock back and forth in the wingback nursery chair, your newborn daughter’s piercing cries grating on your frayed, sleep-deprived nerves. Not so long ago the only thing identifying this room as a nursery was the soothing pastel wall colour and the chair you’d been admiring online, purchased by Sebastian and arranged right in the centre of the floor the day after you showed him the positive test.

“Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top…” you begin singing the lullaby she usually responds to but give up when her screams drown you out. Closing your sandpaper eyelids you lean back and rock a little harder, jiggling her gently in your arms. You’ve already tried every imaginable position, tried standing and sitting, feeding, burping, even changing her entire outfit, but still she won’t go to sleep. Tears well behind your eyes and you try, you try so hard to hold them back. Crying isn’t going to help and she shouldn’t see you cry, you’re supposed to be the strong one who comforts her.

Sebastian appears in the doorway, startling you. The crying had also stopped you from hearing him come home.
“Hey, how’s my girls?” He takes a couple of steps toward you and stops, kneeling on the floor. “Doll, what’s wrong?”
“She won’t stop crying. I’ve tried everything but she won’t stop.”
He lays a huge hand gently on her head and she opens her eyes for a moment before the wailing begins anew. “Is she hungry? Maybe she’s wet?”
“I said I’ve tried everything!” you snap at him and see his hurt expression, then you feel those tears streaming down your cheeks, falling onto her mauve cotton blanket like giant raindrops. “I’m sorry,” you sob. “I just…”
“Come here, baby girl. Mommy needs a break.” He takes the tiny bundle carefully from your arms and holds her up over his shoulder, her head bobbing between his shoulder and the protective hand behind. Jealousy bubbles in your throat but you know as soon as he tries to get her to sleep the screaming will begin again.
You cringe as he smiles down at you, realising it’s late afternoon and you’re still in your pajamas with your hair falling out of its rough bun, and you can’t remember if you brushed your teeth today. He frowns as your stomach growls loud enough for him to hear and you’re not sure you’ve eaten anything either.

“We’re gonna go for a little walk,” he says, leaning in to kiss you tenderly. “Take some time, relax, have something to eat. Ok?”
You nod but as soon as they’re out the door you wonder if he took extra blankets for the pram, if she was warm enough or too hot, if he took a pacifier. When you call he is patient and his voice is calm, answering all of your questions in his most reassuring tone and ordering you to relax in a shower while you have the chance.

For what feels like an eternity you sit on the couch and rest your head in your hands, the weight of the day seems to hold you down. When eventually you make it to the bathroom you don’t trust yourself not to fall asleep in the bath and instead decide a shower is safer. The hot water is heaven on your aching body, having spent the entire day with your daughter in your arms. It smarts on your
cracked and sore nipples but you ignore the pain and lather yourself from head to toe, washing off
the stress of a challenging day. For the first time you almost called Seb to come home, not knowing
how to calm her or whether you could stand one more minute of crying when you had to put her
down to use the toilet.

This parenting gig is not for the faint hearted.

You stay under the teeming water until the heat fades, breathing in the steam while drying your skin
and brushing your teeth. Listening intently you don’t hear crying and figure they must still be out so
you dress in clean jeans and a sweater, relishing the luxury of clothing that doesn’t smell like baby
vomit, and head to the kitchen for something quick to eat.

It’s then you see the bouquet of bright flowers on the dresser, with a card attached: *I’m sorry I was a
pain in the ass today, mommy. You’re beautiful and I love you to the moon and back again xxx*. A
takeaway coffee cup is right beside it and you down half of it in one go, hardly caring about the burn
on your tongue.

On the way past the nursery you stop dead and fresh tears well in your eyes, this time springing from
pure joy. Sebastian is reclined in the chair with your baby zipped up in his hoodie, her tiny face
turned toward you and her cheek right over his heart, her mouth open and eyes closed in a contented
sleep. One hand has escaped and tiny fingers clutches at the fabric, Seb’s hand spreads over her back
with the other beneath her frog-like legs. He breathes softly and barely stirs as you comb your fingers
through his hair and kiss his forehead.

“Thank you,” you whisper against his hair.

Food is forgotten in your search for a camera, you never want to forget this moment.
Imagine filming an intimate scene with Chris Evans and finding you're not the only one aroused

Imagine filming an intimate scene with Chris and finding you’re not the only one genuinely aroused...

One day your name will be on the back of one of those chairs. Your name will be at the top of the poster, engraved on the golden statue. Right now you’re excited just to be named in the credits, even if it’s only as ‘Library Woman’.

You notice his suit first, the snug fit on his broad shoulders and the razor sharp creases of his trousers stretched almost flat over his thighs when he walks. His loosened tie reveals the unfastened top button on his pale blue shirt at odds with the rest of his sophisticated look, just like the playful crooked smile on his close-shaven face and the glint in his clear blue eyes.

“Hey, I’m Chris,” he says, extending his hand. “I thought perhaps we should meet before we… you know.”

You reach out and he firmly shakes your hand while you introduce yourself, his long fingers lingering just long enough for you to feel their smoothness.

“Just so you know, this will be as awkward for me as it is for you. Don’t sweat it if it doesn’t feel right, there’s something unnatural about the equipment and onlookers.” He winks and shoves his hands in his pockets, rocking on his heels.

“You mean you don’t always have an audience when you dry hump a woman you just met at a ball?”

He laughs, clutching at his chest with one hand and tossing his head back to reveal his straight white teeth. You feel at ease with him already, and those plump lips are going to make this much easier on you.

“Well of course, just not the sound and lighting guys. All actors are closet exhibitionists, right?”

“Speak for yourself,” you throw back with a chuckle.

“Wow,” he says a few minutes later when you return in costume.

Honestly you can’t blame him and you’ve long given up being ashamed or coy about showing some skin; with the hours of training you put in to your body you might as well show it off. Wardrobe have zipped you into a backless black silk gown and although you feel like you belong on Chris’ billionaire character’s arm it is most certainly couture rather than comfort. All you’re able to wear beneath the figure-hugging fabric is a nude thong and even that was iffy thanks to the obscenely high split in one side of the gown. You concentrate on not wobbling on the strappy stiletto heels as you walk toward him, not missing a second of his subtle eye-fuck as he looks you up and down.

You smile and twirl around, your hair swept over one shoulder so that your entire back is exposed all the way to the dimple at the base of your spine.

“Oh, this old thing? I think they ran out of fabric before it was finished,” his eyes drop to your exposed thigh as you move your leg forward. “And thread.”

Chris laughs again and bends his arm for you to link into. “Let’s get this over with, shall we?”

“I want this done in two takes, three at the most,” the director snaps.

You nod and take a good look around at the set, feeling like you could actually be standing in the library of a mansion except for the sound stage on two sides. The bookshelf Chris will be throwing you against is actually stacked with classical literature that looks like it was borrowed from a personal collection. You assume your positions and wait about a foot in front for the call of ’action’. “Ready?”

Chris whispers with a raised eyebrow.
You look up at him through your false lashes and nod. Before you’ve registered what the director says you’re sandwiched between Chris’s hard body and the sharp edges of the shelves, his hands holding your face while he covers your mouth with open, warm lips. His fingers quickly roam down your neck and shoulders, grazing the side of your breasts on their way to your waist, squeezing you against him while your mouths collide.

As per the script you part abruptly, touching your lips gently with your fingertips while he looks down at you with ravenous eyes, panting desperately and awaiting a reaction. You slip out and make to leave, lurching back at him at the last second and caressing his smooth face while his hands roam your back. When his fingers stroke lightly down your spine you get genuine tingles and goosebumps, having to hold back a shudder of pleasure when he reaches the curve of your spine. He reaches down and cups your ass, slipping his hand through the split and tracing the round of one cheek, lifting your leg to wrap around his hip so that your bodies grind together. Your head falls back as he starts to kiss your neck…

“Cut.”

His eyes burn into you and wonder if perhaps you’re imagining the lust there or if he’s still acting – it has to be one of the two. His breathlessness is as genuine as your own, though, and by the time you recover you’ve missed everything the director said.

“Sorry, could you repeat that please?”

Chris cocks an eyebrow, seeming pleased that he held your attention for so long.

“I said it was good but needs more passion. Moan a little, both of you. I want to hear it and feel it, not just see it. Again.”

With your lipstick re-touched you repeat the scene only this time at the second connection of your lips Chris sighs heavily, and the whimper you let out when he touches your skin isn’t entirely forced. He kisses your neck and pulls your hips hard against his, your head falls back and you release a breathy moan as he rakes his fingers under your gown and over your bare ass, his erection pressing right against your mound.

“Cut. Perfect, can we do one more to be sure?”

You had to have imagined it, surely. This man is a seasoned professional who has worked with some of the sexiest women in the business and there’s nothing remotely arousing about being filmed while following a scripted scene. Right?

This time you feel it right from the first touch, feel it holding you against the shelf as he moans into your mouth. His breath catches loudly when you turn on him and this time he bites your neck while rolling his hips against you. The hardness rubbing against your pubic bone is as tangible as the moisture building in your g-string.

It feels like an eternity of heavy breathing before he releases your leg and smiles bashfully down at you, a muted blush colouring his cheeks.

“Well that wasn’t so bad,” he says while you tug your dress back down. “Thanks for being so… you know. Professional about it.”

“That’s my job,” you quip, trying not to look down as he adjusts his trousers. “I’d better get this back to wardrobe. I’ll see you around, good luck with the rest of the film.”

“Yeah… thanks… hey, you want to get a coffee later?”

“Only if… I mean you don’t have to.”

“Come by my trailer in an hour and I’ll give you my number.”

It turns out coffee is the last thing on his mind and as soon as you’re inside his trailer he shows you in explicit slow detail how he would have concluded the liaison between your characters.
Imagine being Tom Hiddleston's assistant and him falling in love with you.

Imagine being Tom’s assistant and him falling in love with you. He accidentally tells you how he feels when he’s intoxicated and then has to come clean in the morning.

Having your boss back in London for an extended period is a prospect you find exciting not because you enjoy the physical proximity but because it limits the ridiculous hours trying to coordinate time zones. His presence also comes with some unique problems that test your professional focus but it’s nothing you can’t handle. Then again he’s never been home for more than a few weeks at a time and this is going to be months.

Tom Hiddleston’s star is undoubtedly on the rise and few people know how hard he works better than you do so you feel proud to be associated with him – predominantly for his humility and kindness, but the accolades and attention are also a testament to his well-deserved success. In the years since Thor you’ve remained professional but become a constant in each other’s lives; he knows you’re always there to take care of things in London and you’re comforted by his tendency toward routine and stability no matter which continent he happens to be on.

The day before he’s due home you go to his house as usual, stocking up his kitchen with enough essentials for a few days. ‘Essentials’ for Tom are perhaps not what the general public would expect but they’ve been standard for all the time you’ve worked for him – ingredients for his special bolognese sauce, tea, milk, bread, butter, eggs, sausages, bacon, fruit, and vegetables. At least if he wants to cook up a full english breakfast at whatever ungodly hour he finishes unpacking all the necessities will be there. That night you’re woken by a text message: [I know I say this every time but thank you, you’re so thoughtful. See you at 9.]

You use your key to get in and are greeted in the usual way; a kiss on the cheek and trademark hug that warms you through no matter how cold it is.

“Hello, darling.”

“Hey, boss. How was your flight?” You hold out a takeaway coffee and paper bag with a danish inside, keeping the other for yourself.

“Please stop calling me that,” he says with an exasperated sigh. You’ve called him ‘boss’ from the first week and it never fails to get a rise, he knows exactly why you do it but he can’t hold back a reaction. “It was fine.”

“Shall we get straight into it, then?”

You quickly fall into an easy routine of meeting once or twice per week, usually for breakfast at Tom’s favourite cafe. As the weeks pass you notice some subtle changes in addition to the additional hair growth – despite taking time off and having less work for you he seems to be finding more and more reasons for you to meet up or visit him at home, and yet he keeps his distance even more than usual. You put it down to itchy feet, knowing how terrible he is at actually taking a break and avoiding work he’s unsure what to do with himself.

Just as you cuddle up beneath the covers one night the phone rings. You debate whether to answer, given it’s after 1am and you only saw Tom this morning, until you remember he was going out for a mate’s birthday and might actually be in some trouble.

“You ok, Tom?” you answer, stifling a yawn.

“Gosh I love hearing your voice, darling. How are you?”
“I’m tired, I was about to go to sleep.”
“You should have come out with us, we’re having a smashing time,” he slurs.
“I’m sure you are. Drink some water, will you? For me?”
“Sweetheart, I would do absolutely anything for you. I’ll get onto that right away. Would you think it possible to organise a car to pick me up?”
“Now? It’s a weekend!”
“I know, but… see I thought I’d just get a cab but as it turns out it isn’t that simple. Could you please?”
“I’ll see what I can do.”
“Great. Here’s the thing, though. We’re kind of at a strip club and I don’t want anyone to see me.”
Now you see where he’s going with this.
“You want me to pick you up.”
“I just… well, yes. If you do this for me you can have the next week off. I won’t even call you.”
You roll your eyes, knowing that’s a promise he can’t keep. “Yes you will. Text me the address.”

Cursing him the entire way you call ahead and arrange to pick him up at the side entrance, finding him waiting with the floor manager when you pull up. Once you’ve thanked him for his assistance you turn to Tom who looks very sorry both for you and himself.
“Thank you for doing this, darling. You are absolutely amazing and I can’t imagine my life without you.”
“Save the proposal for another day, Hiddleston,” you say with a laugh. “You should know better than to hit a strip club, though. Luke would have your balls.”
“You won’t tell him, will you? It just sort of happened, it was the birthday boy’s choice.” He reaches over and pats your thigh, sending a jolt of electricity upward at the intimate contact. “Thank you.”

You drive on in silence, passing the gesture off as a drunken miscalculation while he dozes off in the passenger seat. Every now and again you get a glimpse of his wide open mouth in the street lights and wonder if he’s drooling, if perhaps you could snap a picture for future blackmail without running off the road.
“It was a total bust, by the way. None of them even came close.”
“Maybe you weren’t paying them enough.”
“Close to you, I mean.”
When you snap your head in his direction he still has his eyes closed so you wonder if he’s dreaming of someone else.
“You’re drunk, Thomas.”
“Yes, but I’m still me. I love you, you know. If only you weren’t my assistant I’d be doing my damndest to get into your pants right now. I’d have done it a long time ago.”
“Ok, shut up now.”
Please, for the love of god, shut up.
His eyes are still closed, his head still resting back against the seat, and the bastard has the audacity to just sort of slump there all relaxed like he’s just told you the weather forecast.

Rather than park on the street and push a stumbling Tom up to the house you pull into the drive and he’s out of his seat before you can open the door, so you lead up to the door and unlock it for him, turning on the living room lamp and ordering him to bed.
“You should stay,” he says casually. “Save yourself the drive back home tonight.”
“This morning,” you correct as he follows you to the kitchen. You hand him two ibuprofen and a glass of water. “Take these.”
He takes them from your hand but his eyes never leave yours, burning into you like the blue flame from a gas burner.
“I mean it, darling. Stay.” His long fingers reach out and tuck a lock of hair behind your ear, his face leaning in toward yours until your foreheads touch and you can taste the whisky on his breath.
Summoning every ounce of strength you lay a hand on his chest and push him gently away. “Tom, please. I’ll stay if you promise to go to bed, I’ll take the couch.”

He knows better than to argue, kissing your cheek and holding you in a tight hug before he turns in while you get comfortable on his ridiculously long couch. You hear him snoring from the other room within minutes, but sleep doesn’t come so easily to your racing brain.

In the morning you sneak into the shower while he sleeps and then go out for the coffee he will inevitably be craving when he wakes up, all the way expecting either he won’t remember what was said or he’ll apologise profusely and move on. Upon your return you hear water running and he emerges a few minutes later, his curls dripping onto his face and his holey tracksuit bottoms slung low on his hips. He shoots you a coy smile and pulls a t-shirt over his head, picking up his coffee cup and taking a long mouthful.

“About last night,” he begins.

“We don’t have to do this. You were very drunk and you said some things you didn’t mean. No need for embarrassment or apology, let’s just move on, hm?”

“The thing is, though…” he moves around the couch to stand just close enough that you’d be uncomfortable were it anyone but Tom. His familiar scent fills your nostrils and although you’ve seen him straight from the shower before this feels somehow different, as though you’re seeing a part of him he keeps locked away. “I meant every word, it just took a lot of alcohol to pry them from my tongue. You already know I love you,” he pauses to caress your cheek and this time you nuzzle against his palm rather than turn away. “But I’m also in love with you. I don’t know when it shifted, I can’t even recall the first time I realised, but I want you in my life. I don’t care if you’re still my assistant during work hours but I want to go to bed with you at night and wake up with you in the morning.”

Tom smiles that intimate smile that creases his face and lights up his eyes, and then your lips meet so softly you might have dreamed it. He’s gentle and tender at first, unsure his feelings will be requited, but when you kiss him back he combs his long fingers into your hair and his arm around your waist, holding you tight against him while kissing you so passionately you whimper around his tongue.

By the time you part his lips are rosy and swollen, your heart pounding rapidly in your ears as you attempt to process what just happened. That morning you cook up breakfast together in perfect synchronisation so that everything lands on the plates at the same time, amid stolen kisses and goofy smiles across the kitchen, an odd sense of calm falling over you as though your entire world hasn’t just been turned on its head. From that day you never call him ‘boss’ again.
Imagine Steve Rogers is gravely injured and you have to tell Bucky he might not make it

Imagine Steve is gravely injured on a mission. You have to tell Bucky that Steve probably won’t make it.

You remember the day James Barnes went into cryostasis like it was yesterday. The two years since have barely begun to dull the associated emotions, the sad resignation you all felt and the guilt of not having a better solution. And then there’s the guilt that grows with every passing day you fail to find a way to diffuse the bomb in his brain.

At first Steve visited every day. He was hit so hard by having his beloved Bucky taken away again, especially knowing he was right there but couldn’t interact with him. After a few weeks the entire medical suite took on an intense atmosphere with him not only visiting every day but demanding updates on your progress. Slowly T’Challa gave him more to occupy his days and kept him away for longer periods, until now when you haven’t seen him in almost a month.

It doesn’t take long for word to get around that Steve was injured on a mission but his doctors seem sworn to secrecy. You’re only called in as a neurologist to determine brain death after five days on life support.

“This is unacceptable,” you snap at the trauma doctor. “I should have been consulted in the first place.”

“He’s Steve Rogers, we just assumed he’d recover.”

“Did you at least run tests? MRI? EEG?”

He shakes his head and looks down at fidgeting hands. You storm through the doors and order urgent tests on his brain, noting that the initial x-rays showed no significant trauma. The mission report on your desk gives you the first bad news, the medical officer noted blood coming from both ears, one side mixed with clear fluid. Steve’s body might have been enhanced and strengthened but it’s safe to assume his brain is as squishy and vulnerable as anyone else.

For the next 24 hours you don’t leave his side, conducting obs every fifteen minutes, desperate for a change that might indicate life. The rhythm of the ventilator provides the soundtrack while you scour images of his brain for something to fix, but the initial bleeding appears to have resolved itself and the damage to individual cells isn’t something you can see, let alone perform surgery on. At 48 hours you consider testing for brain death for the first time and T’Challa finds you sobbing into your coffee, exhausted from lack of sleep and devastated by helplessness.

“We wait as long as we can,” he says, wrapping his arms around you.

“He wouldn’t want to be kept on organ support too long.” You sniff against his chest, his scent providing you comfort as it has done since you were children.

That night you fall easily into a deep sleep but it’s fraught with vivid dreams and nightmares. After a particularly intense dream about Bucky you sit upright and wipe the sweat from your face, willing your heart to stop pounding.

“We have to wake him up,” you say to the cryo tech the next morning.

“Why? Have you found something?”

“Not exactly. He needs to see Steve. To say goodbye.”

“Oh. Are you sure about this?”

“How can we keep him in there for another year or two and then tell him his beloved Steve is gone?”

“Ok. I need a couple of hours.”
The wait is an impatient one where you review and repeat Steve’s tests one last time. There have been no changes in his brain activity for at least three days now and very little hope remains that he’ll wake up even if he does survive.

“James,” you say solemnly. “Steve Rogers has been gravely injured.” He was woken up an hour ago and counselled by the cryo tech before you arrived, and appears in good spirits despite being told he was defrosted without any progress toward repairing his mind. He nods but you can see the fear in his eyes. “What can I do?”

“Nothing, unfortunately. All any of us can do now is wait and have faith but we thought you’d like to see him.”

“Is… is he gonna be ok?”

“I’ll be honest with you, James. We don’t know. He has a critical brain injury and we’re hoping for a miracle.” Bucky covers his mouth with a shaking hand, drawing a few steadying breaths before standing and nodding his head. “Take me to him.”

You stand together outside Steve’s room, watching him through the glass. “There’s really nothing you can do?” he asks calmly.

“The damage to his brain was too great,” you say, shaking your head. “I wanted to wait until you’d seen him to do some final tests, they only take about half an hour. I believe they will confirm that he’s already gone, the machine is just keeping him alive.”

Bucky nods and opens the door, pulling up the chair at Steve’s bedside. For a long time he’s silent, holding and stroking Steve’s hand wordlessly, looking him over as he sleeps peacefully, leaving a lingering kiss on his forehead.

“Don’t you do this to me, you little punk,” he whispers. “You gotta wake up, you hear me? I got no reason to go on if you’re not here when they fix my brain. So you fight this, Stevie. You were too stupid to back away from every other goddam fight, you’re not getting out of this one.”

An hour of silence follows, his head laid beside Steve’s chest on the edge of the bed. When you enter softly you hear Bucky’s heartbroken muffled sobs.

“We never had a chance. There was always some greater cause and we never got to appreciate each other.” You’re not sure if he’s speaking to you or Steve but the cracking of his voice brings tears to your eyes. You stand behind him and lay a hand on his flesh shoulder.

“I’m so sorry, Jam-”

“Bucky. Everyone just calls me Bucky.”

“I can’t imagine how this must hurt, Bucky.”

“Is it time? I think he’d want to just get it over with if he’s…” he trails off, leaving his worst fears unspoken.

“Ok. Would you like to wait outside?”

“I’d like to stay if that’s all right.”

“Of course.”

As you conduct a series of seemingly obscure tests on Steve’s lifeless form you carefully explain the relevance of each to Bucky. He keeps hold of Steve’s hand, keeps encouraging him to show some sign that he’s still in there, but he also listens intently and takes everything in. Finally it comes time to test his breathing.

“I have to switch off the respirator but I’ll turn it back on when I’m done, ok?” you reassure him. Bucky waits anxiously, watching Steve’s bare chest fall completely still. Without realising it you’re both holding your breath and you hear Bucky release his with a mournful sigh.

“C’mon, Stevie. Please do this for me. This isn’t the end of the line, pal. Not yet. We can’t be there yet.”
You turn behind you to pick up a needle to draw blood, swiping discretely at your face with a tissue.

“He breathed,” Bucky says with a gasp. “Just a little.”

“I don’t think that’s possible, Bucky,” you say sympathetically.

“I saw it, look at the machine. Something happened.”

Sure enough the oxygen in his blood has risen fractionally, though not enough to prove anything.

You watch for a few seconds as it resumes its steady decline.

“I’m sorry, Bucky. I don’t think – ” you cut off as you lean over to start the ventilator and his chest rises beneath your arm.

“See?”

You force down your own optimism because you’ve seen this before and it’s never ended well. The sound of the ventilator starts up its steady rhythm again.

“We can wait another day or two if you like, but please don’t rest all of your hopes on this. It happens sometimes, but he’s far from breathing on his own.”

“Can I stay with him?”

“As long as you like.”

You’ve just gone back to your room for some rest the following evening when your phone screeches out an emergency page, sending you back to Steve’s bedside. All the way there you’re assuming something awful has happened and when you arrive he’s surrounded by the trauma team. Your heart sinks.

“What’s going on?”

“He started fighting the tube,” the doctor who looked after him previously says.

“He squeezed my hand, doc. He did,” Bucky says.

“It’s just residual reflex. Did his obs change?” You ask the doctor.

“Pupils are responsive now, and look,” he pinches Steve’s ear until he flinches; a tiny but definite movement, “response to pain.”

“Get an EEG. Now.” You step between Bucky and the bed and rest your hands on his shoulders until he sits back in the chair. “I don’t want you to get your hopes up too much, ok? This might not mean he’s going to wake up.”

“But it might.” His eyes are wide and you wish all the hope in those shining baby blues was enough.

Steve doesn’t make it to the EEG. While you’re organising more tests at the desk outside you hear Bucky sobbing and calling out for you. Steve is gagging on the breathing tube while Bucky tries to calm him down. In a split second decision you decide to pull it out, trusting your instinct that he’s going to breathe on his own if you do. His eyes dart around the room in fear and he sucks in air in giant gasps once the tubing is out.

“Take a few breaths. Can you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yeah,” he croaks. “What…” he trails off, registering Bucky for the first time. “How… how are you here?”

Bucky leans in and kisses Steve right on the mouth, lingering until Steve’s eyes close and he melts into Bucky’s lips. You wonder if you could sneak out unnoticed but as you’re planning a stealthy exit you hear him speak.

“All that matters is you’re ok. He’s gonna be ok, right?”

“I believe he is. We’ll run some more scans later, you two should have some time alone while you can.”

“I have to go back into the freezer, Stevie,” Bucky says, stroking his cheek. “This was just a quick visit.”

By the time they say their goodbyes its evident Steve will need some rest to get his strength back, but his superhuman healing abilities seem to have worked their magic even when you didn’t believe it was possible.

Bucky never believed otherwise.
He thanks you as he’s laid back into the chamber, and then Steve – who is supposed to be still resting in bed – wanders in wheeling his IV behind him. Steve gestures for the cryo tech to wait and leans in to kiss Bucky’s full mouth until the entire room is blushing.

“See you soon,” he says softly.

“Stay out of trouble from now on?” Bucky says with a gleaming smile.
Imagine spending the night with Bucky

Imagine spending the night with Bucky Barnes before he goes to war.

You’re not Bucky’s usual type, not what he would admit to at least. The confident, ‘full of bravado’ Bucky goes for equally outgoing and flirty women, not shy girls like you. Nonetheless you’ve admired him since he bought his first packet of candy hearts, no doubt to impress one such woman. The war has seen business in Mr Darling’s sweet shop thrive with many of the soldiers proposing or confessing their love before shipping out, or those just wanting to get lucky once before they leave. You watch them come and go, sometimes bringing their sweetheart to choose her own, sometimes ordering a special personalised surprise to win her hand.

Bucky is never overly extravagant although on occasion he has purchased two small cellophane bags of the same sweets and in the back of your mind you pity the women who fall so easily, not realising he’s done the same with another. A week or so later he’s back for more of the same, always in pink or red, and you know without a doubt he’s not eating them himself from the muscles that subtly reveal themselves when he reaches out to point at a jar on the highest shelf.

“What do you recommend, doll? What’s your favourite?”

You blush in spite of yourself. “James Barnes I’d wager you’ve tried just about every candy on that shelf by now, you probably know ’em better than I do.”

“Call me Bucky, Sugar.”

“Sugar?” you question with a raised eyebrow. Quickly you remember yourself, if Mr Darling heard you speak to a customer so boldly he’d take it out of your pay packet. “I mean—”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. You’re my sweet shop girl, so… Sugar. I apologise for any offence.”

“Oh… I just assumed you called every girl that.”

“Nope. Just you.” He holds your gaze for a few seconds with those beautiful baby blues until you feel heat rising in your cheeks. “So tell me, Sugar, what’s your favourite?”

“I like the humbugs,” you say quietly, pointing to a jar of red and white striped pillows. “Soon as Mr Darling starts mixing them up my mouth waters.”

“Huh. In that case I’ll take one each of the pink and red hearts and a scoop of humbugs.”

You feel his eyes on you while you prepare his purchase and when you try to take the bill from his hand he keeps hold of it until you laugh and your eyes meet his. “Come dancin’ with me tonight.”

“Oh, I… I can’t tonight. I have an evening sewing class at the elementary school. Apparently the military are real short on seamstresses so they’re teaching us for free.”

“I see. That’s a good thing you’re doing. A buddy of mine will surely need some alterations to his uniform if he ever gets in. I’ll see you around then, Sugar.”

“If a man in uniform asked me to go dancing I’d be skipping class before you could say whip stitch,” your friend Meg says after class. “You could have gone after, it’s not that late.”

“It’s eight o’clock!” you reply. “I have to press my uniform for tomorrow and get some sleep.”

“ Plenty of time for sleepin’ when you’re old, you need to live a little.” She hugs you and slings her bag over her shoulder. “Let me walk you home, then. I have the late shift tomorrow.”

You and Meg have only worked together a few weeks, since the factory she was working in had to close with so many workers gone. She came in at just the right time when Mr Darling was realising there was too much for just the two of you and he needed someone to help with wrapping and serving the extra customers in the afternoon. Since then you’ve been able to alternate early and late shifts although you always start early anyway. The candy shop is as much your pride and joy as it is his and you want to make sure Meg has everything running just so.
You see him as soon as you step outside, standing under the lamp across the street. The light falls around him like Tinkerbell has sprinkled him with pixie dust, like he walks around with his own personal spotlight. He nods and smiles as soon as your eyes meet and he steps out of the glow to fall into step with you and Meg.

“Hey, Sugar. Fancy meeting you here.”

“Hello, Bucky,” you squeak. Clearing your throat, you lift your shoulders and try to fake a little confidence. “Have you met Meg? She works in the shop.”

“I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure,” he says, taking her hand and kissing her knuckles. “I was hoping you might let me walk you home, can’t have you wandering around this late by yourself.”

“Who knows what kind of scoundrels might be waiting on the pavement,” you say just loud enough for him to hear.

He laughs warmly and falls into step with you toward Meg’s house just a block away, where you farewell her with another hug.

“I’ll take the early shift tomorrow,” she whispers as you pull away. “Go live a little.”

You blush and nod as Bucky walks you home, his strides growing slower with every step. He tries his best to make conversation but you’re used to being so quiet and nervous around men you don’t make it easy for him.

“You know I’ve wanted to ask you out for months,” he says suddenly, stopping in front of a bench seat. “Would it be ok if we just went somewhere to talk a little? We don’t have to dance or anything if you don’t want to, you don’t even have to look at me.”

“Ok. That would be lovely,” you say with a smile.

Bucky watches you sip a milkshake while you tell him what little there is to know about your life.

“You don’t know when you’ll get your orders?” you ask softly in a moment of silence.

“Not yet, no. Soon, I hope. I’m keen to get over there and get it done so we can all come home.”

“Ah, another green soldier who thinks he can single handedly win the war,” you snap dryly. “God, I’m sorry,” you gasp a second later. “That just slipped out.”

“I don’t think that,” he says, looking a little wounded.

“Of course you don’t, I don’t know what came over me. My father is there already and my brother is waiting for orders, too. I just… my father was always saying that before he left, that the new recruits thought they’d all be the next big hero. I know that’s not what you meant.”

“It’s all right. None of us really know what we’re going in to, do we.”

“You really don’t.”

You decide not to frighten him with the details your father has written, but you know just how bad things are.

“It’s almost eleven, I should get you home before your father is after me. God knows what will happen if we end up with the same unit and he finds out.”

You laugh and let him walk you home slowly, trying not to flinch when he slips his warm hand into yours. At the first touch of his soft skin you begin to panic, how can you tell him you’ve never so much as been on a date let alone held hands or done anything else with a man? You’re the only woman your age that you know of who hasn’t, what with everyone loosening their standards in case the object of their affections doesn’t return from the front, so when he sees a nicely shaped girl in her early twenties he’s probably expecting...

“Something wrong, Sugar?” he asks, frowning. “Was that too forward of me?”

You look down at your hands and ask yourself the same question. It feels nice having his fingers interlaced with yours and it’s stirring feelings you’ve not had before.

“No, it’s just that… I haven’t done this before. Courted or anything.”

“I’d have thought you’d have men lining up, that’s why I didn’t ask you straight away.”

“Well I assure you, Bucky Barnes, I do not have men lining up. I don’t want to be some soldier’s last fling just in case, either.”

“You know that’s not what I’m doing, right?” he looks down at you and then stops abruptly, tugging gently on your arm as you try to keep walking. “Hey, I’m not that kind of guy.”
“You’re the kind of guy who buys a lot of candy for a lot of women, though.”

“Yeah, but… see I have this buddy and I’m trying to help him out. He can’t get in on medical
grounds and I just want him to feel appreciated so whenever we go out I make sure we both have
sweets for the girls, that’s all. I’m not just giving it out so they’ll go home with me, if that’s what
you’re thinking. Besides I prefer girls who are more reserved and take a little more effort than a
packet of the best candy in the city. Girls like you.”

“You don’t know girls like me, Bucky Barnes.”

“I’d like to. Let me get to know you better and show you what kind of man I am.”

“Ok,” you say, looking him in the eye. “I’ll give you a chance.”

“You won’t be sorry, Sugar.”

Your cheeks flush again at the pet name and his eyes, still locked intently to yours, are sparkling in
the dim street lights. Ordinarily you’d never agree to something like this without prior planning, but
the war has changed so many unexpected things. Women are doing jobs previously reserved for men
and more than ever you’re aware of how short everyone’s time might be.

Adrenaline surges through your veins, bypassing your better judgement so that you stretch up on
tiptoes and plant a wet kiss on his cheek. Bucky looks down at you and shakes his head, smiling and
squeezing your hand while his face turns a warm rosy shade. The rest of the walk is in comfortable
silence until you arrive at your door.

“This… this is my building. Thank you for walking me home, James. Um, Bucky.”

“You’re welcome, it was the most pleasant walk I’ve had in a while. Can I come see you this
week?”

“Just as long as you’re not buying candy for anyone else.”

“Oh, that reminds me.” He pulls a cellophane packet from his pocket, tied with a black and white
bow you recognise. “Humbugs, for you.”

“Thank you.”

You’re fumbling in your purse for a key when he leans in and kisses your cheek with warm lips,
lingering for a second before he pulls away. He takes your chin gently between thumb and finger
and when you don’t look away he slowly brings his lips to yours, making your heart pound in your
ears and your breath catch.

“Good night, Sugar.”

Every day for a week Bucky walks you home from work, always kissing you gently at the door.
One afternoon you’re disappointed not to find him waiting but he soon appears just as you’re locking
the door, producing a bouquet of roses with a flourish from behind his back. You beam up at him but
he looks different, his eyes not quite so shiny and his skin a few shades paler than usual.

“What’s wrong?” you ask.

“I got my orders. I’m leaving tomorrow.”

“Oh.”

You feel like the breath has been punched from your lungs and have to fight the urge to sit down on
the sidewalk.

“Can I take you on a real date tonight? Dinner and dancing?”

“I… shouldn’t you be packing or with your family?”

“I did that already. I want to spend my last remaining hours with you.”

“Ok. I’ll need to change.”

“I think you’re just perfect the way you are.”

“Flattery won’t get you anywhere, Bucky Barnes.”

Bucky treats you to dinner and dessert and then whirls you around the dance floor until you can both
barely stand. At the first slow song he takes your hand delicately in his and holds you close, your
head resting below his shoulder so you can hear his heart beating in time with yours.

“When I get home, we’re gonna do this right. I’ll ask your daddy and we’ll do it right.”
“And until then?”
“Until then… just know that I’ve fallen in love with you, Sugar. And I will miss you every single day.”

You try so hard not to cry but hearing him say the very words you’ve been holding back makes the tears overflow. “I love you too, Bucky.”

He walks you home with his jacket around your shoulders and his hand slipped into yours, keeping your steps short and slow to prolong the journey. Once you’re at the door you know you can’t say goodbye yet, not when there’s still a few hours you could spend together.

“Would you like… would you come upstairs? Spend the night with me?”

“Doll, that sounds lovely, but I don’t want you doing anything you don’t want to.”

“I’m not ready to say goodbye.” You unlock the door and lead him to your tiny apartment, lying beside him on the bed and curling up in his arms.

The comfort of his embrace soon gives way to something else, a desire you’ve not allowed yourself to experience until now. Your kisses last a little longer, your tongues exploring for the first time, and slowly but surely your hands begin to wander and you long to feel his soft touch on your skin. You make quick work of his buttons and tug his undershirt over his head, trailing your fingertips down his bare chest and stomach with child-like wonder, your eyes wide at the sight of his muscled torso. Bucky licks his lips, shivering with pleasure under your touch but doing his best to restrain the erection that threatens to burst through his zipper. You bite your lip and gaze down at him, lazily writing ‘I love you Bucky Barnes’ across his chest in loopy cursive with a fingernail.

On a whim you lean down and kiss the side of his neck, reveling in his laugh as you tickle the sensitive spot beneath his ear. Bucky’s breath hitches when your lips connect with his collarbone and then his chest, his fingers trailing down the zip of your dress.

“Wait right here,” you whisper before dashing to the bathroom. The woman in the mirror barely looks like you, with dewy skin and cherry red cheeks, and even less so as you remove your dress and undergarments to replace them with your nightgown.

You emerge clad only in a pale pink slip, adorned with cream lace on the shoulders and deep V-neck. Bucky sits up on the edge of the bed and pats his knee for you to sit, you feel exposed as the silky fabric moves against your skin. He waits patiently, taking in every inch of you with his eyes while you try to find the courage to tell him what you want.

You soon find yourself back in his arms with barely a scrap of fabric between you, Bucky in only his shorts and you in your slip. Rolling to your back you continue stroking up and down Bucky’s chest, watching his dark eyes drink you in.

“So beautiful,” he says softly. “I can’t wait to come home to you. I’ll ask your daddy for your hand and then we can go to bed together for real. I will make love to you, Sugar, and it will be perfect.”

“It could be perfect now,” you whisper.

Bucky seems to shake himself and consider his answer. “Not yet, doll. People might talk.”

“People won’t know.” You kiss him forcefully until he gives in with a groan, sliding your slip up your leg as his hand drags up to your thigh.

Bucky traces the curve of each breast with his fingertips, his gaze flicking between your eyes and your nipples straining against the fabric. Your skin prickles with arousal and every contact of his warm hands is fuel to the fire burning inside. You feel vulnerable lying with him like this but so sure it’s right that you stroke the front of his shorts a little clumsily, making his breath hitch as you feel him harden against your fingers.

“Listen, I… I’ve never done this before,” he says, stroking a lock of hair from your cheek. You’re surprised but heartwarmed that you’ll be his first and it only serves to make you more determined.

“Me either,” you reply with a breathy giggle. “I’m sure we can work it out.”
Kneeling between your legs he trails his hands up between your skin and nightgown and hooks his finger into the waistband of your panties, gliding them down and off before lying beside you and guiding your legs apart. Tentative fingers explore your swollen folds until they’re slick with moisture and he eases one inside, all the while kissing your lips, your jaw, your neck. As you stretch and open up to him he nuzzles your satin-covered breasts and teases a second finger inside, watching your face for distress before pushing deeper. You bite your lip as the taut skin pulls to its limit and the tips of his fingers press up against you, and then help Bucky ease out of his shorts, sitting up to remove your nightgown and reveal your milky body to him for the first time.

Bucky looks you up and down, taking in every freckle and curve but quickly noticing your discomfort as you drape your arms over your stomach. He lies down on top of you, smoothing your curls back from your face before kissing your plump lips again.

“You are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he says as he rubs your noses together. “If anything can keep me alive over there it will be knowing I have you to come home to.”

“I’ll be right here, don’t leave me waiting.”

After another long deep kiss he shifts back and rubs the tip of his shaft in your juices. “You sure?”

“Yes,” you say with a nod.

He pushes forward and you clamp your lip between your teeth, determined not to whine at the burn as he starts to breach your tender skin. Rocking slowly back and forth Bucky sees the glisten of moisture in your eyes and stills, he knows the first time is painful but he can’t ignore your expression so he tugs your lip free with his thumb.

“Are you ok?” he asks sincerely. “I mean I know… I don’t want to hurt you.”

“It’s fine. I burned my hand on the iron last week and that was way worse, but I still finished the dress.”

Bucky laughs as he kisses your forehead. “Don’t hold back, all right?”

You nod and release a shaky breath as he pushes against you again, his girth tearing inside until a whimper escapes your throat. He pulls back and kisses the top of your breasts before he rocks forward once more and you feel your sex yield to him, crying out as he continues until his sack brushes against your skin.

As he covers your face in tiny kisses you feel a tear slip from the corner of your eye and release your held breath, forcing yourself to relax and feel him inside. You angle your hips toward him and a gasp of pleasure hides a sharp wince when he pulls back to thrust again, spurring him on to more fluid movements. Reaching your arms around him you feel the muscles of his back working as he makes love to you, your whimpering cries turning to soft moans as you grow accustomed to the intrusion. Soon Bucky’s breath comes in loud rasps and he buries his face in your neck as he shudders and spills inside with a long groan, his warm seed seeping out as he softens and twitches.

Bucky watches you sleep in his arms until the fingers of daylight poke at the window. Your eyes flutter open to find him lost in his thoughts, gazing out at the dawn until you raise a hand to stroke his cheek.

“Good morning, beautiful girl.”

“Do you have to go?” you ask timidly.

“In a few hours.” He leans down to kiss you and you suddenly feel anxious and vulnerable with your nakedness exposed, your hair an unruly mess, and your teeth unbrushed, but he calms you with his lips and then whispers in your ear. “The only thing better than going to bed with you is watching you wake up, you’re even more gorgeous and kissable first thing in the morning.”

In the faint light Bucky makes love to you once more and you curl up content in his arms while he paints his hand up and down your spine and coos endearments in your ear. Once you’ve fallen asleep he slips out quietly, leaving behind a delicate gold necklace with a diamond pendant in an envelope with a note on your dresser:

*My Sweet Sugar, keep this safe for me. I’ll be back for it, and you, as soon as I can. See you in my*
Six months later you look up as the tiny bell on the door begs your attention, grumbling at the late hour under your breath and wishing you’d locked in a few minutes’ earlier.
“Can I help you?” you ask the very tall, broad blond man as his blue eyes look you up and down.
“Wait, aren’t you – “
“Steve Rogers,” he cuts in, extending his hand. “I’m a good friend of Bucky’s. Is there somewhere we can talk?”

At a small diner down the street he tells you all he can about what happened, although you found out weeks ago that he was presumed dead.
“He would have wanted you to have this.” Steve hands over a small satchel filled with letters and a photograph of you tucked into the back.
You immediately recognise the letter on the top and your eyes fill with tears. “I didn’t think he got this one. When they told me he’d been missing for so long I thought it mustn’t have reached him.”
“It did,” Steve says with a smile. “The night before our last mission. He said that was going to be his last, he was coming home to you. Both of you,” he says, looking down as you rub your swollen belly. “Bucky couldn’t wait to be a dad.”

Your daughter Winnie grows up surrounded by photographs and memories of her daddy, raised with a little help from a hero or two. For a long time she wonders why everyone stares in awe at the man she only knows as ‘Uncle Steeb’.
Imagine calling Sebastian 'daddy' in the heat of the moment

Chapter Summary

This is absolute pure 100% pwp smut. Contains daddy kink, please skip over if that's not your thing!

“You want it bad, huh princess?” Sebastian's deep raspy voice comes through the phone. “Mm hm,” you moan as your fingertips brush your clit. “Aw, come on baby girl. It's all hard and ready for you. You can do better than that.” “I need your cock, baby. Please.” “Are you nice and wet for me?” “Yes,” you hiss, sliding two fingers inside your soaked folds. “Gonna give it to you, then. Nice and slow.” You pick up the dildo beside you on the bed and push it deep inside, letting out a gasp when the base touches your lips. “Slow down, baby,” Sebastian says. The catch in his voice as he strokes himself is obvious, along with the sharp breath when he tugs his balls. You groan in frustration but slow the movements, every pass of the textured shaft on your gspot bringing you closer to orgasm. Sebastian has already been on the phone teasing and building you up for fifteen minutes where you couldn't touch yourself and now you're desperate for release. “I need more,” you say between whimpers as your heart pounds in your ears and your breath turns rapid. “Rub your clit, princess. Make yourself come for me.”

The only sound the next few minutes are moans and heavy breaths, until finally you unravel and cry out Seb's name, your pussy erupting into spasms that release juices all over your hand. As you come down you hear Sebastian moan and grunt “Yes... baby... fuck...”

Tangled in the sheets, you catch your breath and prop your head up on a few pillows. “God, I miss you,” you whisper. “I miss you too, babe. Two more weeks.” It's been a long four months with him away and you both too busy to travel and it's a strain on your relatively new relationship. You got serious quickly after hitting it off at a benefit dinner but it was only a few months of dating before he had to go to Europe to film and leave you behind.

Some good has come of it, though. You both seem more at ease discussing your fantasies over the phone and in texts than in person. Sebastian has been hinting at something for a number of weeks but still doesn't seem quite ready to spit it out, despite your encouragement. You've already told him how you love to be restrained and teased and wonder what on earth you're in for when he finally comes home.

The day he arrives he picks you up on the way home from the airport, pouncing on you and pinning you to the seat in the back of the cab, claiming your mouth hungrily and smoothing a hand up the skirt of your dress to feel your skin. “Fuck, I missed you so much,” he says, his lips brushing your neck. “I can't wait to get you home.” “So don't.”
He pulls back and looks at you with wide blue eyes and a smirk. “My dirty little princess. Think you can make it another few minutes?” As he speaks his fingers glide up the inside of your thigh and press against your panties. He smiles and licks his lips. “Already soaked for me. Such a good little girl.”

As soon as the front door is closed he has you pressed up against the wall, toeing off his sneakers as he holds your wrists above your head with one hand and kneads your breast with the other. His tongue curls around yours and you whimper into his mouth, wanting to feel all of him at once as he rolls his hips against you and crushes your body against the wall with his.

Sebastian stills and looks down at you, caressing your cheek tenderly and biting his lip as he trails his fingers down your neck, between your breasts, over your stomach and beneath your skirt to cup your mound, making you buck your hips. A ragged exhale accompanies his smile.

“I planned on taking my time but I just have to have you now.” The jingle of his belt buckle sends a shiver up your spine and you help him push his jeans down and off, then he roughly tugs your panties until they fall around your ankles.

Holding you up, he fills you with one push and settles inside your pussy, gathering himself while you adjust to his girth with a sigh. He makes a few long thrusts and then stops again, nibbling your bottom lip before laughing softly.

“I'm afraid I'm not gonna last, darlin', your tight little pussy just feels too fucking good and I've missed you so much. You won't get to come this time but don't you worry, this is just the preview.” Blood rushes in your ears and having him so deep inside but unmoving is such exquisite torture you feel light headed until your thoughts are jumbled. You nod and bite your lip, intoxicated by his lustful baby blues.

“Give it to me, daddy.”

It's uttered in the heat of the moment, untested and unplanned, the words just fall out of your mouth. You imagine this is what people are referring to when they say men get into trouble thinking with their dicks instead of their brain, your brain is no longer in control of your body, the throbbing ache in your pelvis has taken over. For a number of seconds time stands still, Sebastian is frozen in silence.

He growls, primal and raw, slamming inside so hard you see stars and gasp, letting your head fall with a thud against the plaster.

“You like that, don't you? My kinky little doll.”

“Yes... yes...”

With one final long stroke he shudders and you feel his warm seed spurting into you, his thighs shaking as he buries his face in your neck and draws heavy breaths, your fingers tangling in his hair. You feel him chuckle as he kisses the sensitive spot above your collar bone and releases you carefully to the floor.

“Jesus Christ, doll. Where did that come from?”

“I don't know,” you squeak, blushing. “It just fell out. Sorry.”

“Don't you dare apologise.” He tugs your hair gently until you tip your head back to look at him. “I just blew my load in two seconds because you called me 'daddy', that's the effect you have on me. Shit that was hot.”

Under a warm shower you both finally get reacquainted with each other's bodies, letting your hands and mouths explore as you wash each other off. As soon as he shuts off the water Sebastian wraps a towel around his waist and one around your shoulders before sweeping you up and carrying you the few steps to the bed, dropping you gently in the middle. He takes a few moments to admire you naked on his bed, rolling each nipple in turn between his thumb and fingers, tracing a path down the centre of your body and back up to your chin.

“Fuck you're beautiful.”
You smile up at him and he kisses you deep and slow, laying himself on top of you. When he releases your lips he slides down and takes a nipple in his mouth, sucking and nipping before moving on to leave love bites down your body and kneel back between your legs.

“Open for me, princess,” he says, adding “wider,” and guiding them further apart. He slides his index finger easily inside, coating it in your essence and bringing it to your lips where you suck it into your mouth with a low moan.

“So fucking wet. Always so wet for me, and so sweet.”

Holding your leg up behind your knee he kisses the inside of your leg, working his way up your inner thigh. He’s so close to your cunt you can feel the heat of his breath on your labia when he turns his head to the side, grazing you with his stubble as he sucks a deep lovebite into the flesh near your panty line. Just as it turns painful you arch your back and a gasp is torn from your throat he releases you, soothing the lines of his teeth with a soft tongue.

“Mine, baby girl. Who do you belong to?”

“You.”

He looks up from between your spread thighs, raising his eyebrows expectantly as he licks his lips.

“You, daddy.”

With a breathed curse and a shake of his head he dives into your pussy, covering it with wide lips and exploring with his tongue. You’re overwhelmed by the sensation, his lips and teeth grind against your clit while his tongue laps inside your cunt or thrusts in and out, his hand flat on your pelvis pinning you to the bed as you try desperately to move against him or pull back to draw out the pleasure before the inevitable climax and fall down the other side.

When his muffled groan vibrates inside you it's your undoing, your hips buck and thrust against his grip and your moans turn to screams as you spasm and contract around him, the obscene squelch of your juices spilling out around his face as he backs off to bring you down gently. He continues licking at you until every last drop is gone before stalking back up your body, wiping the glisten of your nectar from his face.

“Such a sweet, tight little cunt. You've made me hard all over again.” To make his point he rolls his hips against you, his veined cock rubbing between your throbbing folds. He continues back and forth while tugging one of your nipples with his teeth and although you angle your hips up toward him he deliberately avoids your entrance.

“I want you,” you whisper.

Sebastian moves back up to your neck, kissing the sensitive spot behind your ear and breathing raggedly on your throat.

“Reckon you can do better than that, princess.”

You let him continue his teasing for a few more minutes, hoping he might give in first. Sometimes your stubbornness is a positive trait but right now it isn't doing you any favours.

“You want daddy's cock, princess?”

“Yes!” you cry out before your brain can stop it.

“How much? Tell me.”

Sebastian has encouraged you to be more vocal and talk more from day one and it's taken you a while to get into it as much as he is, but now you're just about willing to kneel on the floor and beg with your tongue hanging out.

“Please, daddy. I need your big thick cock, my pussy is aching and dripping wet for you. Please fuck me. Make me scream, daddy.”

“Fuck...” he groans and positions himself, pushing inside your slick walls easily. The beginning is long, slow thrusts, pulling almost completely out before gliding back in, and you quickly feel the build of another intense orgasm.

Sebastian takes your ankles and kisses each one before hooking them over his shoulders, his thick cock slipping deeper into you and hitting your g-spot. He brings one thumb to your clit and rubs
circles around it as his movements increase, his balls slapping against your arse as he thrusts hard and deep and forces echoing moans from low in your throat.

“Come with me, baby girl. Scream for daddy.”

His thumb is replaced with your own fingers and you rub frantically at your bud as he starts to unravel with heavy shuddering breaths, rutting against you hard and fast until your own climax slams into you with a series of barely contained screams. Sebastian moans loudly and pulls out, jerking the head of his cock until white threads of cum shoot over your stomach and tits, the last drops pooling in your belly button as he releases himself and collapses over you.

“Holy shit,” he says when his breath returns, laughing softly as he threads his fingers through your hair. “Got any other surprises up your sleeve?”


“So hot, doll. You have no idea. Definitely keep that in your kinky box of tricks.”

You smile contentedly as he pulls you into his arms, kissing the top of your head and stroking your back as you fall into a sated sleep. As Sebastian does the same he drifts off remembering the gifts he brought home for you and wonders how excited you might be by the leather handcuffs he plans to use for round three...
Imagine Sebastian planning out your birthday even though he can't be there

Chapter Summary

Fluffy fluff fluff. No warnings.

12:01am
Sebastian is calling…
“Hello,” you mumble. “Did you forget the time difference again?”
“Happy birthday to you,” he sings.
You close your eyes and smile, enjoying his smooth honeyed tones through the phone. “Thanks, babe.”
“I wish I could be there,” he sighs. “I really tried but it just wouldn’t work out.”
“It’s ok, it’s just another day. I have to work, you have to work, the world keeps on turning.”
“Yeah, about that… Do you trust me?”
“It depends… what did you do?”
“You’ll see. You have to help me out, though. For the next twenty four hours if someone approaches you with a rose you have to do anything they ask. And don’t go to work, you have the day off.”
“Er…” You hesitate, thinking of all the things that might involve. Who knows what dirty things happen in his mind sometimes, you feel like you’ve only just scratched the surface over the past two years.
“Nothing kinky. Scout’s honour.”
“Sebastian Stan if you were a scout then I’m an untouched virgin.” You laugh.
“You have my word.”
“Ok. Do I get a hint?”
“No. I just wanted you to enjoy your birthday. I love you, doll. Sweet dreams.”

Just before nine you’re sitting near the window, reading a book while another dreary New York day passes outside. You’ve had a few messages, a phone call from your mom and sister back home in Boston, a pile of Facebook notifications. You’re about to call Sebastian and see if leaving the house is against the rules because you’re desperate for a real coffee.

9:01am
The doorbell rings. Odd, you haven’t buzzed anyone in.

There’s a woman on the other side, holding a single pink rose and a takeaway coffee from your favourite place near the office. Wordlessly she hands them to you, nods and smiles, and disappears down the hall before you can ask questions. Shaking your head you drop the rose into a vase, part filling it from the kitchen tap before setting it on the coffee table, and take a tentative mouthful of coffee.
Perfection.
It’s only then you notice the writing on the side: For the birthday girl xx Drink and get dressed in something casual. You have one hour.

10:01am
Again, the doorbell rings without you buzzing anyone in. It’s disconcerting in an anticipative sort of way, you love surprises. This time it’s a man in a pristine black suit, complete with gloves and
chauffer hat – he’s like something out of a movie, right down to his shiny shoes. Sure, you’ve had drivers when you’ve attended events with Sebastian, but nothing like this. He hands you a rose of the same pink hue as the first which you promptly arrange in the vase before turning back to the door and picking up your bag.

“If you’ll please follow me, miss?” He gestures you into the hall, presses the button for the elevator, opens the front door of your building and then the door of a sleek black Rolls Royce; not usually your cup of tea but when you sink into the luxurious leather seats that wouldn’t be out of place in a living room you begin to re-think your opinion.

“I don’t suppose you can tell me where we’re going?” you ask as he starts the vehicle.

“Unfortunately I can’t do that, no. Any music in particular you’d like today?”

“Surprise me,” you say happily. You smile like a loon when Billy Joel starts up, that can’t be a coincidence.

As the streets pass the cityscape becomes less and less dreary and the sun starts to peek through the clouds to warm the late spring morning, and you begin to feel you might be going the ‘scenic’ route. That suspicion is confirmed when you arrive at The Plaza just a couple of minutes before the hour and the lovely driver opens the door for you, assuring you he’ll return to pick you up later in the day.

11:01am

“Good morning, and happy birthday,” a woman says before you reach the door, handing you another pink rose. “Follow me, please. And I’ll need to hold on to your cell phone.”

You notice Guerlain on the front of her crossover jacket and realise you’re headed for the day spa, your stomach fluttering with excitement at the idea. Pampering isn’t the sort of thing you spend your money on but last year you were roped into massages and facials for a friend who was about to be married and the experience was amazing.

Stepping inside is like being teleported away from the bustle of Manhattan below with nothing but soothing music in your ears and sublime scents in the air. Once you’ve exchanged your clothes for a robe you’re treated to a two hour facial, full body massage and hot stones, manicure and pedicure. Finally, late in the afternoon, a light makeup is smoothed over your still tingling skin and your hair is washed and re-styled thanks to some stray massage oil.

You emerge with your phone returned and another handful of roses, finding the same driver waiting for you at the front door. This time as you settle in the back of the car you feel like you almost belong there except for you casual jeans and flats with a knitted top, if only Sebastian had told you to dress a little better. He reaches over and hands you another coffee and you chuckle to yourself at the thought – although you had a delicious light lunch at the spa they only serve vegan food and definitely no caffeine. You probably should feel a little bit guilty about putting toxins in your body after such a thorough cleanse… but you don’t.

6:01pm

This time when the door opens you’re deep in thought, expecting you’d be on the way back to your apartment. Instead you’re in front of a row of clothing boutiques and a woman is waiting with a rose beneath the Michael Kors sign.

“Oh, we are going to have some fun,” she says, looking you up and down. You’re suddenly quite aware that you’re a little curvier than she’s probably used to dressing. “Sebastian asked me to choose a few ensembles for you, I hope that’s ok.” She gestures to a rack of dresses and jackets, paired with shoes and shoulder bags.

“Wow. Do we have an event coming up or something?” you wonder aloud.

“This is for tonight, you’ll be wearing it out of the store.”

You quickly do the math in your brain, is it possible he could be joining you for dinner? No, he’d have to have been in the air when you last texted and he replied straight away. There’s not enough time in between his messages that he could be on his way, even if the only response you’ve gotten
from him is consisten rose emojis.
“You’d better tell me where I’m going, then. I’d hate to dress inappropriately.”
“Nice try,” she smiles back at you, “all I can say is these were specifically chosen for tonight.”

They’re all classy and chic without being formal and after trying each one you settle on a houndstooth jaquard dress with a black leather jacket, black pumps, and a tan bag. It isn’t an easy decision, if all designer clothing fits your curves this well you might actually listen when Sebastian next encourages you to spend more money on yourself. In fact that seems to be the theme of the day.

It doesn’t escape your notice that when you’re sliding back into the car the bags she hands to the driver are far too many to be just the clothes you were wearing.

You text to Sebastian.
Sure am. Can’t talk long. What’s up?
Just wanted to say I love you and you’re amazing xxx
Love you too, doll. I’ll talk to you tonight xxx

Your heart sinks just a fraction, you’d been hoping he was somehow going to pull off surprising you at dinner.

7:01pm
It’s not Sebastian that surprises you at dinner, but two familiar women both holding a rose at the doors to a casual beer-tavern inspired restaurant near Madison Square Garden. Your mom and sister quickly divulge that Sebastian arranged for them to fly in for the evening and take you out for some fun.
“I can’t believe it,” you say over a steak that melts in your mouth. “I just can’t believe he did all of this.”
“He’s a keeper,” your mom says. “God, he loves you sweetheart.”
“He does.” You smile, thoroughly enjoying the moment but wishing Sebastian were here to share it. Instead you move on to less emotional topics and soon after the waiter brings out a rich chocolate cake covered in candles and sparklers, which ends in the whole restaurant singing while you attempt to hide under the table.

Just before eight they begin ushering you out the door.
“I honestly don’t think I can take any more, I’m happy just staying here and hanging out with you.”
“One last surprise,” your sister says with a wink. “And we’ll still be hanging out.”

8:01pm
If you’re honest you’ve been on such a high all day that you wouldn’t mind a little time to come down about now, rather than being driven somewhere else. You’re totally confused when you arrive at Madison Square Garden.
“What’s here?” you ask, looking around for another rose.
Your sister pulls out a handful of tickets with Billy Joel written on them, and you think you might pass out. You’ve been a fan since you were a child singing Uptown Girl at the top of your lungs but never had the opportunity to see him perform live.
“No.”
“Yes!” they squeal.

And then you find yourself front row, watching in awe while your all time favourite piano man (except for Sebastian, of course) does his thing. It’s mesmerising, the stage is so close you think you could just reach out and touch him. Between songs he sits for a break and when you see one of the crew run on with a pink rose your heart leaps into your throat.
“So I received a request a few days ago, apparently there’s a special someone here having a birthday and if I hold this up and ask her to come and get it, she will.”
You freeze in your seat while your mom and sister try to push you out of it. “I can’t go up there!” you squeak.

You watch your idol move to the front of the stage and hold it out for you. “I’m not gonna make you come up here.” He winks. “Happy birthday.”

“Thank you,” you whisper, standing and moving as close as you can to take it from him.

“He also asked me to dedicate this next song to you. Personally I think it’s a bit of a cliché but apparently it was the first he ever sang to you so who am I to judge.” He laughs. “Happy birthday, darlin’.”

The tears start before the first bar of *Just the way you are* has finished and don’t really stop for the rest of the show. This morning you missed him but today was still going to come and go like all the others and now… you’re almost mad at him for stirring up your emotions and missing him hurts more than ever.

11:01pm

At the end of the show you decide to head back to the hotel with your mom and sister, not wanting to miss a second when they’re here such a short time. You’re intrigued to find the eleventh rose for the day held by the bartender and informed that the champagne will be covered for the duration as well as some late night snacks. The bar is deserted but for the three of you which means you can chat and cackle without bothering anyone else.

“Almost midnight,” your sister says, tapping her watch while you trace over the petals of the roses on the table.

“Thank god,” you say with a laugh. “I’m not sure my heart could take any more.”

“How many roses did you end up with?” mom asks.

“Nine here, two at home… eleven.”

“Huh. Too cheap to buy the whole dozen?”

“Actually,” a voice says behind you, making you whirl around so fast you barely avoid sprawling on the floor. “He wanted to deliver the final one in person. Everyone else has seen that beautiful smile today, it’s my turn.”

Your feet seem to be stuck to the floor so Sebastian closes the distance and you wrap your arms tight around his neck, letting him lift your feet off the ground and twirl you while kissing your lips.

“This is the last birthday surprise, I promise. And I can only stay the night, gotta be back on a plane in the morning.”

“I don’t care,” you cry into his chest. “You’re here now. What you did today was the most generous and thoughtful thing anyone has ever done for me. I don’t know how you arranged it all or how much it cost but I know it took a lot and I just… thank you.”

“You’re so welcome, beautiful girl. Nothing is too much for my doll.”

He makes a show of looking at the chunky stainless watch on his wrist. “12.01am,” he says. “It’s not your birthday anymore.”

Bending to one knee in front of you, he holds out the rose. “Would you hold this?”

“Seb, what are you doing?” you say as you take it from his fingers. Not that you genuinely don’t know, he gave it away by pointing out that it technically was no longer your birthday. He told you once he thought proposals on special occasions were cheating, like covering two events with one gift.

“Marry me,” he says simply. “You already know how much I love you, how you’ve changed my life and become the woman I can’t live without, the woman I’d fly across the country to wish a happy birthday. So, marry me.”

You swipe at the tears on your cheeks as he pulls out the most beautiful diamond ring you’ve ever seen, something you wouldn’t choose for yourself, but Sebastian knows you better than you know yourself.
“Yes,” you say later as he licks chocolate icing from your fingers. “Have I said it enough times yet? Yes! Yes! Yes!” You bounce on the bed while he laughs. “Stop, you’re getting cake crumbs in the bed!”
“I don’t care.” You offer him another morsel and he eagerly takes it from your fingers. “I’m sorry I didn’t say yes straight away, I was a bit stunned.” “I handed you a rose, therefore you had previously agreed to do anything I asked. I wasn’t worried.” “Cheeky bastard.”

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