The Captain and the Cam Boy

by Bk_Betty

Summary

It’s a classic tale of love. Boy discovers cam boys. Boy meets favorite online cam boy in real life. Cam boy turns out to be really shy. Boy tries desperately to get cam boy to be freaky in real life without admitting he’s cam boy’s #1 customer.

Yup. Just your average, all American meet cute. With sex toys. And lube. And Bucky’s dizzying array of glittery booty shorts.

Story updates on Mondays!
Many thanks to my amazing betas [Vulcan Smirk](mailto:Vulcan.Smirk) and [Lazarwolff](mailto:Lazarwolff)!

The amazingly talented [thatsmysecretduh](mailto:thatsmysecretduh) created a kick ass cover for The Captain and the Cam Boy! I was blown away by how she was able to capture the feel of this story so well! She found the exact version of Bucky I had in my head (except my Bucky has longer hair) too! I’m honored she used her talent to create a cover for my story.

I will be posting a new chapter every Monday!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#).
People assumed modern technology intimidated and confused Steve. People also assumed he was a wholesome Boy Scout who didn’t curse, never had sex and always followed the rules. People were fucking wrong. Like this asshole SHIELD agent sitting next to Steve right now.

“As you can see, Captain Rogers, the browser here allows us to access different pages on the World Wide Web - that’s the more formal name for the internet,” Jake or Jeff said, finger pointing at the computer screen. Truth be told, Steve forgot the name as soon as he realized the agent was a condescending prick.

“Oh! So they have the internet on computers now,” Steve said, all fake excitement and glee. He was really enjoying fucking with Justin. And if John was too stupid to catch a Simpson’s quote, all the better.

Jack looked over at Steve, a mix of pity, confusion and horror on his face.

“Of course it’s on computers, sir. That’s the only way to access it!”

It took almost all of Steve’s super strength not to roll his eyes. This was a monumental waste of his time.
For some reason, Phil Coulson thought Steve needed lessons on using the web. And because Steve didn’t want people to know how tech savvy he was, he agreed to these sessions with Joe. Tony had offered but Phil was afraid he would show Steve "unseemly websites" in an attempt to corrupt him. Steve had rolled his eyes at that one.

And now here he was, stuck with Josh explaining concepts Steve mastered ages ago. With a Power Point presentation. That included slide transition animation. They were on slide 5 of 50 and Steve was already sick of star outlines giving way to more slides.

"Is it possible to move this lesson along a little faster?" Steve asked, trying to keep the desperate need to escape out of his voice.

"With all due respect, Captain Rogers, the Internet is a very important part of the modern world. Learning about it cannot be rushed. While you were hailed as a brilliant strategist in your day, I think I’m better equipped to set the pace of these lessons."

Steve imagined the crunch of Jason’s glasses underneath his fist before counting slowly to ten.

"I’m aware of the internet’s importance. I’m just more of a hands on learner and this slideshow isn’t helping me."

"Well we do have a few videos I could show you. You had moving pictures in your day, right?" Jeremy asked.

Steve let his head fall forward, pinching the bridge of his nose. Jackson was really tap dancing on his last nerve. Where the fuck did Phil find this guy?

"Yes, we had the moving pictures. And talkies too," Steve spat out, "But a video isn’t necessary. I think it’s better if I just play around for a bit and figure it out for myself."

"I’m not sure you’re ready to try browsing around on your own. Maybe we should go over the history of the internet again. Just to make sure you understand the concept, sir."

Nope. That was it. Steve could only be polite for so long.

"That’s okay, Agent...uhmmmm..."

"Just Jasper will do, Captain Rogers."

"I’m sure you have better things to do than show me all of this," Steve waved his hands in the direction of the computer, "You’ve been very helpful and I’m sure I can figure out the Google thingie on my own," he said. Steve got up, plastering his show girl smile on his face as he headed for the door.

"But sir, Coulson was adamant you be brought up to speed on the technology of today," Jasper called out.

"And I’ll tell him you did a great job!" Steve shouted over his shoulder, beating a hasty retreat.

Steve couldn’t really fault Jasper for his attitude. People accepted the old Captain America propaganda as the Gospel of Steve Rogers. It never occurred to them that Captain America was just an image the government used to sell war bonds. So they (wrongly) assumed advances of the 21st century would be too much for him to understand.

Not that Steve cared. Those assumptions got him out of doing a lot of things: SHIELD paperwork
(Coulson assigned him an assistant after he saw Steve squint and peck at a keyboard for a few minutes), clothes shopping (a well placed “I think I accidentally bought rainbow leg warmers online,” motivated Natasha to take over filling up his closet), even paying for his own food and drinks (Tony didn’t like holding up a line, so he often pushed Steve out of the way and paid for them himself). It was a racket Steve intended to exploit for the foreseeable future.

After escaping Jasper, Steve headed back to Brooklyn. When the dust settled from the Chitauri invasion, SHIELD offered to find Steve a place in Manhattan but he politely declined. He knew they would try to keep tabs on him (emphasis on try). The last thing he wanted was an apartment kitted out with surveillance equipment, monitoring his every move. It was bad enough they placed an operative across the street from him. Steve was kind of insulted they thought he wouldn’t figure out Nurse Sharon was a SHIELD agent.

He turned his motorcycle onto King Street, slowing down in front of a converted carriage house. It took a while to get used to all the changes in Brooklyn. But it was still home and he loved living in Red Hook. He found his house by accident trying to find Hometown Barbecue, a place Clint recommended. There was a sign out front announcing an open house. Curious, he wandered in and was immediately greeted by the seller, an older woman named Tess. She was an artist and former gallery owner, so Steve picked her brain about the post WWII art movement in New York. It was the first real conversation he’d had since waking up.

Taking in the natural light and restored details, he was reminded of the grand homes he used to sketch in the cramped apartment he shared with his mother. When Tess showed him the airy and spacious artist studio, he felt the urge to create coming back. He made her a generous offer on the spot and she took him on a tour of Red Hook. As a thank you, he treated her to dinner at Hometown. Even though Tess moved to France, they regularly Skyped to share the progress on their latest projects.

Steve pushed open his front door and felt his shoulders relax. An afternoon of restraining himself from hitting Jasper had left him tense. He padded up the stairs to his bedroom, which took up the entire third floor. Before she moved, Tess had connected Steve with her decorator Maxwell. The two became fast friends as they set about turning the house into a true home for Steve. The crowning glory was this floor. A California king sized bed dominated the room, situated parallel to doors that led out to a terrace. A few pieces of Steve and Tess’s artwork were displayed around the room, a mixture of the deep, earth colors he preferred and the charcoal Tess loved using.

Stripping out of his clothes, he made his way to the bathroom. He showered, letting the hot water ease his muscles and stress. After drying off and putting on a soft pair of sweatpants, Steve settled onto the bed with his laptop. SHIELD had issued him an ASUS notebook that he promptly shoved in a closet. With advice from Maxwell’s partner Vincent, some sort of tech mogul, Steve bought and configured a laptop that ensured him privacy. Because the biggest thing Steve loved about modern technology was online porn.

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Before the war, Steve had to be careful when he sought out ways to scratch his less than wholesome itches. And during the war, there wasn’t much time for anything more than rushed hand jobs or quick fucks against trees during watch. But now, every one of his fantasies and kinks could be explored from the comfort of his bedroom. He had so many options too - erotic stories, dirty comics, a vast array of amateurs and professionals going at it in every way imaginable. Every. Way. Imaginable. Some things horrified Steve (the less said about the video with the woman and the Great Dane, the better) but other things had him shoving down his pants in a rush to grab his dick.
Through the magic of porn, Steve discovered all sorts of things that turned him on. Videos of men holding down brunettes and fucking into them with fast and brutal strokes did it pretty fast these days. He always had a weakness for dark haired men and women, Peggy being the best of the bunch. But as much as he loved Peg, she wasn’t willing to submit to him the way Steve craved deep down. Seeing video after video of men sinking to their knees, surrendering complete control was intoxicating. Trusting their lover enough to let themselves be used for the other’s pleasure. Seeing that same pleasure mirrored in their eyes. And bless whoever invented the Internet (not Al Gore according to Sam) because all of this was right at his fingertips.

He had no idea how much better it was going to get when he accidentally clicked on an ad for Chaturbate. A separate tab opened up littered with tiny windows showing people in various states of undress. Steve clicked around, trying to get a feel for the site and how it was different from watching videos on PornHub. Across the top of the page was several tabs: Featured, Female, Male, Couple and Trans. Steve selected the Male tab and his eyes went straight to a guy in the middle of the page. All thought quickly packed up and left his brain, leaving no forwarding address. Because right there in front of him was the most beautiful man Steve had ever seen.

Long, chestnut bangs swept over eyes that were an arresting combination of blue and grey - eyes that looked innocent but also promised absolute debauchery. His lips were a dusty rose, heart shaped and plush. Steve reached out to touch the screen, forgetting for a moment the guy wasn’t physically in front of him. The things Steve wanted to do to those lips. His mind conjured up an image of the man kneeling in front of Steve, lips stretched wide around his shaft, steel blue eyes peering out from under strands of silky hair. He wanted to run his fingers through that hair, tugging at it and sucking bruise after bruise along the exposed collarbone.

Steve swallowed hard, his hand going down to press on his growing erection. An aching, visceral want punched him in the gut. He clicked on the guy’s window and was rewarded with a bigger screen, the name BuckMeBoy across the top. Steve could now see the definition of hard, lean muscle that made up BuckMeBoy’s body. Even better, there was an impressive bulge in his tight and obscenely small shorts. His left arm was covered in intricate metal plates, expertly shaded to give the illusion of movement. The artist in Steve wanted to examine the tattoo more closely. The other parts of him wanted to pin down BuckMeBoy and wring every ounce of pleasure out of his body. Steve desperately wanted to see the look on that gorgeous face when he came.

Tearing his eyes away, Steve looked around the rest of the page. A chat window was to the right, people typing out suggestions - “play with your nipples”, “stick out your tongue to catch my load”, “Show us your dick”. Even more surprising, the guy on the screen was following some of the suggestions. Steve figured out people who “tipped tokens” were more likely to have their suggestion played out. God, he needed a shit ton of tokens because Steve had a LOT of suggestions. He only hesitated for a moment before setting up an account with Jasper’s credit card information (seriously, never underestimate Steve).

After selecting a username (CapDatAss - because Steve had a twisted sense of humor), he stared at the chat box for a few moments. In all his dallying around the internet, he’d never written anything obscene. He didn’t want to come off too fratbro (like BrockUHard’s, “Show us your fuck stick, dude!”) or too creepy (like Wade9876’s, “I want to jack off while I watch you sleep, then cum all over your face”).

Sarah Rogers had taught him to be respectful when he first met someone and this was no different. Although Steve doubted his mom had this scenario in mind when she gave him that advice. Wait, why the hell was he thinking of his mom right now?? Forcing that thought out of his head, he looked back up at the window. Just in time to see BuckMeBoy stick his index finger between his lips, poking at his cheek before gracefully falling back on his bed. Fuuuucckkkkkkk. Steve’s brain short
circuited for a minute, cock straining against his sweatpants.

“I bet your lips would feel like satin wrapped around my dick. Mouth all hot, getting me nice and sloppy” he typed. BuckMeBoy looked up directly into the camera, a filthy smirk on his face. He pulled out his finger and traced it around his lips before swiping his tongue around the tip. Steve really wanted that tongue swirling around his tip.

“Got that finger nice and wet, baby? Let me see you play with your nipple,” Steve continued, tipping with a few virtual tokens. Or a lot. Probably a lot.

BuckMeBoy grinned, stretching out more comfortably before following the request. Sucking in a breath, he arched his back out and pinched down.

“I wish your finger was my tongue, teeth grazing against your nipple. My hand working your other one right as I bite down.”

BuckMeBoy rolled the little nub in his fingers, letting out a soft whimper.

“You like that don’t you? The thought of me nipping at you, then licking it to soothe the bite. Making my way back up to lick a stripe along your neck,” Steve typed out with one hand. The other one was busy palming the ever growing bulge in his sweatpants. God he wanted to find out what other noises BuckMeBoy could make. He tipped four more tokens. Was there a best practices for virtual tipping? Steve made a mental note to look that up later.

“You have such beautiful skin - does it mark up well? I’d love to taste it before sucking down hard, pull on your hair so I can get a better angle.”

“Fuck, yes. Mark me up. I fucking love it when you pull on my hair,” BuckMeBoy rasped. His voice stopped Steve short - it was deep and smooth and would probably sound amazing in his ear. It also helped that he was begging Steve to mark him.

“God, I could cum just listening to your voice,” Steve typed, adding some more tokens to the proverbial tip jar.

“Yeah, baby? You like hearing what you do to me? Like hearing me beg for it?”

Fuuuuuccckkk. Steve eased his straining dick out of his briefs and cursed the lack of a third hand. How was he supposed to type and jack off at the same time? Opting to ignore his dick for a little while longer, he continued to send BuckMeBoy directions. And more tokens. Lots more tokens.

“God yes. It goes straight to my dick. I bet you beg so pretty for it too, don’t you? Make such pretty little noises when you cum.”

BuckMeBoy let out an obscene moan before snaking a hand down to brush against his crotch. Looking straight into the camera, he slowly licked his tongue across his bottom lip. Yup, Steve was going to have a heart attack. Sam will probably find him a week later, his hand still wrapped around his dick. That’ll be embarrassing.

“I’m really good on my knees, baby. God I love having a cock in my mouth. Love feeling the weight of it against my tongue. Licking around the head, getting you all wet,” BuckMeBoy said. He lifted himself up as if to prove his point. On his knees in the middle of the bed, BuckMeBoy was all of Steve’s dirty fantasies come to life. He lunged for the lube in his nightstand, fumbling to open it with one hand. The other steadied the computer in his lap.

“Open up that pretty little mouth, sweetheart. Let me see if you can take all of me.”
Chuckling, BuckMeBoy did as he was told, using his finger to pull his mouth open wider. He moved his finger around his tongue before sucking it in. He fucking keened, closing his eyes and tilting his head to the side. He looked like sin and salvation, all wrapped up in one. With an obscene pop, he drew his finger out of his mouth and traced an invisible line down his chest. When he reached the waistband of his shorts, he tugged them down just a little. Enough to make Steve’s mouth water.

“I want to follow that finger down your chest with my tongue. I bet you taste so fucking sweet. Won’t be able to get enough of you.”

Steve managed to get enough lube on his cock to start pumping slowly. BuckMeBoy, still looking right into the camera, smiled before pulling his shorts down the rest of the way.

“I can be so good. Relax my throat, take you all in. Just let me choke on you, baby. Drool all over your cock,” he murmured. His gorgeous dick was now on full display, jutting out from a small thatch of curly, dark hair.

Steve began to pick up the pace, hips thrusting up to fuck into his hand. BuckMeBoy already had him close to the edge, the thought of Steve grabbing the back of his head and plunging his dick between those plush lips spurring him along faster. It wasn’t hard to imagine the tightness of his throat surrounding Steve. With his free hand, he mashed at the keyboard, somehow managing to tip 10 more tokens.

“I wanna pull your hair and force your mouth open wide. Fuck deeper into it and listen to you gag on my dick. Gonna take all my cum? Swallow it down like you can’t get enough?”

That must have been the right thing to say because BuckMeBoy hunched forward, supporting his weight on his forearms. Producing a bottle of lube from seemingly out of thin air, he slicked up a finger, eyes never leaving the camera.

“God, I want your cock in my mouth so bad,” he whispered, his voice absolutely wrecked.

BuckMeBoy shifted forward, giving himself room to work a finger into his ass. He began fucking himself on it - the blue in his eyes narrowed down to pinpricks. Even as his movements grew more frantic, his eyes stayed focused on the camera. Staring straight at Steve. With a loud grunt, Steve came, the sight in front of him too much for his brain to take. His blanked out for a few minutes as the orgasm tore through him.

When he was able to focus again, he saw BuckMeBoy add two more fingers to his hole. Whimpering, his dick continued to pulse. Breath ragged, Steve kept stroking as he watched BuckMeBoy writhing on the bed. God bless the serum because the sight in front of Steve kept him hard as nails. He’d never seen anything like BuckMeBoy - head thrown back, hips thrusting to take in more of his fingers. When he looked back into the camera, his eyes were blown wide. He was magnificent and Steve's dick definitely agreed.

“You’re so close, aren’t you? Trying to find that spot. Bet I could find it for you. Nail it again and again until you beg me to stop. Grip you tight so you can’t get away. Push you down and split you open on my dick.” Steve wasn’t sure where the filth he was spewing came from. Or how his keyboard was still clean...relatively.

“Oh god, yes. Fuck me 'til I can’t see straight,” BuckMeBoy pleaded, a thin sheen of sweat forming on his chest. He squeezed his eyes closed, head falling forward as he let out a harsh breath.

Steve watched mesmerized as BuckMeBoy came untouched. Another stroke and Steve was joining him, both choking out wrecked sobs. Steve fell back against his pillows, all the tension gone from his
muscles. His head rolled to the side as his breathing evened out. After a moment, he propped his head back up to look at the screen. Bangs plastered to his forehead, BuckMeBoy looked up at the camera. And with a wicked grin, he began to lick the cum off his fingers. Steve blinked and his dick twitched. Again.

Yup. This was definitely how he was going to die.
Boy Meets Cam Boy

Chapter Summary

In which our fearless Captain *really* gets to know a certain cam boy. And The Avengers discuss the joys of Tinder.

Chapter Notes

I know a lot of authors say this but I was sincerely blown away by the response to the first chapter. Thank you very much for the kudos and comments and reblogs on Tumblr! It means a lot to me that so many people connected with this dirty little story of mine.

Shout out to my beta and Tinder expert Full of Beans and Spunk!

Story cover created by uber talented thatsmysecretduh!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Steve tightened his grip on BuckMeBoy’s hip, tongue tracing a path up his spine. The saltiness of his skin mingled with his scent - a musk tempered with earthiness and hints of vanilla - overwhelmed Steve’s senses. Underneath him BuckMeBoy squirmed, forehead pressed against the pillow as tiny whimpers escaped his lips.

Bringing a hand up to his neck, Steve pushed down with slight pressure. “Did I say you could move?”

Steve traced small circles along the expanse of skin under his fingers, feeling BuckMeBoy’s pulse quicken. He raked his fingers through BuckMeBoy’s hair, nails scratching at his scalp. A shiver went through BuckMeBoy, a strangled cry accompanying it. Steve marveled at BuckMeBoy’s responsiveness, loved the noises he was teasing out of him. He was buried deep inside BuckMeBoy but he still wanted, needed more. He lowered his body down, bracing himself on his forearms so he could thrust harder.

“Oh god, right there, please...there...fuck,” BuckMeBoy babbled, half out of his mind, words falling out in a rush.

Steve felt a possessiveness settle deep in his chest. He had done this - made this beautiful creature lose control. He leaned forward, dropping his forehead onto the back of BuckMeBoy’s head. He was so close but he was holding out. They’d been wrapped up in each other for what seemed like
forever and he couldn’t get enough. He wanted to stay here, buried in this tight heat until he stopped breathing.

He shifted his head, biting on the shell of BuckMeBoy’s ear. “You feel incredible, you know that? You were made to take my cock, weren’t you?”

“Yes...fuck. All I want is you. All I need is you,” BuckMeBoy choked out.

Steve lifted himself up and spread his knees farther apart. Pulling BuckMeBoy back with him, he set a bruising pace. He knew BuckMeBoy could take it, knew how much he loved it. He tangled his fingers in chestnut locks drenched in sweat and pulled with just a bit of roughness. BuckMeBoy arched into the touch, breath stuttering as he fell over the edge. Steve’s hips faltered for a brief moment, captivated by the sight before him. Watching BuckMeBoy come apart was his newest addiction. And he would take his fill every chance he got.

BuckMeBoy collapsed onto the bed, his body melting into the mattress.

“Fuck, baby. That was so beautiful. Every inch of you is so fucking beautiful,” Steve growled, chasing his own release. BuckMeBoy lifted himself up slightly, peering over his shoulder. His face was a mixture of bliss, awe and beautiful filth.

“Fill me up, sir. Make me feel it,” he rasped, eyes dark and intense. That was all Steve could take, his whole body lighting up as he fell into oblivion.

Steve woke with a loud grunt, cum leaking through his pajama pants. He was covered in sweat, heart racing as he floated in a dizzy haze. He looked up at the ceiling, willing his body to calm down. His brain was still remembering traces of the dream - fingers tracing BuckMeBoy’s skin, his scent lingering in Steve’s nose.

The feel of cum cooling on his skin finally pulled him to the present. He shoved the blankets away, making a mental note to throw them in the washing machine before leaving. He reached over for his phone and shot up when he saw the time. He was dangerously close to being late for a mission briefing at the Tower.

Steve rushed through his morning routine, trying to get his head on straight. But he kept drifting back to vivid memories of his dream and his sessions with BuckMeBoy. Which was in no way helping him get into his jeans.

After a few minutes of fumbling, he began to plead with his dick. “Just stay down for five fucking minutes. That’s all I need!”

His brain chose that exact moment to supply him with a flash of BuckMeBoy licking his own cum off his fingers.

“Traitor,” he mumbled to his dick, which was still refusing to cooperate.

BuckMeBoy was showing up more and more in his dreams, driving Steve crazy. He’d gone back to Chaturbate more times than he cared to admit, the need to see BuckMeBoy overwhelming him. He at least had the decency to move his account over to a refillable, pre-paid credit card. There was fucking with Jasper and then there was bankrupting him.

After finally getting his errant dick under control, he finished getting dressed and headed out the door.
This was going to be a long day.

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He walked into the briefing room where Natasha, Tony, Bruce and Thor were lounging around the conference table. Steve didn’t see Clint but figured he was probably in the vents. Natasha and Tony seemed to be playing some weird version of Patty Cake while Bruce scrolled through something on his StarkPad. Thor, still amazed by the wonders of office chairs, was spinning around and humming. He was also wearing a shirt with a drawing of a 6 pack of beer and the words, “Case of the Mondays” across it. Steve had to blink twice at that one.

“Interesting shirt there, Thor,” he said, making his way to the coffee machine (that also inexplicably made popcorn). Thor grabbed the table, coming to a stop.

“I do not understand its meaning but since it is Monday, I thought it appropriate!” he beamed.

Steve huffed out a laugh as he fixed his coffee. That was another glorious thing about the future - coffee that didn’t taste like a burnt ashtray.

“You look well rested,” Natasha commented, giving Steve a careful once over.

Steve shrugged as he sat across from her and took a sip of coffee.

“Almost like you finally got laid,” she said.

The coffee went flying out of Steve’s mouth, barely missing Thor. Before he could say anything, Tony perked up.

“You must be slipping, my Russian minx. Cap here is saving himself for marriage. It will be a formal affair between him and Lady Liberty.”

Natasha narrowed her eyes at Tony. “If you enjoy having your balls attached to your person, I suggest you never call me that again.”

Steve, Tony, Bruce and even Thor shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

“Who is this fair Lady Liberty, Steven? And will we have the honor of meeting her before your nuptials?” Thor asked.

“Tony’s just trying to be funny. It’s not working,” Steve muttered.

Natasha arched her right eyebrow. “I see you haven’t denied it though.”

“Nothing to deny, Nat. I spent a boring evening at home,” Steve deflected.

It wasn’t that he was embarrassed of what he was doing with his nights. He just didn’t want any of them to know about it. Especially since he hadn’t gotten around to telling them he was bisexual. It wasn’t because he was afraid of their reaction. He knew they wouldn’t care. But Steve was used to keeping that part of himself a secret. And since he hadn’t really dated since waking up from his ice nap, it didn’t seem relevant.

“Maybe it’s time you consider, I don’t know, having a conversation with someone who isn’t in this room,” she pressed on.

“Or up in the vents!” Clint’s disembodied voice chimed in.
Steve sighed, knowing where this was heading. Natasha had been trying to set him up for months. It started out innocent enough - talking about a far too giggly co-worker during training sessions, leaving scraps of paper with phone numbers in his locker. But when those subtle hints didn’t work, Natasha had gotten more forward. She began shoving women at him - literally in the case of Susan from Human Resources.

All the women were nice but Steve didn’t want nice. He liked his partner to have a dirty edge, maybe a jawline that could cut diamonds. An ass he could bounce a piggy bank’s worth of quarters off of would be nice too. Eyes he couldn’t get quite right, no matter how many times he painted them.

Fuck. He *really* needed to stop thinking about BuckMeBoy. And come up with a shorter nickname for him. Buck had a nice ring to it. Rhymed with...

“Oh! Oh! I have an idea!” Tony shrieked, derailing Steve’s train of thought.

“No!” Steve, Natasha and Bruce yelled at the same time.

Tony let out an indignant squawk as he fiddled around with his phone. “Normally, I would be insulted by your lack of faith. But since this is such a wonderful idea, I’ll ignore it.”

He slid his phone across the table to Steve, who picked it up and found the login page for Tinder.

“I don’t need a website to find a date, Tony.”

“Oh, of course you don’t! Women are lining up around the block to have your supersoldier babies! But if you want quantity over quality…” Tony pointed towards his phone.

“Don’t you mean quality over quantity?” Bruce asked.

“No,” Tony leered, eyebrows waggling, “He needs to go around the block a few times before he parks it permanently in a garage.”

Bruce sighed, shaking his head. “There are so many things wrong with that sentence. I don’t even know where to begin.”

“Tony’s skeeviness aside, maybe online dating isn’t such a bad idea,” Natasha suggested, tapping away at his phone, “What’s a good fake name for our Captain?”

“How about…” Tony began.

“No!” Steve, Natasha and Bruce yelled again. Tony scowled, leaning back in his chair.

“Can he not use his given name?” Thor asked, tilting his head to the side.

Bruce took the phone away from Natasha and showed it to Thor. “Celebrities and famous people often use pseudonyms on these sites to keep some sense of privacy.”

“If they wish for privacy, why do they include pictures?” Thor used his index finger to swipe through profiles, “Clearly this man has no need for privacy. He should be very proud to display such healthy genitalia!”

And that’s when Phil chose to make his entrance.

“Can someone please explain why Thor is holding up a picture of a penis?” he asked plainly. Phil was clearly used to their antics.
Steve should have known Natasha wouldn’t let it go. As he walked out of the meeting, she fell in step with him, a Cheshire grin on her face. Maybe if he ignored her, she would go away.

“Are you resisting because you’re scared or because you’ve already found someone?”

Well so much for that plan.

“I’m not resisting. I just don’t have much interest in dating right now.”

Natasha arched her eyebrow, eyes roaming from the hall to the side of his face. He was truly impressed at the level of side eye she achieved without moving her head. She linked arms with him, guiding him towards the elevator.

“Come spar with me for a bit. I feel like kicking your lying ass,” she said, a saccharine smile on her face.

“Just because I heal quickly doesn’t mean you can use me as your personal punching bag.”

Looking up with all the innocence of a child, Natasha patted his cheek. “Yes it does, моя маленькая жертва*.”

He didn’t need to speak Russian to know what she said didn’t bode well for him. When they reached the gym, Natasha cackled as she cracked her knuckles.

Nope. Not good at all.

“Will you at least let me finish taping up my hands before you start kicking me?”

“Make it fast,” she called over her shoulder, bouncing up and down on the padded area sectioned off for sparring.

As much as he hated her meddling in his love life, he still felt a rush of brotherly affection for Natasha. When they first met, he wasn’t sure if he could trust her. Now, he would hand her a gun and point it at his own head without any fear. But he still couldn’t bring himself to tell her he wasn’t only interested in women. He wanted to keep that part to himself, the only thing not tainted by the shadow of Captain America.

Maybe it wasn’t fair to Natasha, or the others for that matter. Keeping such a big part of himself hidden. But old fears were hard to shake. Even now when being bisexual or gay wasn’t a crime.

He finished taping his hands just in time to get a kick to the side of the face. Stunned, Steve stumbled falling down with the grace of a drunken toddler.

Natasha smiled down at him, not even offering a helping hand. “Gotta be quicker than that, old man!”

He took back every nice thing he ever said about this devil woman.

After picking himself up (thanks for nothing, Natasha), the two sparred for the rest of the afternoon. Steve finally tapped out when the grumbling of his stomach grew louder than their fighting.

Natasha wiped the sweat from her forehead as she watched him pack up his gym bag. She contemplated him silently for a moment before touching his shoulder.
“Are you happy?”

Steve startled at the question. Seeing the confusion on his face, she pushed his bag aside and moved closer.

“I know you’re adjusting, I suspect better than you let on,” she fixed him with a pointed look, “but are you really happy with the life you have right now?”

He wasn’t quite sure what she was asking. But he was afraid she was getting dangerously close to something he wasn’t ready to admit.

“You keep so much in here, котёнок**,” she laid her palm flat against his chest. “I just worry you’re only going through the motions. Not really investing yourself in anything or anyone.”

Steve shook his head, reaching around her to get his bag.

“Just because I’m not ready to date doesn’t mean I’m closing myself off. It’s just...hard to find someone who wants to date just plain old Steve Rogers. Being on all the time is exhausting.”

“More people prefer Steve Rogers than you realize,” she said, voice soft, hand coming up to cup his cheek. “You just need to give them a chance to meet him.”

Steve sat down on a nearby bench, leaning his elbows on his knees and slumping his shoulders forward. “Sometimes I can't tell who really wants me and who just wants the image. It’s hard to be yourself when you know people expect something different.”

“I realize the irony of me telling you this, but opening yourself up to someone isn’t a bad thing. If you find out they don’t want to know the real you, it's their loss. But wouldn’t it be worth the risk if they do?”

“I’m not sure that’s a risk I’m ready to take.”

Natasha rolled her eyes and punched him in the shoulder. “And yet you jump out of an airplane without a parachute?”

Steve tipped his head back, laughing as he grabbed at his chest.

“Sam has told me horror stories about his bad dates. I’d much rather jump out of an airplane than sit through someone farting their way through dinner.”

“No way that happened,” Nat said, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Sam swears it did.”

“Well maybe don’t take dating advice from him. Or Tony. Or Clint now that I think about it.”

“Thor suggested I bring a fatted calf to the next woman who ‘brings forth my lustful urges’,’” Steve smirked, using air quotes around Thor’s phrasing.

“That might actually work for him. Hard to say no to arms like that.”

“Natasha! You cannot objectify your fellow teammate in such a manner!” Steve said in mock outrage.

Natasha raised an eyebrow, waiting for the inevitable follow up comment.
“He does have an amazing ass though,” Steve conceded.

“Amazing doesn’t even begin to describe it.”

Steve’s stomach once again made its demand for food known.

“And on that note, I better go eat before my stomach revolts.”

Natasha stood up, picking up her own bag. She looked back over to Steve, a warm smile on her face.

“Think about what I said, okay? Sometimes finding the right person is worth the risk of opening yourself up.”

She gave his shoulder a squeeze before heading towards the exit.

Steve nodded but she was already gone. He tried not to think too much about the fact that a certain pair of blue eyes kept popping up during their conversation.

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On his way home, he stopped by Defonte’s for a couple of Sinatra Specials and coleslaw. When he came across the sandwich shop during one of his neighborhood walks, he couldn’t believe it. Defonte’s was one of the few places from his childhood still around and their sandwiches were as good as he remembered. Nicky Defonte had offered to create a namesake sandwich for the “local boy done good.” Steve was flattered but didn’t really want that kind of attention. After that, Nicky and the crew treated Steve like any other customer, correctly assuming he wanted some normalcy.

As he waited for his order, Steve posted a few things to his art Tumblr and flipped through his emails. Phil had sent an outline for their mission on Thursday. It seemed pretty straightforward but he learned long ago to never underestimate a threat. He had a milk run turn into a disaster far too many times for him to make any assumptions.

“Here you go, Steve,” Angela reached over the counter with his to-go order.

He grabbed the bag, handing over three twenty dollar bills. “Keep the change, Ang.”

“You gotta stop over tipping me. It’s gonna make Jerry jealous.”

“Starving artists gotta stick together,” he winked. He knew Angela was working a few part time jobs to pay for classes at the Actors Studio. She was a gifted actress, something Steve witnessed first hand when he saw her perform in an Off-Broadway production of Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf.

She snorted, shooing him away. “You ain’t starved a day since they pulled you outta the ice.”

Laughing, he gave her a salute before heading home.

When he got there, he was excited to see a package propped against his door. He dropped his food and gym bag on the entryway mahogany sideboard, moving to the sofa to open the box. A headset lay inside, on top of a box with the name Vistura written across the front. After a particularly heated session with Buck (yup, he definitely liked the sound of that nickname) sent Steve’s laptop crashing to the floor, he realized his current setup wasn’t working. The next time he went out to dinner with Maxwell and Vincent, he asked about a way to type hands free. Vincent offered to send over the prototype of a voice-to-text software his company recently developed. Steve agreed to serve as a beta to test it out. Which was exactly what he intended to do after inhaling his food.
While he ate, he tried on the headset to see if it was comfortable. He was pleased to see that it was also wireless. The last thing he needed was to accidentally choke himself with a cord while jacking off. Not that he minded a little choking now and again - he just preferred to be the one doing it. And that brought up all sorts of thoughts. His cock stirred at the image of his fingers wrapped around that graceful neck. Steve shoved the last bit of sandwich into his mouth, grabbing the box and scrambling up the stairs.

He wasted no time setting himself up on the bed, installing the software as he stripped down to his briefs. He pulled out the lube from his drawer, putting it within easy reach. He fluffed up the pillows and settled in. He tested out the software by dictating responses to some SHIELD emails, impressed with its accuracy. Even when he tried to replicate his gravelly, lust blown voice, it translated correctly. Nothing would kill the mood faster than telling Buck to grab his duck instead of his dick.

He double-checked the time on his phone before opening up Chaturbate. Buck had his broadcast times posted on his bio page, which Steve had promptly committed to memory. He knew Buck would be on now.

As he clicked on the home page, a smaller window popped up. It was an invitation from Buck to a private showing.

“I thought it might be better if we had a little time to ourselves. It’s hard to concentrate on anyone else when you’re telling me everything I want to hear,” it read.

The invitation included instructions on how a private showing worked, letting Steve know the talking feature hadn’t been enabled to ensure his privacy. It also detailed the additional cost of a private session. Steve could not click the Accept button fast enough. He would gladly hand over all his army back pay to have Buck’s full attention.

The screen went blank for a moment before Buck’s bedroom came into view. He was kneeling in the middle of the bed, arms behind his back, head down and looking off to the side. He was wearing yet another pair of skimpy shorts, this time shiny silver. Steve had yet to see him in the same pair twice; his underwear bill was probably outrageous.

Buck had his longer locks in front swept into what Steve believed the kids called a “bedhead” style. Which was appropriate because Steve wanted to shove his head into the mattress and fuck him raw. Buck’s computer must have made a noise because he looked up at the screen and smiled.

“Hey there, Cap,” a bright smile lit up his face, something purer than he used in public sessions. It did all sorts of things to Steve. And not just his dick.

“Thank you for the private invite,” he said, happy to see Vistura translated his words exactly.

“You make it really hard for me to concentrate on anyone else. Did you know that?” Buck practically purred, slowly moving his hands up and down his thighs, “Didn’t seem fair to everyone else that I focused only on you. Thought this would be better for the both of us. Hope you don’t mind.”

“God no. I love having you all to myself.”

Buck flashed that dirty smirk that got Steve hard in an instant. He cupped his growing erection, giving it a little squeeze.

“Well now that you’ve got me, whatever are you going to do with me?”
“I’ve got a few ideas,” Steve said, easing his cock out of his briefs. He really loved having both hands free. He was going to send Vincent a fruit basket with a thank you card. He doubted Hallmark made a “Thanks for making jerking off easier” card though.

Buck moved his attention over to the nightstand beside his bed, a row of dildos in various lengths and widths arranged on top. “I also thought you’d like to pick out which one I use on myself. Almost like you’re here fucking me yourself.”

“God yes.”

Steve looked over the toys, looking for one that was similar to his own size.

“The last one, baby. Bring it over to the bed.”

The smile on Buck’s face at Steve’s choice was almost blinding. “That’s my favorite one. Sir.”

A little bit of pre-cum oozed out of Steve’s tip. He swiped it with his thumb, circling the head of his cock. He grabbed the lube with his other hand and poured a small amount into his palm.

“You gonna be good for me? Do what I tell you?”

Buck sank his teeth into his bottom lip and looked up at the camera from under his eyelashes.

“Whatever you want...sir.”

Steve groaned, adding a twist to his wrist as he moved his hand down his shaft at a languid pace. He couldn’t get enough of Buck calling him sir. Everything in him wanted to touch. It was frustrating and fucking hot and driving him half mad.

“Good boy,” Steve said, his voice a little rough. “God, you are so fucking gorgeous. I’m obsessed with your neck. Want to leave little bites all over it. Let everyone know you belong to me.”

Buck mewled. Fucking mewled. Like a goddamn sexy kitten.

“Fuck. You have no idea what you do to me,” Buck whispered.

That stopped Steve dead in his tracks.

“I bet you have a gorgeous dick. All nice and thick, just the right curve to make me scream,” Buck began palming his erection. There was no way he was as turned on as Steve. But it was hard to imagine him being able to fake the lust blown look in his eyes, his breath coming in fevered pants, skin getting more and more flush. Steve wanted to feel Buck’s bare skin against his own, learn his scent and feel those lips. He would probably give up his shield right now just to get a taste.

“Get naked. Now,” the command in Steve’s voice must have translated to Buck because he attacked his shorts like they personally offended him.

When Buck was completely naked, he waited patiently on his knees for Steve’s next order. The familiar spark of possessiveness came flaring back up in Steve’s chest.

“I won’t even,” Buck whispered.

“Lean back against the pillows. I want to see all of you,” Steve moved his left hand down to his balls, tugging at them while his right thumb dipped into his slit.
Buck shuffled back, propping himself up so he could still look into the camera. Steve watched the rise and fall of his chest, the desire to feel it under his palm hitting him. He imagined leaning over Buck, their breath mingling with each other, his thumb brushing the hair off Buck’s forehead.

“Scrape your nails against the side of your neck,” Steve had a hunch and wanted to see if he was right. And sure enough, as soon as Buck’s nails met the space under his earlobe, his body jerked up.

“God baby, you’re so responsive. Keep going down to your nipple.”

The rise and fall of Buck’s chest started to pick up. His other hand went up to his hair, tugging at it slightly.

“I didn’t tell you to move your other hand, did I?”

Buck huffed out a laugh, eyes hooded. “Sorry, sir.” He did not sound the least bit sorry.

“I don’t think you are, you little brat.” Steve couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped his lips. He was so beautifully obedient for the most part. But sometimes Buck liked to be a little shit. And fuck if Steve didn’t like it.

Buck ducked his head, a small smile playing on his lips. There was that hint of innocence that made Steve want to mess him up and hold him close at the same time. Everything about him was a mind fuck for Steve.

When Buck reached his nipple, his laugh turned into a gasp. Steve watched transfixed as Buck arched up off the bed, his nail continuing to tease his nipple. Steve’s dick twitched at the sight, a little more pre-cum dribbling from his tip.

“Keep moving your fingers down. You can’t touch your dick yet though,” Steve poured more lube onto his dick, letting it slide down to his balls. He lifted them up, index finger brushing against his perineum. The light touch sent a spark up his spine, a low moan rumbling through his chest. He closed his eyes for a few seconds, letting the sensation wash over him. When he opened them back up, Buck was raking his nails along his abs, careful not to touch his cock.

“Is this what you want? Watching me torture myself like this?” Buck asked, voice a little breathless.

“It’s not torture. I just want to push you right up to the edge. Drive you to the point where all you can do is beg for my cock. Beg me to hold you down and make you scream. I want to watch you lose control.”

“Jesus...fuck. Yeah. God I want you,” Buck shifted around, his fingers moving to pinch his nipples hard.

“Get out the lube and pour some over your dick.”

Buck shuffled around until his hand came into contact with a small bottle already on the bed. He snapped open the top, letting a river of clear liquid trail down to the thatch of curls between his legs. Steve watched the slow descent, his hands still pumping up and down at a leisurely pace. He wanted to enjoy every moment of this - having Buck alone, all of his attention on Steve.

Buck shivered slightly at the cool liquid, the movement looked so fucking good on him. Steve wanted to make his body do that again and again, wanted to watch Buck’s face as he gave into the pleasure.

“Play with your balls a little. But you still can’t touch your dick.”
“Fuckkk. You’re not playing very fair,” Buck pouted, the expression almost obscene on his lips. Steve couldn’t take his eyes off Buck’s bottom lip. Could almost feel it against his tongue. Wanted to trace it before diving into that mouth, swallowing the moans Buck would make.

“Move your finger down to your hole. Just tease around it.”

Steve’s hand began to pick up speed, twisting a little at the top. His other hand continued to dance lightly around his own hole. Watching Buck follow his orders was a rush, something he’d never felt before. It was addictive.

“How you can touch your dick. I want to watch you get ready for me. Start with one finger.”

Buck wrapped his hand around his cock, pumping it slowly. He pulled up his knees, giving Steve a better view of himself. He swiped some of the lube off his shaft, coating his other finger before slowly breaching his hole. He hissed at the intrusion, rolling his hips to ease his finger in further. Steve watched fascinated as the muscles in Buck’s neck began to tighten.

“Fuck baby, just like that,” Steve started stroking faster, straining to keep from coming.

Buck began moving in earnest, fucking himself on his finger. Steve wanted to lick the sweat forming in the dip of his collarbone. Wanted his finger buried deep in that ass.

“Ready to add another finger?”

Buck nodded, moving his hand from his dick to add more lube to his other fingers. He returned to play with the head before plunging a second finger inside himself. He let out a low, slow groan, eyes never straying from the camera.

Steve had never been so turned on, watching Buck writhing around and making obscene noises, chasing his pleasure. He wasn’t sure he would be able to handle seeing Buck fuck himself with the dildo.

Buck let go of his dick to move a pillow under his hips, placing his feet flat on the bed. His fingers still pumped in and out of his hole, the added height giving Steve an even better view. Steve grabbed at the base of his dick, trying to keep from flying apart. He didn’t want to come until Buck worked the toy into his ass. But it wouldn’t be easy with the way Buck was working his fingers and hands.

“Fuck...you have no idea how much I want to be right beside you. Suck your nipple into my mouth while you fuck yourself on your fingers.”

“Shit...yeah. Tug at my hair while you bite around my nipple. I want to feel you everywhere.”

Buck was scissoring his fingers, opening himself up wider, while his other hand flicked at his tip.

“Add another finger. Gotta stretch you out so you can take me, sweetheart.”

Buck let out a soft growl as he worked another finger in, corkscrewing his fingers to add more of a burn. The blissed out look on his face was breathtaking.

“Did you find that spot, baby? God you look so beautiful. You’re gonna make me cum just watching you.”

“That’s kind of the point,” Buck choked out, still being a shit with three fingers shoved up his ass.

Steve groaned, his hand speeding up. He couldn’t stop it. The sight of Buck taking three fingers was
too much for him. Every muscle in his body tensed, fire pooling low in his gut.

“Fuck baby, I’m gonna cum,” he rasped.

This seemed to spur Buck on, his fingers picking up the pace, scissoring himself open even more.

“Yeah baby, cum all over my face. Make me lick it up.”

“God damn it…” Steve stuttered, jerking as cum started shooting from his dick. He couldn’t shake the image of it falling over Buck’s lips, his cheek, his forehead. The tension snapped as his orgasm rolled through him, sparks bursting from behind his closed eyes. He braced his other hand on the bed trying to steady himself. His hair was drenched, sweat mixing with the cum on his skin. He balled his hands into the bedspread as the last of the convulsions worked its way through him.

A choked cry brought his attention back to the screen. Just in time to watch thick stripes of cum paint Buck’s torso. The sight made Steve’s dick dribble even more. God, he wanted to taste it. Wanted to run his tongue over those abs and lick it off.

Buck fell back, his body sagging from the release. Steve felt a deep ache in his chest, the desire to wrap himself around Buck was overwhelming. Steve wanted to trail kisses in Buck’s hair, along his neck and over to his lips.

“Looks like we didn’t need the dildo after all,” Buck said, breaking the silence. He had a dopey smile on his face and Steve just wanted to kiss it away.

He was so screwed.

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Steve was covered in green slime. He should not be covered in green slime. Nowhere in the briefing did Phil mention creatures made entirely of green slime. The quinjet was unusually quiet, everyone too busy trying to get the fucking green slime from out of...well everywhere. The mission was a success but Steve was pretty damn tired of throwing away his tac suits. There was no way Frederick in Laundering was salvaging this one, even if he was a genius with stain removal.

And as if the green slime wasn’t enough, Steve had lost his comm unit while fighting one of the slimy bastards. Which meant after cleaning up and debriefing, he’d have to go down to Tony’s lab to test out a new one. All he wanted to do was go home, slide into a hot bath and think about fucking Buck up against his shower wall. Which, okay, he’d already done that a few times today. But once more couldn’t hurt.

“Remember that show on Nickelodeon...the one with Alanis Morissette before she got all broody?” Clint asked.

Natasha shrugged her shoulders. “Red Room didn’t have cable.”

“I don’t think any Nickelodeon shows were on Sam’s list,” Steve offered, flaking bits of dried slime from his hair onto Tony.

“Could you stop throwing your dandruff on me? I’m already going to spend hours getting goop out of my joints,” he flexed the fingers of his suit and watched ooze make its way down the arm. “I’m gonna have to pull the wonder kid off his project to help.”

Tony calling anyone a wonder was rare. If Steve wasn’t so tired, he’d ask him about it. But right now he couldn’t give a shit.
Without looking up from his phone, Phil called out, “You’re thinking of You Can’t Do That on Television.”

“Yeah! That’s the show! I feel like I’ve just done ten tapings back to back. I think this shit is making its way down my ass crack.”

Natasha scrunched up her nose before shifting subtly away from Clint. “That’s a mental image I could have done without.”

Everyone was cranky and Phil could sense it. Feeling merciful, he postponed the debrief until the next morning. They were all too exhausted to thank him properly, so he was met with a chorus of grunts. Steve made a beeline to the showers once they were back at the Tower. He turned the water on as hot as he could stand it and just stood there for a solid 15 minutes before soaping up. Clint wasn’t the only one with goo in his ass crack.

An hour later, he emerged from the locker room feeling less like The Blob (Bruce of all people had added that movie to Steve’s list). He dropped off his tac suit to Frederick but didn’t hold out hope for getting it back. Stepping into the elevator, he asked Jarvis if Tony was in his lab.

“Yes, Captain Rogers. He’s expecting you. I believe he ordered lunch as well.”

“Thank fuck.”

“Excuse me, sir?”

“Nothing, Jarvis. Just really hungry.”

“You will be pleased to know Sir has taken the liberty of getting a selection from Katz’s Deli.”

“That’s the best news I’ve heard all day. Thanks, Jarvis.”

“My pleasure,” Jarvis replied, doors opening to Tony’s lab.

Steve followed the strains of Radar Love and conversation to the main work area. He was surprised to see Tony wasn’t alone. He was talking to a man seated at a bench, his back to Steve, hunched over one of Tony’s robotic arms.

“What the hell did you get in these joints? The circuitry boards are probably fried to hell,” the man grumbled.

The voice brought Steve to an immediate standstill. He knew that voice. Knew how it sounded breathless, how it begged Steve to fuck his mouth. The sound of it made his dick salivate like Pavlov’s dog.

“Hey Capsicle!” Tony called out, hopping off the bench. “This disgruntled millennial is the future of Stark Industries, lord help us all. Bucky Barnes, meet Captain America himself.”

Bucky spun around on his stool, familiar eyes landing on Steve. Steve’s brain cheerfully supplied him with the sound of a needle skipping across a record. Because there, in the flesh and standing right in front of him, was BuckMeBoy.
I used Google Translate for the Russian in this chapter. If I'm wayyyy off base, please let me know!

*моя маленькая жертва = my little victim
**котёнок = kitten

Also, Defonte's is a real sandwich shop in Brooklyn and it's DELICIOUS. If you happen to find yourself in Red Hook, I suggest stopping in and chowing down.

A friend suggested I create a hashtag so people can discuss this story on Tumblr. I confessed I had no idea what she was talking about. She may have called me an idiot. Either way, she bestowed the hashtag #CapCam on this story, so use it in good health!

Speaking of Tumblr, feel free to hit me up over there. I'm BrooklynBetty!
Steve admits he's an idiot, gets his shit together and decides to woo his cam boy.

Chapter Notes

This chapter and I had a bit of a throw down but I watched a lot of pro wrestling growing up, so it's all good!

You may have noticed I changed the total chapters to 6. I'm pretty confident it will stay at 6 because I have the rest of the story plotted out.

As always, a big thanks to my beta Full of Beans and Spunk. She was the tag team partner that distracted the referee while I kicked the shit out of this chapter.

Story cover created by uber talented thatsmysecretduh!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“It’s very nice to meet you, sir,” Bucky said, sticking out his hand.

Steve blinked several times, his cock suddenly very interested in the proceedings. That voice. Saying the word sir. Did THINGS to Steve. Dirty things. He was probably going to faint from the blood rush.

They shook hands and Steve had to bite back a moan. Bucky’s skin was butter soft, better than Steve had imagined...which he had. On numerous occasions. He wanted to pull Bucky to his chest and finally taste those lips. They were rosier in person. How was that even possible?

And now he was staring at said lips and shaking Bucky’s hand for far too long. Bucky cleared his throat, a polite indicator that he wanted his hand back.

“Ummm, nice to, uhhh, to uhmm meet you, Buck...eee. Bucky . Ummm yeah,” Steve waved his hand around, making an idiot of himself.

His brain was useless because it was still processing BuckMeBoy standing RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. He had no idea how to act around someone he’d seen naked (a lot, his brain happily reminded him) but never actually met. Nothing like this ever came up during the war. And Jasper’s Power Point presentation didn’t include a “So You’ve Met the Cam Person You’ve Been Getting Off With”
A chant of “stop staring at his crotch” began to play on a loop in his mind. Which didn't work because Steve was in fact staring at Bucky’s crotch when two fingers snapped in front of his face. He blinked, looking over at a confused Tony.

“You okay there, Captain? You seem a little out of it.”

“I’m fine!”

When did his voice get so fucking high?

Tony eyed him with suspicion, clearly not believing a word Steve said.

“Well like I was saying,” he paused, still casting a wary eye over Steve, “this is my protege Bucky. Almost as smart as me.”

“God, please don’t start reciting my grade point averages again.” Bucky muttered, scrubbing a hand over his face. “The baristas at Think still write ‘em down on the side of my cups.”

Tony gave him a mock offended look. “Can’t a father be proud of his son’s achievements?”

“Still not my father, Tony.”

“Semantics!” Tony waved a dismissive hand in the air.

Bucky turned his eyes back to Steve, his smile turning into something a little softer. “Do you like being called Captain when you’re not in the field?”

The question floored Steve. Few people bothered to ask, calling him Captain Rogers or, much to Clint’s delight, Mr. Rogers. He usually had to correct them, asking politely to be called Steve. But Bucky had looked at him and asked what name he preferred.

“God no. Tony’s just an ass.”

Bucky looked startled, his smile getting wider. “Tony said you didn’t curse.”

Fuckkkkkkkk. That voice was going to be the death of him. Steve gave himself a mental slap, willing his brain to pull itself the fuck together. He could not get hard standing in Tony’s lab.

Or harder.

He could not get any harder standing in Tony’s lab.

“Tony’s a filthy fucking liar.”

Steve looked over at Tony, whose mouth was open wide enough to fit Steve’s fist. He needed to stop daydreaming about punching people.

“You...you can’t talk like that! You’re...you’re apple pie and puppies and shit!” Tony shouted.

“You do realize I served in the army during war time, right?”

Tony pointed a screwdriver at Steve, as if to accuse him of being a witch. “But you’re always calling
out ‘language’ when I swear!”

“Because you’re usually doing it to shock or annoy me.”

Bucky narrowed his eyes at Steve, a sly smile forming on his lips.

“So the army gave you that mouth?”

It took all of Steve’s willpower not to say, “I’ll show you what I can do with my mouth.”

Tony dropped the screwdriver on the workbench and threw up his hands.

“Well now that I’ve had my entire childhood ruined, anyone want to talk about how Mother Teresa murdered kittens?”

Bucky rolled his eyes, obviously used to Tony’s theatrics. Steve wondered how long they’d known each other. Then a horrible thought struck Steve. Did Tony know about BuckMeBoy? Even worse, had Tony been one of his clients? It seemed like Tony and Bucky had more of a mentor-mentee relationship now but there was no telling what happened in the past. The idea made Steve’s gut twist, bile churning in his throat.

Steve cleared his throat, trying to shake that thought from his head. “So how long have you worked for Tony?”

“Oh just a week since going full-time. I had a fellowship with Stark Industries while I was finishing up my post grad work.”

“Wait. You have your PhD?” Steve asked, a hint of incredulity in his voice.

“Two actually,” a smirk played at Bucky’s lips. “I can dress myself too. My mom is so proud.”

God. Steve wanted to wrap Bucky up and have all his babies. He was fully aware none of that made sense. He just didn’t give a shit.

Bucky shifted a little on the bench, grabbing at the nape of his neck. “Sorry about that. My mouth tends to run away from me after I’ve been hanging out with Tony for too long.”

“No! Please don’t apologize. I didn’t mean it like that. You just look so...” hot; fuckable; gorgeous my dick could pound nails right now; “…young.”

“That’s because he is! Did I not mention he’s almost as smart as me?” Steve kind of forgot Tony was in the room.

Tony threw an image from his laptop into the air. A holographic torso materialized, complete with a metal left arm. He brushed his fingers over the metal arm, zooming in for Steve to see.

“The head of the fellowship program brought me Bucky’s thesis design for an enhanced robotic arm prosthetic. It combines a bone marrow implant and state of the art robotic prosthetic with nerve reassignment surgery. It allows the recipient to control the prosthetic with their mind – just like a real arm. No way I was letting that leave our shop.”
Steve understood about 35% of that entire spiel. Probably because the blood hadn’t returned to his head. The one attached to his shoulders.

Bucky ducked his head, a dusting of pink making its way across his cheeks. Steve’s asshole of a brain was happy to remind him how far down that blush went.

“It’s all very early stages. We need to determine the best way to target the necessary muscles and reassign the nerve signals from a real arm to the prosthetic. And we haven’t made a final decision on what metal to use for the bone marrow implant. Tony keeps pushing for vibranium but I think titanium is a better option. It’s more readily available, which would lower the cost overall....”

Bucky trailed off, giving Steve a sheepish grin. Watching Bucky get carried away about his research was fucking adorable. Steve wanted to fuck that shy smile right off his face. Then feed him ice cream.

“Stop that!” Tony said, pointing yet another screwdriver at Bucky. “You were just busting my balls a minute ago. Don’t start acting all bashful because Captain Adonis is around.”

Bucky glared at Tony, biting his bottom lip. God damnit. Steve wanted to sink his teeth into that lip...and his cock into that mouth. He needed to get out of here. Because he was this close to asking Bucky if he needed a pillow to cushion his knees. Steve was a gentleman after all.

“I didn’t mean to interrupt your work. I can come back for the comm unit, Tony.”

“Don’t be silly! Stay, eat. I ordered lunch!”

Steve could NOT sit and watch Bucky put things in his mouth. His sense of public decency could only be pushed so far.

“No! It’s fine. I’m just, uh.... Tired. Just yeah. I’m gonna go now.”

Smooth, Steve. Very smooth.

As he turned to leave, he tripped over Dum-E, the sandwiches in the little robot’s hand flying into the air. Bucky reached out, grabbing Steve before he fell into a spectacular heap on the floor.

“I really thought you’d be more graceful,” Bucky said, pulling Steve towards him.

Please don’t let him feel my dick, please don’t let him feel my dick, Steve kept repeating to himself. He snapped up straight, putting a little distance between Bucky and his body. Which was the last fucking thing he wanted to do. But people frowned on humping against strangers. Right?

“You caught me on a bad day. Try me when I haven’t been covered in slime for hours.”

Bucky laughed and Steve did a mental fist pump. Somehow in the last ten minutes, he had turned into a teenage girl with her first crush. He drifted back a little into Bucky’s personal space. He really couldn’t help himself.

“Well it was nice to meet you...”
“Steve. Call me Steve.” Or Sir. Or Fuck Me Harder. He’d respond to any of them.

“Well nice to meet you, Steve,” Bucky said, backing up when he seemed to realize how close they were standing to each other.

And Steve was right. Bucky’s voice did sound amazing against his ear.

Steve was a goddamn idiot.

After stumbling his way out of Tony’s lab, he found the nearest door and stepped in to collect himself. Which explained why he was standing in a dark supply closet. It did not, however, explain why he couldn’t find the light switch. So there he was, standing in the dark listening to his heart beat wildly in his chest. Steve found the nearest flat surface and dropped his head down on it.

There was no doubt in his mind. Steve had to move far away and assume a fake identity. He could become a deep sea fisherman off the shores of Alaska. Grow out his beard and dye his hair. He’d rent out a cabin in a remote area and take up whittling. He needed to stockpile plaid shirts and outdoor gear. Which he would absolutely start doing. Once he found the goddamn light switch and convinced himself to leave this fucking closet.

“Pull yourself together, man!” Steve commanded himself in the stern tone he used with Tony on a mission.

The last thing he expected when he woke up this morning was to come face to face with Buck. Fuck... Bucky. God. Steve needed to get his head on straight. Bucky had a name. He was a person that existed outside of his dirty fantasies. If Tony’s gushing was anything to go by, Bucky was brilliant. And he was even more beautiful in person. Bucky was also more adorable than kittens, otters and baby sloths combined. And yet Steve really, really, really wanted to go back to Tony’s lab and throw Bucky against...well anything. His dick didn’t care too much about specifics right now.

After standing in the closet for much longer than he cared to admit, Steve finally found the light switch. Settling his nerves with measured breaths, he opened the door. And promptly shut it when heard Tony and Bucky’s voices moving towards him.

Scratch his other plans. He would start his new life in the closet.

The irony was not lost on Steve.

He waited until the hallway was silent and slowly opened the door. He popped his head out, looking around to make sure the coast was clear. Satisfied that he was alone, he stepped out and closed the door behind him.

“Why were you in a closet?” Sam said from out of nowhere.

Steve jumped, hitting his elbow against the door knob.

He hissed, rubbing his hand against his forearm. “I’m going to put a bell on you!’

Sam crossed his arms and gave Steve a flat look, challenging him to try.

After Sam continued to stare at him, Steve realized he wasn’t getting off the hook. “I needed a pen.”

Sam looked at him like he was the world’s biggest idiot. Which wasn’t too far off the mark today.
“Do you have some sort of closet fetish? No kink-shaming implied here. Nat just said they needed more information for your Tinder profile.”

Steve scrunched up his face. “What would a closet fetish even entail? You know what, never mind. I don’t want to know.”

He turned and started walking towards the elevator, praying he wouldn’t run into Bucky again.

“Fine. Don’t tell me about your special closet time. See if I care.” Sam stepped in with Steve, hitting the button for the common area. Steve hit the button for the lobby because he needed to get the fuck out of this building. Now.

“You alright there, man?” Sam asked, giving Steve a once over.

“I’m fine. Completely. Fine.” Steve’s voice cracked as he lied.

“Cool. Cool.” Sam paused a moment, eyes going to Steve’s hand. “Maybe let go of the death grip you have on that railing though. It’s starting to bend.”

Steve looked down at the metal beginning to twist in his right hand and immediately let go. He looked up at Sam and gave him a charming smile. Based on the slightly horrified look on Sam’s face, he figured charming wasn’t what he achieved.

The doors opened up and because the universe hated Steve, Bucky was standing right there. Steve made a strangled noise before pushing Sam in front of him.

Sam turned his head, looking at Steve as if he’d grown a second head. “Man, what the hell is wrong with you today?”

Bucky stepped back, looking between Steve and Sam.

“If you two need to be alone, I can wait for the next car,” he said, casting a wary eye at Steve.

“No! That’s not...you don’t have to wait. You can ride me...WITH me. You can ride with me.” Steve ended his word vomit with an awkward wave.

Bucky looked completely shocked while Sam closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Steve wouldn’t mind an attack on The Tower right about now. “Sorry. I’m just...”

“Tired?” Bucky supplied.

“Yeah. That.”

Sam rolled his eyes as he got off the elevator. “I don’t have time for this shit. I’m going to get some food.”

Without his Sam buffer, Steve felt even more like an idiot. Which was about the time he realized he was still waving at Bucky. Because he wasn’t making a big enough ass out of himself.

“Are you going down?” Bucky asked.

“No but hopefully you are,” Steve replied, his mouth moving without his permission.

Seeing Bucky with clothes on was fucking with his cognitive functions.
Or he was just a dumbass.

Bucky’s eyes grew wide, his face turning a particularly fetching shade of dark pink.

“Yes I am going down.” Bucky’s eyes got impossibly wider. “Uh...I mean down is the direction I need to go! Because I’m trying to leave the building and the exit is several floors down from here. So yeah. Down.”

Bucky shuffled into the elevator, trying in vain to look anywhere but at Steve. When he finally did, he gave Steve a hesitant smile before settling into a corner and looking straight ahead. Steve tracked the movement of Bucky’s fingers as he tucked an errant lock of hair behind his ear. As the fingers moved to his neck, Steve did everything in his power not to moan. He had a thing about Bucky’s neck and every bone in his supersoldier body wanted to touch it. Wanted to stroke his thumb across it and feel Bucky’s pulse speed up.

“Do I have something on my face?” Bucky asked, wiping at his jaw.

Steve blinked, willing himself back to the present. “Sorry, what?”

“You were, ahh, looking at me a little strangely.” Bucky shuffled a bit further into the corner. Great. Now he thought Steve was going to murder him.

“No! No. Sorry! I’m really tired. There’s nothing on your face.”

*My cum would look pretty on it though,* Steve thought to himself. And that was the last fucking thing he needed to be thinking about now.

Steve’s eyes traveled down, his mind idly wondering if Bucky was wearing those silver briefs from the night before.

He was going to have a stern talk with his brain because that was also NOT helping.

Bucky nodded, a look of disbelief on his face. He went back to staring straight ahead, probably willing the elevator to go faster. Steve wasn’t quite sure what to do, so he leaned back against the elevator wall and willed his brain to behave.

“Uhmm. I don’t think the metal in that handrail can withstand the force you’re applying.”

Steve jerked his hand to his chest as if the railing was burning his skin. He gave Bucky what he thought was a friendly smile. From Bucky’s reaction, he may have looked more like a maniac.

When the elevator finally opened, Steve hightailed it out of the space.

He really was a goddamn idiot.

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Steve made his way along the Outer Loop of Prospect Park, pushing himself to go faster as his mind kept drifting to Bucky. Normally, the sounds of his feet hitting the pavement grounded him. But he was rattled by what he’d deemed The Bucky Incident and was having trouble finding his footing.

Steve had managed to avoid The Tower the last two weeks, skipping out on movie nights and his regular workouts with Thor. He was pretty embarrassed by his antics in Tony’s lab… and the
closely... and the elevator. And he wasn’t sure he’d behave any better if he saw Bucky anytime soon. The chances of running into him at The Tower were slim but he didn’t want to risk it.

Steve dodged the Man Who Sings Journey Loudly While Throwing a Large Rubber Ball™ as he swept past Grand Army Plaza. He kept up the brutal pace as he sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts. He was having a hard time reconciling BuckMeBoy with the Bucky he’d met in person. Intellectually, Steve knew cam performers probably behaved differently off camera. But he’d cast Bucky in some of his dirtiest fantasies and watched him live out a few of them. How could he be expected to act like he didn’t even know Bucky? Steve had watched the guy jerk off...many, many, many times. People weren’t supposed to know how strangers looked with cum all over their stomach.

Even worse, Bucky had no idea Steve was CapDatAss. That felt like such a huge violation of Bucky’s privacy. Steve knew what Bucky looked like when he came, had seen his dick for fuck’s sake. And Bucky had no clue. Did anyone else in Bucky’s life know what he did online? Was Steve privy to a side of Bucky that he kept hidden from everyone else? It was a bit of a mind fuck, all of these thoughts floating around in his head.

Meanwhile, Steve’s dick was trying its level best to convince him to go back to Chaturbate. He hadn’t been on the site since he’d met Bucky in person. He wasn’t sure he’d be able to go back. Even if he missed hearing Bucky call him sir, pleading in a broken voice for his cock. Steve picked up his pace, willing himself to stop thinking of Bucky writhing naked on his bed.

Steve’s FitBit Watch beeped, letting him know he’d reached his goal of 23 miles. He slowed down, moving off to the side to avoid other runners. He started his cool down as he scrolled through his notifications. Both Natasha and Sam had sent not too subtle reminders about tonight’s Tower movie night. He knew it would be impossible to avoid going for a third week, not without being grilled. And Steve did not hold up well under Natasha and Sam’s twin interrogations. He responded back that he would be there, reassuring himself that he wouldn’t run into Bucky.

Steve made his way home, going a little out of his way to treat himself to pastries from Runner and Stone. After a shower, where he managed not to jerk off to thoughts of Bucky’s O face, he settled into an afternoon in his studio. Despite his better judgment, he ended up working on a sketch of Bucky’s tattoo. The shades of black, silver and gray that created the sense of movement in the tattoo lent itself beautifully to charcoal. By the time he needed to get ready for movie night, he felt a sharp need to run his tongue over every single detail of that tattoo in person.

It took him a while to decide what to wear. He finally settled on dark wash jeans and a light black cashmere sweater (Natasha truly had excellent taste) layered with a white t-shirt. He knew Bucky wouldn’t be there tonight but couldn’t help trying to make an effort. He took one more look in the long, antique mirror in his bedroom before heading out.

By the time he made it to The Tower, everyone was already gathered in the media room.

“Well hello there, stranger!” Wanda exclaimed, pulling him down for a hug. He wrapped himself around her small frame, her relaxed presence calming him a little. “Where have you been hiding?”

“I’ve been around. Just not as much as usual.”

Wanda gave him a searching look, a question obviously on the tip of her tongue. After a moment, she shook her head and pushed him towards the kitchen area.

“Come help Bruce and me with the popcorn. The others are fighting over what movie to watch.”
“I thought it was Clint’s turn to pick?”

Bruce handed Steve a bowl filled with popcorn and a bottle of Penzeys Spices’ Brady Street cheese sprinkles. The stuff was like gold in The Tower, so Bruce served as the guardian of the spices. No one else could be trusted not to eat it all.

“Clint’s privileges were revoked when he suggested Howard the Duck.”

Wanda nodded, tossing another large bowl of popcorn with butter. “No one is in the mood for attempted duck sex tonight.”

Steve gave her a puzzled look. “There’s a movie...with duck sex?”

“Attempted duck sex.” Bruce corrected him. “And not just ducks having sex with other ducks. He almost has sex with Leah Thompson.”

“It’s a misunderstood comedy classic!” Clint yelled from his place on one of the loveseats.

Natasha smacked his thigh with her foot. “Идиот.”

“Ouch! Watch where you’re kicking down there.”

“Well stop trying to force us to watch duck sex.” Natasha kicked at his hand, apparently angling for a foot massage.

“ATTEMPTED duck sex!” Clint huffed, giving in and kneading the pad of her foot.

“Attempted or not, we are not watching that movie.” Sam said. “We should watch something off Steve’s list.”

Clint squawked, an offended look on his face. “And Howard the Duck isn’t on it?”

Sam shook his head, obviously questioning his decision to join this group of idiots.

At the mention of his list, Steve perked up. “Can we watch the first Hobbit movie? I’ve heard good things about it.”

“From who? You only know us,” Tony said. Pepper hit him, using her patented I Will Do More Harm Once We’re Alone If You Don’t Behave™ stare.

Bruce and Wanda brought the popcorn and snacks over to the coffee table, claiming spots on one side of the large sectional.

“I’ve actually been wanting to see it too,” Wanda offered.

“Hobbit adventures it is!” Tony clapped his hands together. “Jarvis, cue up The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey.”

“Very well, sir,” the AI answered dutifully.

Steve placed the last of the snacks on the table before looking around for a seat. Clint and Natasha had claimed the loveseat closest to the exit. And Thor, Sam, Tony and Pepper were on the other end of the sectional, leaving only the other loveseat free. Steve stretched out on it as the lights dimmed and the movie started.

Just as the strains of the opening music began, Bucky walked into the room. Because the universe
fucking hated Steve Rogers.

“Made it by the skin of your teeth, Bucky boy,” Tony called out, “Everyone, meet my protege Bucky Barnes. Bucky meet...well everyone,” Tony gestured around the room. Bucky gave a little wave as he was met with a chorus of greetings. Steve couldn’t help but stare, watching as Bucky shuffled into the room. He was wearing jeans and a deep blue t-shirt with a spaceship trapped in a glass jar. Upon closer inspection, Steve realized it was The Serenity from Firefly, one of his favorite shows since waking up. Because of course Bucky liked Firefly. Steve wanted to bang his head against the nearest wall. Bucky looked around until he found the only available seat. Which was next to Steve. Fucking hell.

“Do you mind if I…” Bucky trailed off, pointing at the space left on the loveseat.

Steve moved over to make room for him. “Of course. Sorry. I didn’t realize anyone else was coming.”

Bucky gave a small nod before plastering himself against the arm of the loveseat. He probably didn’t want to be near the psycho from the elevator.

“Tony pretty much ordered me to leave the lab and come up for ‘an appropriate amount of social interaction’. Whatever that means,” Bucky muttered.

“You’ve been in the lab since 5 AM. Jarvis was getting worried,” Tony said and was immediately met with a round of shushing.

Bucky blushed, fingers digging at the slight fold of denim by his knee.

“I took a lunch break,” Bucky whispered to Steve, mindful of the shushing Tony received. He hastily shifted back the minute he realized he was invading Steve’s personal space. Steve wanted to yank him back and pet his hair.

Steve leaned forward, using the excuse of not disturbing anyone as a way to get closer. And to sniff his hair. Which smelled like fresh linens. And now Steve was going to get hard every time he did laundry. Just fucking great.

“It’s not like Tony has any room to judge. I’m pretty sure he’d never leave the lab if Pepper didn’t bug him.”

Bucky snorted, then caught himself and tried to cover it with a cough. Steve wanted to lick into his mouth and draw different noises out of him.

“Sorry. My mom keeps telling me I sound like a geriatric hacking up a lung when I laugh,” Bucky apologized.

Steve shook his head, a soft smile playing on his lips. “I think it’s adorable.”

Bucky’s eyes widened before he turned back to the movie, fingers digging deeper into the fabric of his jeans.

Steve couldn’t get over the difference between this Bucky and the one he knew so intimately online. He never would have guessed the guy sitting next to him would whimper at the idea of Steve coming all over his face. Steve shifted slightly as that thought marched through his brain. They fell into a companionable silence, watching the movie. Steve had a hard time concentrating on the plot because Bucky kept brushing his leg up against him. Bucky was fidgeting around, clearly trying to keep something to himself.
“Jackson needs an editor. There’s so much filler, you could call it a fucking pillow,” Bucky mumbled. Steve wasn’t sure if he was talking to himself.

Seeing the look of confusion on Steve’s face, Bucky waved a hand at the screen.

“This part isn’t even in the book. And it doesn’t serve any real narrative purpose,” Bucky said, voice starting out low. “It’s a lazy way to put the audience in a nostalgic frame of mind. He’s relying on our feelings for the Lord of the Rings movies to create a sense of adventure. We don’t need any of it! The book has more than enough adventure to go around!”

Bucky’s increasingly loud rant came to a halt as the group unleashed another wave of shushes. Steve couldn’t see it in the dark but he was willing to bet Bucky was now a lovely shade of red. Steve wanted to eat him up with a spoon.

“Not a fan of this movie?” he teased, knocking his knee against Bucky’s thigh. He couldn’t help thinking about how muscular that thigh was underneath those jeans.

Bucky shook his head, his teeth pulling part of his bottom lip into his mouth. Steve sat on his hands to keep from reaching over to tease that lip.

“Sorry. I uh..I’m a bit protective of the book,” Bucky said, lowering his voice to avoid the wrath of the shushers. He shrugged his shoulders, cupping the back of his neck. Steve almost leaned in to swipe his tongue across it.

“Is it any good?”

Bucky whipped around, mouth hanging open. “You’ve never read it?”

Now it was Steve’s turn to look sheepish.

“I never got around to reading it…” he trailed off.

“Right. Right. I keep forgetting about the whole, uhm..ice break thing,” Bucky flapped his hands around, the right one coming close to smacking Steve square in the face.

Steve let out a booming laugh, earning him a glare from Sam. Bucky ducked his head and Steve couldn’t help but nudge him with his shoulder. A sudden bright light from the movie showed off the beautiful blush along his cheeks.

Steve’s new mission in life was to get Bucky to blush as often as possible. “No one’s ever described it like that before.”

“Oh my god! I didn’t mean to insult you or anything! I just god..I’m so sorry if I offended you,” Bucky backpedaled. He scrubbed a hand over his face, mumbling “idiot” over and over against his palm.

“You’re not an idiot. A woman at a charity event once asked me if my dick froze off. Now there’s an idiot.”

Bucky giggled. Fucking giggled. Steve would throw Tony off the roof if he could make Bucky do that again.

“I promise not to ask anything about your di… anatomy,” Bucky caught himself, a blush once again creeping up his neck. Steve really wanted Bucky to say dick. Or put Steve’s dick in his mouth. Steve shut his mouth tight, determined not to say anything inappropriate. He deserved a god damn medal
for his efforts.

“Well, thank you. That’s very polite of you.”

Bucky looked like he wanted the loveseat to swallow him whole. As much as he loved watching Bucky blush, Steve didn’t want him to feel uncomfortable. He wanted to get to know this Bucky better and he couldn’t do that if Bucky shut down. Steve turned towards Bucky, putting his elbow on the back of the loveseat and propping his head on his fist.

“But you were saying about the book?”

“Oh! Yeah,” Bucky said, leaning in a little more so Steve could hear him. “Like I said, I’m pretty protective of it. It was the first book I really felt in my bones, you know?”

Steve nodded but kept quiet, encouraging Bucky to continue.

“When I was 9, I got chicken pox from my best friend Tommy. It was the middle of Summer and hot as hell and I was stuck inside. My dad gave me his copy of The Hobbit. It had stains all over it and the pages were creased from being handled so much. He told me if I wanted an adventure, I’d find one in those pages.”

Bucky had a faraway look in his eyes, the look of a treasured memory being replayed in his mind.

“I was restless, itching all over and generally being a terror to my mom and Becca. I think my dad just wanted me to shut the fuck up for five minutes. But I opened that book and was immediately sucked in. I couldn’t wait to find out what happened next. Inhaled the whole book in one day and spent the rest of the summer rereading it. For my 10th birthday, my dad gave me my own copy, along with the Lord of the Rings trilogy. Still one of the best gifts I’ve ever received.”

Steve couldn’t look away from Bucky’s face, the story bringing a sense of wonder to those icy blue eyes. Bucky let out a quiet chuckle, remnants of the memory receding from his features. Steve was having a hard time keeping the fondness bubbling in his chest off his face.

“Who’s Becca?”

“Rebecca, my little sister. And a constant pain in my ass.” Bucky beamed. “She would follow me around all the damn time. She actually gave me my nickname. When she was 3, I tried to teach her how to say my middle name, Buchanan. The best she could do was Bucky and it stuck.”

“I like it,” Steve whispered. He couldn’t stop the intimacy he felt towards BuckMeBoy from bleeding into his voice. Bucky turned his head, their eyes meeting. A charged silence fell over them, the lights from the movie flickering across Bucky’s face. Steve mapped the microscopic tells of desire - the flush of Bucky’s skin, his long lashes fluttering as he blinked, his lips parting as he took in a sharp breath. He knew Bucky probably saw the same thing reflected on his own face. There was a deep ache of want spreading through Steve like a wildfire. Bucky swallowed hard before breaking eye contact.

Bucky coughed softly, looking down at his lap. “Anyway. Now that I’ve shown you what a complete geek I am...”

Steve touched his shoulder, bringing Bucky’s attention back up to him. “I don’t think that at all. We all have one thing that digs into our soul and refuses to let go. Or at least I hope so.”

Bucky shifted to his side, burrowing into the loveseat so he could look directly at Steve.
“What’s your something?”

Steve paused for a moment, not sure how much he should share. A voice inside his head (that sounded suspiciously like Natasha) whispered, “everything”.

“The first time my mom took me to The Met, I was so excited I almost had an asthma attack. It was overwhelming, the sheer volume of art in one place. She kept telling me we had all day but I couldn’t slow down. I wanted to see everything all at once. Soak it all up.”

Steve smiled warmly as he recalled the burn in his lungs from running up and down the stairs of the museum.

“I was all over the place, probably embarrassed the hell out of her. But she let me go crazy. Said something would catch my eye soon enough. And she was right. I rounded a corner and stopped dead in my tracks. There was a painting of two women having tea. It was a simple scene, nothing fancy. But the artist managed to create this ethereal light in the foreground. It looked so fucking real, like I could step into it and sit right down. Made me forget everything else around me. Which was a shame because I was blocking the door to the room.”

Bucky huffed out a laugh, a strand of hair falling across his cheek. Steve ached to reach out and brush it away.

“What was the painting?”

“Tea Leaves by William McGregor Paxton. It’s one of my favorites.”

“Is it still at the Met?” Bucky asked.

Steve nodded, crossing his arms over his chest to stop his hands from wandering to Bucky’s face.

“Every chance I get, I go see it. It’s a practice in futility. I keep hoping I’ll figure out how to play with light like that.”

“Maybe I’ll pay a visit. You’ve peaked my curiosity.”

Steve tried to talk around the lump forming in his throat. “Maybe I’ll go with you.”

A slow smile spread across Bucky’s face. “I’d like that.”

As they continued to talk, the rest of the room melted away. It was just Steve and Bucky in a bubble, quietly trading small bits of themselves by the glow of Bilbo’s adventures. Steve wanted to ask about the tattoo but it was too dark to get a good look at it. He promised himself he would ask Bucky about it later, maybe when he could trace it with his fingers. Or his tongue.

Before they knew it, the credits were rolling on the screen. People began shifting around, cleaning up and moving to leave.

“So what did you think, Cap?” Tony asked, stretching into Pepper’s lap.

Steve stammered, trying to recall anything about the movie he was supposed to be watching.

“It was uhmmm...long?”

Natasha looked over at him, a small, delighted smile on her face. That did not bode well for Steve.

Bucky masked his laughing with another cough, offering nothing to help Steve. Even though this was clearly all his fault. With that stupid hot face and neck that would bring any vampire to its knees.
“Peter Jackson could use a better editor,” Bruce said.

Bucky shot up from the couch, gesturing towards Bruce. “Thank you! I’ve been saying that for years!”

He snapped his mouth shut when he realized everyone was looking at him. Steve could feel the dopey smile spread across his face.

“And on that note, I think it’s time we call it a night.” Natasha began herding people out of the room. Steve was about 50% sure she was doing it to give him and Bucky some privacy. He didn’t know if he should be grateful or annoyed.

“Goodnight, Mr. Rogers!” Clint shouted as he was pushed out the door. Bucky couldn’t stop laughing at that one. Asshole.

Bucky stretched out his limbs, his t-shirt riding up a little to reveal a patch of creamy skin. Steve practically whimpered, his mouth watering. He wanted to suck on that skin until Bucky was covered in his marks.

“Well that was the most fun I’ve ever had watching that movie.”

They made their way towards the elevator, Steve noticing the conspicuously empty hallway. Natasha was good, he’d give her that.

“That’s not saying much considering you hate it.”

Bucky shrugged, leaning against the wall as they waited. Steve stood with his arms crossed, his earlier conversation with Natasha playing in his head. Bucky wasn’t at all what he expected and that excited him. It made him want to know more - to dig inside Bucky and strip him bare. He also wanted to devote endless hours to reducing Bucky to a quivering mess.

Coming to a decision, he stepped closer to Bucky, placing each hand on opposite sides of Bucky’s head. Bucky went rigid, eyes wide with shock.

“Tell me if I’m reading this wrong,” Steve whispered against Bucky’s ear, “but I feel something between us. I’m not sure what it is but maybe we can figure it out together?”

Bucky made a noise similar to a cat fighting with a Roomba. Steve chuckled, low and dirty, his nose tracing along the shell of Bucky’s ear.

“Let me take you out.”

“You mean like a date?” Bucky asked, a hitch in his breath.

Leaning back, Steve met Bucky’s eyes. “Exactly like a date.”

Bucky stared at him for what felt like an eternity before his face broke into a huge grin.

“I’d love to… Mr. Rogers.”

The little shit.
Steve sat at the wooden bar of Vinegar Hill House waiting for Bucky. The minute Bucky said yes, he knew he wanted to come here. It had a rustic intimacy to it - the vintage wallpaper and dark wood mixing with cacti, succulents and knick knacks straight from a grandmother’s attic. It was the perfect place to tuck into a cozy corner and get lost in a date. And that’s exactly what Steve wanted to do tonight.

He was sipping on an old-fashioned, letting the smokiness of the bourbon roll around his tongue. The drink had no effect on him but he enjoyed the flavor of a well crafted cocktail. He was 15 minutes early, having grown bored with pacing around his house. After tearing through his clothes for a good part of the afternoon, he settled on a cobalt blue v-neck sweater over a white and black checkered button down dress shirt. He paired it with tailored black trousers and a slim navy tie. His black wool double breasted overcoat was carefully draped across the barstool to his right. A tall light saber umbrella was propped against the stool, a gag gift from Sam that he secretly loved.

He tapped his fingers to the sounds of Feist echoing softly through the space. He was looking forward to having Bucky to himself - no interruptions, no barriers. Just the two of them, hopefully getting to know each other better. Steve was still struggling to keep his emotions in check, reminding himself again and again that Bucky didn’t know about their more intimate connection. He ached to run his fingers through Bucky’s hair, to pull him into a dirty kiss. But they weren’t there yet, even if Steve’s dick strongly disagreed.

A blast of cold air seeped into the space, signaling someone’s arrival. Steve turned around and was instantly struck dumb. Standing in the doorway, Bucky shook the rain from his hair and coat. And he looked absolutely stunning. A royal blue wool peacoat opened in front to reveal a slate paisley waistcoat over a crisp white dress shirt. Slim charcoal gray pinstripe pants hugged his toned thighs. As Bucky unraveled the black cable knit scarf from around his neck, he scanned the small space. His eyes lit up when they fell on Steve. It made his insides turn into warm jelly. Steve wanted to spend the rest of his days on earth basking in that smile.

Steve stood up from the bar, pulling Bucky to his side. He placed a soft kiss to Bucky’s temple, hand splayed across his back.

Bucky stepped back from the embrace, taking off his coat. “I’m not late, am I?”

“Not at all. I’m just always early,” Steve smiled, moving his coat so Bucky could sit down.

“Why doesn’t that surprise me?” Bucky teased, settling himself before turning to the bartender. “Can I have a dark and stormy?”

The bartender, the usual bearded Brooklyn hipster, nodded. “Do you have a preference for the rum? And may I see your ID?”

Bucky blushed, glancing down as he pulled out his wallet. After showing his ID and asking for Gosling’s Black Seal Rum, he turned his attention back to Steve.

“The curse of the baby face. I’ll probably still get carded when I’m in a retirement home.”

“There are worse curses to have in life,” Steve said, a touch of somberness to his voice. He gave himself a mental shake, determined to keep this night easy. “Our reservation isn’t for another few minutes but I can see if they’ll seat us now, if you want.”

“Nah, I’m fine here for now. I would have been here earlier if the F didn’t suddenly go express two stops from York.”
“Let me guess. They didn’t announce the change until the doors were closed?”

Bucky nodded vigorously as the bartender placed the amber drink in front of him. “I hate when they fucking do that. I feel like I’m being kidnapped!”

Bucky took a sip of his drink, Steve watching his throat work the liquid down. He took a sip of his own drink to calm himself down. He had a sinking suspicion his self control was going to be stretched thin tonight.

Steve cleared his throat and willed his body to behave. “Do you live in Brooklyn?”

“Yeah. My friend Darcy and I have an apartment in Gowanus, not too far from the 4th Avenue station. Been there about a year now.”

“I remember when that area was all factories and loading docks. Between the smell and the mafia dumping bodies in the canal, people weren’t clamoring to live there.”

Bucky leaned forward, placing his forearms on the bar to steady himself. “Now there’s a Whole Foods with a rooftop craft beer bar. Gotta get your local hops on as you watch chemical waste float on by.”

“Brooklyn has definitely changed a lot since my day.”

Bucky moved a bit closer to Steve, placing his foot on the frame of Steve’s stool. “My dad is a historian and he’s fascinated with Brooklyn’s history. We would go on walks when I was younger and he’d tell me about the neighborhoods - how they’ve changed, their cultural or historical significance. It was like walking through the past.”

“I’d love to ask him about everything I missed. There are some things that are still familiar - echoes of what I remember. But there are some areas I don’t recognize at all. I’d love to know how they evolved. I’ve been reading a book about the history of Prospect Park lately. I was shocked to read how bad crime got in the 70s. When I was growing up, families would sleep there in the summer. I can’t believe it got so bad people called it Needle Park.”

“You and my dad could probably talk for hours.”

Before Steve could respond, a petite brunette approached them.

“Excuse me, gentlemen. Your table is ready, if you’ll follow me.”

Steve nodded, getting up and grabbing their coats and umbrellas. He extended his arm out, allowing Bucky to go first. The hostess took them to a corner, deep wood paneling lining the walls around their table. Steve had paid to keep the tables in their immediate vicinity empty. As they situated themselves, the hostess placed menus and water in front of them.

“Your server will be with you shortly. Enjoy your meal.”

Steve gave her a polite nod and smile before turning back to Bucky. They took a moment to look over the menu, commenting about the food and what they wanted. Once they ordered, Steve placed his arms on the table and shifted forward.

“So does your father teach history somewhere?”

Bucky took a sip of water, nodding. “Sort of. He’s on sabbatical from City College of New York. He’s working on a book about the history of the Gowanus Canal. It’s a total coincidence that I live
near it now though. He’s been researching the canal for…. ahhh, about three years now?”

“Are you asking me or telling me?” Steve smirked.

Bucky raised an eyebrow, an unimpressed look on his face. “You really are a bit of a punk, aren’t you?”

Steve moved his hands up to his face, resting his cheeks against them. “Come on, Buck. I’m America’s sweetheart.”

Bucky tilted his head, eyebrows scrunched together. “Did you just shorten my nickname?”

Steve’s eyes flew open, the mistake hitting him square in his chest. He sat up straight, shrugging his shoulders. “I uhm...yes?”

Bucky let out a startled laugh. “That’s a first, Captain.”

The sound of Bucky calling him Captain went straight to his dick.

“You call me Captain, I’m going to assume you want me to take charge,” he said, voice a little husky.

Bucky looked mortified, his cheeks turning almost crimson. He shifted in his seat, chewing on his bottom lip. Steve tracked the movement with his eyes, the intent probably obvious on his face.

Bucky shook his head, eyes the size of saucers. “I didn’t uhhh...wasn’t trying to uhm...imply anything by saying that.”

Steve looked for any trace of Bucky’s online persona, the moment charged enough that it should have slipped through. But Bucky kept the same deer caught in headlights look firmly in place. The moment was broken when their appetizers arrived. The server chatted easily as she placed their salads on the table. Bucky couldn’t get to his fast enough.

Steve studied him for a moment, the strategist in him starting to detect a pattern, before shifting gears. “So is your mom a professor too?”

“Ha! Oh god, no. Too much of a hippie to be in academia. She owns a knitting store in Windsor Terrace.”

“Really? Did she make your scarf?”

“Sure did. My closet is filled with things she’s made. Taught me and Becs too. I knit sometimes when I’m doing calculations in my head. Helps me focus and think through the math. I finished two sweaters working on the prosthetic design.”

“I honestly had no idea what you and Tony were talking about the other day,” Steve chuckled.

And like clockwork, a blush started forming on Bucky’s cheeks. Steve willed himself not to think about how flushed Bucky looked when he came.

“Sorry about that again. I get very excited when the topic of the design comes up. If we get this right, it could revolutionize the field of prosthetics and orthotics.”

“Don’t apologize for being passionate about what you do. I find it to be incredibly attractive.” Steve purposely lowered his voice at the end, intent on making Bucky blush even harder. Bucky hunched in a little on himself but his smile was blinding. The things Steve wanted to do with those pretty lips.
The conversation flowed easily through the meal, Steve peppering it with a brush against a hand or an “accidental” slip of his foot against Bucky’s leg. He paid close attention to Bucky’s reactions - sharp intake of breath, nibbling at his lip, eyes growing darker. But he didn’t comment once on what Steve was doing. It was both maddening and a huge turn-on.

It also confirmed his earlier suspicions. Bucky was more than capable of being a sarcastic shit. It was something Steve found undeniably attractive. While he liked being more dominating in bed, Steve didn’t want a submissive in other parts of his relationship. It was hard to find that balance in one person. And it was something that had eluded him in the past.

But Bucky was much more reserved when it came to sharing his passions - both the excitement about his work and his kinkier side. Steve also noticed Bucky wasn’t very good at taking a compliment, at least not from him. It all made Steve want to push every one of Bucky’s boundaries to the breaking point. He needed to find out if Bucky would ever open up to Steve the way he did to CapDatAss.

When their entrees were cleared away, Steve ordered a slice of chocolate Guinness cake for them to share.

“How did you know I have the worst sweet tooth?” Bucky asked, a delighted look on his face.

Saying a silent thanks for the small table, Steve eased his calf between Bucky’s knees, forcing his legs open. “I assumed we liked to eat the same thing - something sweet and just this side of sinful.”

There was no confusing the meaning of his words, not with the intense look on his face. Bucky leaned back, his fingers tearing at the cocktail napkin under his drink. He cleared his throat, eyes darting around the table.

“Becca hates chocolate, which makes no sense to me,” he said, voice a little higher.

Steve grinned, moving his knee a little closer to its target. Bucky grabbed at his water, draining it in one long sip before discreetly moving back. Steve couldn’t help the devious smile that crept across his face. He was going to have ever so much fun pushing Bucky’s buttons.

The server appeared with their cake and cups of coffee. Bucky watched with a helpless look on his face as Steve did increasingly filthy things with his fork. He looked ready to burst by the time Steve paid their check. It took Bucky longer than normal to get his coat on properly.

The rain had stopped, so Steve offered to walk Bucky back to the subway station. He slowly reached for Bucky’s hand, giving him an out if it made him uncomfortable. Bucky clasped Steve’s hand, bumping their shoulders together.

Steve lifted Bucky’s hand to his lip, placing a soft kiss on the back of it. “I had a wonderful time tonight.”

Bucky looked down, blushing yet again. God. He was fucking adorable. Steve couldn’t help thinking how exquisite Bucky would look on his knees.

When they reached the station, Steve moved Bucky off to the side. He walked Bucky backwards until his back hit the wall. Bucky gasped, his eyes falling to Steve’s lips. Steve cupped the side of his face with careful, almost reverential movements. He traced his thumb over Bucky’s bottom lip. Steve placed his other hand on the wall, trapping Bucky right where he wanted him. Bucky let out a soft sigh, a hand twisting at the fabric of Steve’s coat. He moved in closer, brushing his lips against Bucky’s cheek.
“Can I kiss you?” He whispered, voice low and rough. Bucky nodded, eyes never leaving Steve’s lips. He moved his hand to the back of Bucky’s neck, pulling him to his chest. When he finally got to feel those lips, Steve let out a filthy moan. He buried his fingers in Bucky’s hair, tugging lightly at the soft strands. Bucky opened up under Steve, grabbing at his back as the kiss deepened. Bucky tasted like chocolate, spiced rum and everything Steve never knew he wanted. His entire focus was on the velvet slide of Bucky’s tongue against his own. He slipped a leg between Bucky’s thighs, applying a small amount of pressure. Clutching at Steve’s coat, Bucky whimpered low in his throat. It was a sound Steve desperately wanted to hear again. He plastered his whole body against Bucky, connecting them from knee to chest. He could feel Bucky hard against his thigh as he changed the angle of the kiss. Steve wanted to crawl inside of Bucky, consume him right there on the side of the street.

A group of rowdy college students spilled out of the subway station, bringing them back to reality. Reluctantly, Steve broke the kiss, resting their foreheads together. He could see their breath mingling together in the chilly night air. Steve felt Bucky shiver, not sure if it was from the kiss or the cold. Bucky pushed lightly at Steve’s chest, straightening up. Steve stepped away and bit back a groan. Bucky looked absolutely debauched - lips puffy and red, hair mussed in the back, eyes glazed over. Every fiber in his body wanted to reel Bucky back and have another taste. It took a few minutes before either one of them could speak.

“I should uhh...I should...probably head down.” Bucky looked like that was the last thing he wanted to do.

Steve cleared his throat, nodding. “No telling what’s going on with the F.”

He leaned back in for a more chaste kiss, brushing his finger along Bucky’s jaw.

“Text me when you get home?” he asked.

Bucky smiled, hand circling Steve’s wrist. “Sure thing, grandpa.”

“Jerk.”

“Punk,” Bucky called out as he walked into the station.

As Steve turned onto York Street, his phone vibrated in his coat pocket. He pulled it out to see a text from Bucky.

Bucky: Your dentures held up surprisingly well.

The little shit.

Chapter End Notes

*Идиот = idiot (according to Google)

The Man Who Sings Journey Loudly While Throwing a Large Rubber Ball™ is an actual person in Prospect Park. People who run or walk in the park in the mornings have learned to ignore him.
Bucky's design is based on research and prototypes being developed at Johns Hopkins University. I am not a scientist so apologies if any technobabble is incorrect.

I created a Spotify playlist for Steve and Bucky's first date but can't figure out how to share it anonymously. If anyone has any suggestions, hit me up on Tumblr!

Next up, we get inside the mind of Bucky Barnes! Stay tuned.
Cam Boy Comes Into Focus

Chapter Summary

A glimpse into the life of Bucky Barnes, complete with crazy family, a ride-or-die best friend and a budding relationship with a national icon. Difficult discussions are had and Winnie Barnes takes over everything.

Chapter Notes

We are finally getting a peak inside the mind of Bucky Barnes! This chapter went off the rails a bit while I was writing it. What I thought would be a simple conversation morphed into something pretty emotional. I updated the story tags to reflect it. It's a discussion about past events, nothing current or between Steve and Bucky.

Many thanks yet again to my amazing beta Full of Beans and Spunk, who is pretty much my “here’s what you missed, beyotch” Tinker Bell.

Story cover created by uber talented thatsmysecretduh!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Bucky put his phone back in his pocket as the sound of an incoming train rolled through the station. He looked down the platform and smiled when he saw an older F train coming down the tunnel. The older F trains had seats facing forward. Which meant Bucky could find a seat next to a window and think about the date. He had a lot on his mind and wasn’t in the mood to watch some weirdo clip their toenails. That happened more times than he thought was socially acceptable.

His phone buzzed as he stepped onto the train. Considering the number of eggplant and peach emojis Darcy sent during dinner, he assumed it would be her. He was pleasantly surprised to find a text from Steve instead.

Steve: I’m still amazed at the advancements in denture adhesive.

Bucky barked out a laugh, the teenager across the aisle giving him an odd look. Not like Bucky cared. It would take a lot more than disgruntled, teenage angsty face to bring him down. He put his phone away, making a mental note to respond once he got home. Stretching his legs under the empty seat in front of him, he shifted to look out the window. The dark caverns of the subway tunnel rolled by, giving him the perfect opportunity to drift back to the last few days.

He could still taste traces of Steve on his lips - a potent mix of coffee, chocolate and cherry chapstick. He’d never been kissed the way Steve had kissed him. It was overwhelming and amazing, turning his spine to jelly. And when Steve had tugged at his hair, he almost lost it. His hair was a direct line
to his dick. With the right amount of pull, he was putty in a guy’s hands. It was his biggest weakness and Steve immediately zeroed in on it.

Bucky was grateful for the support of the wall keeping him upright. Otherwise, he would have melted into a puddle on the sidewalk. God, Steve could kiss - it felt like he wanted to consume Bucky and fuck if Bucky wouldn’t let him.

It was Bucky’s best first date, even if it was a bit surreal. It left him more than a little lightheaded. Because the truth was, Bucky Barnes had carried a major torch for Steve Rogers since the eighth grade. An embarrassing, doodle-Steve’s-name-on-notebooks level crush. He could easily remember the first time he saw a picture of Steve. They were studying WWII Battles and there was a picture of Captain America and the Howling Commandos in his textbook.

When young Bucky saw Steve, he practically swallowed his own tongue. He couldn’t tear his eyes away - Steve’s massive frame dominating the picture, hair tousled from his helmet and a brilliant smile on his face. It was the first real stirrings of attraction Bucky ever felt and it was for someone of the same gender. It left him absolutely terrified.

Bucky worried about it for a few weeks before finally talking to his mother. And Winifred “Winnie” Barnes, champion of sexual exploration and the queen of no boundaries, had been amazing. She helped him understand his feelings, assuring him it was natural. She even gave him a primer on the human sexuality spectrum...with hand puppets.

When his father came home, he found Bucky on his mom’s lap, Winnie whispering she loved him over and over again. And Because George Barnes always followed his wife’s lead, he placed a kiss on his son’s head and added his voice to the litany of “I love you’s”.

Bucky knew as far as coming out experiences, he was monumentally blessed. Even though his mother’s oversharing sometimes made him cringe, he was grateful for the unwavering support as he explored his sexuality. And the journey had started with one thing - a picture of the man who just kissed the life out of him on Jay Street.

Bucky should really thank Tony for pissing him off the day Steve came to the lab. If it wasn’t for his blinding rage at Tony for messing up his suit YET AGAIN, Bucky would have been awkward and speechless when faced with his lifelong crush. Sure, in theory he knew working for Tony meant he might see Steve around the Tower. But Bucky never imagined he would be in the same damn room with him.

Oddly enough, Steve was rather flustered that day. Bucky’s tendency to set people at ease kicked in, overriding his nerves. He even found himself babbling on about his design, something Bucky rarely did with complete strangers. Surprisingly, Steve wasn’t put off by it. Bucky had lost count of the number of guys who talked over him or stuck their tongue down his throat to stop him from gushing about his research.

Bucky had learned to reign in his enthusiasm on dates or around guys he liked. He never played dumb, just toned it down when asked about his work. But Steve seemed genuinely interested in Bucky’s convoluted explanation. That almost never happened and definitely not with a guy as hot as Steve.

Although, now that Bucky thought about it, all of Steve’s behavior was a bit off that day. And he did kind of bolt out of the elevator. It was almost as if being around Bucky made him nervous. Which was a ridiculous thought. What possible reason would Steve have to be nervous around him?

Bucky shook his head as the train rolled into 4th Avenue. He stepped off and into the cold, wrapping
his coat a little tighter around him. Whatever nerves Steve had when they first met, he definitely got over them tonight. That kiss still left Bucky feeling giddy.

He knew the minute he got home, Darcy would grill him about the date. He was actually looking forward to it. Maybe if he talked to someone else about the date, it wouldn’t seem like a dream.

Darcy Lewis and Bucky Barnes had been joined at the hip since meeting at a college bar their freshman year. Bucky was in the mechanical engineering program at MIT while Darcy was studying political science at Boston College. She tried to hit on him, which resulted in Bucky awkwardly explaining he was gay using dubious hand gestures (and a beer bottle). Once he finished the embarrassing commentary on his sexuality, she breezily asked for tips on giving better head. They’d been platonic soulmates ever since.

When he got the fellowship at Stark Industries, Darcy moved back to New York with him to attend NYU School of Law. They stumbled onto their apartment when the previous renter, a guy Darcy dated briefly, died in a mysterious car accident. Darcy was convinced their landlord Karloff was a low level Russian gangster and had the guy whacked. But the rent was affordable, the building was close to the subway and their bedrooms were on opposite ends of the apartment. Which was good for Bucky because Darcy was a screamer.

He got to his building and gave Karloff, who was drinking vodka from a mason jar near the mailboxes, a salute. Karloff grunted, scratching himself through his red Adidas track pants. Karloff was the price they paid to live in a rent stabilized apartment.

He made his way up three flights of stairs and let himself into their apartment. He was greeted by the sight of Darcy in a staring contest with their ginger long-haired cat, Admiral Ackbar. The Admiral was able to claim victory when Darcy leapt off the couch and pounced on Bucky.

“Buckaroo! I have been waiting forever with only The Admiral for company. And she is a shit conversationalist. I want every dirty, dirty detail cause I know your ‘I’ve been kissed to within an inch of my life’ face!”

The Admiral, none too pleased with the sudden uptick in noise, swished her way to her room (which was technically Bucky’s room but he wasn’t going to correct The Admiral).

“Can I at least change before you start in on me?”

Darcy rolled her eyes, stepping aside to allow Bucky fully into the apartment. “At least tell me if you got to squeeze that ass. I mean if ever there was a perfect peach ass, that guy is walking around with it. There are entire Tumblrs devoted to it. One is called Captain Assmerica, which is all kinds of genius.”

Darcy followed as Bucky went to his room to change. The Admiral gave him an accusatory look from her bed perch. And because The Admiral had Bucky wrapped around her little paw, he gave her a tuna treat. Said tuna treats were kept in strategic locations around the apartment to prevent literal hissy fits.

Bucky stripped and put on his Exploding Tardis pajama pants and favorite threadbare Pink Floyd t-shirt. He gave The Admiral a few chin scratches before lightly scooching her off the bed. He plopped down on his back so he could stare at the glow-in-the-dark constellation map on his ceiling.

“I’ve waited long enough. Tell. Me. Everything!” Darcy pushed him over and laid down next to him.
“I’m not sure how to describe it. Honestly, I’m a little shell shocked.”

“Shell shocked in a good way? Or shell shocked in a ‘I can’t believe Captain America eats live kittens’ way?”

Bucky turned his head to stare down his best friend. “Why is live kitten-eating always your barometer when rating my dates?”

Darcy gave him a pointed look, right eyebrow arched as if to say “don’t be an idiot”.

“Do not make the court re-examine your dating history. Eating live kittens would be an improvement for some of them.”

Bucky really couldn’t argue with her on that point.

“God, Darc. He was...nothing like I expected. He’s curious and kind but sarcastic as hell. He smells amazing. And he practically sucked my soul out of my mouth. I think my dad would really like him too.”

“Already thinking about him meeting George? Niiicceee.” Darcy raised her hand, palm facing Bucky and only a few seconds later, he slapped it. “Although you might want to wait until you’ve seen him naked before springing Winnie on him.”

“Dear lord. She would eat him alive and he’d run for the hills. I’d never get to touch his dick.” Bucky shuddered at the thought of Steve meeting his mom. He couldn’t begin to imagine the crazy shit she would ask Steve.

“Speaking of his dick, what was the sex vibe?”

Bucky sighed because that was the million dollar question. Steve had confused the hell out of him several times tonight. His response to Bucky calling him Captain was just the tip of the iceberg. The tone Steve used when he mentioned being in charge made Bucky want to fall to his knees.

Bucky loved being dominated in bed, loved the feeling of submitting to someone bigger and stronger than him. He wasn’t into heavy pain or a lot of fancy toys. He just loved having someone else in charge. And Steve’s tone was command at its finest. But there was no way Captain America was into that sort of thing. It probably went against the Constitution.

Steve had brushed his hand and foot against Bucky a few times during dinner. For the most part, it seemed unintentional. But for the love of all things holy, Steve needed to tone down how he ate desserts. Watching him eat that damn cake nearly short circuited Bucky’s brain.

“Ugghh. I don’t know! There were some hints of him vibing dominant but we’re talking about Captain America! He does health education videos on flossing! No way he’s down to…” Bucky trailed off, hand waving in the air.

“Fuck your mouth with that All American Dick?” Darcy finished for him.

“Yeah. That.”

“You never know. Maybe Red, White and Buff is a big ol’ freak. I never thought he was into men. And yet here we are, discussing how he sucked your face off like a hungry alien.”

“You make an excellent point, counselor,” he agreed, tipping an imaginary hat in her direction.
Darcy rolled over, shifting up to rest her head in the palm of her hand. “Did y’all talk about his sexuality at all? Is he gay, bi, pan, demi, ace, what?”

“Geez, Darc. It was a first date, not the Spanish Inquisition!”

“Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition!” she exclaimed in a weird interpretation of a British accent. “For real though, you need to bust out that question on your next date. Which is…?”

“Oh shit! I forgot to text him when I got home!” Bucky darted up, grabbing his phone.

“Awww. Did Grandpa want to make sure little Timmy didn’t fall down any wells on the way home?”

He nodded, too distracted by his phone to respond to the Grandpa comment.

“Help me come up with something witty to say. I’m too tired to be funny right now.”

Darcy swiped the phone from his hands and started typing. “What’s your excuse the rest of the time you’re not funny?”

“Hardy har har. You’re not nearly as charming as you think.”

“I am a national treasure. Kind of like the good Captain’s ass.”

Bucky glared at her, taking his phone back before she could hit send. “There’s more to him than his ass, you know.”

“You mean like his dick?”

Bucky ignored her as he erased her message of “When can we play hide the All American Hot Dog in My Glorious Brooklyn Made Buns?” Sometimes he wondered about his best friend’s sanity.

Bucky: Home safe. Thanks again for a wonderful night. Sorry if I kept you up past Matlock.

He wasn’t sure if Steve would get the Matlock reference.

Steve: I understand that reference. I’m glad you kiss better than you tell jokes. Maybe our next date should be at a comedy club. I’ll bring a pen and some paper so you can take notes.

Bucky fell back on his bed, giggling and clutching his phone.


Bucky threw his forearm over his eyes. “God. I do. I really, really do.”

She gave him a soft smile, reaching out to squeeze his hand.

“I’m happy for you. But be careful, okay? No matter how he defines himself, he’s not out publicly.”

Darcy paused, choosing her next words carefully. “And I don’t want to see you go through another Jack situation.”

The mention of Jack’s name brought Bucky down from his Steve induced high. He knew Darcy was right - he needed to ask Steve some hard questions.

“I know I need to ask more questions. I do. It’s just...what if it’s an answer I don’t want to hear?”
Darcy sat up, opening her arms. Bucky dove in, resting his head on her chest. “There you go. Thelma and Louise are here to make you feel better.”

“Please stop naming your breasts.”

“The girls are too fabulous to be anonymous.” she patted him on the back before pushing him away and standing up. “You look exhausted. We can solve your Captain Assmerica problem tomorrow. Try to get more than three hours of sleep tonight.”

Bucky climbed into bed, stretching out as The Admiral took her place next to him.

Darcy paused before closing his door, a comforting smile on her face. “Talk to the man. Maybe he’ll surprise you.”

He nodded absently as he blew her their customary goodnight kiss. He sank back into his pillow, stroking The Admiral’s thick fur. There was another issue needling at him besides Steve being in the closet, although that was his biggest worry. The other issue was something he was hiding, even from Darcy. If she knew he was hung up on a client, she would give him a lecture about fantasy versus reality. To make matters worse, Bucky hadn’t heard from the client since their private session. And it was driving him a bit insane.

CapDatAss started visiting his Chaturbate show a little over a month ago. From their first interaction, Bucky was hooked. CapDatAss oozed power - not a small feat to accomplish over the internet. Everything he asked Bucky to do hit one of his kinks. If God sat down and made Bucky’s perfect sex partner, CapDatAss would be the end result. Although the logic behind why God would be doing such a thing escaped him.

Bucky had started on Chaturbate as a way to pay his grad school bills. It allowed him a flexible schedule and he could do it from home. He also found it to be a safe way to explore his desire to be dominated. Being ordered around by strangers without the danger of anonymous sex helped him figure out what he did and didn’t like sexually. And CapDatAss happened to hit every square on his kink bingo card.

After their first session, Bucky had shortened the name to Cap, which opened up a whole new can of worms. Before he knew it, Bucky was superimposing Steve onto Cap’s persona. He had spent the last month jerking off to a much dirtier perception of Steve. He had no way of knowing he would end up on a date with the real one. How the hell was Bucky expected to act wholesome around him now? He sure as hell couldn’t watch him eat cake ever again.

Bucky knew he could fall hard for Steve and that terrified him. He was completely different from the men (boys really) Bucky dated in the past. He loved their sarcastic banter and how easily their conversations flowed. There was a level of complexity to Steve that ran counter to his Captain America image. That both surprised and fascinated Bucky, leaving him wanting more.

And yet, he couldn’t deny the pull he felt towards Cap. In a perfect world, Steve and Cap would be the same person - a sarcastic shit that could bring Bucky to kneel with just his voice. God...he would give anything for that. But Bucky was a realist and knew he could only have one or the other. Because no way both existed in one neat little package.

The Admiral started head butting Bucky’s hand, a clear sign her highness required human adoration and subjugation. He stroked her fluffy head as he opened up Steve’s last message.

* Bucky: Of course you understand it. Isn’t Matlock always on during Denny’s early bird special?
Bucky kept turning the 3D holographic prosthetic arm, the scowl on his face growing. He’d been in the lab for days with Tony and they were still stumped. They kept running into problems with mimicking human dexterity. The arm also glitched when it applied pressure to delicate objects. They had tested it with several crates of tomatoes and all they had to show for it was bland tomato sauce. Bucky felt like all his hard work was slipping away.

“You didn’t sleep here last night, did you?” Tony asked with a hint of worry.

“No. Darcy dragged me to dinner and then we went home.”

“You’d save a bundle on subway fare if you moved into The Tower…”

“I like living in Brooklyn, you know that,” Bucky interrupted, not taking his eyes off the 3D model in front of him.

“...or let Happy drive you home.” Tony finished.

“Too much traffic. It’s quicker to take the subway home… most days.” Bucky let out an irritated sigh. “What the hell am I missing? This should work! I’ve gone over every single component, checked and re-checked the calculations and run countless simulations.”

Bucky threw down his mechanical pencil, running a hand through his hair. If they didn’t figure these problems out soon, it would delay the project by another year. Bucky felt like the answer was right outside his grasp and he hated it.

Tony peered over the lid of his smoothie, a pensive look on his face. “Maybe we should take a break.”

Bucky dropped his head into his hands, letting out a frustrated growl.

“I’m missing something and I can’t for the life of me figure out what. We’re so fucking close.”

“Well staying up all night staring at the model isn’t going to help.”

Bucky raised his eyebrow at that one.

“Pot, I’d like to introduce you to my good friend Kettle.”

Tony raised his hands in a gesture of surrender. “Hey, I’m just trying to give you the benefit of my poor life choices. I’ve been down this road before many times. And for stakes a lot higher than this.”

Bucky knew Tony was referring to the miniaturized arc reactor now safely keeping him alive. It was something Tony rarely discussed. The fact that he was now meant he was concerned about Bucky.

“I know, I know,” Bucky conceded. “But I know if we can get this right, it will change lives on a massive scale.”

“And we will get it right. You just need to be patient, my young Padawan.”

“Excuse me, sir,” Jarvis interjected.

“Speak to me, J-man!”

“Ms. Potts has asked me to remind you and James to eat lunch.”
Bucky sighed. “Jarvis, how many times have I asked you to call me Bucky?”

“I regret to inform you sir specifically programmed me not to do so.”

“And you wonder why I limit your interactions with my mother,” Bucky complained.

Tony clutched a set of imaginary pearls around his neck. “Winnie Barnes is a gift among we mere mortals. I object to you hogging her all to yourself!”

“Oh! That reminds me,” Bucky said, rummaging through his backpack. “She made you this.”

He handed Tony a truly spectacular hand knit, Iron Man themed sweater. Tony cuddled it like it was the Holy Grail.

“I’m nominating your mother for sainthood!”

“She’s not dead yet. Besides, I don’t think they’d approve of her penchant for sailor-level cursing.”

Bucky picked up his mobile Jarvis interface. And Tony promptly took it out of his hands.

“Go get lunch. Walk around for a bit to clear your head,” he said, waving Bucky off.

“But…”

“Nope. Go. This will all be here when you get back.”

Tony swiveled around and promptly drowned out any further protests by blasting Another One Bites the Dust.

Bucky got up and headed out of the lab, knowing Tony would ignore him if he tried to stay. He made his way outside, walking aimlessly up Park Avenue, no specific destination in mind.

It was an unseasonably warm January, which meant all New Yorkers were wearing shorts. Bucky, knowing the dangers of such fickle weather, was dressed in jeans, a S.T.A.R. lab t-shirt and black hoodie. He somehow ended up at East 53rd, so he decided to grab lunch from the Halal Guys cart. Everyone knew falafels were brain food.

Bucky went through the prototype schematics in his head while waiting for his turn to order. There was a creeping sense of failure clawing its way up his chest. As much as Tony assured him the design would work, the setback was messing with him. It seemed the harder he tried to figure it out, the more the answers remained firmly hidden.

Bucky wasn’t an arrogant person, but he had full confidence in his intelligence. He breezed through MIT as if it were summer camp. And yet he couldn’t figure out how to keep this goddamn arm from squeezing the life out of a farmer’s market worth of produce. It was a level of frustration Bucky had never before experienced.

He polished off his sandwich and fries while walking back to the Tower. After he tapped his badge and rushed to the bank of private elevators, he managed to catch an empty car before it closed. He felt awfully pleased with himself for that accomplishment.

“Flawless victory!” he cheered, doing his best Shang Tsung impersonation.

As he was finishing his celebratory fist pump, the elevator came to a stop. The doors opened to reveal one Captain America, decked out in his stealth suit, shield strapped to his back. Bucky choked on air.
“Fancy meeting you here, Mr. Barnes,” Steve gloated, a devious smile on his face.

Bucky made a noise similar to a pack of baby otters begging for their mother. Steve Rogers, in that very suit, played a key role in a host of his fantasies. Bucky had to stop himself from sinking to his knees and nuzzling his face against Steve’s crotch.

“Mind if I get on with you?” Steve, the little shit, knew exactly what that suit did to anyone with a pulse.

Bucky moved back to let Steve in the elevator. He started reciting pi to the 30th decimal place to keep his mind from wandering too far into the gutter. Steve looked straight ahead as the doors closed. Three seconds later, he hit the emergency stop button, removed the shield from his back and turned towards Bucky. Stalking Bucky like a hungry cheetah spotting a wildebeest, Steve backed him into a corner. He cupped the nape of Bucky’s neck, holding him firmly in place. Bucky noticed the color of the tac suit turned Steve’s eyes a deeper shade of blue. Which left him feeling even more helpless. Steve tentatively leaned in, telegraphing his intentions so Bucky could stop him if he wanted. Bucky most certainly did not.

He let out a blissful sigh as Steve all but devoured his lips. Bucky felt dizzy and nauseous, his body going into sensory overload. Steve growled, tugging Bucky closer to him as he licked his way into Bucky’s mouth. And almost as quickly as he descended, Steve pulled away. He rested his head in the crook of Bucky’s neck, struggling to get his breath under control.

“Have dinner with me tonight. At my place,” Steve said, just the right touch of steel in his voice.

Bucky nodded, kiss drunk and hard as hell. He would have agreed to just about anything if Steve used that voice. If he ever discovered Amway, Steve would become a top seller.

Steve nipped at the juncture of Bucky’s neck and collarbone, his palm flat against the small of Bucky’s back. He traced his nose up to Bucky’s earlobe.

“I’ll text you my address,” he breathed in Bucky’s ear.

Once again, all Bucky could do was nod, although it was accompanied this time with a full body shudder.

Steve paused his assault on Bucky’s neck, moving his head back to meet Bucky’s eyes. A lift of his eyebrow asking the question, are you okay?

“Yeah. Yeah...that...ahh sounds good.” Bucky breathed out, suddenly feeling like all the air had been sucked out of the elevator.

Steve stepped back, hit the emergency stop button again and holstered his shield. When they reached his stop, Steve gave Bucky a quick kiss before stepping into the hallway. Bucky could hear the asshole whistling down the hall as the doors closed.

In a bit of a daze, Bucky floated back to the lab.

“Did you walk through a wind tunnel on your way back?” Tony asked, giving him a once over.

“What are you talking about?”

Tony waved a wrench in Bucky’s direction. “Your clothes and hair are all messed up.”

Bucky looked down and sure enough, his shirt was a wrinkled mess. He ran a hand through his hair
in an attempt to tame it. As he was about to divert Tony’s attention from the aftermath of his Steve mauling, the solution to the glitches popped into his head.

“Oh my fucking god! We’ve been so stupid,” he yelled, dashing for his mobile Jarvis.

“Care to share with the rest of the class?” Tony asked, arms crossed and a fond smile on his face.

“I’ll explain as we go along.” Bucky dashed around the lab, gathering all the necessary components. They spent the rest of the afternoon completely rebuilding the prototype. And being all too pleased with themselves when it was able to gently fondle a bushel of tomatoes.

Bucky caught the B61 bus after hoofing it from Borough Hall. Getting from The Tower to Red Hook was a fucking pain. He had to take the 4/5 to downtown Brooklyn before getting off to catch a bus. Adding the craziness of rush hour to the mix did nothing for Bucky’s nerves.

A few stops into the ride, a pale man with long silver hair got on and sat next to Bucky. His skin looked as if it had never seen the light of day and his eyes were devoid of life. Bucky was immediately convinced he was a vampire. He tightened the scarf around his neck, not wanting to tempt Nosferatu. Bucky had been told more than once his neck would be catnip to a vampire. And he’d rather not be drained of his blood before getting to see Steve naked.

The sound of Mamma Mia pierced through the air, jolting Bucky away from his covert vampire watching. Bucky muttered a quiet fuck me as he pulled out his phone.

“Hi Ma,” he answered, knowing nothing good would come out of this phone call. He’d made the mistake of forgetting to answer several of his mother’s texts.

“Oh good! You’re not dead!” his mother said in lieu of a greeting.

Bucky sighed, preparing himself for the ultimate Winnie Barnes guilt trip.

“Sorry, Ma. We had to rebuild the prototype from scratch. I’ve been buried at the lab for days.”

“No worries! I only assumed you were dead in a ditch somewhere when you ignored my messages. It’s not like a mother needs to know her favorite son is alive.”

“I’m your only son,” Bucky pointed out.

“That doesn’t negate the fact that you’re my favorite.”

Bucky loved his mother. She was loud and brash and had a limitless capacity to love. She could also tear you to shreds with a single sentence. Her and Darcy together were a force the world wasn’t equipped to handle.

“Where are you? You sound like you’re in the middle of some god awful Michael Bay film.”

“I’m on the bus to Red Hook.”

“Ahhh. That explains it. Why are you schlepping all the way out there?”

Bucky paused, not sure how to get away with lying.

“That pause means you’re about to lie to me, my dear boy.”
Bucky rested his head against the window. Why why why did his mother know him so well?

“I didn’t say anything!” he whined.

“Dear lord. Please stop whining. No one wants to fuck a whiner,” she dismissed. “Now tell me where you’re going. So help me god, if you’ve joined a Fight Club, I’ll send your father after you.”

“What? No! Why would you think I’ve joined a fight club?!”

“I read Buzzfeed. I know you millennials are desperate to feel something real these days. Whatever that means. Which reminds me, why are there so many recipes for avocado toast on food blogs? You toast bread and put avocado on it. It’s not rocket science. Hardly deserves an entire column devoted to its preparation.”

Somehow Bucky had lost complete control of this conversation.

“You’re changing the subject, dear boy.”

No he wasn’t. But fuck if Bucky was going to tell her that.

“I’m going to a friend’s house for dinner,” he tried.

“A friend? Have you had this friend’s penis in your mouth?”

“Jesus, Ma! I’m on a public bus!”

“There’s nothing wrong with discussing the pleasures of oral sex. If we had a more open dialogue around sex in this country, we wouldn’t need videos comparing consent to cups of tea.”

Bucky had no idea how to respond to that one. Cups of tea? Where the hell did she get this stuff?

“But stop trying to change the subject. Who is this friend and will you be having sex with him in the future?”

“Ma, I’m begging you. Please just let me go have dinner without the third degree.”

“So it’s that kind of dinner,” she said, a bit too smug for Bucky’s sanity.

“It’s still new, okay? I don’t want to jinx it.”

“Mnhmnn,” Winnie clearly gave zero fucks about Bucky’s peace of mind. “Bring him to dinner, dear. We need to make sure he’s not some degenerate.”

“Ma, this is only our second date! I need to ease him into the Barnes experience. Plus, I like degenerates.”

“I meant the wrong kind of degenerate, sweetie. Do try to keep up.” She hung up before Bucky could respond. He sat there for a minute staring at his phone, still not sure what just happened.

“Your mom sounds kind of crazy,” the obvious vampire sitting next to him said.

Bucky couldn’t really argue with him.

A few minutes later, Bucky pulled the cord, signaling he wanted to get off at the next stop. He bid obvious vampire adieu and hopped off the bus. It was less than a block from the stop to Steve’s house. Which meant Bucky had little time to shake the rather odd conversation with his mother. Not
that anything that came out of Winnie Barnes’ mouth should surprise him. Bucky knew if he didn’t produce Steve within a decent amount of time, his mother would start stalking him until she uncovered Steve’s identity.

Bucky checked the address from the text before stopping in front of a converted carriage house. Even from the outside Bucky knew the place would be gorgeous. Before he could knock, Steve opened the door, a dish towel thrown across one of his ridiculous shoulders.

“Hey! Hope it wasn’t a hassle getting here,” Steve beamed, giving Bucky a chaste kiss before ushering him inside.

“I rode the bus for the first time in 3 years but as long as you’re feeding me, I think it’s worth it.”

Steve laughed, walking back to the kitchen. Bucky took in the space as he followed. The room was one long rectangle, artwork of various sizes and mediums dominating the walls. A comfy looking, sapphire sofa separated the living room from the dining area. The gourmet kitchen took up the rest of the space. It was warm and inviting, with pops of Steve’s personality spread throughout. Bucky felt immediately at home.

“If you want, I can give you a tour before dinner.”

As if to object, Bucky’s stomach chose that moment to growl loudly.

“Guess the tour will have to wait until I feed you,” Steve smiled, backing Bucky up before giving him a heated kiss.

“What is it with you and backing me up against walls?” Bucky asked when he was able to form words again.

“You’re kind of fidgety. I’m just trying to make sure you don’t move.” Steve mumbled as he sucked a path up Bucky’s neck.

“You know, I was just on the bus with a member of the living dead. Perhaps he’s one of your nest brethren,” Bucky babbled, a little short of breath.

Steve stepped away when a buzzer went off near the oven. “Get with the times, Bucky. Vampires use social media to stay connected. We don’t need to live in nests anymore. And we prefer the term ‘living impaired’, you narrow minded asshole.”

Bucky perched himself on the counter as he watched Steve take out a roasted chicken. He poked a fork into a ceramic bowl of garlic mashed potatoes, bringing it to his mouth.

Steve smacked Bucky’s hand before he could sneak a bite. “You’ll ruin your appetite.”

“That’s not helping with the whole grandpa vibe, you know that right?”

“Grandpas don’t jump out of airplanes, Buck.”

“Hip ones do. Speaking of being old, I’m rather impressed by your cooking skills. I thought they boiled everything back in your day.”

Steve rolled his eyes. “Cause I’ve never heard that joke before.”

He put the chicken on a platter, placing a foil tent over it.

“Is the chicken going camping?” Bucky asked, pointing at the aforementioned foil tent.
“If you weren’t such an uncultured swine you’d know the chicken needs to rest before we cut into it. That keeps all the juices inside of the meat. The foil helps to keep it warm.”

“Where the fuck did you learn all that?”

“Top Chef.” Steve shrugged, bringing the food over to the table. “What would you like to drink with dinner? I have wine, beer and juice boxes.”

Bucky leveled a glare at Steve. “Jokes on you, I happen to enjoy a good juice box. What vintage is it?”

“Wine it is,” Steve said, completely ignoring Bucky.

Bucky began dishing up the food as Steve poured the wine.

“By the way, why were you in your tac suit earlier? Did you have a mission in Jersey or something?”

“Not exactly. Pepper set up an interview with Esquire magazine and they wanted pictures of me in it.”

“Can’t say that I blame them,” Bucky sighed, staring off dreamily.

“I take it you like the suit,” Steve smirked. The asshole.

“Anyways,” Bucky said, refusing to admit his weakness, “while you were playing Mr. GQ, Tony and I were making historic advances in our field.”

“Did you figure out the issues with the arm?”

As they dug in, Bucky explained how they rebuilt it. Steve asked questions, trying to understand exactly how the prosthetic would work. Even though he didn’t have a background in engineering, his questions were thoughtful and rather perceptive. Bucky was secretly thrilled Steve wanted to hear about his work.

They switched gears halfway through the meal, Steve telling a crazy story about Thor’s first photoshoot. Bucky still wasn’t quite sure how a kangaroo got involved though. They were almost finished when Bucky broached the subject of Steve’s sexuality.

“Do you mind if I ask you something personal?”

“Of course not. You can ask me anything,” Steve reached for Bucky’s hand on the table. Bucky chewed at his bottom lip, unsure how to phrase the question.

“What exactly is this between us?”

Steve put down his fork and shifted back in his seat. “That’s what I’m hoping we can figure out together. I do know that I really like you and I think this could be something special. But I’d like to take the time to get to know each other.”

Bucky melted, feeling a little better knowing Steve didn’t see them as a fling. But there was still the nervous pit in his stomach.

“Before you asked me out, I assumed you were straight. I mean, you and Peggy Carter were the greatest love story to come out of World War II. I’m just a bit confused about…” Bucky was
struggling to find the right words.

“Me asking a man out on a date?” Steve offered.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Bucky nodded.

“I’m bisexual,” Steve blew out a breath. “I haven’t said that out loud very many times.”

And that was the other big problem.

Steve pushed away from the table, moving to get closer to Bucky. He grabbed Bucky’s hand, cradling it in his palms. He made a point to look directly into Bucky’s eyes before he continued.

“I loved Peggy. We didn’t have much time together but my feelings for her were very real. I probably would have married her if I didn’t go down in the Valkyrie. I would have been lucky to call her my wife. She noticed me when I was a scrap of nothing..” a fond smile played at his lips.

“Did she know that you were bisexual?” Bucky asked, squeezing Steve’s hand as comfort.

Steve nodded, tracing circles on the back of Bucky’s hand. “The Howlies did too. But none of them cared. We were at war - only thing that mattered was we had each other’s backs.”

“Does anyone know now?”

“Only a few friends. No one at SHIELD knows but I think Natasha suspects something. I’m not ashamed or embarrassed about who I am though, Bucky.”

“Then why haven’t you at least told your team?” Bucky asked, a hint of frustration creeping in.

Steve paused for a moment, creases forming on his forehead. He hunched forward, his gaze moving to their joined hands.

“You gotta understand...who I am, the people I chose to sleep with, that made me a criminal back in my time. There were no LGBTQ rights groups or openly gay bars. Every time I acted on my attraction to a man, I was putting my life in danger. I was beaten to within an inch of my life once when cops - cops, Bucky - caught me kissing another man. You learn pretty quickly after that to hide who you are.”

Steve stopped for a moment, looking up to make sure Bucky didn’t want to ask anything before he went on. When Bucky gave him an encouraging nod, he started talking again.

“Logically, I know that it’s different now. But it’s hard to shake that deeply ingrained instinct to stay hidden. To me, the 40s happened only a few years ago. The first time I saw two men kissing in public, I panicked. I was so afraid for them.

“Tony was with me at the time and he was surprisingly good about it. He explained the history of the LGBTQ movement, even took me to The Stonewall Inn. He told me about his own struggles with his sexual identity. But even then, I couldn’t bring myself to say anything. I could have told Tony but the idea of doing it threw me into a panic.”

“But you said a few people do know now?”

Steve nodded, sitting up straight again but keeping Bucky’s hand in his. “My friends Tess, Maxwell and Vincent. I actually bought this house from Tess. She’s an artist and we bonded over our shared passion. She took me to a gallery showing and noticed my interest in the artist extended beyond his
work. She was the first person I told in this time. She’s bisexual too and lived in New York at the time of the Stonewall riots. She was a teenager and was questioning her own sexuality at the time.

“She told me she knew what it was like to hide and that I should only come out when I was ready. Not to prove a point or shock people. But to give myself time to understand how much things have changed and how, unfortunately, some things are still the same.”

Steve kept his eyes on Bucky, allowing the silence to flow around them. Bucky was mulling over what Steve had told him. He knew it must have been a culture shock to go from a society of repression to one of permissiveness. Bucky couldn’t even begin to imagine the difficulty adjusting to such a significant shift.

He also understood every person’s journey out of the closet was their own. It wasn’t something that should be coerced or done to appease someone else. And that was not what he wanted to ask of Steve. But he did need to know if Steve could picture a time where their relationship was out in the open.

“I can’t imagine how hard it was for you growing up. I’ve always been surrounded by family and friends who supported my sexuality and who I am. Honestly, I’m amazed that you’ve adjusted so well. And I know it’s a decision you have to make for yourself - when and if you want to be more open about your sexuality. I want you to understand what I’m about to tell you is in no way me attempting to force you to come out, okay?”

Steve nodded, eyebrows pinched together. Bucky moved both of his hands to his lap, picking at his jeans to steady his nerves. His teeth worried at his bottom lip as he got up the courage to continue. He kept his eyes on his hands, not sure he could start if he saw the worry in Steve’s eyes.

“I’ve always been different - not just being gay but my intelligence too. I was in a gifted program from elementary school through graduation. I got a full scholarship to MIT, which isn’t me bragging. That’s just what happened. But my family has always treated me like regular old Bucky. My family, as crazy as they are, accepts and loves me unconditionally. And I know I’m lucky to have that kind of support. I didn’t have to hide who I was for most of my life.”

Bucky paused, taking a sip of wine to steady himself. Steve put his hand on Bucky’s knee, giving it a little squeeze. Bucky, grateful for the quiet show of support, covered Steve’s hand with his own.

“Being a sophomore in undergrad, I met a guy named Jack. He was this big football star at Boston College. The poster child for an All American boy. He hired me to tutor him in his science classes. Halfway through the first month of our sessions, he kissed me. Up until that point, I had no idea he was even interested in men. To say I was shocked would be an understatement. He told me I was so beautiful, he couldn’t help himself.”

Bucky huffed out a sad laugh, blinking to keep himself from crying.

“At first, it was kind of nice - having this guy that everyone loved focusing his attention on me. He was charming and good looking. And god, I was nuts about him. But he was a football player and football’s a very homophobic sport. He was being scouted by NFL teams, his mom and two little sisters were depending on him. He couldn’t risk all that by coming out of the closet. So we kept our relationship hidden.”

Steve clasped Bucky’s hand, bringing it to his lips for a soft kiss. It was such a tender gesture, Bucky almost lost it. He took a moment to compose himself, afraid he would start crying if he didn’t.

“But keeping that big a part of you a secret...it wears on you. I couldn’t tell my family or friends I
was falling in love. If we fought, I couldn’t go to Darcy or Becca and bitch about it. Everyone thought I was insane when I started paying attention to college football. Before I met Jack, I never even watched a full game.

“I had to lie to the people I loved to protect this other person I loved. I hardly went out because I never knew when Jack could sneak away. It was isolating. I fell into a bit of a depression after we’d been dating a few months.”

Bucky felt Steve’s eyes on him but couldn’t bring himself to look up. He knew if he didn’t get this out now, he would never have the courage to finish.

“It was around that time I started seeing glimpses of the real Jack. If I was busy with school and didn’t answer fast enough, he’d accuse me of cheating. He expected me to drop everything to spend time with him. But there were times I couldn’t do that - I take my research and the work I do seriously. We’d fight about it and he’d call me all sorts of names...awful names.”

He could still remember the sneering tone Jack used when they fought. Jack could be unbelievably cruel, especially when he’d been drinking. Bucky struggled over saying his next words, his tongue feeling heavy in his mouth.

“He’d tell me I was weak because I took it up the ass. He saw being gay as a weakness and I think he hated himself for wanting me. Of course, back then I didn’t know that. I just saw the first guy I ever loved telling me I was worthless.”

Bucky swallowed, shifting a little in his seat. Sensing Bucky’s growing discomfort, Steve gave his hand another reassuring squeeze.

Bucky finally looked at Steve. The creases in his forehead had deepened, lips pursed into a tight line. He remained silent but it was obvious he wasn’t happy with what he was hearing.

“One night, I was in the library working on a paper for my Mechanics and Materials class. It was a huge part of our grade and I’d put a lot of time into it. I have a tendency to get lost in my own head when I’m working. Kind of like how Tony gets sometimes. When I came up for air, I checked my phone and saw a bunch of texts and voicemails from Jack. He was livid.”

Bucky could feel a sense of panic start to settle itself into his bones. He didn’t talk much about this because it always made him feel small, helpless even. Only Darcy and Becca knew the full story. Laying himself so bare in front of Steve almost made him sick.

“The voicemails were...they were pretty vile. I tried to call him back and explain but he didn’t pick up. I was panicked, not thinking clearly. I rushed over to his apartment. When I got there, I could hear music blaring from the hallway. I knocked a few times but I don’t think he heard me. I had a key, so I let myself in.

“All the lights were off except in the bedroom. I called out to him but didn’t get a response. The music was fucking loud though - I’m surprised his neighbors weren’t banging down his door. It wasn’t until I was at his bedroom door that I heard...noises.”

The panic intensified and Bucky began shaking his knee to calm his nerves. He took a deep breath and slowly let it out. Steve rubbed small circles on the inside of Bucky’s wrist but remained silent.

“I should have left but I think a sick part of me needed to see. Needed to know. I pushed open the door and...and he was on his bed fucking some chick. They were both so into it, they didn’t even notice me. It was a fucking gut punch, seeing the guy I love, the guy I lost my virginity to fucking
someone else. I’m not sure if I made a sound or what but she noticed me and screamed. Jack turned around, saw me and...and he just laughed and told her I was nobody. Said he’d call me later and went right back to fucking her. Right in front of me.”

Bucky didn’t know he was crying until Steve brushed away a tear with his thumb. All the emotions from that night came flooding back to him and Bucky lost it. Steve pulled Bucky onto his lap, bringing him into an all encompassing hug.

Bucky rested his head on Steve’s shoulder and sobbed. He let out all the pain and heartbreak the memories stirred up. Steve rocked him, holding him tight and just letting Bucky work his way through them. Bucky cried until he was hoarse and there was nothing left. When he finally lifted up his head, his neck and shoulders were a little stiff. Steve wiped away the tears streaking his face, placing gentle kisses along his cheek.

“God. I must look like a fucking mess. I usually wait until the fourth date before I ruin a guy’s shirt with snot and tears.”

Steve shook his head, using a napkin to clean up Bucky’s face. “Don’t feel bad about being vulnerable. This is something we need to talk through. I’ll happily go through a thousand shirts if it means you feel supported.”

Bucky could only gape at Steve, floored by his response.

“How are you even real?”

Steve kissed his forehead. “I’m not. I was created in a lab. Don’t you remember your World War Two history?”

Bucky let out a watery laugh, the panic in his chest slowly starting to recede.

“Do you want to go sit on the sofa before you go on? I can hold you better and I’m not sure these chairs are designed for my weight and yours.”

Bucky gave him a small smile and nodded. They moved over to the couch, Bucky immediately melting into the cushions. Steve sat next to him, shifting so Bucky’s head was lying on his chest. Steve stayed quiet, giving Bucky time to collect his thoughts. He closed his eyes, relishing the feeling of Steve’s fingers running through his hair. He let the sensation calm him before he started talking again.

“I was so fucking devastated. I didn’t know what hurt worse - him calling me a nobody or him fucking her in front of me. I stumbled out of the apartment and walked around in a daze. I’m still not sure how I got back to my dorm. I called Darcy, crying hysterically and she rushed over.

“It took me a while to calm down enough to tell her everything. She was fucking livid. You haven’t met her but believe me when I say you never want to get Darcy that mad. She was ready to go cut his dick off.”

“Can’t say that I blame her,” Steve seethed. He kissed the top of Bucky’s head to temper the harshness of his tone.

“Well, I think she figured out her anger wasn’t helping me. She got me into bed and held me while I lost it. The pain... god. I’ve never felt anything like it before or since. I would have fallen completely apart if it wasn’t for Darcy. She practically moved in with me for the next few weeks. My roommate had a ridiculous crush on her, so he didn’t mind. Not that she paid him any attention. She made sure I ate, did my schoolwork, everything. She pretty much kept me going for a solid month.”
“Sounds like she’s an amazing friend,” Steve whispered into Bucky’s hair.

Bucky nodded. “You have no idea. She’s pretty much my second sister.”

“I assume the story doesn’t end there?” Steve gently prodded.

Bucky shook his head, burrowing closer into Steve’s arms. Steve chuckled, moving to hold him tighter.

“Darcy sort of held my phone hostage, keeping me from contacting him. After about two weeks of radio silence, he showed up outside of one of my classes. He begged me to let him explain and I was dumb enough to agree.”

“You were being kind. That’s not dumb, Buck.”

“Looking back, it feels pretty fucking dumb. I should have known not to go anywhere alone with him. I knew he had a bit of a temper. But I still thought I loved him and I felt like he owed me an explanation. So we went back to my dorm. My roommate had already left to go home for the weekend.

“At first, he was apologetic and tried to be loving. When I resisted, he got angry. Told me I was naive if I thought he hadn’t been sleeping with other women the whole time. Said he had a reputation he needed to maintain. It escalated pretty fast. I’d seen him angry before but this was...this was an ugliness I never knew he had.

“Seeing that side of him was a wake up call. Like I could suddenly see how toxic we were together. I told him we were over and tried to get him to leave. But he refused, said he got to decide when we were through. He grabbed my arm and twisted me around, pushed me against the wall. That was the first time he ever got physical with me. I’m not a small guy but Jack was pure muscle. No way I was getting out of that hold.”

The memory of Jack’s hand tightening around his arm slammed into him. Bucky felt his pulse quicken as tears stung his eyes. He fiddled with the buttons on Steve’s shirt, using them to ground him in the present.

“But before it could get any worse, Darcy showed up. Now Darcy’s tiny - a little over five feet - but you get her angry and she goes Terminator. She yanked Jack off me and kicked him in the nuts. He went down hard. Then she maced him and kicked him in the stomach.”

Bucky fought back a smile as he thought of Darcy manhandling Jack. He was so fucking lucky to have her as a best friend.

“A lot of the college girls wear whistles and she had one. Blew it while she kept her boot firmly planted on his head. My RA came in and just sort of stood there for a minute. It was a pretty crazy sight, I’ll give him that. A few more people showed up to see what was going on. By that time, Jack was able to get up on his own. The RA and some guys escorted him out, Darcy yelling at him the whole way. And her voice fucking carries - everyone on the floor heard her.

“She came back to my room, packed a bag and frog-marched me back to her campus. She lived in an on-campus apartment with her friend Stacey. She flat out told Stacey I was staying for the weekend and if she had a problem with it, she could leave. But Stacey and I got along and I think she sensed something bad had happened. So we all spent the weekend eating bad food and binge watching Mythbusters.”

“Did Jack try to contact you again?” Bucky could hear Steve struggling to keep his tone calm as he
“Oh yeah. Several times over the next few months. But the minute he touched me in anger, it was over for me. He finally took the hint and stopped.”

Bucky shivered a little, both from the temperature in the room and from remembering that night.

“I know you’re a fucking furnace but we mortals get cold in the winter.”

Steve laughed, grabbing a red flannel blanket from the back of the sofa and covering them. He pulled Bucky into his side and kissed his forehead.

“Better?”

“Much,” Bucky snuggled a little closer, enjoying the feeling of being surrounded by Steve. They fell into a comfortable silence, giving Bucky the time to process everything. Steve kept stroking Bucky’s hair, dropping soft kisses on top of his head.

“I want you to understand, I didn’t tell you about Jack to guilt you into anything.”

“Of course not. I would never think that, Bucky. I know it must have been hard to relive what he put you through. I’m glad you feel comfortable enough with me to open up about it.”

“It took me a long time to get over him. It messed with my head, fucked up my self esteem. I was gun shy about dating for a long time. I’ve had a few relationships since then but nothing that heavy.

“But then you come along. And god, I really fucking like you. I can see this...us turning into something important. I know you’re nothing like Jack…”

“But I’m in the closet,” Steve finished quietly.

“Yeah,” Bucky whispered, voice a little shaky. “I promised myself I wouldn’t live my life as a secret again.”

Steve pulled back, giving him space to cup Bucky’s cheek.

“I don’t want you to be a secret either. You deserve better than that and I will never do anything to intentionally hurt you.” Steve promised. “I’ve been thinking about coming out for a while now, even before we met. And I want us to be able to date out in the open. I just need a little time to figure out the best way to come out. But I will do it, I promise you.”

Bucky gave him a soft smile, a sense of relief washing over him. “You’re worth the wait.”

Steve tugged Bucky closer and leaned in for a kiss. This kiss was much more gentle, laced with an emotion neither one of them were ready to acknowledge. Steve shifted back into the cushions, bringing Bucky with him. He didn’t try to deepen the kiss, keeping it tender and light.

When they finally separated, Bucky felt a sense of peace, the kiss having eased the weight of sharing something so painful.

Steve brushed aside a stray lock of Bucky’s hair, rubbing his thumb gently against his cheek. “Just so you know, I have no interest in dating anyone else.”

Bucky broke into a huge grin, his heart flipping around in his chest. “Me neither. You’re kind of hard to top.”
Steve laughed, twisting a finger in Bucky’s hair. They sat there for a while, grinning at each other like idiots. Bucky could feel the unspoken agreement floating between them.

“How about I give you that tour now? At least of this floor.”

Bucky nodded, getting up and stretching out his limbs. Steve followed suit, giving Bucky a chaste kiss before tugging him towards another room. Steve turned on the light, revealing a bright and airy artist studio. Shelves were lined with canisters of brushes and tubes of paint. Hip level, built in shelves dominated one wall, filled with a store’s worth of art supplies. Canvases in various stages were stacked around the room. And a large wooden easel and artist drafting table stood at opposite ends of the converted garage door.

“Do you mind if I look around?” Bucky asked.

“Not at all. There’s not much rhyme or reason to the space though.”

Bucky looked through the canvases and sketches scattered throughout the studio. He was a little in awe of Steve’s talent. He knew Steve went to art school before the war but the level of his talent wasn’t well known. The significance of Steve sharing this with him wasn’t lost on Bucky. He felt honored to get to see this side of Steve.

He moved aside a sketch of the Brooklyn Bridge and stopped dead when he saw what was underneath it. There, in sharp detail, was a sketch of him. The likeness was uncanny. His gaze was off to the side, his hair falling slightly in his face.

Steve walked up behind him, peering over his shoulder to see what caught his attention. He was silent for a moment, possibly waiting for Bucky to say something. But the sketch had stunned Bucky and he was at a loss for words.

Steve kissed the side of his head, running his hands up and down Bucky’s arms. “I can never seem to get your eyes right.”

Bucky shook his head, a wave of affection flooding over him. He cleared his throat, choking back tears. “It’s beautiful.”

“I’m only drawing what I see,” Steve confessed.

He turned Bucky to face him, eyes filled with tenderness. It was almost more than Bucky could bear. Steve pulled him into a kiss, cupping Bucky’s face in his hands. He could feel the emotions Steve was pouring into the kiss. It was intoxicating and terrifying all at once.

They lost track of time, trading slow and lazy kisses. And Steve’s hands never left Bucky’s face. After a while, they reluctantly separated. Steve had a sappy smile on his face and Bucky was pretty sure he had a matching one on his.

“I hate to do this but I should probably go,” Bucky sighed, breaking their goofy staring contest.

“Yeah. It’s getting pretty late and we’re heading out for a mission early tomorrow. I won’t be able to talk much while I’m gone. But I’ll text you as soon as it’s over.”

“Of course. Go be a superhero or whatever. Try not to get hurt.”

Steve shrugged. “I have a good team. I won’t get banged up too much.”

Steve gave Bucky another quick kiss before letting him go.
“How are you getting home?”

Bucky hadn’t really thought of that. He didn’t feel like taking the bus at this time of night. Obvious vampire might have other vampire friends.

“I can get a Lyft.”

Steve pulled out his phone, opening up the app and requesting a pick up before Bucky could object. “Since I can’t escort you home personally, let me at least pay for it.”

“And they say chivalry is dead. We just need to dig up more soldiers from the 40s. I’m sure we can reanimate their corpses somehow.”

Steve rolled his eyes. “It’s cute that you think you’re funny.”

They made out on the couch until the Lyft driver beeped his horn. Steve walked him to the door, kissing him on the forehead.

“I promise I’ll figure out how to come out soon. I have no intentions of hiding our relationship.”

Bucky’s stomach fluttered at the word ‘relationship’. That wasn’t a word he took lightly and he had a feeling Steve didn’t either. They shared one more kiss before Bucky got into the waiting car.

He felt like he was floating on his way home. It had been unbelievably hard to open up about Jack but it was worth it. Steve had been incredible about it too.

I think it’s time to retire my booty shorts, Bucky thought to himself. With what Tony was paying him, he didn’t need the money. And he wasn’t getting as much out of it since Cap disappeared. If he wanted a real chance with Steve though, he needed to let go of the illusion of Cap.

There were hints that Steve was more dominating than he let on. But he doubted it was anywhere near what Cap could do with just words on a screen. A nagging voice in the back of his head (which sounded suspiciously like Darcy) kept urging him to be honest with Steve. But he was afraid to risk what could possibly be an amazing relationship over sex. In the end, he’d rather have someone who treated him well than someone who fucked him senseless. He’d had great sex with Jack and look where that got him.

Steve and Bucky made their way from the subway to the Barnes family residence. With each step, Bucky grew more and more anxious. He was convinced this visit would mean the end of his relationship with Steve. Which was a shame because Steve was a fucking amazing kisser. They had been dating for a few weeks now and Bucky had never been happier.

He had asked to take things slow and Steve had, of course, agreed. It wasn’t that Bucky didn’t want to sleep with Steve. Every time they kissed, it was a Herculean effort not to rip off Steve’s clothes. But truthfully, Bucky was afraid the sex would be disappointing. And he wanted to live in their honeymoon bubble for a bit longer. Darcy kept telling him he was living in denial (“And not the river in Egypt!”) but denial had Steve’s buff arms and talented tongue. All in all, it wasn’t a bad place to take up residence.

Two weeks ago, Bucky broke down and told his family he was dating someone. Over a Sunday family dinner, his mother interrogated him mercilessly. When Bucky admitted he was dating Captain America, it didn’t phase Winnie one bit. This was a woman who had Tony Stark’s direct number on speed dial. Another Avenger wouldn’t slow her down.
“Does that mean I need to fill out a FOIA request to get a copy of his medical records? There’s no telling what that serum did to his sperm. I don’t want my only son turning radioactive because he swallowed genetically modified jizz. You know how strongly I lobbied against GMOs. Super soldier cum is not an exception.”

“Mom, please never say jizz in my presence again,” Becca pleaded.

Winnie continued on as if Becca didn’t say anything. “If you really think about it, that shield of his is one big phallic symbol. For your sake dear, I hope that doesn’t mean he’s overcompensating.”

“Ma! For fuck’s sake. We haven’t even…” Bucky waved his hand, face a deep crimson. He desperately just wanted his mother to stop talking about Steve’s dick.

“Haven’t what? Haven’t had sex? Dear lord, Bucky, I thought you were smarter than that. You find a redwood that majestic, you climb it the first chance you get.”

The rest of the dinner continued in the same, cringe worthy manner, his mother asking everything from Steve’s bathroom habits (“Regular and healthy bowel movements are important, Bucky. Speaking of which, I’ll need a sample for Dr. Fischer before you leave.”) to his fashion choices (“He’s a grown man running around in a onesie. You have to wonder if he’s into psychosexual infantilism.”).

Bucky only escaped when he took a blood oath promising to bring Steve over for dinner. And that damn needle hurt like hell. By a stroke of luck, Steve was called away on back-to-back missions, delaying the inevitable disaster. But Bucky had run out of excuses and he was now bringing his amazing boyfriend to the proverbial slaughter.

“I feel like I should give you a blanket apology now for the entire evening.”

Steve gave his hand a gentle squeeze. “I’m sure it will be fine. I’m really looking forward to meeting your family.”

Bucky scoffed. He had heard some variation of that sentence a few times before. And every single guy he ever brought home left the dinner shaking and somewhat traumatized.

“You say that now but you have never met anyone quite like my mother.”

Steve laughed. The stupid, naive idiot. Bucky looked down at the bouquet of dark raspberry, maroon and marigold Gerber daisies in Steve’s hands. In a blatant attempt to get into Winnie’s good graces, Steve had asked after her favorite flower. He had come to pick up Bucky with a gorgeous arrangement of the daisies. As if that was going to help him.

They came to a stop in front of a dark clay-colored brownstone. Bucky paused at the gate to take a centering breath.

He was really going to miss Steve.

Before they could even get up the stairs, the door flew open and out popped his mother. Her mass of mahogany curls were gathered in a bun on top of her head, secured by two walnut knitting needles. Her bright green glasses rested on a beaded chain around her neck. And she was covered from shoulder to toe in red, white and blue. Both Steve and Bucky did a double take.

“Fruit of my loins and sire of my future grandchildren! Come in, come in!”

Becca was standing in the doorway, trying her level best not to laugh out loud. She was failing
miserably.

“It’s very nice to meet you, Mrs. Barnes,” Steve said, handing over his peace offering.

Winnie waved her hands, shoving the flowers against Becca’s chest as she wrestled Steve in for a hug.

“None of that Mrs. Barnes crap! Call me Winnie,” she exclaimed as she shoved Steve into the brownstone.

“Why is she dressed like a deranged flag,” Bucky whispered to Becca as he gave her a hug.

Becca, the more pragmatic of the Barnes clan, shrugged. “She said she wanted him to feel at home. Fuck if I know what she meant.”

“How big of a disaster do you think this is going to be?” he asked.

“She’s on glass number two of a lovely Cab, so I’d say ‘Godzilla at a ceramic dolls convention’ level disaster.”

Bucky was really going to miss kissing Steve.

They made their way into the living room where Winnie was proudly showing off Bucky’s eighth grade final project. He wanted to do a slow motion dramatic dive to stop her.

“Oh did I mention she dusted off your final project for Mrs. Anderson’s class? Complete with your epic collage?” Becca teased.

Bucky had never wished so hard for a natural disaster. Steve was grinning from ear to ear.

“You didn’t tell me you did a report about the science of my shield,” Bucky’s soon-to-be ex-boyfriend said, a shit eating grin on his stupid, handsome face.

“He worked so hard on it! The collage alone took a week.” his traitorous mother beamed.

“Dad, why didn’t you stop her?” Bucky hissed.

“As if anything could stop Winnie Barnes. I’d like to keep my sex privileges, thank you very much. Your mother is very flexible.”

Becca howled with laughter behind him. He had no sister anymore.

Winnie swatted Bucky’s shoulder while simultaneously giving him a kiss. “Oh Bucky, don’t be such a wet blanket. I’m sure Steve here would love to see your early genius!”

“Yes, Bucky, don’t be such a wet blanket,” Steve said before humming god knows what under his breath as he perused 13 year old Bucky’s hard work.

“Too bad you were still on ice when he did his presentation. He could have used you as a visual aid!” George said.

“Geez, Dad, he’s not a frozen steak,” Becca finally came to her older brother’s defense.

“It’s quite alright. I’ve heard much worse. One time this woman at a party asked if my di…”

Warning bells went off like mad in Bucky’s head. “So what’s for dinner?” he interrupted.
How had this visit flown off the rails so fast?

Becca, more than likely sensing her brother’s oncoming heart attack, started moving everyone into the dining room.

Waving her hands at the table like a Price is Right model, Becca proclaimed, “Dad made spaghetti and meatballs!”

Winnie, always the one to use even the most ordinary details as a life lesson, turned to Steve. “There’s none of that misogynistic, gender based division of labor in the Barnes’ household. And George’s balls are the best thing you’ll ever put in your mouth!”

“Oh sweet Jesus,” Bucky grimaced. He had no idea how he was going to make it out of this dinner alive.

Winnie insisted Steve sit beside her, with Bucky and Becca sitting opposite them. George sat happily at the head of the table. The meal was set out buffet style, which meant there were blissful moments of silence as they all served themselves.

Winnie waited until everyone had food before firing the starting shot.

“Now with the serum, Steve, does that mean you can’t get or transmit sexually transmitted diseases?”

Bucky put his head in his hands, praying for death. Or another alien invasion.

Steve, the little shit, beamed at Winnie.

“As a matter of fact, the serum does prevent me from contracting or transmitting any STIs.”

Winnie clapped her hands like a kid at Christmas. “Did you hear that, Bucky Bear? That means you and Steve can go bareback!”

Becca did a spit take, her wine almost spraying Steve’s sweater. Meanwhile, Steve lit up at the sound of Bucky’s childhood nickname.

“Bucky Bear?” he mouthed to Bucky. Bucky discreetly flipped him off. Becca was probably choking from laughing so hard but he refused to help the traitor.

“I make sure both my children get screened at least once a year. You will be happy to know Bucky has never tested positive for any diseases.”

“She makes us send her copies of the results,” Becca grumbled, more to her food than to anyone in particular.

“Winnie, dear. We agreed to wait until dessert before asking after Steve’s sexual history.” George admonished.

“Don’t lie, George. It’s unattractive. You know I’d never agree to such a thing.”

“I don’t mind answering any questions you have, Winnie,” Steve assured her.

Becca dropped her fork, George coughed and Bucky considered setting the curtains on fire to stop this train wreck.

“I’m afraid you’ve opened Pandora’s Box with that statement,” George said, looking at Steve as if he was about to walk the green mile.
“Shut up, love of my life. Steve, it’s positively refreshing to have someone in this house who isn’t a pathological liar.”

Bucky scrubbed a hand over his face, sighing deeply. “It’s not lying if we refuse to answer every invasive question that pops into your head, Ma.”

“Bucky Bear, you really shouldn’t talk to your mother like that,” Steve scolded, using his best “Captain America is Disappointed in You” voice. The fucker.

“Well aren’t you just the living end!” Winnie exclaimed. “I regret to inform you Bucky but Steve has replaced you as my new favorite son.”

“New favorite son,” Steve mouthed to Bucky. Oh god how Bucky wished he had Drew Barrymore’s Firestarter powers. Because he wouldn’t mind watching the asshole sitting across from him burst into flames.

“I think Steve might be a male version of Ma,” Becca whispered to him, slightly horrified.

“Since you’ve opened the barn door, Steve, let’s talk girth.”

Bucky sputtered, almost choking on the wine he just swallowed. “Nope! No. No. No. Can we just have a normal conversation about…I don’t know, career ambitions and lifelong goals? Boring stuff other families discuss when first meeting people.”

“Well I think I’ve reached my career potential, Bucky Bear. I am Captain America after all. I suppose I could go for Captain World next, but that would be rather egotistical of me.”

“I will stab you with this fork, Mr. Rogers.”

“James Buchanan Barnes! I will not have such violence brought into my home! Is this what you’re learning in that fight club?”

Becca turned to Bucky and opened her mouth.

“I’m not in a fight club.” he muttered before she could ask. She shrugged her shoulders and went back to her spaghetti. Becca learned long ago not to interfere where Winnie and Bucky’s boyfriends were concerned.

This was about the time George decided to reign in the conversation. Or make his best attempt to do so.

“Bucky tells me you’re reading about the history of Prospect Park.”

Steve wiped at some sauce he rather inelegantly got on his chin before nodding.

“There were some fine murders there, particularly in the late 70s.” George declared.

Bucky threw up his hands. It was obvious his family hated him.

Steve was positively delighted. Like a big, asshole Labrador retriever finding a new favorite toy.

“The book I’m reading now doesn’t go into detail about the actual crimes, unfortunately.”

George shook his head. “Well that’s a damn shame. I’m happy to take you on a tour of the Park, show you around some of the more gruesome crime locations.”
“There goes my appetite,” Becca mumbled, pushing away her plate.

“I would love that!”

Becca looked over at Bucky. “Where the fuck did you find this guy?” she whispered. Bucky was too busy draining the last of his wine glass to answer.

“Now I don’t want to seem like I’m imposing,” George started. Bucky really didn’t want to know where this was going. “But I would love to meet Thor.”

*That...was actually a normal statement*, Bucky thought, breathing a sigh of relief.

“Things we long believed to be myth are a part of his people’s history. It would be like talking to a buffer version of Montezuma. He’s a walking connection to Norse mythology.”

Steve nodded. “I’m sure he would love to meet you. Thor is always eager to share tales of Asgard with anyone who will listen. That’s partly why he’s banned from The Apple Store in Grand Central. Well that and the axe throwing incident.”

The other Barneses nodded sagely, as if axe throwing incidents were an everyday occurrence in their household.

Steve turned his attention to Becca. “Bucky tells me you’re studying pre-law?”

She looked confused by the normalcy of his question. “I am. I’d like to go into non-profit law, particularly relating to criminal justice reform.”

“I’ve been reading *The New Jim Crow* by Michelle Alexander. The fact that we’ve come so far technologically but still hold on to a white, heteronormative, patriarchal paradigm confounds me.”

Becca’s eyes near about popped out of their sockets.

“Holy shit! Captain America is a flaming liberal!” she shrieked.

“I’m not sure why this surprises anyone. My mother was a member of the Socialist party. And I never liked bullies. The biggest bullies I see in the country now are sadly running the country.”

You could have powered all of Brooklyn with Winnie’s megawatt smile.

“Oh George! Can we keep him?”

“I rather think Bucky would be the one to put a leash on him.” George said, wiping up the remnants of his tomato sauce with bread. Acting like he didn’t just suggest his son was into some seriously kinky shit.

“Ohhh! Are you two into role playing? That is such a wonderful way to keep things exciting in the bedroom! If you need some variety, George and I have costumes you could borrow!”

Becca scrunched up her nose, Bucky started praying for death out loud and Steve just asked if he could have more spaghetti. Because he was a goddamn, patriotic asshole.

By the time Steve was ready to leave, Bucky was researching how to get into the witness protection program on his phone.

Winnie, a deceptively strong little wisp of a woman, yanked Steve down for a bear hug. “Please
don’t be a stranger, dear. Are you on Facebook? I should send you a friend request!”

“Oh boy!” Becca whispered to Bucky. “You need to keep that from happening. Unless you want Ma sending your new boyfriend Facebook sex quizzes.”

Bucky shrugged, pretty much resigned to Winnie dragging Steve into their weird little family. He watched as George and Becca also gave Steve hugs and discussed plans for future outings. Tonight had been a car crash wrapped in a shit sandwich. But Steve was positively glowing. Bucky never had a boyfriend fit so seamlessly into his family. Seeing Steve joking along with the most important people in his life tugged at his heart strings.

Steve was almost everything Bucky ever wanted. It would be monumentally stupid to give him up because he lacked the sexual experience Bucky craved. When Steve’s eyes went soft as Winnie gave him Bucky’s baby album to take home (goddamnit, Ma, Bucky swore to himself), Bucky’s heart melted. And that’s when he knew.

Bucky Barnes was falling in love with Steve Rogers.

Chapter End Notes

I'd love to discuss plot points or reactions to this chapter! I'm curious to hear what y'all have to say and love discussing writing and all things Stucky. Feel free to hit up my ask box or message me on Tumblr!
Boy Comes Out

Chapter Summary

Steve comes out as bisexual to the team and the world, meets Darcy and shit hits the fan.

Chapter Notes

We're one chapter away from the ending! This one is another long one and a lot goes down, so fasten your seat belts.

By the way, the amazingly talented thatsmysecretduh created a kick ass cover for The Captain and the Cam Boy! I was blown away by how she was able to capture the feel of this story so well! She found the exact version of Bucky I had in my head (except my Bucky has longer hair) too! I’m honored she used her talent to create a cover for my story.

Once again, high five to my beta Full of Beans and Spunk. Her comments on each chapter are like the audio commentary on a blu-ray.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“I’m bisexual,” Steve said, more Captain America than Steve Rogers. “I’m bisexual and I’m anxiously awaiting the moment I can defile Tony’s protege. In every way imaginable.”

Maybe don’t use the last part, Steve thought as he continued to stare himself down in the bathroom mirror. He had been practicing those words for well over an hour now and it wasn’t getting any easier. They were two (well three if you count the hijacked “am”) simple little words and yet he kept faltering on them. He sighed, pushing off the bathroom counter and walking into his bedroom.

He started getting ready for Tower Buffet Night (Tony was obsessed with Tower theme nights), nerves on edge. Steve had chosen Buffet Night to come out since everyone would be there. Although he knew they would all be supportive, it was still a frightening step. But it was one he needed to take. He had no intentions of hiding his feelings for Bucky. How he felt about Bucky was much too big and much too important to force into a locked closet. And he never wanted Bucky to feel as small as Jack made him feel. He also wouldn’t mind paying Jack a visit...with his fists.

Steve had been surprised (but immensely grateful) that Nat hadn’t yet grilled him about Bucky. Every now and then, she would give him a funny little smile but otherwise kept mum on the subject of his love life. Steve suspected she already knew but was letting Steve tell her when he was ready. And now he was.

Steve threw on jeans and an indigo Henley before grabbing his phone off the nightstand. He grinned
when he saw a text from Winnie. It had been a week since his delightful introduction to the Barnes family and him and Winnie were already the best of friends. Steve adored the woman and the two had been swapping texts for days. Bucky probably didn’t want to know the things Steve talked about with her.

Winnie: Came across this and thought Bucky would appreciate it. link

Steve clicked on the link, the words Best Anal Lubes of 2018 popping up at the top of his phone screen.

Winnie: It’s a rather nice update from their 2017 list! They use a star rating and everything!

Steve really adored Winnie Barnes.

Steve: Why are they all named after stereotypical manly things? Gun Oil? Swiss Navy? Elbow Grease? None of this sounds sexy.

Winnie: I know, dear. It’s as if they’re afraid marketing to men having sex with other men will somehow make them gay. [eye roll emoji]. I do like the Invade Deep Fisting Cream packaging though. It’s a more sophisticated masculinity. Which is hard to achieve with the word “fisting” right there on the front.

Steve burst out laughing, almost tripping down the stairs. Even though Winnie was sometimes the bane of Bucky’s existence, Steve could never get enough of her. She already promised to teach him to knit and sweet-talked him into working a shift at Knit Happens, her knitting shop. He still wasn’t sure how that happened. Bucky had told him to get used to that feeling.

Steve slipped into his leather jacket as he responded to Winnie’s text, climbing into the Lyft waiting outside his door. He didn’t feel like driving his motorcycle or dealing with the subway, his nerves too on edge for either option.

Steve: I’m heading over to the Tower now. I’m going to tell them about Bucky. I think they’ll figure out I’m bisexual after that, don’t you think?

Winnie: [shrugging emoji]: Bucky’s not the most manly name. I kept telling him that when he was single. [eye roll emoji]. Make sure you film Tony’s reaction. George and I have a bet going on his response. I say he’ll threaten you with a shovel. George thinks he’ll actually hit you with one. Either way, both reactions would be great for my YouTube channel.

Steve: Happy to hear my possible assault is a source of entertainment for you and George.

Winnie: Oh don’t get your tights in a bunch. I’m sure it will all go fine. I’m very proud of you, Steven. I’m sure your mom would be too. Although she’d most likely wonder about that onesie you call a uniform.

Steve: [laughing face emoji] You’re probably right.

Winnie: In all seriousness, I know this is a big step for you. These people are like your family and not all families react well to these things. But this bunch includes a rage monster, a former circus performer, an ex-Russian assassin, a literal god, Tony fucking Stark and a former VA counselor. None of them are going to be anything less than supportive. If anyone gives you shit, let me know. I can be very creative with knitting needles.

Steve really fucking adored Winnie Barnes. It touched him that she already cared enough to threaten violence.
Steve: Thanks, Winnie. [heart emoji].

They texted back and forth idly as the car traveled through Manhattan rush hour. When they reached the Tower, Steve signed off, promising to call Winnie later that night. He made his way up to the common area, running into Thor along the way. He was carrying an ornate golden bottle.

“What’s in the bottle?” Steve asked.

Thor beamed, thrusting it at Steve. “Tony has grown tired of us not being intoxicated during team bonding festivities. I brought along a fine mead from Asgard to remedy the situation.”

Steve opened the cap to take a sniff and was hit with a strong scent of honey, apples and vanilla. It smelled amazing.

“This should make tonight interesting,” he mumbled to himself.

Natasha and Clint were already in the kitchen, a burning smell coming from the stove.

“I told you to keep an eye on the rice, idiot!” Natasha hissed, slapping Clint with a potholder.

“I was! I only took my eye off it for a minute!”

Natasha tossed his phone at him. “You were watching Howard the Duck! Again!”

Clint opened his mouth only to snap it shut when she glared at him. “You’re going to explain to Bruce why his rice is burnt at the bottom.”

Everyone else wandered into the room and began pitching in to make dinner. Steve was chopping tomatoes for a salad when he blurted out, “I’m bisexual.”

Every pair of eyes in the room zeroed in on him. Wanda dropped the spoon she was using to stir the Tom Yum soup.

Natasha broke out into a shit-eating grin. “Well congratulations, Steve! Any particular reason you’re choosing now to share with the rest of the class?”

Sam arched an eyebrow, all interest in dicing cucumbers lost to the spectacle playing out in front of him. Bruce gave his shoulder a comforting pat, seeming to sense Steve’s nerves.

“I’ve...been dating someone and I don’t want to hide it anymore.”

Tony perked up. “Someone punched your V card?! This calls for champagne!”

“It’s Bucky, Tony.” Steve couldn’t help biting out after the swipe at his non-existent virginity.

In an instant, Tony’s face went cold. It put Steve immediately on edge and Pepper moved to stand between the two of them.

“My Bucky? You’re dating MY Bucky?” Tony fumed, pointing the knife in his hand at Steve.

Steve took a moment to calm himself before responding. The last thing he wanted to do was start an argument. For once.

“He’s his own man, Tony. And it’s not a casual thing. I have strong feelings for him.”

Everyone watched Tony and Steve as if they were a tennis match. The silence dragged on, Tony
staring Steve down. He finally dropped the knife, quietly walking out of the room.

Pepper went to follow but Steve stopped her with a hand to her shoulder. “Let me, Pepper.”

She hesitated a moment before nodding. As he walked out, Natasha gave him a soft, encouraging smile.

Thor gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up. “Congratulations on discovering the pleasures of a male lover!”

Steve heard a chorus of howling laughter as he went after Tony. He didn’t have to go far. Tony was pacing a few feet away from the common area door, arms crossed over his chest.

Steve approached slowly, not sure what to say. Tony kept pacing, looking down at the ground.

“How long has this been going on?” he asked tersely.

“Almost a month. And this isn’t an experiment or me testing out my sexuality. I figured out I liked women and men when I was a teenager. The Howlies knew, Peggy knew, even your father knew.”

Tony bristled at the mention of his father’s name. Steve knew Tony and Howard had a contentious relationship, something he never quite understood. And since him and Tony weren’t all that close, he never felt he had the right to ask.

Tony was quiet for a long time. For once, Steve wanted him to say something, anything. The silence was deafening and Steve didn’t know how to fill it.

“The Howard Stark you knew was not the Howard Stark who raised me,” Tony finally started, gaze firmly on the ground. “My dad was a lot of things but nurturing wasn’t one of them. I always felt like I had to prove myself for him to love me. So I pushed myself to be the smartest, the best. But he never told me he was proud of me. Not to my face.”

Steve wasn’t sure where this was going but kept quiet, leaning against the wall and keeping his eyes on Tony.

“I see this limitless curiosity and sheer genius in Bucky and it reminds me of my younger self. I know his family loves and supports him. Winnie and George have done an amazing job with him. But I also never want him to feel as inadequate as Howard made me feel most of my life. I know he’s not my son but he’s the closest I’ll probably ever get.”

Steve nodded, knowing he needed to be completely honest with Tony. He looked down at his feet, taking a moment to settle himself. He was about to tell Tony something he only recently admitted to himself. But Steve had to make Tony understand how much Bucky meant to him.

“I haven’t told him this yet but I’m falling in love with him. I would move heaven and earth to make him happy. I don’t take relationships lightly and Bucky...Bucky means the world to me.”

Tony carefully watched Steve for several minutes before giving him a curt nod. “I’ll say this once. If you hurt him in any way, I will come for you. Super soldier serum be damned.”

“If I hurt him, I won’t even put up a fight.”

Pepper tentatively stepped out into the hallway. “Everything okay out here?”

Tony gave her a smile, clapping Steve on the shoulder. “Just making sure Steve is good enough for
“If there’s anyone I trust with Bucky, it’s Steve,” Pepper said, planting a kiss on Steve’s cheek. “Now come on. Dinner’s getting cold. And Thor wants to know if you top, Steve.”

Tony vigorously shook his head, eyebrows scrunched and mouth puckered as if he ate a lemon. “I may be fine with knowing you’re dating my non-son, but I do not want any details.”

“That’s a first,” Steve joked. “Maybe I should have dated Bucky sooner. Get you off my back.”

Steve said the last part as they walked back into the room.

“What about being on your back?” Sam asked, teasing smile on his face.

“If Steven is on his back, does that mean Bucky penetrates him?” Thor piped up from the counter. Where he was carving elaborate designs into radishes. No one bothered to ask him why.

Dinner went on as normal and Steve was able to relax after a glass of Thor’s mead. As the evening was winding down, Steve took Pepper aside.

“I’d like your help in coming out, preferably sooner rather than later. I don’t want to hide who I am anymore.”

“Of course. I can arrange an interview with a friendly outlet whenever you’re ready. They’ll clear their schedule to make room for you. Captain America coming out as bisexual is a huge story.”

Steve smiled gratefully, feeling a bit of the burden being lifted from his shoulders. “Can we do it this week?”

Pepper was already on her phone, tapping away. “Not a problem. I’ll get back to you with the details.”

“Thank you, Pepper. I really appreciate it.”

She nodded carefully before speaking again. “I know you say you’re ready but have you thought about the attention this will bring on the two of you? After this gets out, the paparazzi will hound you for a while. And I can only imagine the reaction online. Are you prepared for all of that?”

Steve sighed, knowing Pepper had valid points. He had thought about it, quite a bit. And him and Bucky also talked about it. But he knew Pepper was right - there was no telling how bad it would end up being.

“We’ve discussed it and think it’ll be worth it in the long run. I’m used to having everything I do scrutinized ad nauseum. I’ve tried to prepare Bucky for it as best as I can. But I refuse to hide my relationship with him. It’s too important to me.”

Pepper gave him a blinding smile and an enthusiastic hug. “Just take care of him, okay? He’s as important to me and Tony as he is to you.”

“I promise,” Steve hugged back, briefly resting his chin on her shoulder. “I need to text Winnie. She has a bet going with George about Tony’s reaction.”

“Let me guess, she thought Tony would brandish a shovel and George thought Tony would hit you with it?”

Steve stared at her in shock.
Pepper laughed. “Winnie and George are a force unto themselves,” she said by way of explanation.

She turned to leave, typing lighting fast on her phone. “I’ll forward you the interview details by the morning.”

Before Steve could move a step, Sam and Natasha cornered him. Sam was waggling his eyebrows suggestively while Natasha’s face rivaled that of a cat who ate four canaries.

“Well, well, well. Mr. Rogers is robbing the cradle in the neighborhood,” Sam teased.

Natasha gave him a comically elaborate wink. “You sly fox, Mr. Rogers. Taking a hen right from Tony’s hen house.”

“Please stop calling me Mr. Rogers. That makes me sound like a dirty old man.”

“Well if the medic alert bracelet fits…” Natasha howled with laughter.

Sam, Steve’s former best friend, high-fived her. They both dissolved into a fit of giggles as Steve gave them his “Captain America is Disappointed in You” face.

“Are you guys going to be done sometime soon? Or should I just head home now?”

That brought on a fresh round of giggles, both of them collapsing on the sofa.

“I can’t! I can’t! My side hurts,” Natasha cackled, clutching at her side. Sam rolled off the sofa, slapping the floor with his hand as he kept laughing.

“I need better friends,” Steve grumbled, going to get his jacket.

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“We are here with Steve Rogers, better known as our beloved Captain America. Hello, Steve, nice to see you again,” Robin Roberts gave Steve a warm smile.

They were sitting in high back chairs facing each other on the Good Morning America set. Pepper had dressed him casually in metallic gray wool slacks and a crisp, white oxford shirt, sleeves rolled up almost to his elbows.

“Thank you for having me, Robin. It’s always a pleasure to chat with you.”

“Always the charmer, aren’t you?” she teased.

Steve ducked his head, blushing slightly. “Just speaking the truth, ma’am.”

Robin chuckled, shaking her head fondly. “Before we go down a rabbit hole of complimenting each other, let’s talk about why you’re here today.”

Steve felt a tingling of nerves and looked to the side where Natasha and Sam were giving him enthusiastic thumbs up. Bucky had planned to be there too but a meeting with researchers in the biomedical engineering department at Rutgers was running late. He sent Steve a kissy face selfie in lieu of his actual presence. Steve centered his thoughts on that selfie before continuing.

“There is a lot of speculation about my private life in the media and online. I usually refrain from commenting on it, mostly because it’s not that interesting.”

“I highly doubt that,” Robin said, keeping her voice light but supportive.
He chuckled, shaking his head. “I’m a pretty regular guy outside of Captain America.”

“Is it a struggle to be seen as Steve Rogers?”

Steve was caught off guard by the question. Interviewers were often more interested in Cap than in the man behind the shield. Or in the idealized version of Steve Rogers that came into the 21st century.

“It can be, definitely. The media is a lot more aggressive in this century and celebrity sells. The more salacious, the better. It’s hard to live a normal life under such scrutiny.”

“And yet you’re here today to talk about something you’ve kept private for a long time now.”

Steve took a deep breath, wiping his palms a few times over his pants. “I am. I’m in a committed relationship and I didn’t want to hide who I was anymore. I’m bisexual.”

Robin reached over, giving his hand a gentle pat. “I personally know how hard it is to come out, especially so publicly. I applaud your courage.”

“There are sadly a number of people, in particular teenagers, who lose a lot by being true to themselves and they’re the ones with courage. I’m blessed to be surrounded by supportive friends. If me living my life more honestly helps even one person out there, it’s worth it.”

“You mentioned you were in a committed relationship. Can I assume it is with a man?”

Steve knew he was grinning like a loon. The thought of Bucky did that to him. “Yes. He’s an amazing partner and we’re very happy together.”

Robin had been instructed not to ask about Bucky’s identity on camera, which she readily agreed not to do.

“If that smile is anything to go by, he must be something special.” she beamed, looking genuinely happy for him.

“Special doesn’t begin to describe him. I’m unbelievably lucky to have him in my life.”

“Well I offer you both my sincerest congratulations and hope for a wonderful life together.”

“Thank you, Robin,” Steve breathed a sigh of relief, knowing the interview was over.

“We’ll be back with a live performance by Imagine Dragons,” Robin announced to the camera.

As soon as the cameraman called all clear, Robin stood up and gave Steve a warm hug.

“I truly am happy for you. I know that was scary but I promise, it’s worth being true to yourself.”

Steve got a little misty at her words, holding a bit tighter before letting go. Robin patted his upper arm as she stepped back.

“I have never regretted coming out, not even for a minute. There will always be bigots but giving them power over your life is no way to live,” she said.

“Thank you for that and for making this a lot less painful.”

“You’ll always have an advocate in me. You and Bucky have to come over for dinner sometime soon. Amber and I would love to meet him.”
Steve, touched by the invitation, gave her another hug.

“We would love to. If I can get him out of Tony’s lab.”

Robin laughed and patted him on the back before going back to the main set. Natasha and Sam practically jumped him, wrestling him into a weird, three way hug.

“Our baby is growing up! I’m so proud!” Natasha cooed.

His friends were assholes but he loved them.

“I think this calls for an ‘I Like Dick” pancake breakfast!” Sam said...rather loudly.

Steve felt his phone buzz in his pocket. Wiggling free of their boisterous affections, he pulled it out to check the screen.

Bucky: I’m so fucking proud of you, baby.

Steve had to put the phone away to stop himself from telling Bucky he loved him.

“Can’t you give me at least a hint about where we’re going?” Steve complained, hating being kept in the dark.

“Shush, Grandpa Simpson! We’re almost there. Don’t get your Depends in a bunch.”

Bucky was hustling Steve down Union Street, a devious smile on his face. He refused to tell Steve where they were going, only that Darcy would be meeting them there.

Steve was very excited about meeting Bucky’s best friend. He already felt a strong affection for her because she helped Bucky through such a terrible break up. But between her crazy school schedule and a few missions that took longer than expected, they hadn’t been able to meet before tonight. Luckily, supervillains seemed to be on vacation lately, which meant Steve had a more flexible schedule. They decided to take advantage of the quiet and finally get the three of them together. Steve just wasn’t sure where the meetup was taking place.

Bucky stopped in front of a nondescript brick warehouse, clapping his hands together. Steve should have been more worried about the almost-manic glee in his boyfriend’s eyes.

“Are you taking me to a slaughterhouse?” Steve asked, the soldier in him assessing the area for potential threats.

“This looks nothing like a slaughterhouse. How were you in charge of an elite combat force?” Bucky muttered, pushing Steve through the glass doors. He stopped short once he stepped inside, Bucky running into his back.

“Ouch! You can’t just stop dead in front of a doorway! Were you raised in a barn?”

Steve ignored him, too busy trying to understand where the fuck Bucky had taken him. Dominating the space was rows of individual shuffleboard courts. Pink flamingos, enormous potted palm trees and a long bar that screamed South Beach completed the aesthetic. It looked like a retirement home had a baby with the most hipster bar imaginable.

Steve was pretty sure this was his asshole boyfriend’s idea of a joke. “What the actual fuck is this place?”
“It’s a shuffleboard lounge!” Bucky proclaimed, arms spread out. “My grandpa loves shuffleboard, so I figured you’d be right at home.”

“Bite me, jerk.”

“If Bucky doesn’t jump on that offer, I gladly will,” a brunette woman chimed in. She was wearing an oatmeal colored scoop neck sweater and dark washed jeans that skimmed her thighs before flaring out over black boots. Her chestnut hair cascaded in waves around her shoulders, emerald glasses serving as a hair band. And her lips were fire engine red. She could have given Peggy a run for her money.

Bucky grinned, throwing up his hand for a high five. She slapped it before bumping him with her hip.

“Steve, this uncivilized individual is Darcy Lewis, future New York District Attorney.”

“Slow your roll, Bucky Bear. Gotta finish law school before I become the next Adam Schiff.”

“He was never the DA. Or an actual person,” Bucky argued, tone suggesting this was a familiar exchange.

“Details, details!” she waved a manicured hand in the air, nail polish perfectly matching her lipstick. She turned to Steve, leveling him with a piercing glare. Natasha would have been impressed.

“It’s nice to finally meet you,” Steve smiled, tentatively reaching out his hand. Darcy batted it away before going in for a hug.

“We hug around these parts, cowpoke,” she said, tipping an imaginary hat.

“Oh good lord, not this again,” Bucky grumbled.

“Westworld is my jam,” Darcy said in a stage whisper.

“She refused to answer to anything other than Maeve for a full month after she finished the first season.”

Steve happily stood by, watching what was clearly the Darcy and Bucky show.

“And I stand by that decision!” she smirked, punching Bucky in the shoulder. “Anyways, I just got here and it’s crowded as fuck. Who knew hipsters loved shuffleboard so much?!”

Darcy pushed her glasses onto her face, blatantly sizing Steve up.

“I think I’m gonna call you Blonde Milkshake,” Darcy declared.

“Oh my fucking god,” Bucky put a hand over his face. “Can we please not so soon in the evening?”

Steve tilted his head slightly, eyebrows scrunching in towards each other. “Why Blonde Milkshake?”

“Please don’t ask that,” Bucky all but begged Steve.

“Because that ass will definitely bring all the boys and girls to the yard.”

Steve had no idea what she was talking about but from the fierce blush crawling up Bucky’s neck, it probably wasn’t anything good. Steve immediately loved her.
“Can we just go put our name on the list for a court?” Bucky looked desperate to end this line of conversation. Steve almost felt sorry for Bucky’s sanity. Almost.

“I think you and I are gonna get along just fine, Ms. Lewis,” Steve announced, putting his elbow out for her. She beamed at him, taking the offered elbow and leading them further inside.

“Ms. Lewis. What great big manners you have… Mr. Rogers.”

Steve was never going to live down that name. Bruce assured him the real Mr. Rogers was a wonderful human being. But Steve kind of hated the dead man’s guts.

They added their name to the court waiting list, Steve playing the Captain America card to get them bumped up to the top. Darcy asked if he could use that same trick with her hairdresser.

“When you’re waiting, I can give you a rundown of the rules,” Chad, the guy manning the reservation desk, offered.

As Chad went through his explanation, he leered at Steve, intent obvious in his eyes. Steve did his best to ignore it but Darcy caught on pretty quickly. Perfectly contoured eyebrow raised, she opened her mouth to say something but Bucky elbowed her. They had a quick, silent conversation before she mouthed “fine”, raising her hands in defeat.

“Do you guys have any questions?” Chad asked, looking only at Steve.

“Nope, I think we’re good, Brad,” Darcy quipped, snatching the score card and pen Chad was waving towards Steve.

“It’s Chad,” he snapped back.

“How about you not get us thrown out in the first 10 minutes,” Bucky hissed quietly at her. She gave Chad an innocent smile while flipping him off under the desk.

Chad, ignoring Bucky and Darcy, reached his hand out to touch Steve’s arm. “Can I just say, you coming out has been such an inspiration to our community. Having Captain America as a gay role model gives LGBTQ teens someone to admire.”

Steve sighed internally, moving his arm away but keeping his pageant smile intact. “Thank you. Although I don’t see myself as a role model. I’m just a bisexual man who didn’t want to live a lie anymore.”

“Of course! But I hope you know the impact your coming out had on so many lives. I’m on the board of Brooklyn Pride and we would love to collaborate with you on future projects.” Chad leaned forward, elbows on the desk and eyes blatantly roaming over Steve’s body. “I should give you my number. We could discuss it over drinks.”

Darcy snapped her fingers in front of Chad, storm clouds rolling over her ocean blue eyes. “As much fun as it is to watch you eye fuck my friend’s boyfriend, we’d really like to get a court, please.”

He scoffed, giving Darcy a dirty look before turning to get their shuffleboard sticks, or tangs as Chad had called them, and scoring discs. Steve shot Darcy a grateful look before taking Bucky’s hand. Bucky smiled, the expression not reaching his eyes.

Steve knew Bucky was still getting used to the pains that came with dating a public figure. But it couldn’t be easy to watch someone shamelessly hitting on Steve, especially given Bucky’s dating history. Steve was internally seething but choked it down so as not to spoil their evening.
“You’re on lane 10,” Chad all but shoved the equipment at them.

“Thank you very much, Thad,” Darcy said dismissively, picking up her tang.

“It’s Chad, not Thad.”

Darcy waved him off. “Whatever. Let’s get to slinging discs!” she stalked off, not sparing him another glance.

“She reminds me of Natasha. Not sure if that’s a good or a bad thing,” Steve mused.

Bucky looked mildly terrified. “God help us if those two ever meet. Her and my mom together are bad enough.”

They set themselves up, deciding Darcy and Bucky would play against Steve.

“You have a clear advantage, Super Size Steve,” Darcy laughed way too long at her own joke.

“I see the two of you share custody of that abysmal sense of humor,” Steve deadpanned. “How about I go get us something to drink while that bomb clears out.”

“Oh! Mr. All-American has jokes! In that case, I’d like a bottle of this fine establishment’s best suds!”

“Second that,” Bucky said, reading the instructions on the score sheet.

Steve made his way to the bar, trying not to draw attention to himself. The Chad incident put him a bit on guard, the last thing he wanted to feel tonight. Two weeks ago, TMZ leaked Bucky’s identity without contacting Steve or SHIELD PR first. The ambush meant they were both unprepared for the sudden, frenzied public interest. Their relationship had been under a microscope ever since.

There was the usual crap from conservative groups and Fox News questioning his fitness to carry the Captain America mantle. It was easy enough for Steve to shrug off the bigots. What wasn’t so easy to ignore was the intense focus on Bucky. Steve regularly reviewed the media coverage and didn’t like the amount of “Is this guy good enough for Captain America?” speculation.

Bucky never mentioned it but he must have seen the same things on his own social media feeds. It was an unnerving level of scrutiny, something Bucky most likely never experienced. Steve could tell it was starting to wear on him. The last thing Bucky needed was to watch someone throwing themselves at Steve. As he waited for their beers, he sent up a silent little prayer the rest of the night would be relaxed and fun.

He came back to their court just in time to see Bucky put a motherfucking corn dog in his goddamn mouth. Steve was more than a little obsessed with that mouth. And watching Bucky eat a corn dog was a torture even Hydra couldn’t top. Who the fuck gave him that god damn corn dog anyway? Whoever it was, Steve was going to find them and put the fear of god into them. Bucky with a corn dog was a huge lapse in national security because it rendered one of Earth’s mightiest heroes absolutely useless. Thanks to their agreement to take things slow, Steve’s balls were about as blue as his tac suit. And this shit right here was not helping.

“You okay over there, Blonde Milkshake?” Darcy asked, a knowing look on her face.


“Maybe you should loosen your grip on that tang. Even better, get one on Bucky’s...”
“I swear to god, Darcy, if the next thing out of your mouth rhymes with nick, you’re on litter box duty for a month,” Bucky cut her off.

She cackled as she put down her beer. “I need to hit the head before we wipe the floor with your Star Spangled Ass, Mr. Rogers.”

She kept on laughing as she went off to find the restrooms. Damn, her voice really does carry, Steve thought to himself. He turned his attention back to Bucky, who was pretty much blowing the damn corn dog at this point. Who the fuck used that much tongue eating a corn dog?!

“Where’d you get that corn dog?” Steve asked, voice tight as he handed Bucky his beer.

“Food truck outside. We got you ten,” Bucky pointed at the table behind them. Sure enough, ten corn dogs were divided evenly among two plates.

“You know me so well,” Steve clutched his heart before shoving an entire corn dog into his mouth. Bucky’s mouth formed a small O as he watched Steve’s mouth stretch over it.

“That’s...uh...that’s a neat trick,” Bucky said, more than a little breathless.

Steve raised an eyebrow before quickly swallowing the rest of the corn dog. He was leaning in for a kiss when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to see a young woman smiling up at him.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but would you mind taking a picture with me and my friends? It’s my 21st birthday!” she slurred, already waving over a group of ladies.

Steve could smell booze on her breath and the unsteady gait of her friends confirmed they were more than a bit tipsy.

“Oh, well since it’s your birthday, I can’t really say no.” Steve plastered on his Captain America smile, glancing over to Bucky with an apology in his eyes. Bucky waved his hand, shaking his head to let Steve know it was fine. As Bucky brought his beer to his lips, the young woman shoved her phone at him.

“I’m sure your friend here won’t mind taking the picture for us, right?” she said, flicking her honey blonde hair over her shoulder.

Bucky clumsily grabbed at her phone, juggling it and his beer bottle. Before he could say anything, Steve was surrounded by four women, each one trying to squeeze themselves against him.

The birthday girl was the worst offender, plastering herself to his side. She was wearing a gravity defying top and Steve was trying his hardest to look anywhere but down. Fake smile firmly in place, Steve willed Bucky to hurry the fuck up and take the damn picture. After a few snaps, Bucky handed over her phone but she shoved it back at him.

“How is that even possible, he thought to himself) moving his arm to her waist. As Bucky went to snap yet another picture, she pulled Steve down and planted a sloppy kiss on his lips. Immediately, Steve gently but firmly pushed her away and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Can we do one with just me and you?” she asked, batting her eyes up at Steve and ignoring the obvious irritation seeping on to his face. Without waiting for an answer, she moved even closer to Steve (how is that even possible, he thought to himself) moving his arm to her waist. As Bucky went to snap yet another picture, she pulled Steve down and planted a sloppy kiss on his lips. Immediately, Steve gently but firmly pushed her away and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“God, your lips are even softer than I imagined,” she gushed, clearly not seeing the anger on his face. “My name is Caroline, by the way. Maybe you’d like to join me and my friends? We’ve got our own cabana, lots of privacy.” she purred, unabashedly trailing her eyes up and down Steve’s body.
“Thank you, but I’m here with my boyfriend on a date. Happy birthday though,” Steve politely refused. He stepped closer to Bucky, pulling him to his side to further emphasize the boyfriend part of his sentence.

“It’s fine! He can join us too,” she said, tone making it known it wasn’t fine at all.

Caroline gave Bucky a cursory glance, not hiding her annoyance at his presence. She took a deep breath, thrusting her chest out in what Steve assumed was meant to be an enticing manner. It actually made her look like a blowfish.

Bucky shifted subtly away, bringing Steve’s attention back to him. He had a pinched smile on his face as he picked at the label on his beer bottle. Steve could feel the discomfort rolling off Bucky in waves. And there was no way Steve was about to let another stranger upset him.

“No offense, ma’am, but we’re on a date and I would really like to get back to it. I hope you enjoy the rest of your evening.” There was steel under the fake cheeriness, which must have finally registered in Caroline’s alcohol-addled brain.

Caroline picked the score pen off their table and grabbed a napkin. She scribbled something and handed it to Steve. “Here’s my number, in case you change your mind.”

From out of nowhere, Darcy plucked the napkin out of Caroline’s hand, balled it up and tossed it into a nearby trash can.

“He won’t. He likes dick too much.” Darcy said, a threat in her tone and a terrifying smile on her face. That got Caroline scurrying back to her friends.

Steve was rather impressed. Darcy had managed to shut down two assholes in the span of 30 minutes. “Wanna be my bodyguard?”

“That was a bunny boiler waiting to happen, my fine, non-feathered friend. Are all your groupies like Drunk Barbie and Asshole Ken?” she asked, eyeing Bucky with concern.

Steve moved his hand to the small of Bucky’s back, drawing small circles to comfort him. Before he could say anything, a server came up to their table with a tray of beer bottles.

“Sorry to interrupt, but a few people wanted to buy Captain Rogers a drink,” she gave them all an apologetic smile as she proceeded to place six beers on their table. “For the record, I think this is unbelievably rude and if it wasn’t my job, I wouldn’t be doing it.”

Steve shook his head, glancing at her name tag. He did a double take when he read it. “No apologies needed, America. Is that really your name?!”

America sighed, the long suffering sound of someone who’d spent their entire life hearing the same annoying comments. “Don’t ask. And please don’t make any jokes about us having the same name. Four people have already done that in the last ten minutes alone. I fucking hate league night.”

Bucky barked out a laugh at the same time Darcy snorted loudly, breaking the tension of the Caroline incident. Steve was going to give America a huge fucking tip before they left.

“If you want, I can tell anyone else that tries to buy you a drink you’re on superhero call or whatever.”

Steve nodded gratefully, stopping himself from saying, “God bless America.” He was willing to bet she heard that far too many times.
“Can you point me in the direction of the restrooms?” Bucky piped up.

“Oh yeah. I’m heading that way. Follow me,” America offered. Bucky gave Steve a quick kiss before following behind her.

Steve let out a tired sigh, sitting down on the bench near their court. Darcy drummed her fingernails on their table, watching him closely before moving to join him.

“Is this an everyday thing? People throwing themselves at you like frisbees?”

Steve put his elbows on his thighs, leaning forward. “All the media around me coming out has made it worse. I normally wear a hat or something to blend in. But Bucky wouldn’t tell me where we were going, so I didn’t know the dress code. I should have worn a hat anyways. He hasn’t said anything but I can tell it bothers him.”

Darcy pursed her lips, taking a moment before speaking. “I know Bucky told you about Jack but what he probably didn’t tell you is it still messes with him. He hasn’t been in a serious relationship since that whole shit show. I helped him as best I could afterwards but that douche-nugget fucked him up but good.”

Not for the first time, Steve had a strong desire to find Jack and dangle him over a ledge. Darcy must have recognized the bloodlust because she nodded at him approvingly.

“I’ve never seen Bucky this happy - seriously. But I also know he’s frightened of his feelings for you. They’re a lot bigger than anything he had with Jockstrap. And you have a legion of men and women willing to drop their panties and briefs for you. After your relationship went public, I caught him obsessively checking what people were saying about him online. I threatened to have Tony childproof all his devices to stop him.”

Steve dropped his head down, feeling more than a little helpless. “I don’t want anyone else but him.”

“I believe you, Buff Daddy. Now you just need to convince him,” Darcy covered his hand with hers, squeezing gently before letting go.

“I’m gonna go check and see how he’s doing.”

“You do that. I’ll amuse myself by shooting daggers at Drunk Barbie and her Skippers.”

Steve caught Bucky as he was coming out of the bathroom.

“Did I take too long? Did Darcy get us thrown out again?”

“What do you mean again?”

“Don’t ask.”

Steve pulled Bucky off to the side, circling his arms around his waist. “Sorry tonight’s been a bit…”

“Like a cocktail party on The Bachelor?”

“I refuse to watch that show but I assume that’s not a positive comparison.”

Bucky picked at invisible lint on Steve’s shirt, avoiding eye contact. Steve put his finger under Bucky’s chin, their eyes meeting.

“I know dating me has its...challenges. Believe me, I don’t like it anymore than you do. But I
promise, I’ll make it worth the hassle.”

“I guess I didn’t think it was going to be this intense,” Bucky said, almost too low for even Steve to hear.

Steve gathered Bucky into his arms, cupping his face before placing a gentle kiss on his lips. “You’re the only person I want. I’m too far gone on you to notice anybody else. I’ll happily spend the rest of my life proving that to you.”

Bucky inhaled sharply. Steve knew his words had serious implications and he meant it. With every bone in his body. He brushed his lips against Bucky’s forehead, holding him close to his chest. Bucky tilted his head back, offering himself up for a kiss. Steve was only too happy to indulge. Mindful of their surroundings, Steve kept the kiss relatively tame. Relatively.

By the time they parted, Bucky was humming happily and doing his best heart eyes emoji impersonation. Steve brushed aside Bucky’s hair to distract himself from blurting out how much he loved him.

“I think between Darcy and America, people will leave us alone for now.”

“I fucking hope so. The last thing we need is for Darcy to pull out her switchblade.”

Steve wasn’t sure if Bucky was joking.

They made their way back to their court, just as Darcy was polishing off one of the beers America had delivered. Bucky and Steve gave her matching incredulous looks.

“What? It’s free alcohol. If people are too stupid to realize y’all are together, that’s their problem.”

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Steve pushed the button labeled 4L repeatedly because he was an ass. This was his first visit to Bucky’s place and curiosity was making him impatient. Up until now, they split their time between evenings at his house and showing each other their versions of the city. Steve loved having Bucky in his space at home but he wanted to see Bucky in his natural habitat. And maybe his dick too.

“New phone, who dis?” Bucky’s voice crackled over the intercom box.

“Let me in, you whippersnapper.”

“Sure thing, Mr. Rogers!” Bucky chirped before buzzing him in.

“Fucking, jerk.” Steve pushed open the door and stepped into the lobby.

It was a pre-war building, art deco details prominent throughout. As he headed to the stairs, a sketchy looking older man walked by drinking from what appeared to be an entire bottle of vodka. Steve gave a friendly nod in the man’s direction. He was met with a grunt and the sight of the man vigorously scratching his ass. Steve couldn’t get up the stairs fast enough.

When he reached the fourth floor, Bucky was already standing in his doorway dressed in low slung jeans and a shirt with a Millenium Falcon schematics design. A regal looking orange cat was circling his feet. Steve was impressed the cat wasn’t making a run for it. Not that he could imagine any living creature wanting to run away from Bucky.
“Well who do we have here?” Steve asked, squatting down to get a better look at the tabby.

“This is Admiral Ackbar, the galaxy’s most indifferent ginger tabby.”

“Well hello there, Admiral Ackbar. It is a pleasure to meet your esteemed acquaintance.” Steve slowly offered up his hand for the cat to get his scent. She gave a few half hearted sniffs before going back into the apartment, her tail smacking Steve square in the face. Bucky snorted as Steve came back up to full height.

“Don’t take it personal. Her love is only bought with tuna treats or years of catering to her every whim. Give it a few years and you’ll be in her good graces,” Bucky reassured him.

Steve backed Bucky up against the door frame and went in for a kiss. He fucking loved kissing this man. It was like drowning and flying all at once. And Bucky was incredibly responsive, whimpering and opening himself up freely for Steve to relish. A sharp wave of lust crashed into him, threatening to wipe out all his common sense. He begrudgingly put the brakes on the kiss before he fucked Bucky right against his front door.

Bucky chased after his lips, eyes still closed. Steve laughed, placing a gentle hand against Bucky’s chest to stop him.

“Are you going to invite me in or were you planning on giving your neighbors a free show?”

An odd look flashed across Bucky’s face but was gone before Steve fully registered it. He stepped back into the apartment, allowing Steve to come inside.

The first thing Steve noticed was a life size Stormtrooper in one corner of the room. His confusion must have been evident because Bucky rolled his eyes.

“Graduation gift from Tony,” he explained.

Steve nodded, not at all surprised by Tony’s extravagance. “Nothing celebrates academic excellence like a model of a Fascist soldier.”

Bucky let out a little squeal. “You’ve seen Star Wars!?”

“Of course I’ve seen Star Wars! I’ve seen all of them except the prequels. Clint said not to bother with those. And for the record, Han did shoot first.”

Bucky fucking whimpered before blushing madly. “The original trilogy and the new episodes are some of my favorite movies of all time.”

Steve filed that information away for later. He had a feeling it would come in handy in a variety of ways.

The rest of the living room was a mix of modern furniture and vintage accent pieces. Tastefully framed movie posters - everything from Scarface to Attack of the 50 Foot Woman - shared wall space with shelves of small figures with enormous heads.

“The movie posters are Darcy’s but the Funko’s are all mine.”

“Funko’s?!”

“The figures on the shelves. There are thousands of them, including at least one variation of each Avenger.”
“Are you fucking with me? I’ve never heard of these dolls before.”

“First of all, they’re not dolls, they’re collectibles. Second, I don’t think they sell them at the retirement home.”

“Those jokes are getting old,” Steve grumbled, moving to get a closer look at the dolls (yeah, they’re dolls, Buck).

“Well I guess they’ll feel right at home with you,” Bucky beamed.

“I’ll show you at home with me,” Steve mocked him, swatting Bucky lightly on the ass. His hand may have involuntarily grabbed it too. Bucky squeaked before moving out of Steve’s reach.

Steve’s ego took a small hit when he saw the Hulk and Black Widow figures, but no Captain America. He couldn’t help pouting a bit.

“Oh my god, please don’t make that face! I have all the Captain Americas in my bedroom!” Bucky almost immediately started blushing. Steve, however, turned predatory.

“The bedroom, huh?” he asked, purposely lowering his voice. He watched Bucky struggling, probably trying to come up with a non-sex related explanation.

“It’s not like that...I had a crush on you when I was...fuck!”

Steve thanked every god in existence for that bit of information slipping out. He put his fingers through one of Bucky’s belt loops, reeling him in for a downright dirty kiss. He gathered a fistful of Bucky’s hair and tugged, knowing it would drive him wild. Sure enough, Bucky molded himself against Steve, hips moving of their own accord. Steve lowered his hand to the middle of Bucky’s back, keeping him in place as Steve practically fucked Bucky’s mouth with his tongue. Bucky held onto Steve’s arms for dear life, breathing heavily through his nose.

A buzz pierced the apartment, startling them apart. Bucky looked around, eyes a bit unfocused. It took a moment to figure out it was the front door intercom. Bucky shook his head, gathering his wits as he pressed the Speaker button.

“Delivery for Barnes,” a gruff voice called out.

“Yeah, buzzing you in now. I’m on the fourth floor, apartment 4L.”

Steve used the time to straighten his clothes and rattle off the Mets starting lineup. He also gave a stern lecture to his dick about boundaries and respecting Bucky’s wishes. He was pretty sure his dick wasn’t listening.

“Tony said you liked Thai, so I ordered from my favorite Thai takeout joint. And don’t worry, I ordered a lot. I had to take out a few loans but the important thing is you’ll be fed.”

Steve was going to sprain something from rolling his eyes so much. “You really aren’t as funny as you imagine.”

The delivery guy was wheezing when Bucky opened the door. Bucky gave him an apologetic smile and a $20 tip for his troubles. The guy perked up a bit at the generous tip, handing over the two heavy bags of food.

“Must be some party you’re havin’. Enough to feed an army,” he grunted before starting back down the stairs.
Steve grabbed both bags as Bucky closed the door behind him. He unloaded all the food and Bucky got plates and utensils from the kitchen.

“Natasha keeps bugging me about meeting you.”

“She met me at movie night,” Bucky countered.

“A, you didn’t even talk to her that night and B, that was before we were dating.”

“This is going to sound funny but I forget sometimes you’re an Avenger. Same thing with Tony. I’ve seen the both of you do monumentally stupid things. Kind of scary to think you’re Earth’s defenders.”

Even though he was being insulted, Steve got all gooey inside. Not many people bothered to see past the shield, a burden Steve had grown used to carrying. Knowing Bucky oftentimes forgot about Captain America melted his heart.

Steve gave him a soft kiss on his temple. “I should be offended but I’m going to take that as a compliment.”

Bucky shrugged, dishing out drunken noodles, crab rangoon and Thai pepper beef onto his plate.

“Anyways, as much as the thought of her being anything like Darcy scares the shit out of me, I’d love to meet Natasha. Or any of your friends, really.”

“And I can’t wait to show you off,” Steve dropped a kiss to Bucky’s shoulder as he reached for the container of grilled beef salad.

Once they piled up their plates, they moved over to the couch. Bucky put down his food, going over to their entertainment center.

“I thought I’d start you on one of my favorites, The Twilight Zone. Does that sound good?”

“Sounds good to me,” Steve tucked into his food while Bucky queued up the first season.

They ate and watched the first three episodes, chatting away about the show while migrating closer and closer to each other. At one point, Steve caught himself mindlessly tracing his fingers along the lines of the tattoo on Bucky’s arm.

“This artwork is stunning. How long did it take to finish?”

“The whole thing took about three months. Edgar, the artist, is a perfectionist. I came to him with the idea of replicating my prosthetic design. He came back with this idea in less than two hours, sketch and everything. He’s crazy talented.”

“The shading and blending of colors is flawless. I’ve drawn it a few times to brush up on my shading in charcoal.”

Steve looked up from the tattoo to see Bucky giving him a sappy grin. “You’ve drawn it more than once?”

Steve nodded before he began trailing butterfly kisses up Bucky’s arm.

“You’ve become one of my favorite subjects.”

Steve shifted forward, bringing Bucky in for a hungry kiss. He quickly moved down to Bucky’s
“What is it with you and my neck?” Bucky groaned, words mixing with labored breaths.

Steve just hummed as he continued to map out the contours of Bucky’s neck with his tongue.

“It drives me fucking crazy,” Steve husked, licking a path from Bucky’s collarbone to below his earlobe. “How soft your skin feels under my tongue. How beautifully it takes my marks.”

Bucky gasped, a helpless sound that rang all the bells in Steve’s kink tower. He shifted, settling between Bucky’s thighs. Which made Steve realize they were now horizontal. When the fuck did that happen?

Steve drew himself away from Bucky’s neck to check and make sure he wasn’t uncomfortable. Bucky’s eyes were shut tight, long eyelashes kissing the top of his cheekbones, head thrown back. Bucky’s left hand was clawing at the back of his couch while the right was balled up around the hem of Steve’s shirt. Bucky looked ready to rip it clean off his body.

Steve dived back down, mouth slightly parted. He heard a breathy moan and was surprised to find it was coming from him. He parted Bucky’s lips with his tongue, tracing along the fullness of his bottom lip before plunging deeper. Bucky’s hand trailed up his back to cradle his neck, tugging Steve towards him.

Steve took the hint, lowering himself more onto Bucky. The closeness brought their erections into contact with each other. Pops of color exploded behind Steve’s eyelids as his dick finally got some much needed friction. Bucky arched up, biting back a raspy whine as he gripped Steve’s shirt tighter. Steve moved his left hand to the small of Bucky’s back, holding Bucky firmly against his chest.

He pushed Bucky’s shirt up, frantic to touch bare skin. Bucky’s lips faltered for a moment as Steve brushed his fingers along the curve of his spine. Sensing a weakness, Steve curled his fingers and scratched his way slowly down the same path. Bucky’s head fell back against a cushion as a guttural moan was punched from his chest. Steve could only stare, mesmerized by the sight of Bucky unraveling beneath him.

Steve was desperate for Bucky, his entire body vibrating with need. He was having a hard time parsing out rational thought when his dick was controlling the jaeger. He scratched lightly along Bucky’s side, swallowing his trembling moans. He could feel Bucky shaking underneath him, shamelessly rubbing against Steve to get more friction.

Steve wanted to wrap his hand around that elegant neck, applying just the right amount of pressure. Wanted to feel Bucky’s pulse beat erratically under his thumb. He ground down a little harder, gasping as pleasure spread like warm honey over his body. Bucky whined low in his throat, driving Steve to thrust faster as their kissing grew more frantic. He wanted to rut against Bucky until they both stained their jeans.

Through the fog of lust, Steve registered hands pushing against his chest. He opened his eyes, which was probably the worst idea ever. Bucky looked utterly defiled with his kiss swollen lips and sex hazy eyes. His face was flushed with a ghost of the expression Steve knew meant Bucky was about to come. His chest was rising and falling rapidly, hair tousled as if he’d been thrown around a… goddamnit he needed to shut that shit down. Steve shifted back, giving Bucky the space to sit up.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to get… so… carried away,” Bucky said, voice absolutely wrecked. Jesus, how the fuck was Steve supposed to keep his hands to himself? He racked his brain to think of the least sexy thing imaginable. An image of Sam’s grandmother teaching him to make biscuits came to
mind. Yup, that’ll do it.

Steve shook his head, mostly to get rid of the remnants of sex brain. “No, I’m sorry. I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable.”

Bucky gave him a shy smile, ducking his head down. “You didn’t make me uncomfortable. Well, not in the way you’re thinking,” he teased. On autopilot, Steve’s eyes trailed down to the one place his hands were begging for permission to touch.

Bucky cleared his throat, obviously trying to get Steve’s attention. When he looked back up, Bucky was smirking at him. “Just give me a little more time, okay?” The insecurity woven through those words finally brought Steve to his senses.

“God, sweetheart, no. Don’t worry about it. When I said we could go at your pace, I meant it. I’m not going anywhere,” Steve assured him, pulling Bucky to his side for a chaste hug. Bucky all but dissolved into his chest, humming as he stroked the fabric of Steve’s shirt. Steve took slow, measured breaths to keep his body from reacting to the touch. Bucky had no idea the power he held over Steve. He would burn the world to the ground if it meant keeping Bucky happy and safe.

They went back to watching television, Steve discovering he quite liked The Twilight Zone. They made it through 3 more episodes before Bucky started biting back a yawn.

“And that’s my cue to leave,” Steve teased, stretching before he stood up.

“Sorry. I guess I’m more tired than I realized.”

“It’s fine. We have an early morning meeting about the Avengers Give! Initiative anyways.”

With input from all the Avengers, Pepper had created a non-profit initiative supporting various charitable organizations. The partnership was being announced tomorrow at a press conference. And because of the spectacular shit show of previous Avengers press events, they were being prepped to within an inch of their lives ahead of time.

Steve left with a kiss and a bulk of the leftovers, Bucky assuring him Darcy wouldn’t mind. When Steve got home, he barely made it to the bathroom before taking out his dick and relieving the built up tension. The bliss of release was tainted because Steve didn’t fantasize about Bucky as he was jacking off. His thoughts were of BuckMeBoy, begging him to fuck his mouth.

Steve cleaned up before changing and getting into bed. He stared up at the ceiling, guilt and frustration battling it out in his head. Steve had hoped Bucky would become more sexually open the longer they dated. But that wasn’t happening and they were stuck in this dick-free holding pattern.

Steve cleaned up before changing and getting into bed. He stared up at the ceiling, guilt and frustration battling it out in his head. Steve had hoped Bucky would become more sexually open the longer they dated. But that wasn’t happening and they were stuck in this dick-free holding pattern. Steve knew without a doubt he was in love with Bucky. He could imagine a future with him, a life he never thought possible. But he was afraid this secret they were keeping from each other would tear them apart. He didn’t want to lose Bucky because he wasn’t being honest. At the same time, being honest could result in the same thing.

Sighing, Steve sat up, cradling his head in his hands. He ran through all the possible scenarios, weighing the pros and cons of each action. And every one came to the same conclusion - he had to come clean. He unlocked his phone, firing off a message to Bucky.

Steve: Are you busy tomorrow night?

He put his phone down, assuming Bucky was already aslee. He was surprised when his phone buzzed, alerting him to a new message.
Bucky: Nope. There a bingo game or something?

Steve: [eye roll emoji] No, asshole. I thought you’d come over here. I could make us dinner.

Bucky: [thumbs up emoji] Sounds good to me. Night.

Steve: [kissy face emoji]

Bucky: [cat kissy face emoji]

Steve plugged in his phone, putting it on the nightstand before turning out the bedside lamp. Good or bad, he had to be honest. He just hoped it wouldn’t cost him the man he loved.

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Steve searched the audience until his gaze fell on Bucky. He finally spotted him in the back row, backpack resting at his feet. Bucky gave Steve a little wave, a ridiculously large smile taking his face hostage. Steve’s heart did a weird acrobatic maneuver before he dragged his attention back to the press conference.

Steve fucking hated these things. They reminded him too much of his USO days and the reporters rarely asked anything relevant. It was usually a mix of thinly veiled insults and setups for peppy sound bites. On more than one occasion, Steve’s temper got the best of him, the back alley Brooklyn boy telling a reporter exactly what he thought of their asinine question. It invariably led to SHIELD PR working overtime while Phil tried his best to reprimand his childhood hero. Maria learned long ago to stick him between Sam and Natasha, counting on them to control him.

Adding to the normal headache of this dog and pony show was Steve’s nerves about tonight. He was frightened of Bucky’s reaction, worry grating at his already frayed nerves. He knew his confession had the potential to destroy everything. But he also knew this weird, sexual limbo was going to suffocate their relationship. The only way they could move forward (and how Steve wanted to move forward) was if he laid all his cards on the table.

Sam poked him in the side, bringing his attention back to the room.

“You okay, man?” he whispered. “You’re white-knuckling the chair.”

Steve glanced down at his hands, letting some of the tension ease out of his grip. He nodded before re-focusing his attention. Tony was wrapping up an explanation of The Stark Foundation’s involvement in the Avengers Give! initiative.

After Tony finished, Maria pointed to a male reporter in the second row. “Go ahead, Dale.”

The reporter plastered a false, almost predatory smile on his face before speaking.

“Captain Rogers, this question is for you,” Dale said, pointing his recording device in Steve’s direction. Steve nodded, indicating he was listening. “Were you aware that your boyfriend, James Barnes, previously performed acts of a graphic, sexual nature online for money?”

Steve’s stomach dropped as every reporter suddenly shifted their eyes to him. Maria’s normally controlled expression morphed into blinding rage. Dale would have been eviscerated six ways to Sunday if looks could kill.

The silence in the room was deafening, cameras flashing at a rapid fire rate. Steve was wrestling with the dual urges of smashing his shield into Dale’s face and protecting Bucky.
“That is not relevant to the Avengers Give! initiative,” Steve said through clenched teeth.

Dale refused to back down. “We have anonymous sources who claim they paid for numerous private sessions with Mr. Barnes on the cam website Chaturbate. Would you care to comment on that?”

Steve could see Sam in his side view, reaching to hold him back. Natasha beat him to it, her hand clamping down on his left thigh.

“I don’t think this is the appropriate venue to discuss such gossip,” Maria responded harshly.

Dale, ignoring her clear warning, pushed forward. “It’s not gossip. The sources also provided photographic evidence to support their claims.”

The room erupted into chaos. Steve was frozen in his seat, the commotion around him slowing down as he sought out Bucky. He felt a tug on his arm, bringing his attention to Natasha.

“Get Bucky and get out. Now,” she ordered, shaking him to make sure he understood her. Cold fear wrapped its bony fingers around his heart, clamping down with an iron grip. He knew if he didn’t get to Bucky, if he didn’t explain and reassure him, he would lose everything.

He scrambled to his feet, pushing his way through the den of reporters, anxiously scanning the crowd. A momentary sense of relief washed through him as he caught sight of the familiar backpack dashing out the door. All but shoving people left and right, Steve rushed out in desperate pursuit.

He caught up to Bucky in the hallway, grabbing his arm and pulling him into an empty office. Locking the door behind them, Steve turned to see Bucky running a frantic hand through his hair.

“I’m so fucking sorry, I… fucccckkkk!!” he stammered, wringing his hands and darting his eyes wildly around the room.

Steve tried to sweep Bucky into a hug. But Bucky was going down a horrific shame spiral and Steve couldn’t pull him out of it.

“Baby, baby, please look at me!” Steve said, using a stern but careful tone. “I need you to calm down. You’re going to pass out if you don’t slow your breathing.”

Bucky didn’t seem to hear him, too far into his head. He was shaking his head frantically, coming dangerously close to hyperventilating.

“I didn’t… I wasn’t… please. I didn’t mean to hide it from you. I didn’t know how to tell you and we were so happy. And I didn’t want to lose you… I couldn’t lose you,” Bucky babbled, visibly shaking.

“Bucky!” Steve commanded, forcing Bucky to keep still. “Listen to me. It’s okay, calm down. I already knew.”

Steve snapped his mouth shut when the realization of what he had just admitted hit him.

Bucky went frighteningly rigid, the color draining from his face. A pregnant pause hung between them, Bucky glaring a hole into Steve’s head.

“What do you mean, you knew?” he asked, barely concealed rage bubbling below the surface.

“I… I… kind of… used the site. Before you and I started dating?” Steve confessed, the last part sounding more like a question.
Bucky pushed away from him, face contorted into a mask of horror, anger and heartbreak. He stumbled back, putting distance between the two of them. Steve felt his heart cracking open in his chest.

He could see Bucky working things out in his head. It took a moment before cold dread slowly transformed his face.

“Please don’t tell me… please don’t…” he begged, shaking his head and slapping away Steve’s outstretched hands.

“I should have told you sooner, I know. And I’m so sorry. Baby, please, listen to me, you have to know I didn’t mean for it to come out like this!”

There is a desperate edge to Steve’s voice. A sense of helplessness he hadn’t felt since he was small choking him.

“Like this?!? How the fuck were you planning on telling me?” Bucky let out a gutted sob, grabbing at his chest and leaning against a nearby wall for support.

Steve knew any attempt to touch Bucky would be summarily rejected. But he needed to explain, needed to make Bucky understand. A tangle of words heavy with sadness, regret and fear came tumbling out of his mouth.

“A few months ago, I stumbled onto Chaturbate… and found you. I was mesmerized the moment I laid eyes on you. So…” Steve stopped for a moment, swallowing the bile rising in his throat. “I created a profile so I could… fuck, I just needed to see more of you.”

Bucky refused to look at Steve, but the labored rise and fall of his chest told its own story. He knew Bucky was listening to every painful word.

“I called myself CapDatAss,” he whispered, his anguish palpable. The admission landed with the grace of a newborn fawn. Steve knew there was nothing more to say about his profile name, no way to lessen the betrayal of trust, the invasion of privacy.

“So what? You got tired of using your hand? Thought you’d find the fuck boy who’s been teasing you online? Really get your money’s worth?” Bucky spat out.

“No! God, no! Bucky, it was…that never even occurred to me! It was never about just fucking you.”

Bucky let out a harsh laugh, backing up even further. “Cause if I’m willing to do all that on camera, I must be willing to bend over for the right price. Captain America’s dirty little fuck doll.”

Steve tried to get Bucky to look at him but Bucky pushed him away harder.

“What I don’t understand,” Bucky continued, the pain weathering his voice down to a harsh whisper, “is why go through the charade of dating me? Why not just write a check and get down to business? Or hell, use Venmo if you didn’t want to leave a paper trail.”

Steve was horrified by the meaning of Bucky’s words, the insidious accusations being hurled at him.

“It wasn’t like that! I didn’t know you worked for Tony! I didn’t seek you out! You just stumbled into my life…this amazing, beautiful accident.” Steve shoved a shaking hand through his hair, knowing the words weren’t coming out right. “I should have told you, I know. And I’m so fucking sorry. I’m so sorry, baby. I was going to tell you tonight. But I didn’t…I would never do what you’re suggesting!”
Bucky shook his head, wiping angrily at his face. Steve tried once again to reach out to him, aching to close the distance between them.

“Good to know you didn’t stalk me. Just turned it to your advantage when I showed up in person!” Bucky snapped. “God, you must’ve had a good laugh at me asking to take it slow. Sorry I made you wait. You were a very generous tipper, my best client actually. That should earn you at least a blow job.”

Steve knew it was futile trying to talk to Bucky when he was like this. Knew Bucky wasn’t in the headspace to really listen, the pain too raw to be rational. But he felt his entire world slipping away and all Steve ever knew how to do was fight.

“God damnit, Bucky! Will you please just fucking listen to me?! If all I wanted was a dirty fuck, I would have paid up front like I did…” Steve stopped short, his brain finally keeping his mouth from saying something monumentally stupid.

But Bucky was a genius. And it didn’t take a genius to figure out what Steve was going to say.

“Like you did online?” Steve never wanted to hear Bucky sound that heartbroken again.

“I didn’t… that’s not what I was…” Steve wanted to take back everything he’d said in this room. He was using all the wrong words, reacting instead of listening.

In a moment of desperation, he changed tactics. “It wasn’t like that all. It was just… you were, are, the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen. I couldn’t help myself.”

It’s not until after the words leave his mouth that their familiarity punch him in the gut. An immediate sense of self-loathing overwhelmed him.

Steve had said the very words Jack used to charm Bucky before almost destroying him. But the awful words were already dangling in the air where he couldn’t reel them back in. The damage had been done. Bucky recoiled, his breath coming at an alarming rate. Steve, fearing a panic attack, was at his side in one quick stride.

“Don’t!” he exploded. “Don’t you fucking dare touch me!” Bucky let out a heart wrenching cry before throwing his backpack in a fit of anger.

The words hit Steve with more precision than any blow or bullet had in the past. With seven words, he was ripped open and left raw before the man he loved more than anything. And there wasn’t a damn thing he could do to fix it.

Bucky still refused to look at Steve, keeping his gaze firmly on the ground. The commotion of reporters being corralled out of the nearby press room passed by the door. Steve could hear Pepper over the den of noise, saying in a clipped tone there would be no statement on such malicious gossip. Bucky chuckled, a dark, twisted sound.

“You knew. All this time. You knew,” Bucky seethed. He began pacing back and forth, balling his hands into fists. “Here I am, petrified of your reaction when I finally got up the courage to tell you, and you fucking KNEW. The entire fucking time!”

“Please, just give me a chance…” Steve started, tears falling silently down his cheeks.

Bucky abruptly turned around, eyes narrowed to slits. “Shut up! Shut the fuck up, Steve!”

And there’s the sound. The sound of Steve’s heart falling to the ground and shattering into a million
“I’ve carried around a smothering sense of guilt and fear the last few weeks. Guilt because I hadn’t told you what I used to do and fear because I thought it would disgust you. I’m not ashamed of what I did but I was ashamed I hadn’t told you.”

Bucky refused to look at Steve, staring instead at the floor as he poured out all his pain.

“I love...” Bucky’s voice caught on that word, the first time he was saying it to Steve. “I love you so much, I was terrified what would happen if you found out. Darcy kept telling me my life before shouldn’t matter. That I didn’t owe you a chaste existence before we even met. But that couldn’t shake the crushing terror I was living under. Suffocating under.”

Steve shook his head, trying once again to reach out. Bucky’s eyes went stone cold as he flinched away from the touch.

“I lived with that fear and guilt for weeks and you knew the entire. fucking. time. Did everyone know?!” Bucky’s eyes flew open, dread washing over his face. “Did Tony know?!”

Steve shook his head, almost violent enough to cause whiplash in a normal human being. “No. No. No one else knew. I didn’t tell another living soul. I swear to you.”

“Like your word means anything right now,” Bucky hissed.

A thick fog of silence descended over the room, Steve’s lungs fighting to get past it and breathe in less toxic air. It was a practice in futility. Steve wouldn’t be able to breathe normally until Bucky absolved him of this guilt.

“I can’t do this right now. I can’t even be in the same room with you.” Bucky frantically searched for his backpack, biting back a sob. Finding it wedged under a bookshelf, he cursed as he tried to wrestle it free.

Steve, one of the strongest men on the planet, was neutered, unable to punch or throw his way out of this situation. The instinct to grab Bucky and never let go paralyzed him.

Bucky finally wrenched out his backpack and slung it over his shoulder. Stomping his way to the door, he opened it before finally looking at Steve.

“So much for your promise to never hurt me,” he said, voice shattered.

The door clicked quietly behind him as Steve slumped against a wall, losing it completely.

Chapter End Notes

The shuffleboard lounge is a real place in Brooklyn (because of course it is) called Royal Palms. It really is an unholy hybrid of a retirement home and a hipster bar.

Final chapter posts next Monday! We'll get a look at what's going on in both Bucky and Steve's head.

And as always, feel free to hit up my ask box or message me on Tumblr! I'd love to hear your thoughts on this chapter!
Boy and Cam Boy's Broken Hearts

Chapter Summary

Steve and Bucky are hurting. But the people in their lives are not having any of their melodramatic shit.

Chapter Notes

I bow at the throne of my amazing beta Full of Beans and Spunk. She gives me shit (lovingly) so you can have a better story.

And the fucking awesome cover for this story was created by the uber talented thatsmysecretduh!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Bucky burrowed further into his fortress of blankets, trying to ignore Darcy. After he made it home, he went straight to his room and cried until his throat was hoarse. He’d turned off his phone the minute he left The Tower, missing her increasingly frantic text messages. Now she was sitting at the bottom of his bed, waiting him out.

“I don’t want to talk about it, Darc,” he said flatly.

She sighed, massaging the tension out of his calves. She knew Bucky almost better than he knew himself and she was using that to her advantage. She kept quiet, waiting for him to break down.

Bucky didn’t have it in him to be stubborn, not today. Before he knew it, he was sobbing again. Darcy moved to the other side of the bed, getting under the covers and bringing him into her arms. He clung to her, crying harder than he ever had before. The pain was suffocating him, ripping into his chest and pulling out everything he held dear. His sobs began to overwhelm him, his breathing becoming erratic.

Darcy moved to put her hands on his arms, giving him a gentle but firm shake.

“You need to stop for a second, Bucky and take a breath. Look at me. Look at me!” she commanded.

Darcy put her hand on his chest, slowly breathing in and out. He began to mimic her, bringing his own breathing back under control. She brushed away the tears from his cheek, bringing him back into a hug and humming. It took Bucky a few minutes to realize it was a slow version of Paparazzi.

They laid there for a while, Darcy going through most of Lady Gaga’s earlier works while Bucky’s crying tapered off. He tracked the sunlight as it receded from his room, leaving them alone in the dark. The Admiral, normally one to eschew emotional scenes, padded her way up the bed, inserting herself between them. Bucky backed up enough to give her space to flop down against his chest. He stroked at her fur as the sounds of her purring began to calm him down. She brought her paw up to his chin, as if to give him a reassuring pat. He kissed the top of her head and she gave his chin an affectionate headbutt. He snuggled her closer to his chest and let the vibrations of her purring soothe him. After a while, he finally felt able to speak.

“I didn’t think anything could hurt more than Jack. This is a million times worse.”

“I know, BoBo,” Darcy agreed, using the nickname she bestowed upon him years ago.

She gave The Admiral a few head scratches before looking at him directly. “Do you want to tell me what happened?”

The thought of replaying the scene at the Tower made his stomach twist into knots but he knew he couldn’t keep it to himself. It would kill him. He nodded before remembering she couldn’t see him, the only source of illumination coming from streetlights.

“Yeah. I just need a minute.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” she lovingly stroked his upper arm.

Bucky stretched over to his nightstand, turning on his 3D holographic Death Star night light. He pushed himself up, leaning against his headboard. The Admiral stepped over him to settle on his stomach, deciding the drawstring of his hoodie made a fine toy. He scratched at the side of her belly just as she liked, choosing to watch her instead of Darcy as he talked.

“It was kind of like a car crash, that fucking press conference. One minute I’m mooning over Steve
in his uniform and the next minute the room is in chaos. I heard that question and couldn’t move for god knows how long. But then I heard him say they have photos, Darc. Fucking photos! I had to get out of there.”

Darcy was stroking The Admiral’s back, propped up on her side with her head resting in the palm of her hand. “Have you talked to Steve? I honestly don’t think he’d care, Bucky.”

Bucky felt another stab of pain, falling forward from the weight of it. The Admiral kept firm, her little face nuzzling into Bucky’s cheek.

“He knew,” his voice cracked. He coughed slightly to get himself under control. “He already knew.”

A crease formed between Darcy’s eyebrows, her head shifting a little more into her hand. “What? How the hell is that even possible?”

Bucky laughed, a bitter and cold sound in the quiet of the room. “He was one of my clients.”

Darcy’s eyes flew open as she shot up. “What?! Captain America uses Chaturbate?!”

“How’s that for a Shyamalan twist?” Bucky kept his eyes on The Admiral, her chin extending out as he stroked under it.

Darcy sat there for a few minutes, her mouth open and eyes about to fall out of her head. She reminded him of Judge Doom at the end of Who Framed Roger Rabbit.

“Hold up. Hold up. You’re telling me all this time, he knew?”

Bucky nodded, running his hands over The Admiral’s back.

“And he, uhm, ‘watched’ you,” Darcy put air quotes over watched,”and got off on it?”

Bucky hesitated before answering. “We, uh… we did a private session together.”

He didn’t think it was possible but Darcy’s eyes managed to get wider. If he had been in his right frame of mind, he would have worried about the strain on her eyeballs.

“How dirty did it get?” she finally asked.

Bucky shifted a little, disrupting The Admiral’s comfy perch. He also very purposely avoided Darcy’s stare.

Darcy blew out a huff of breath. “That dirty, huh?”

Bucky could only nod, remembering vividly the things they said and did in that session. Darcy sat there quietly, the minutes stretching out between them. Out of curiosity, he finally glanced over at her. She had her “studying for the LSATs” game face on.

“Did he track you down somehow? Find out your real name and figure out you worked for Tony?”

“He said he didn’t, said he was shocked when he met me in the lab. I’m not really sure what to believe though.”

Darcy nodded, thoughtful expression still on her face. “Did he explain why he didn’t tell you he knew?”

Bucky let out a sad sigh, letting his head fall against his headboard. He followed the lines of Orion
on his ceiling, going over the awful conversation in his head. “Not really now that I think about it. He kept saying he was sorry and that he should have told me sooner. Claimed he was going to tell me tonight when I went over to his place. Again, not sure if I can believe him.”

Without looking down, he twirled his index finger around The Admiral’s tail. If her low growl was anything to go by, he was playing a dangerous game. But he needed the distraction from the endless loop of their argument going around in his head.

For a while, only the sounds from the street echoed through the room. Bucky kept coming back to the same thing over and over and the weight of it was heavy on his heart.

“I was never ashamed of what I did. Never felt demeaned or debased. It was a way to pay the bills and to explore what I liked, you know?”

Darcy hummed her agreement, but kept silent afterwards to let him continue speaking.

“Knowing he paid to...do what we did. And then when we met, he pursued me so hard, made all these promises. But it was all just about him getting the real live version of what he paid for online.” Bucky stopped, hunching forward and taking a deep, shaky breath. “I’ve never felt like a whore. Until today.”

Darcy gently picked up The Admiral, placing her at the end of the bed before moving to Bucky’s side. She put her arms around him, tugging slightly to bring him towards her. He rested his head on the top of hers for a moment. They sat there listening to The Admiral’s deep purr and the noises from the street below.

“Did you tell him that?” she asked gently.

“In a way,” he hedged, knowing she would call him out for the way he hurled accusations at Steve.

“You’re lying to me, aren’t you?”

“Not lying… just… I was angry and hurt. I may have lashed out.”

She sighed loudly, her annoyance apparent. “I’m going to put a pin in that one for now. Did he say anything to defend himself?”

And there was another harsh stab of pain to his chest as he remembered Steve’s clumsy response. “Said I was so beautiful, he couldn’t help himself,” Bucky could barely finish the words, they were like sawdust in his mouth.

Darcy inhaled sharply, knowing the impact of those words on him. “Please tell me he didn’t.”

Bucky’s eyes began to fill up with tears again, threatening to spill out over his cheeks once more. He finally blinked, a few drops escaping down the side of his face. “I wish I could.”

“Oh good God, you stupid spandex wearing idiot,” she mumbled to herself. “Did he say anything after that?”

“He looked horrified once he realized what he’d done, I’ll give him that. I sort of went off on him after that though. Didn’t give him much of a chance to talk.”

Darcy exhaled, sadness tainting it. She moved to rest her back against the headboard, guiding him to lay his head on her lap. She ran her fingers through his hair, both of them wrapped up in thought.
“I don’t know what to do, Darc,” he said, his voice small. “I had this happy little vision of our future tumbling around in my head. Yeah, it may have been too soon but it was there. And I could feel it solidifying as we spent more time together. Now it’s just… gone. All in one day.”

Darcy hummed her acknowledgment, running her nails across his scalp the way he liked.

“I told him I loved him for the first time in the middle of an argument. I can’t believe I did that.” he choked back another sob.

“Ohhh Bucky,” she said, tone heavy with sorrow. The tears he was fighting came flooding out, harsh sobs racking his body. Darcy let him cry, rubbing his back with one hand and stroking his hair with the other. It was so tender, it made him cry even harder. When his crying receded to occasional whimpers, she spoke again.

“You get tonight and tomorrow to fall apart and I will be here to hold you together. We can marathon anything and I will cook you whatever you want. This is your time to wallow, I promise.”

He knew there was a but coming.

“But after that, we are going to have a serious discussion. Because there are some truths you need to face. Just… not now.”

She waited for him to nod his agreement.

“That’s a good boy. Now let’s go make Cap’n Crunch sundaes.”

Even in his heartbroken state, Bucky couldn’t help perking up a little at that.

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Steve sat on a stool facing yet another blank canvas. He was having a hard time coming up with anything to paint that wasn’t Bucky. He’d already ran the course of the New York Marathon five times in the last three days and it didn’t help. He thought some time in the studio would work but all he’d managed to do was draw an unflattering caricature of Mr. Rogers. Although it was marginally satisfying to exact artistic revenge on the man who made him the butt of many jokes, it didn’t fill the gaping hole in his chest.

He had tried to call Bucky, texting him when that didn’t work. He shouldn’t have been surprised by the lack of response but it still crushed him. He’d called Winnie and while she wasn’t mad at him, she did tell him to back off for a while.

“Did you know?” Steve asked her tentatively, not even sure why he was asking such a question.

“Of course I knew! And I sure hope you don’t think what Bucky did for a living is something shameful. I have a very busy schedule this week and don’t think I’ll have the time to strangle you. And it would be hard to find a big enough body bag,” Winnie warned. It was the first time Steve ever heard coldness in Winnie’s voice. And it only made him feel worse.

“God no! I have no problem with it at all, Winnie. I also don’t give a fuck what anyone else thinks about it. I just… I just wish he’d talk to me,” Steve all but whispered the last part.

“If you keep pushing, he’ll completely shut you out. I know you love him. Anyone with eyes in their head and at least two brain cells to rub together can see that. But right now, he can’t. Or won’t. Give him some time. Darcy and I will take care of him.”
Steve felt absolutely helpless and he hated that.

He managed to hide away from everyone else, asking Phil for some time off while he dealt with everything. Phil had readily agreed, having seen the shit show of a press conference firsthand. Maria was handling the press and Steve was doing his best to keep off Pepper and Tony’s radar. He knew he’d have to face them both at some point but he didn’t have the energy right now. It was the first time Steve had ever felt like a coward.

A firm knock at the door drew him out of his thoughts. He padded quietly towards it, fully aware that sneaking around his own house was idiotic. He peered through the peephole only to see Natasha glaring at him. He jumped back then silently admonished himself for making noise.

“Rogers, your mournful walk is louder than a herd of buffalo. I know you’re standing at the door.”

Steve stood frozen, hoping if he didn’t make anymore noise she would go away.

“Sam and I played rock, paper, scissors to see which one of us was going to come over and stop your pathetic pity party. I lost so open up or I’m shooting down your door.”

Steve bristled at her tone but moved to open the door, knowing if he didn’t she would put a gaping hole in it. Impatiently she pushed the door even wider, stepping inside and assessing the surroundings. He could feel the judgment emanating from her. There were quite a few ice cream cartons littering his coffee table. And takeout containers. And empty bags of Cheetos, his stress snack of choice.

“Did the maid take the last three days off?” she asked, leveling him with her best disapproving look.

He moved past her, randomly picking up trash as he headed to the kitchen. He threw the stuff in his hands away before bringing the trash can to the living room and clearing up the rest of the mess. The whole time Natasha stood there, arms crossed, face set in a sour mask of recrimination.

“Please don’t yell at me. I’ve done that enough the last few days,” Steve begged.

Her face immediately softened, arms uncrossing as she walked towards him. She placed her hand on his, indicating he should put the trash can down. He did, moving to the couch and sitting with all the grace of the aforementioned buffalos. She perched herself on the edge of the coffee table, facing him.

“Do you want to talk about it? Or am I interrupting your lovelorn walks along the moor?”

“I don’t understand that reference,” Steve lied, shaking his head.

Natasha rolled her eyes at his obvious deflection. “Doesn’t matter. I was being sarcastic.”

“I kind of figured that by your tone,” he snapped back.

Natasha gave him a warning eyebrow before stepping a bit too hard on his foot.

Steve yelped, moving his foot as far away from Natasha as possible. “Damnit! What the hell was that for?”

“For delaying the inevitable. I’m not here to give you a literature lesson and you know it.”

Steve let out an annoyed huff, flinging himself back into his sofa cushions. He knew she wouldn’t leave until she had her say. He really was only delaying the inevitable.

“I screwed up, plain and simple.”
“Well I figured that out, it’s the how part that’s a little fuzzy.”

Steve fidgeted under her piercing gaze, which he knew full well was only at half interrogation strength. She was obviously saving the rest to dole out later. He knew he had a choice here - he could lie and hope she didn’t catch him (unlikely) or he could tell her the truth and maybe relieve some of the weight pressing on his chest. When he finally met her eyes, he saw her interrogation face had gone up three notches. She was not playing around.

Truth it is, he thought to himself.

“The first time I saw Bucky wasn’t in Tony’s lab. It was… ” he took a deep breath, releasing it and pushing ahead, “It was on Chaturbate a couple of months ago.” he whispered the last part to his shoes.

For the first time since he met her, Natasha looked truly stunned. “You,” she pointed at him, “use Chaturbate?”

“Used to. I stopped the minute I met him in real life.”

Natasha gaped at him as if he said he joined Scientology.

“Can you not look at me like that?” he asked, squirming under her shocked gaze.

She shook herself, blinking away the surprise. “Sorry. I’m just a little… stunned. I knew you were more technically capable than you let on but I never thought you were into…” she waved her hand, letting him fill in the blanks.

“Look, I’m not big on one night stands. There was an unfortunate incident with a guy who placed a bit too much value on a bar bathroom blow job. It’s just easier to…”

“Take care of it yourself?” Natasha offered, a teasing lilt to her voice.

“Something like that.”

Natasha regarded him carefully before carrying on, “That’s totally understandable. And, might I add, there is nothing wrong with it. Not you using the site and certainly not Bucky working on it. No matter what the press is saying.”

Steve all but growled, the thought of smashing Dale’s face into his shield running on a loop in his head. “I don’t give a fuck what they’re saying.”

“If you’re thinking of punching that asshole Dale, don’t bother. He’s going to get what’s coming to him,” she promised, a truly frightening smile on her face. “The less you know, the more plausible deniability you have.”

“If you need any help, I can give you Winnie’s number.”

“Already have it.”

Her smile grew even more feral. Steve decided to leave well enough alone.

“Based on the condition of your house and the dark circles under your eyes, I assume Bucky found out you knew and didn’t take it well.”

“That would be an understatement,” Steve answered, his chest tightening as he remembered their argument. “I said all the wrong things that day. I was fucking blindsided by that asshole reporter and
I saw Bucky slipping from my fingers. I panicked and reacted instead of listening.”

Natasha flicked his ear, giving him a pointed glare. “You would think all your years of combat would make you better in high pressure situations.”

“That’s not funny, Nat!” he shot back at her.

“I’m not trying to be funny. I’m trying to point out how you didn’t keep your cool when faced with your hurting boyfriend. And how that seems to have made a bad situation even worse.”

Steve exhaled, scrubbing his hands over his face. He knew deep down the argument turned ugly mostly because he reacted badly to Bucky’s rightful anger. He just didn’t want to admit that to Natasha.

“Everything got all muddled. I was trying to explain, trying to make him understand I didn’t keep it from him on purpose. Hell, I had planned to tell him that night. But he was so fucking angry and then it escalated. He accused me of only wanting to fuck him. And I probably didn’t respond to it very well.”

She gave him a skeptical look. “Probably?”

“Oh, not so probably.”

She nodded. “That’s the Steve we all know and want to smack.”

“Hey!”

“Чёрный идиот.” she groused.

“I don’t need to speak Russian to know I’ve just been insulted,” Steve glowered.

“Well stop being a fucking idiot,” she mocked him. “Why would you take an already volatile situation and throw gasoline on it?”

“A small part of me was fucking pissed at him for accusing me of such a thing. Nat, the things he said… it hurt that he could think for even a second that was the only thing I wanted from him.”

She hit him hard on his thigh, her pale green eyes turning dark.

“No, Rogers! You can be angry at him for keeping his own secret from you. But you do not get to be angry at him for that. Really stop and think about what you did.”

Steve could feel the vein in his temple throbbing. She had no right. She wasn’t there. She didn’t fucking understand.

She ignored his palpable anger, pushing on. “You paid for a virtual, sexual relationship with him. Then, when you met him in person, you kept that bit of information to yourself while actively pursuing him. You knew unbelievably intimate details about him and never said a word. You can dress it up however you want, but you kept it from him to get what you wanted. Yes, you love him. But you need to take a long, hard look as to why you made the choice to keep him in the dark.”

She stopped, allowing everything she said to sink in. Her words were a sledgehammer to his anger and indignation. He hadn’t stopped to think about how his actions could have looked to Bucky. And now that he did, he felt even more ashamed. Natasha covered his hand with hers, her own anger easing from her face.
“I know it was intoxicating to be with someone who saw past the shield and you wanted to hold on to that. But you were hiding something huge from him. That wasn’t fair to him. Or to you.”

Steve could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. He had let his fears overrule his integrity and now he was paying the price.

“I know this hurts to hear but you screwed this one up royally. You didn’t trust him enough to share all of you. That’s not an isolated thing. You do that with everyone and it’s something you need to work on. It’s possible you can work this out. But you don’t stand a chance if you continue holding back.”

“I’m not so sure there is a chance anymore,” Steve ran his hands through his hair before covering his face with them.

Natasha moved to sit beside him, placing a more gentle hand on his knee.

“I care about you very much and what I’m about to say, comes from a place of love. You are your own worst enemy. I understand it’s hard to open up to someone. Believe me, I still struggle with it every damn day. But I had to learn a hard lesson with Clint.”

She paused a moment before forging ahead, a somberness falling over her. “When we first started dating, I didn’t let him get too close. I shared just enough to tell myself I was trying. I was holding a lot back and he knew it. He waited and waited, hoping he could convince me I could trust him. But trust wasn’t something I knew how to give back then. One day, he reached his limit.”

Steve could sense this was something she didn’t talk about much and his heart ached for her.

“He told me he couldn’t have a relationship by himself and we got into a huge fight. I said a lot of things I shouldn’t, sound familiar?” she quipped, raising an eyebrow at him. “And he walked away. We didn’t speak for months.”

Steve was shocked. Clint and Natasha were exceptionally close. He had a hard time imagining them willingly not speaking unless it was mission dictated.

“It fucking hurt like nothing I’d ever felt before, messed me up. Phil even pulled us both off active duty until we worked it out.”

Steve put his arm around her in a silent show of support. He sensed she wasn’t finished, so he remained quiet.

“Believe it or not, it ended up being the best thing for us. It gave us both time to reflect on how shitty we were at relationships. Clint needed to learn he deserved more than I was giving. And I needed to understand he was my safe space. That I finally had a safe space.”

Her words hit him hard, a few truths crawling their way to the light.

“Give him time, Steve. Give yourself time. This isn’t going to be fixed in a day and especially not in your current state of mind. I know your first instinct is to fight it out but this isn’t a mission. This is two broken people who are hurting. Both of you are going to need to do a lot of work to find your way fully back to each other.”

Steve put his head in his hands, letting the weight of what she said settle over him.

“You’re a good man. I know you didn’t intentionally set out to hurt him. But you did and you have to take a step back and figure out what caused you, a caring, kind man to behave the way you did.”
He nodded, bringing her in for a tight hug. They sat on the couch, holding each other in silent support until his stomach growled loudly.

She laughed, pushing off of him and standing up. “Let’s get you something to eat before your body revolts against you.”

She headed to the kitchen to raid his stash of takeout menus. Steve looked over at his phone, the desire to hear Bucky’s voice a physical ache in his bones. The temptation to call him was almost overwhelming. But he knew Natasha was right. They both needed time apart to figure some things out for themselves before finally talking.

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Bucky was wrapped in three blankets, his head barely visible. It had been three days since the press conference and he was getting used to his blanket burrito status. He was going through the first ten seasons of The Simpsons because it didn’t require him to think. He had called out sick, not wanting to face Tony or anyone else. A pint of Big Gay Ice Cream’s Salty Pimp was melting slowly on the coffee table, a spoon standing straight up in it. He knew it was a dire situation when even ice cream failed to cheer him up.

Darcy had kept him from the media fallout, limiting him to Netflix, Hulu and their own movie and television library. She also ran interference with his mother and Tony, both of which left him feeling immensely grateful for her. She had additionally refrained from bringing up Steve since the first night they talked. Experience told him that wouldn’t last for long though. He was dreading her inevitable, and unwanted, advice.

As if conjured by his thoughts, Darcy came swooping into their apartment. He heard a loud sigh as she shed her many winter layers. “You look like an unholy union of Taco Bell and Bed, Bath and Beyond.”

He grunted in response before passive-aggressively tightening the blankets further around him. He felt a smack on his feet, so he raised his legs and plopped them into her lap when she sat down.

“BoBo, I gave you an extension on your reenactment of Wuthering Heights because I know you’re hurting. But this has got to stop. Look at The Admiral,” Darcy pointed at their cat, who was silently judging him from the window ledge. “She’s embarrassed to call you her human. She’s the laughing stock of the cat neighborhood because her human is pining like a Jane Austen heroine. All you need is a home in the English countryside and a corset.”

The burrito blanket known as Bucky snorted derisively, clutching at his blankets. He was happy in his cocoon of fluff. He most certainly was not pining, only respectfully mourning the loss of his tragic love. Okay, yeah, maybe he was pining just a little.

“You’re gonna make me talk to a pile of blankets, aren’t you?” she said, adopting the tone of a long suffering mother.

Bucky did not want to move and he did not care if Darcy and The Admiral were judging him. He stuck his arm out just enough to give her a thumbs up. He could almost hear her eyes rolling, even as she started talking to his cocooned form.

“I’m not going to defend what he did. He should have been honest with you from the beginning, no question,” she paused for a moment, letting him take in what she said. “But I also saw the way he looked at you. And I would kill to have someone look at me like that.”
He dug into the blankets more, not wanting to hear what she was saying to him.

She inched her way into his flannel fortress, finding the inside of his ankle and tickling it. He squirmed, tempted to kick her for exploiting his weakness. But he refused to be childish and retracted his foot further into his blanket nest. Blanket nests were not at all childish.

“Yes, he kept a huge part of himself from you but I think you know deep down it wasn’t malicious. If he just wanted to get laid, he has millions of willing men, women and non-binary folks to choose from - and that’s just in the five boroughs. He didn’t have to open his home to you to get an easy fuck. He didn’t have to basically adopt your family to get his dick jollies.”

She stopped, poking at his thigh to make sure he was listening.

“He did all those things because he loves you,” she finished softly.

“He’s got a funny way of showing it,” he mumbled, in the most adult tone one could use while wrapped up like a Chipotle lunch special.

She responded with a frustrated groan and a flick to the bottom of his foot. “Good lord, stop whining and listen to me! Yes, he lied and yes, it was a shitty thing to do. But he’s NOT Jack! So stop fucking punishing him for the shit that asshole did to you! Stop punishing yourself!”

The mention of Jack’s name raised his hackles. “Jack has nothing to do with this!”

“Now who’s lying,” she snipped, whacking his foot with what felt suspiciously like his ice cream spoon. “I will keep hitting you with things around our apartment until you get your head out of your ass.”

“Hit me all you want, that doesn’t change the fact that he lied to me.”

There was no warning before the blankets were violently yanked from his person. Bucky yelped, catching himself before he fell off the couch.

“Goddamnit! Can’t you just leave me the fuck alone?!”

“Well I see we’ve moved on to the anger portion of the love grieving process. Hopefully you saved some of that anger for yourself.”

Bucky gave her an affronted, withering glare.

“Oh don’t you even dare pretend you’re innocent in all of this,” she snapped at him.

“You’re supposed to be on my side, Darcy!”

“I am always on your side, you idiot! The problem is you’re not always on your own!” she jabbed.

Bucky was seething. He began pacing the length of their living room. “What the fuck is that supposed to mean, exactly? Do you think I like feeling this way? That I purposely fall in love with men who break my heart? Cause if that’s what you think, that’s just cruel.”

“For god’s sake, Bucky! That is not what I’m saying and you fucking know it!” she said, throwing up her hands in frustration. “I think you’re looking for any excuse to run away. Easier to run than to put your heart completely out there again, right?”

“He fucking lied! The entire relationship was based on a fucking lie!” he roared, stopping his pacing to face her.
“How exactly was Steve supposed to tell you?” she fumed, getting up in his face and poking at his chest. “It was great meeting your family, Buck. By the way, I’ve watched you shove numerous fingers up your ass. Now who wants burgers for dinner?”

Bucky started pacing again, angry that his best friend wasn’t seeing his side. “He had plenty of time to tell me, Darc!”

“Well so did you! Steve wasn’t the only one keeping secrets.” she retaliated.

“It’s not the same and you know it,” he argued. “It was something I did before I met him, a way to pay for school. It wasn’t a normal job but it wasn’t anything illegal.”

“If you really believe that, why didn’t you tell him earlier?”

Bucky shook his head. He was pissed that Darcy was pushing this and he was reaching his breaking point.

“I thought he wouldn’t understand, wouldn’t approve. I had no way of knowing he was fucking watching me before we even met!”

Darcy must have seen something more in his eyes because she kept digging. “Are you sure that’s the only reason?”

“Yes!” Bucky all but shouted. But Darcy knew him too well for that to be the end of it.

“I don’t know what’s sadder, the fact that you think you can lie to me or the fact that you think you can lie to yourself. Bucky, you’re a rational person. Even with Jackhole, you never got this stubborn, this angry. And I think we both know that anger isn’t only for Steve.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” he tried to brush her off. She gave him a pointed look, crossing her arms in defiance.

“You’re a goddamn liar,” she challenged him.

Bucky snapped, the last bit of his defenses shattering against the weight of her glare. “I was afraid I wasn’t good enough for him!” he exploded, the admission punching the air out of his lungs. He stumbled back to the couch, slumping down and letting his head fall into his hands.

“And there it is,” she said, sitting next to him. She put her arm over his shoulder as he started to cry… again. His eyes fucking hurt from all the damn crying. She pulled him to her, rocking him back and forth. The admission drained all the fight out of him, leaving Bucky a sobbing mess. They stayed that way until there was nothing left in him. He sat up, slouching forward to stare at the floor.

“When they leaked my name, there was this… this immediate questioning of my character. Who was this guy who made Captain America swoon like a lovesick puppy on live TV? ‘Why is he always dressed like Cisco from The Flash?’ ‘Steve Rogers is too hot to be with a guy who can’t be bothered to cut his hair.’ It was relentless.”

“Which is why I took your phone from you for a few days. No one needs a constant stream of criticism running through their head.”

“Darc, by the time you took the phone away, I’d spent days online reading negative comments. They were picking apart my appearance, no one cared about my accomplishments. There were passing mentions of my degrees and the work I’m doing with Tony. But for the most part, it was me not being good enough for him.”
“The internet is no place to measure your self worth, Bucky,” she admonished.

Bucky shook his head, wiping a stray tear away. “I know that but I couldn’t turn it off. And there was a voice in the back of my head whispering that they were right. That Captain America deserved someone pure, someone without this… this dirty side to him. I was so afraid I would lose him if I told him.”

“Well news flash, you were dating Steve Rogers, not Captain America. And as it turns out, Steve Rogers is as big a freak as you.”

Bucky groaned, flashes of his last session with Cap coming to mind. “God, you have no idea. Fuck if he didn’t bring me to my knees. And only with a keyboard.”

Darcy shoved him lightly, giving him a dirty little smirk. “Damn! Go, Mr. Rogers!”

He wrinkled his nose, shoving her back. “Please don’t use the words Mr. Rogers in that context ever again.”

She threw back her head, letting out a boisterous laugh. She sank deeper into the couch, tucking her legs underneath her.

“So let me make sure I’ve got this straight - you find out the sex god of your dreams and the real life man of your dreams are the same person, right?”

Bucky gave a cautious nod, not liking where this was headed.

“And you admit you were in love with him? And that he was an amazing kisser to boot?”

Bucky sighed. She was looking far too smug for this to be going anywhere good. “Yes,” he responded flatly.

“So why exactly did you walk away from him?”

Bucky just stared at her, not yet ready to let go of his anger. It was the only thing keeping him from picking up the phone and begging Steve for another chance.

He also wasn’t ready to admit she was more than a little right about him being afraid. His feelings for Steve were light-years ahead of what he felt for Jack. And whether intentional or not, Steve had already hurt him far worse than his ex. The thought of opening himself up with a possibility of being hurt again was paralyzing him.

Darcy rolled her eyes. “Why are men, even geniuses, so fucking stupid when it comes to relationships?”

“It’s not that simple,” he whispered, the words ringing hollow even to his own ears.

“Nothing worthwhile ever is, sweetie. But if you let fear rule your life, you’re not really living.”

She gave his cheek a soft pat before getting up and going to the kitchen.

“And if you don’t cut this maudlin shit out, I’m calling your mother!” she threatened. “Do not make me break the Winnie emergency glass!”

Bucky gave serious thought to going out and buying more blankets.
Steve pushed his way through the throng of reporters and photographers surrounding the Tower. There was a situation in Bolivia that required all The Avengers, so Phil had called him up. Unfortunately, the press was camping out there in the hopes of getting Steve to make a statement.

“Captain Rogers, how can you expect the public to trust your judgment when you associate yourself with known sex deviants?” a reporter shouted at him.

He’d ignored the press up until this point but he would not ignore that filth. He rounded on the reporter, a balding, stocky man that barely reached Steve’s massive shoulders. He started walking towards him, putting every ounce of intimidation into his gait.

“You have no fucking clue what you’re talking about! Bucky is the most brilliant, gifted, kind man I’ve ever had the privilege to know. You aren’t fit to lick the bottom of his shoe.”

The man stepped back, alarmed by the vehemence of Steve’s statement. Another reporter took advantage of the man’s silence to throw out her own question.

“But isn’t it setting a bad example to continue dating a person who was involved in sex work?”

Steve wouldn’t use his presence to intimidate a woman, but he was not going to let her get away with shaming Bucky.

“First of all, there is nothing wrong with non-coerced sex work. It is a mutually beneficial arrangement when threats of physical and emotional harm or substance addiction aren’t involved. Bucky and others like him are performing a service and that doesn’t make them less of a person for doing so. Second of all, I am a person, not just a symbol. Who I choose to love is nobody’s business but my own. And I will not be responding to any other questions on the matter. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go save lives, even the ones who choose harassing people as an occupation.”

Steve turned his back on the shouting throng, walking into the lobby and taking a deep breath. He was shaking with anger and he needed to calm down before going any further. Who the fuck did they think they were, passing judgment without even knowing Bucky? Without knowing Steve? It was no one’s business what he did off the battlefield and he was goddamn tired of this century’s piss-poor excuse for the press. He made his way to the briefing room, taking measured breaths to reign in his temper.

As soon as he walked in the room, he immediately regretted getting up this morning. Tony was standing by the window, staring out into the distance. He was scowling, arms folded over his chest while he listened to someone on his bluetooth headset. He was deep in thought, so he wasn’t yet aware of Steve’s presence. Steve contemplated backing out of the room but figured he’d have to face the music sooner or later. He cleared his throat to alert Tony he was no longer alone. Tony swiveled his head towards the door, his scowl growing deeper when he laid eyes on Steve.

“Sorry, Rhodey, I need to go kick someone’s ass.” he clicked off the headset before Rhodey could possibly respond.

Steve stepped into the room further, knowing he deserved whatever Tony said or chose to do to him. “I messed up, I know I did.”

Tony stalked towards him, eyes hard and mouth set in an angry line. “No shit, Sherlock! Natasha told me everything, I think in an attempt to keep me from firing missiles at your house. Mind explaining exactly what the fuck you were thinking?”

Steve couldn’t offer up a defense because what he had said and done to Bucky was inexcusable. The
more he thought over his conversation with Natasha, the more he realized how right she was… about a number of things.

“I wasn’t thinking, that was the problem. I was acting on selfish impulses and I hurt him in the process. I’d give my life to take away that pain.”

Tony raised an eyebrow, sitting down on the edge of the conference table and crossing his arms again. “That can be arranged.”

Steve flinched at the coldness in Tony’s voice. He could feel himself starting to get defensive, so he took a moment to tamp it down. He was trying to be better about his temper. Flying off the handle at Tony’s justified hostility was not a step forward in his quest for self-improvement.

“You have every right to be angry with me but you can’t do anything worse to me than seeing Bucky in pain.”

“Oh you have no idea what I’m capable of doing, Rogers.” Tony got up and stalked towards him. Steve had never seen Tony this angry. He had a vindictive glint in his eyes as if he was disembarring Steve in his mind.

“Remember what I told you when I found out you were dating Bucky?”

“Yes. And I meant it when I said I wouldn’t put up a fight.” Steve held his ground.

The tension hung like a dense cloud in the conference room, neither one of them moving or saying anything. Steve wasn’t sure how long they stood there, staring each other down but it was long enough for others to start coming into the room. Wanda, Thor, Maria and Sam stopped dead in their tracks when they saw Tony and Steve’s epic showdown of stares.

Without taking his eyes off of Steve, Tony said in a clipped tone, “Everyone out. Now.”

They could not get out of there fast enough, Thor, whispering loudly, “I shall miss dear Steven.” Maria shushed him, closing the door behind her.

“I want to hear from your Star Spangled mouth what possessed you to keep such a secret from him. Because all the reasons I could come up with are bullshit. And we know Captain America is too goddamn virtuous to be full of bullshit.”

Steve swallowed, sitting down in a nearby chair and folding into himself. “I can tell you what I was thinking but I freely admit upfront I was, in fact, full of shit.”

He glanced up at Tony who only responded with the universal hand motion for “get the fuck on with it”. Steve nodded, looking back down.

“I was shocked as hell when I saw him in your lab that first time. I didn’t know his name or anything about him. I just knew him by his, uhm, professional name. You have to believe I never tried to track him down or anything. I may have done a lot of dumb shit the last few months, but I never crossed that line.”

“Well don’t expect a gold star for basic human decency,” Tony sneered.

Steve felt the anger coursing through his body but held his tongue. He kept reminding himself Tony was well within his right to be furious with him.

“I know. I know. I… I just wanted you to know that.”
Tony snorted bitterly, accompanied by an exasperated eye roll. “Fine, fine. You’re not a stalker.”

Steve nodded, knowing that was the best he was going to get at this point. “I’m not going to lie, my first reaction to him was rather, uh, visceral. It was hard to separate the Bucky standing in front of me from the fantasy I was paying for online. But then he started talking and he’s so damn brilliant, so blindingly beautiful inside and I wanted to know him better. At first, I didn’t want to tell him because I didn’t want to embarrass him but the longer we dated, the harder it was to finally tell him.”

“I’m going to stop you there and call bullshit on the ‘you didn’t want to embarrass him’ crap. You didn’t want your dirty little secret to come out,” Tony spat, finger stabbing the air in front of Steve’s face.

Steve opened his mouth to argue but stopped to think about what Tony had said. He was a private person, yes, but had even a kernel of his motivation to keep Bucky in the dark been about his own embarrassment? The more he dug into his own behavior, the more revelations about himself he discovered.

“I didn’t think so at the time, but I’m not so sure anymore,” he conceded.

Tony raised his eyebrows at the admission, a somewhat startled look playing across his face. “That’s a surprising admission from Fight Me Rogers,” he remarked.

Steve laughed, a hint of self-reproach to it. “I’ve been doing a lot of navel gazing lately. Not particularly fond of what I’ve been finding.”

Tony grunted, waving his hand in the air in a dismissive manner. “Been there, done that. Bought the entire fucking property.”

“I wasn’t lying when I told you I loved him. I still do and it physically pains me to know how much I hurt him.”

“Good. Live in that for a good long while,” Tony sneered, angrily tapping a fist over his chest, just to the left of the arc reactor. “Let it sink into your bones and keep you up at night. Because if it doesn’t, you’ll never fucking learn.”

Steve’s shoulders sagged, his head hanging down as he tried hard not to cry in front of Tony fucking Stark.

Tony sighed, sitting down in the chair facing Steve. He gave Steve a measured appraisal, as if trying to solve a particularly complex equation.

“He’s been hiding out for the last week. Hasn’t even come in to the lab and he lives for that fucking lab. You didn’t just hurt him, you fucking shattered him. He’s hiding from his own fucking mother, Steve. Darcy’s having to give us daily updates like news highlights.”

Steve felt all the air go out of his lungs. He grabbed the surface of the table to keep from falling over. A wrecked sob forced its way out of his chest. He never imagined Bucky would freeze everyone out, not just him. Tony let him cry, not offering any sort of comfort. Not that Steve deserved it. It took a while to pull himself together enough to speak.

“I’m not sure what to do,” he finally said.

Tony threw his hands up in the air and tossed out a “for fuck’s sake” in the most fed up tone imaginable.
“How about stop wallowing in your own self-pity and fucking grow a pair!” he raged, pushing himself up out of his chair. He threw his phone down with such force, it skittered across the table. “You don’t get to be the injured party in this equation. Yeah, Bucky didn’t tell any of us what he did as a job to pay for school. But in all honesty, he doesn’t owe anyone a damn explanation. From what Darcy told me, he ended his channel the moment you and him started dating. It had nothing to do with your relationship.”

Steve felt suitably chastened. Tony was completely right. What Bucky did before them, even though Steve knew about it, had nothing to do with their relationship. It was well within Bucky’s right to wait until they were together longer before coming clean. But Steve wanted Bucky to give him everything, every side of him. All while Steve wasn’t returning the favor. The force of the revelation hit him so hard, he fell back into the chair.

Tony picked up his discarded phone before turning his attention back to Steve. He could tell Tony was giving himself time to collect his thoughts. And possibly to keep himself from strangling Steve.

“Look, I don’t want to go into all the shit I put Pepper through before I pulled my head out of my ass. I have no idea how she was able to forgive all the pain I caused her.” Tony walked towards the door, putting his hand on the knob. “But the important part is I actually pulled my head out of my fucking ass. About time you did the same thing.”

Tony stormed out, slamming the door behind him and leaving a shaken Steve in his wake.

Bucky was pretty sure The Admiral was going to run away to a more deserving family. It had been a little over a week since he’d left the house and The Admiral was clearly done with his shit. Earlier today, she pointedly looked at the door and then looked at Bucky before stalking off to god knows where. It was safe to say Bucky had reached rock bottom.

Darcy was no longer coddling him either, which Bucky thought was a tad unfair. His heart was breaking and his best friend and cat were giving him no comfort.

“You get comfort when you stop being an idiot,” Darcy tossed at him as she left for class.

Bucky was not yet ready to admit he was being an idiot. Or that his anger at Steve had dulled to a bone deep ache. He was used to talking to Steve every day, even if they didn’t see each other. To go from daily contact to nothing was like losing his left arm. He felt hollow and unbalanced but the fear was wound so tightly around him, he couldn’t move.

Instead, he ate his weight in ice cream and watched every Captain America documentary he could get his hands on. It’s possible he’d managed to fall even further than rock bottom. He was finishing up a pretty awful History Channel re-enactment of the final battle with Red Skull aboard the Valkyrie when he heard keys going into the lock. Assuming it was Darcy, he held fast to his blankets. She was not about to take away his only remaining source of comfort.

“Oh dear lord. It’s worse than I thought,” Winnie’s voice floated through the air.

Great. Just fucking great. He was going to slowly poison Darcy with ground glass in her margaritas.

“Bucky, dear, I know you can hear me. Please do come out from under that ridiculous pile of pity,” she didn’t wait for an answer as she yanked the covers off of him. Once again, Bucky had to stop himself from falling to the floor. The women in his life really enjoyed torturing him.

“Ma, please. I don’t think I can take another lecture,” he sighed, trying in vain to get back his
blankets. She smacked his hand before pulling a heavenly hand knit afghan from her bag. It was ivory with an exact replica of the Tardis running down the center. He made grabby hands at it, delighted once again that Winnie Barnes was his mother.

“This was meant to be a birthday present but Darcy said you were pining more than a national forest. Thought this would cheer you up,” she covered him with the throw and headed to the kitchen with her large bag. He revelled in the epic awesomeness of his newest treasured possession as Winnie banged around in their kitchen.

The aroma of cumin, chilis and garlic began to waft through the apartment. Bucky shot up from the couch, sliding into the kitchen.

“Is that Southwest black bean chili?!?” he clapped his hands as his mother ladled the chili into his monstrously huge Death Star cereal bowl.

“You are an actual toddler,” she shook her head and led him back to the couch. Once he was settled back in, she handed him the bowl. “Now eat up while I tell you a story.”

Bucky knew all her kindness came at a price. But he would gladly listen to Mormons talk about their Lord and Saviour if it meant he could have this chili.

“I slept with your father’s best friend a month after we started dating,” she announced. Bucky choked on a spoonful of beans and beef. “Good lord, use a napkin. I raised you better than that.”

“You cheated on dad? With his best friend?” Bucky reiterated, flabbergasted at the confession.

“It was the early 80s! Everyone was snorting coke and fucking like rabbits. You weren’t there, so don’t judge.”

Bucky didn’t want to think about his mother in any of those contexts. Ever. He was still traumatized from walking in on his parents defiling the kitchen table when he was 15.

“Anyways, I wasn’t taking George seriously at the time. But he was on a completely different page. Hell, a different book to be honest.”

Bucky was horrified. It did not, however, stop him from eating the chili.

“When he found out, he was devastated. I had never seen such pain in someone else’s eyes and I had put it there. God, I felt like the worst form of scum. But I was stubborn and I threw it all back on him, telling him we never made a commitment to be exclusive. It was all a pathetic attempt to ease my conscience and it failed spectacularly. We had an explosive fight and he dumped me.”

Bucky could hear the dull echoes of a past heartbreak in her voice. He put down the chili and pulled his mother into a hug. She let out a watery laugh, patting him on his arm. He had no idea what to say to her but he could at least hold her.

“I’m fine to talk about it now, but the ache is always there.” she said but didn’t move away from his embrace.

He nodded, rubbing her arm and sharing some of his soon-to-be legendary afghan with her.

“Your grandmother was more than a little disappointed in me. She adored George from the moment she met him. Told me I was insane for even looking at anyone else but him. I kept screaming I was too young to be tied down and I refused to accept responsibility for the hurt I caused. Your mother wasn’t always all-knowing. So I went on about my business, telling myself I didn’t need George and
hopping from bed to bed.”

“Geez, Ma. Please don’t. I really don’t need to know that.”

“I was - and still am, might I add - a very sexual person. There’s nothing wrong with experimenting.”

“I agree. I just don’t want to know the details of my mother’s ‘experimenting’. I’m already dealing with enough as it is.”

“Which is why I’m telling you this story in the first place. Now shut up and let me finish,” she shot him down.

“Fine. Continue adding to the trauma I’ll be describing to a therapist in the near future.”

“Oh do shut up, you big baby!” she swatted his thigh. “Like I was saying, I went through a rather slutty phase for a while. Looking back, I know I was trying not to deal with my feelings. That ring any bells, my genius son?”

Bucky decided not to comment on that remark.

“Uh huh,” she gave him a knowing look. “A couple of months later, I was at a Patti Smith concert at CBGB and ran into George with some tart.”

“Ouch. That’s a little harsh, don’t you think?” Bucky dared to ask. He was rewarded with another light slap on his thigh.

“Were you there? No. So my original description stands. Now can I continue without your constant interruptions?”

Bucky raised his hands in submission before making a zipping motion across his lips.

“Thank you. Anyways, George was laughing and smiling down at this other woman and it hit me that I wanted that. I didn’t want him sharing those smiles or flirty touches with anyone else. It was simultaneously frightening and wondrous. And then came the crushing reminder of my behavior.”

Bucky’s heart ached for his mother, even though he now knew the pain she’d caused his father. Here she was, admitting to behavior she regretted deeply to help her lost son.

“I had a tough choice to make. I could let the fear control me and walk away from George forever. Or I could push through it and prove myself worthy of his love. I chose the latter and it was the best decision I ever made. I got two beautiful children out of it and an amazing life with my soulmate,” she sat up and stroked the side of his face.

Bucky picked at the side of the afghan, refusing to meet his mother’s eyes. She, however, was having none of it. She lifted up his chin until he was forced to look at her.

“You’re at that same crossroads, my dear boy. You can let past hurts and self-doubt overwhelm you or you can maybe listen to what Steve has to say. Yes, he made a colossal mistake, but I know he loves you.”

She put a hand on the middle of his back, rubbing soothing circles against it.

“I would never defend someone who hurt one of my children, you know that. Your dreadful ex is lucky George hid all the guns and knives when I found out. But Steve’s love for you is blinding and
I can see the same thing in you for him. That doesn’t come around very often. Think carefully before you throw it away.”

Heartache, fear and sorrow collided all at once, leaving him sobbing and gripping the couch cushions for balance. He was really fucking tired of crying. “I’m terrified he’ll hurt me again,” he wept.

Winnie shushed him as she pushed his hair away from his eyes.

“I know, dear. Love is painful. It’s messy, it breaks your heart and it can hollow you out unlike anything else. But it is also the most amazing gift you’ll ever receive. You just have to let him back in again. One small step at a time.”

She stayed with him the rest of the evening, wrestling the remote away from him and turning to Investigation Discovery. She openly mocked murder victims for their stupidity as Bucky laid his head in her lap, comforted by the sound of her voice.

After she left, four more tupperware bowls of chili safely tucked away in his refrigerator, Bucky sat for a long time staring at his phone. He went over his conversations with Darcy and his mom, coming back to the same conclusion. The thought of never seeing Steve again frightened him more than the thought of being hurt.

He opened up his favorites and hit Steve’s number. It rang only once before Steve picked up.

“Hey Bucky.” Steve answered, a cautious hopefulness evident. Just hearing his voice made Bucky practically melt. How had he ever considered walking away from this man.

Bucky worked his way through the lump in his throat. “Hey,” he replied, his own voice going mushy and soft. There was a moment of silence, both of them overwhelmed by a million different emotions.

“I uh, I was hoping maybe we could talk?” Bucky hedged.

“God, please.” Bucky could almost feel the relief radiating from Steve’s voice.

“Do you, uhm… I could come over there or you could come over here. Or I mean, we could meet somewhere if you don’t want to be alone with me. Or whatever makes you comfortable,” Steve rambled.

Bucky laughed and started crying at the same time, the love for this idiot practically choking him.

“Can we meet at your place?

“Yeah, Buck. Anything you want.”

Bucky managed to stop himself from saying, “I just want you.”

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Steve wasn’t sure if he should leave out the snacks. He wasn’t very hungry but it was possible Bucky might enjoy a little nosh while Steve begged at his feet.

He had changed his clothes several times, finally deciding on dress up, dark blue sweatpants and a simple white Henley. He needed to be comfortable when he threw himself on Bucky’s mercy. Sam had helped him rehearse what he was going to say because Steve off the cuff was a disaster waiting to happen.
“Just speak from the heart, man. If you put yourself out there fully, there’s no way he can resist,” Sam told him, slapping him on the back before leaving.

Now Steve was in the middle of his living room, an assortment of charcuterie, cheeses and baguettes spread out on the coffee table. Because nothing said, “please don’t leave me, I’m begging you for a second chance” like meat and dairy products.

He was second-guessing the food when there was a hesitant knock at the door. Steve felt like his heart was going to burst straight out of his chest. Exhaling, he rubbed his hands together and moved his head from side to side, working out the tension in his neck. He walked over to the door, took one final centering breath and opened it.

Bucky was standing there, shoulders hunched in and his hands in his jean pockets. He looked both stunning and frightened all at once. Steve had to remind himself he wasn’t allowed to hold him. Not now, maybe not ever again. He pushed that thought out of his head, giving Bucky a tentative smile.

Bucky returned Steve’s smile with an equally hesitant one of his own. “Hey. Thanks for sending a car. I wasn’t in the right frame of mind to fight off potential vampires.”

Steve chuckled softly, moving back to allow Bucky to step inside. Before all of this, Bucky treated Steve’s place like a second home. Now he seemed unsure in the space, fidgeting with the sleeves of his hoodie. Steve yearned to hold him, to reassure him this place was as much his home as it was Steve’s. But he had to remind himself again they weren’t there yet. With every ounce of his being, he hoped they would get there someday soon though.

Steve pointed to the array of snacks on the coffee table. “I wasn’t sure if you would be hungry, so I set out a little something to nibble on while we talked.”

Bucky snorted, looking Steve in the eyes for the first time in over a week. “Leave it to you to cater a ‘where is this going’ talk.”

Some of the tension in Steve’s shoulders relaxed, Bucky’s sarcasm diffusing the situation slightly. “My mom instilled in me the importance of being a good host, no matter the occasion.”

They stood there awkwardly for a moment, neither one of them knowing how to even begin.

“Maybe we should, uhm, sit down?” Steve said, more of a question than a statement.

Bucky nodded, moving to sit in the middle of the couch. Steve sat a respectable distance away from him.

Biting at his bottom lip, Bucky fiddled with the edge of a cushion before starting. “Would you mind if I talked first?”

“No, of course not,” Steve assured him.

Bucky coughed lightly before diving in. “I made up note cards but Darcy threw them in the garbage and then tossed The Admiral’s dirty litter over them. So this may be a little rough, but bear with me, okay?”

“Take your time. I’m listening,” Steve promised, itching to hold Bucky’s hand.

“I want to apologize first for accusing you of only wanting to sleep with me. I was hurt and angry and I lashed out. No matter who was right or wrong, you never did anything to make me think that was all you wanted.”
Steve gave a little shake of his head. “No, I’ve thought a lot about it and I can see where my actions could have been misconstrued. And that’s all I’ll say until you’re finished, I promise!” Steve shoved his hands under his thighs to keep himself from touching.

“Okay, well let’s just say we were both wrong on that count and leave it at that, shall we?” Bucky chuckled, his hand edging closer into Steve’s space.

Steve didn’t want to misread the gesture, so he nodded but kept his hands to himself.

“My first reaction when you told me was a feeling of being violated. You’ve watched me… do things. You’ve seen a side of me that I wasn’t yet ready to share with you. I felt like you robbed me, us really, of the chance to experience each other together for the first time. I realize you had no way of knowing we’d meet in real life, but that’s how I felt.”

Steve hadn’t considered that before and now he too felt saddened by the loss of a shared experience. It was yet another brick in the “Jesus, Buddy You Really Done Fucked Up” wall.

“I was afraid to tell you because I thought you might be disgusted by it. To be clear, I’m not, nor will I ever be, ashamed of what I did. I graduated with two doctorates and no student loan debt. I was never coerced and I blocked people fast if they tried to get abusive. I was in control and I… I enjoyed it. It helped me explore my limits in a safe environment.”

Steve bit the inside of his cheek, determined not to let his mind take a stroll down gutter lane. He simply gave Bucky a kind smile, silently encouraging him to go on.

Steve could tell that Bucky was struggling with his next words. Steve braced himself for rejection or attempted to do so. He wasn’t sure he would ever be prepared to watch Bucky walk away again.

“I never met the people who… used my services before you. And I don’t know. Something about knowing you paid to get off while watching me, made me feel like a whore.”

“Oh Bucky, ba…” Steve cut himself off before finishing the term of endearment. “That was never my intention. I hope you know I never saw you in that light. Not even when I was, uh, utilizing your services.” The last part sounded lame, even to his own ears.

“That’s a new way to put it,” Bucky joked.

“I’m trying to be more tactful,” Steve replied, nodding his head once with a sense of pride.

Bucky arched his eyebrow, glancing over to Steve with skepticism. “Uh huh.”

“I’ve had a few people yell at me over the last few days. Makes a person reassess a lot of things about themselves.”

“Tell me about it,” Bucky grumbled.

“But I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have interrupted. You were saying?”

Bucky paused, silently moving his lips and staring off before nodding to himself. “Yes, well. Regardless of your intentions, that’s how I felt. At first. But much like you, I’ve had my share of people yelling at me this last week. There may have been some truths I was hiding from even myself.”

Bucky rubbed his palms over his jeans a few times. He looked so afraid and Steve had to fight every instinct not to gather him up and hold tight. Not there yet, not there yet, he kept repeating in his head.
“I didn’t fully comprehend how much everything with Jack affected me. I told myself I was too busy to date or to commit to someone. I had casual relationships but I never let it get too far. Truth is, I was afraid. Deep down I was still standing in that doorway watching the man I loved fucking somebody else. I buried it under a lot of denial and my research but it was there. So when I found out you lied, I closed up and ran.

“But running didn’t keep me from getting hurt. It didn’t shut off my feelings for you. And it didn’t dull the ache I felt when we weren’t together. It only made everything hurt more. It took me a while to get past the anger but when I did, what I felt for you was still there, still strong. The thought of never talking to you again or never being close to you, god, that hurt ten times worse.”

Steve broke down, sliding his hand cautiously over towards Bucky. Bucky turned his hand over, palm facing up in invitation. A sense of wholeness came over Steve as he put his hand in Bucky’s. They clutched tightly to each other’s hand, the seed of a new beginning being planted.

Steve, grateful for even this small gesture, didn’t push for anything more. Being able to feel Bucky’s skin under his palm again was a gift. Something he thought he’d never have again. Something he promised never to take for granted. When Steve looked up from their joined hands, he saw a very similar sentiment on Bucky’s face.

“I’m, uhm, through for now. You can talk,” Bucky stumbled over his words. Steve brushed his thumb over the back of Bucky’s hand as reassurance. He took a deep breath before plunging into his own story of self-discovery.

“I said all the wrong things that day and I deeply regret every single word. I was flustered by that asshole blindsiding me and I was desperately trying to hold on to you. I let myself get overly emotional and I reacted instead of listening. That entire conversation was… fuck, I had no excuse for it.” Steve placed his other hand over Bucky’s, wanting to convey the depth of his apology.

“It was pointed out to me, more than once, that I have a problem with opening myself up to people. And a lot of that stems from a fear of not living up to the expectations of Captain America. I know it’s irrational but it’s there. Sometimes it’s easier to be myself online than in real life. Which is part of the reason I clicked on your profile. No one expects Captain America to be a sexual being. I’m supposed to be the paragon of virtue, a Ken doll, complete with mounds of plastic where my dick should be.”

Bucky laughed, a loud booming noise that put a small piece of Steve’s heart back into place. “I’m sincerely grateful that you’re anatomically correct.”

Steve arched his eyebrow, a smoldering look flashing through his eyes. He managed to keep himself from saying something particularly dirty. “Well I am and you… you certainly captured my attention. If I’m being completely honest, by the time we had our private session, I was feeling more than just lust for you. I wanted to reach out and stroke your hair so badly, my fingers ached. Even through the computer, I felt this incredible sexual chemistry between us.”

They exchanged a heated, charged look, memories of what they did together clearly front and center in their minds.

“Then I met you and fuck if you didn’t blow me away even more. I haven’t felt this way about anyone since Peggy. You really saw me, a lot like she did at Camp Lehigh. That doesn’t happen very often and it was intoxicating. I was desperate to hold onto that, to hold onto you. And I do really stupid shit when I’m desperate.”

“Like crash a plane into the ocean?” Bucky teased, poking at Steve’s thigh.
Steve chuckled, nodding. “Something like that.” He resisted the urge to bring Bucky’s hand to his lips. This was going in the right direction but he didn’t want to push it.

“I didn’t keep it from you for malicious reasons,” Steve continued, “I was overwhelmed by my feelings for you and it clouded my judgment. And fuck, yeah, I wanted you, I still want you. But I let my desire to bring out that dirtier side of you overrule my common sense. I was selfish and stupid and I hurt you in the process. It kills me that I caused you pain.”

“I think we both hurt each other,” Bucky murmured sadly.

Without thinking, Steve brushed a stray lock of hair off of Bucky’s face. Much to his relief, Bucky hummed softly, a smile playing on his lips.

“It probably won’t come as a surprise to you that I’m not the best at communicating. I can jump on the defensive pretty quickly instead of taking the time to listen.”

Bucky feigned shock, placing a dramatic hand over his chest. “You don’t say, Rogers!”

Steve gently shoved him. “*Anyways*, I want to work on being a better communicator. I just need you to be patient with me. Please.” He punctuated his plea with a squeeze of Bucky’s hands.

“Only if you promise to be patient as I work on my tendency to run at the first sign of trouble.”

Steve cupped his cheek, Bucky leaning into the touch. “I promise.”

Bucky let out a happy little sigh, inching closer to Steve.

“Is it okay if I hug you?” Steve asked, afraid of being rejected.

“Fuck yes,” Bucky answered, diving into Steve’s arms and knocking him back into the couch cushions. Steve could feel his heart knitting itself back together as he held Bucky for the first time in over a week.

“Please just promise you’ll never keep anything from me. I don’t think I can survive being lied to again.” Bucky said into Steve’s chest.

“I won’t. I can’t. I love you too much to risk losing you,” he whispered against Bucky’s hair.

“I love you too,” Bucky said, the words shy but solid.

A broad smile spread across Steve’s face. Hearing those words said in love, not in anger was music to his ears.

“Good. Then we’ll work on the rest together,” Steve kissed Bucky’s forehead before settling into a proper cuddle.

Chapter End Notes

Don’t worry! I’m posting the final chapter right after this one! Up next, all the smut!

And as always, come hit me up on [Tumblr](https://www.tumblr.com)!
Those Cam Fantasies Come to Life

Chapter Summary

Steve and Bucky are reunited... and it feels soooo good. Also known as the chapter that's 85% smut. Okay, maybe 89%.

Chapter Notes

And this is it - the final chapter! I'm posting them back to back, so make sure you read Chapter 6 before diving into this chapter. I'll blather my gratitude and thoughts in the end notes. In the meantime, let's get to the smut!

Final shout out to the greatest beta of all time (at least in my mind) Full of Beans and Spunk. She happily edited a small novel and I could NOT have done it without her.

Story cover created by uber talented and secret angst lover thatsmysecretduh!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Steve glanced over at his phone, checking the time. He had been working on a gift for Sam, a rendering of his childhood home in watercolor. It was almost done except for a few finishing touches to the roof. But he wasn’t going to finish tonight because Bucky was due any minute for date night. Steve smiled to himself as he began cleaning up and putting his supplies away, the thought of him and Bucky’s progress playing in his mind.

Over the last few weeks, Bucky had been spending more and more time at Steve’s house, which he loved. To encourage it, Steve cleaned out several drawers and a section of his walk-in closet for Bucky’s things. He even gave Bucky a key, letting him come and go as he pleased. It was a huge step towards them building a future together.

They were establishing a stronger, more open version of their previous relationship and it had both rewards and challenges. There were times where their honesty led to arguments and Steve was grappling with his tendency to go immediately on the defensive. And although the media coverage was dying down, overzealous fans or asshole paparazzi occasionally pushed Bucky back into his shell. But they were working hard to overcome it and the love they were discovering more than made up for any complications.

As Steve finished washing and drying his hands, he heard a key jiggling in the front door lock. Steve came out of the bathroom, steps faltering as he laid eyes on Bucky. The minute Bucky walked into the house, Steve knew he was up to no good. His smile seemed innocent enough but Bucky’s eyes
told a completely different story. One that would be narrated by Kathleen Turner and require a cigarette after listening to it.

Bucky sauntered in, taking off his jacket and putting his backpack in its usual place by Steve’s shield. He walked over to Steve, flicking his eyes up and biting his lip. Steve wound his arm around Bucky’s waist, bringing him to his chest. He went in for a simple hello kiss but Bucky had other ideas. He kept doing lewd things with his tongue that Steve was pretty sure were illegal in the Southern States.

He tried hard not to let the kiss devolve into Steve fucking Bucky right in the foyer. But as usual, his dick was far more interested in playing hide the cannoli than anything else. And Bucky plastering himself against Steve like a horny koala bear was not making things easier.

Steve was a bit gun shy about moving their physical relationship further along. He had let lust cloud his judgment before and almost lost Bucky in the process. All and all, things were going great now and Steve was blissfully happy. He didn’t want to do anything to upset their newfound balance, including rushing into sex. The last thing he wanted to do was mess things up by jumping into bed too soon. Even if his libido was getting more and more vocal about fucking Bucky against any surface in his house.

Steve managed to untangle himself from Bucky and stepped back. Bucky gave him a lecherous once over, brushing his thumb over his lip before sucking it into his mouth. He never broke eye contact, the fucking smirk on his face bordering on pornographic. He knew exactly what he was doing to Steve. The little shit.

Steve cleared his throat and started walking towards the kitchen, desperately holding on to the unraveling tatters of his self control. “I’m trying out HelloFresh, thought we could make one of their meals together tonight.”

Bucky responded with a simple, “mhm” as he followed behind Steve.

“I got their meal of New York Strip with sweet potatoes, Brussels sprouts, and blood orange sauce. But I want to use a port-rosemary sauce Bruce taught me. It’s one of my favorites,” Steve prattled on, unnerved by whatever the fuck Bucky was plotting.

“Sounds good to me;” Bucky said, his mind clearly not on tonight’s menu. At least not the one that involved food. Bucky wasn’t going to make this easy, Steve could already tell. But he refused to initiate anything until Bucky gave him a clear indication of what he wanted. Placing a tender kiss on Bucky’s forehead, Steve turned away and started gathering the ingredients.

“Can you preheat the oven to 375 and get out a roasting pan?” Steve asked, spreading the ingredients out over the counter.

He heard the responding clanging behind him as he set up stations for the sweet potatoes and Brussels sprouts. Steve took the steaks out of the refrigerator and set them next to the stove. Bucky had already taken out the roasting pan and was getting the massive cast iron skillet from the pots and pans cabinet. He placed the skillet on the largest burner and without being told, started seasoning the steaks.

Steve paused for a moment, taking in the domesticity of the scene. He was struck by the revelation that he wanted this, with Bucky, for the rest of his life. Bucky glanced up from the steaks, his breath catching when he saw Steve’s face. Steve wasn’t sure how much his face was giving away, but he didn’t really care. He couldn’t pretend this moment was anything less than a silent vow to each other. He didn’t even want to try.
He caught Bucky’s lips in a smoldering kiss, Bucky clutching at Steve’s shoulders for balance. They let time ebb and flow around them, lips and tongues intertwined in a lush choreography of love, promise and an all consuming desire.

When they broke apart, Steve rested their foreheads together, catching his breath. “You have no idea how much I love you,” he sighed against Bucky’s lips.

“Probably as much as I love you,” Bucky replied, a tiny whisper of a thing. Steve couldn’t help the positively soppy grin on his lips.

“God, we’re such fucking saps,” he chuckled, placing one more kiss on Bucky’s lips before letting him go.

“You say that like it’s a bad thing,” Bucky laughed, moving over to the sweet potatoes. “I assume these need to be peeled and diced?”

“I see why you have two doctorates,” Steve said, sarcasm dripping from every word.

Bucky rolled his eyes as he started the task of peeling the two sweet potatoes. “I see why no one thinks you’re funny,” he muttered under his breath.

Steve hip checked him. “Thor thinks I’m funny.”

“Thor thinks you’re funny in the way a grown up thinks a child attempting complicated math is funny.”

“I’ll show you complicated math,” Steve mumbled nonsensically.

Bucky cracked up, stopping to brace himself against the force of his laughter. “That literally makes no sense, you idiot.”

Steve gave him a half hearted glare as he tossed the halved Brussels sprouts in garlic olive oil, kosher salt and freshly ground pepper. They moved around each other as they cooked as if they’d been doing it for years. Bucky manned the boiling sweet potatoes while Steve got the Brussels sprouts in the oven. He roughly chopped four garlic cloves, setting them aside as he turned on the burner under the cast iron skillet. It needed to get smoking hot before he could sear the steaks.

“Oh! Before I forget, Becca sent me the details for the March for Immigrants rally this weekend. You sure you still want to go?”

Steve nodded his head emphatically. “Absolutely. My mom was an immigrant, Buck. If the same policies they’re trying to implement now were in place back then, I’d be Captain Ireland.”

Bucky furrowed his brows, mouth drawing to the side.

“Shut up, you get my point,” Steve interrupted.

Bucky stared at him for a moment before speaking again. “Anyways, just be prepared. I’ve been arrested a few times at these things, particularly in the last year.”

“Good. Let a video of Captain America getting arrested in protest of this administration’s draconian policies get out. I haven’t pissed off Fox News enough this month.”

“I think your boyfriend being a sex pervert is enough to fuel their righteous indignation for the rest of the year.”
Steve shrugged. “I’m fairly certain every one of their hosts is a degenerate in some way. Brian Kilmeade looks like he has a foot fetish.”

Bucky tilted his head slightly upward, pausing for a few seconds. “Goddamn, you’re right! He does look like he had a college job at Payless just to be near women’s feet all day.”

“Exactly!” Steve said, pointing the metal tongs in his hand at Bucky.

Bucky drained the sweet potatoes, which was Steve’s signal to start on the steaks. They continued sharing random details about their day as they finished cooking their meal. Bucky put together their plates while Steve went to get a lovely Malbec Natasha picked up for him during a mission in Argentina. Bucky brought the food to the table while Steve poured the wine.

When they sat down at the dinner table, the trouble started again. Bucky somehow managed to make eating Brussels sprouts look downright immoral. Steve didn’t even know that was possible. Then the asshole proceeded to “accidentally” drip sauce all over his lips. Steve could only stare helplessly as Bucky worked his tongue over his lips instead of using his goddamn napkin.

Bucky was pushing his buttons and Steve was almost positive it was intentional. But he didn’t want to run the risk of misreading the signals, even if his dick kept chanting, do it, do it, do it! So he smiled, watched Bucky use entirely too much tongue on his fork and recited the alphabet backwards in his head. He cut a small portion of meat, stabbed it a little harder than necessary with his fork and lifted it to his mouth.

“I was thinking the other day, you’ve already seen my bedroom. You know, while you were watching me online,” Bucky said, tone light and easy.

The fork stopped midway to its destination, food suddenly becoming the least interesting thing to his brain. Steve set the utensil back on his plate, eyes flicking to Bucky’s lips.

“I suppose I have,” he answered, lust weathering his voice to a throaty whisper. He swallowed thickly, his dick unsure of where exactly this was heading.

Bucky swiped his tongue across his bottom lip before biting down on it and then slowly letting it go. “And you already know a lot of my weaknesses.”

Steve’s pulse started beating out a frenzied staccato. He watched Bucky’s lips, watched the rise and fall of Bucky’s chest. His throat suddenly felt dry, his fingers twitching with anticipation. “I suppose I do,” Steve admitted.

“So why exactly aren’t we fucking?” Bucky asked as innocently as if he was discussing the weather.

Steve wanted to wipe that smug grin off Bucky’s face. Preferably with his cock.

“I was trying to respect your boundaries, you fucking tease,” Steve ground out.

Bucky picked up his knife, sliding it through the port sauce and bringing it to his mouth. Eyes fixed on Steve, he licked up one side of the knife before putting it in his mouth and sucking off the rest of the sauce. Steve could feel the strings of his self control snapping one by one.

Bucky put down the knife, ran his index finger through the sauce and began fellating his own goddamn finger. The last string popped and Steve pushed back from the table. He spread his legs and arched his eyebrow at Bucky.

“Get on your hands and knees and crawl to me,” he said, voice controlled but with a heavy
undercurrent of desire.

Bucky shivered, instantly sinking to his knees with the grace of a panther. Steve marveled at the sight before him - Bucky compliant and willing, slinking towards Steve. The scene took his breath away, making him want to worship at the altar of Bucky’s body.

When Bucky reached Steve, he ran his hands up Steve’s legs, stopping mid thigh. Bucky looked up at Steve, long lashes framing those arresting, almost liquid silver eyes.

“You have no idea how many times I’ve fantasized about being in this exact position,” Bucky purred, a little breathless as he licked his lips. He was looking at the bulge in Steve’s pants as if it held the secrets of the universe.

Steve traced a finger over Bucky’s jaw and then slowly over to his mouth. “Open up,” he commanded.

Bucky fucking whimpered before he obeyed, eyes never leaving Steve’s face.

“You have the prettiest fucking mouth, you know that? I can’t get enough of it.” Steve pushed his finger into the very mouth that had driven him to distraction the past few months.

Bucky spread his legs wider as he licked at the finger in his mouth. His plush lips formed a seal around it before sucking it in. Steve felt the wet silk of Bucky’s mouth surround his digit. The sensation of it and the sight of Bucky on his knees brought his dick to full mast in record time.

Steve leaned forward, pulling his finger out and running his hand through Bucky’s hair. He stopped at the base of Bucky’s head and clamped his fingers around the silky locks. He tugged just enough to force Bucky’s head back. Bucky’s eyes flew open, grabbing at Steve’s thighs for purchase.

“You’ve been teasing me all fucking night,” he said, watching Bucky’s eyes dilate, “what do you think I should do about that?”

“Fuck my mouth,” Bucky sounded just shy of desperate. That wouldn’t do at all. Steve wanted Bucky begging for his cock.

Steve dove in, swiping his tongue over Bucky’s lips, a silent demand for Bucky to part them. It only took a second for Bucky to comply. Once he gained access, Steve wasted no time mapping out every inch of Bucky’s gorgeous mouth. He swirled his tongue over Bucky’s, stroking over the top of it repeatedly.

Steve felt Bucky’s hand inch its way up the inside of his thigh. Steve pulled back, keeping his hand firmly in Bucky’s hair. He stopped Bucky’s progression with a hand to his wrist.

“I didn’t say you could move, did I?”

“No, sir,” Bucky put an obscenely dirty emphasis on the word “sir”.

Steve groaned, closing his eyes and counting to ten. Every instinct screamed at him to plunge his dick deep into Bucky’s mouth. But he’d waited a long damn time for this and he was going to savor every. single. moment. He relaxed his hands, releasing the tight grip on Bucky’s hair.

“Since you seem so eager to get to my dick, take off my belt.”

Bucky nodded and reached for the buckle, hands trembling. There was a single minded focus to his movements though. The world could crash down around them and Bucky wouldn’t look up to see...
what happened. He got the strap out of the belt loop, struggling with the prong before freeing it from
the buckle.

Steve watched Bucky’s face, stroking his cheek and brushing his nails over the side of Bucky’s
neck. Steve felt Bucky’s hand stumble for a moment, breath hitching. Steve chuckled, a sinful, dark
rumble low in his chest. Bucky met his gaze, pulled the belt from Steve’s jeans and caught Steve’s
thumb between his teeth - all at the same time. Steve’s own breath stuttered, his heart stopping for
just the briefest of seconds before resuming at an alarming rate. The sound of the belt dropping to
the floor cracked through the air. Bucky flicked his tongue over the pad of Steve’s thumb, keeping it in
place with his teeth.

“Fuck,” Steve moaned roughly. His dick was straining against the links of his zipper. He used his
free hand to push his palm down on his growing erection. It had been a while since Steve had
another person’s hand on his dick. If he didn’t calm himself, he’d blow his load the minute Bucky
brushed his hand against it.

Bucky released Steve’s finger from his mouth, taking one last swipe as he did. His eyes were zeroed
in on Steve’s lap as he licked his lips.

“May I?” he asked, both of them knowing exactly what he wanted.

Steve leaned back and spread his legs wider. He raised an eyebrow, a devious grin firmly in place as
he gestured towards his lap. “By all means,” he said, the casual words a sharp contrast to the gravel
in his tone.

Bucky swallowed thickly as his lithe fingers made quick work of undoing the button. Head slightly
bent forward, Bucky moved his eyes up to Steve, biting his bottom lip. He kept his gaze steady as he
worked the pull tab down the zipper’s chain. Steve couldn’t look away, Bucky’s face a potent
combination of sin and grace. Bucky shuffled forward on his knees, tipping his head up and back.
Steve met him halfway, cupping Bucky’s head between his hands.

“God, baby. You are stunning,” he murmured, awe and lust threading through it. He brushed a few
stray hairs from Bucky’s forehead. “I can’t believe you’re mine.”

“Always,” Bucky whispered against Steve’s lips. The kiss started out soft and tender but changed
rapidly into something barely less than vulgar.

Bucky managed to snake his hand into Steve’s briefs, brushing it against his hardened dick. Steve
gasped into the kiss. Bucky shifted his hand until it was covering the bulge, pressing down with a
tiny bit of pressure. Steve pulled Bucky away from him with a tug of his hair. Hand still firmly in
those chestnut locks, he traced his other thumb over Bucky’s lips.

“Take it out,” he instructed, relaxing his hold only enough for Bucky to obey. Bucky didn’t need to
be told what Steve meant, diving in to pull out his dick.

“Fuck, baby, you’ve got a gorgeous dick,” Bucky said, a hungry edge to his voice. “God, I wanna
choke on it.”

Steve used his grip in Bucky’s hair to guide him to Steve’s lap. “Nothing’s stopping you,
sweetheart.”

Bucky made an unbelievably raunchy noise before flicking his tongue over the tip. He shuffled
forward a little more to get a better angle, swirling his tongue around the ridge of the hood. Steve
held his breath, clamping his free hand on the chair. Bucky inched down on his dick at a pace that
was driving Steve fucking mad. He watched as Bucky took in more and more without gagging. When he felt his tip reach the back of Bucky’s vice-like throat, Steve clamped down harder on the chair. The wood creaked in protest but Steve was too wound up to care.

“Jesus, don’t you have a gag reflex?” he panted. Bucky hummed low in his throat as a response, the vibrations knocking Steve’s brain offline for a moment. Before he could recover, Bucky hummed again, coming up off Steve’s dick. He flattened his tongue, dragging it up Steve’s shaft as he pulled almost completely off. Bucky used his own saliva to lubricate his hand. He circled his tongue around Steve’s tip while stroking the shaft, adding a twist of his wrist to the movement. Steve’s head fell against the back of the chair. His nerve endings were on fire, all focused on the amazing things Bucky was doing to his dick.

Steve arched up slowly, testing the waters. Bucky relaxed his throat muscles to accommodate the added inches.

“Fuuuuuccckkk,” Steve choked out, fingers inadvertently gripping Bucky’s hair harder. Instead of crying out in pain, Bucky made a filthy noise that vibrated over Steve’s dick. “You’re dying to get that gorgeous mouth fucked, aren’t you?”

A “mhm” was all Bucky could manage with a mouthful of cock. Steve arched up again, angling his hips to drive more of his dick further down Bucky’s throat. Steve pulled Bucky part way off his dick, using his hair like the reins on a horse. He kept Bucky still as Steve drove into his mouth with a few shallow thrusts. Once he was satisfied Bucky could take it, he put more power into his movements.

Bucky braced himself by clutching the seat on either side of Steve’s thigh. Steve’s thrusts were powerful but controlled. He revelled in the sensation of Bucky’s throat fluttering around his cock. He could feel Bucky drooling, the saliva pooling at the base of his shaft. He let Bucky up, giving him a chance to breathe. Bucky’s lips were already red from being stretched over Steve’s dick.

“If you need to breathe, tap my right thigh, got it?” he instructed.

Bucky nodded, using the brief reprieve to catch his breath. Steve gave him an almost feral grin, leaning in for a fast and dirty kiss. He broke the kiss and guided Bucky back to his dick.

“I’m gonna fuck your mouth hard. Then you’re gonna come up here and ride my dick.”

Bucky moaned as Steve fed his dick into his mouth again. Steve closed his eyes as his senses flooded his brain. He felt the strain of his neck muscles as he controlled the pace and strength of his thrusts. The bumpy plane of Bucky’s tongue caressed the underside of his shaft. Steve’s breathing grew more labored and when he opened his eyes, he saw Bucky’s lips stretched around his cock. It was all too much and it was driving him dangerously close to his tipping point.

It had been a long time since someone sucked his dick. Even longer since it was someone he loved. And Bucky had a spectacularly talented mouth. When Steve pulled him up again, Bucky pumped his hands along Steve’s shaft as he took in several deep breaths. Bucky had supple hands that molded perfectly around Steve’s hand, never glancing away from the face he loved so much. Bucky’s hair was a mess, the icy blue of his eyes swallowed almost entirely by black. His lips were puffy and a violent shade of red. And all Steve wanted to do was fuck him up even more.

Bucky, clearly tired of his mouth being empty, opened wide and who was Steve to deny him anything. Guiding Bucky back to his dick, Steve wasted no time bucking up into the velvet richness of Bucky’s mouth. He knew he wasn’t going to last much longer. Steve felt like his core was heating up, lava pooling in the pit of his stomach. As he pumped faster, the lava began to travel outwards. His breath came in staggered, harsh puffs. And then Bucky hummed, accelerating the flow of molten
heat overtaking Steve’s body. Bucky must have sensed he was about to erupt because he started
sliding back.

Steve pulled out at the perfect moment, painting Bucky’s face with streaks of milky fluid. He let out
a wrecked, fevered grunt, pumping his hands over his shaft as more cum landed on Bucky’s chin,
with lips and cheeks. The force of his release surprised Steve and he slumped against the spine of the
chair. He rested his head on the chair’s top rail, breath a series of ragged waves. When he collected
himself enough to lift up, Bucky was staring intently at him as he slowly wiped the cum off his face
and licked it off his fingers.

“You’re fucking killing me, Buck.”

“Not ‘til I get to ride that dick, please. Sir.”

“Jesus Christ, the mouth on you.”

“Maybe you should do something to shut me up,” Bucky teased.

“Oh I don’t want to shut you up,” Steve said, a dark edge underlining his words. “I wanna make you
scream so loud, the neighbors hear it.”

Steve used the strength in his legs to push up slightly, hovering above the chair. He braced his hands
underneath Bucky’s thigh and began to stand all the way up. Bucky took the hint and wrapped his
long legs around Steve’s waist.

“I don’t have the patience for stairs, so the couch will have to do,” Steve breathed into Bucky’s
mouth.

“Fuck, I don’t care where we are, I just need your dick inside me. Now.” Bucky was gagging for it
and fuck if Steve wasn’t going to give it to him.

They swapped messy, heady kisses as Steve made his way to the couch. He silently thanked his
former self for buying such a wide and comfortable sofa. He knew there was plenty of room for him
to fucking wreck Bucky. And that’s exactly what he intended to do.

“God bless that serum,” Bucky panted into Steve’s mouth, noticing Steve was already hard again.

A rumble of a laugh made its way up Steve’s chest. “Baby, you have no idea.”

He laid Bucky down gently before moving to get something from a drawer in a nearby end table. He
came back with a small bottle of Boy Butter.

Bucky quirked an eyebrow at the bottle. “You keep lube in your living room end table?”

Steve swatted his thigh, careful to keep it light. “Not usually, brat. But I stashed a few in various
locations around the house just in case. I wasn’t expecting anything but I’m a tactician. I prepare for
all contingencies.”

“And fucking me on the couch was one of those contingencies?”

Steve pushed Bucky back onto the couch, looming dangerously over him. “And my studio, the
kitchen, the bathrooms and the goddamn guest bedrooms. I’ve waited a long fucking time for this. I
wasn’t going to let a little thing like a lack of lube get in the way.”

Steve kissed along Bucky’s neck, listening to the keening sighs it drew from him. The last vestige of
Steve’s common sense told him to stop the proceedings and settle one important thing. He moved his mouth away from its task of driving Bucky wild, pulling back enough for their eyes to meet.

“I have condoms, if you want to… “ he started.

“Sadly, we already covered this with my insane mother. I’m clean, you’re clean, let’s just fuck,” Bucky replied, jamming his tongue back down Steve’s throat. Steve laughed through the kiss, placing the lube within reaching distance. He reluctantly moved away from Bucky, sitting up to take his shirt off. When the shirt was over his head, he found Bucky leaning on his elbows and staring slack jawed at his chest.

“Sweet Mary, Mother of Joseph,” Bucky choked out, his hands flying to Steve’s pecs like magnets to metal. He didn’t move while Bucky charted a course over the broad expanse of skin with his hands. Bucky began humming a tune Steve couldn’t place at first. Then a lightbulb went off in Steve’s head, the hours of music Sam organized into playlists for him coming in handy.

“Are you humming ‘Whatta Man?’ by Salt ‘n’ Pepa?” he asked with disbelief.

“And En Vogue. Can’t forget En Vogue’s contribution to the song,” Bucky said, hands roaming to Steve’s abs.

“I’m starting to feel objectified,” Steve pouted.

“Shhhhhh. Me and your abs are getting to know one another.”

Steve burst into laughter, reaching forward to pull Bucky’s Henley shirt off his body. Bucky had a dusting of chest hair running down his sternum. Steve ran his fingers over the dewy patch, fingers then traveling over to Bucky’s rosy nipples. Meeting Bucky’s eyes, he leaned down to flick his tongue over the nub. Bucky’s head fell to the side, mouth parting in a sharp inhale.

Steve tugged gingerly at the nipple with his fingers as he brought his lips to Bucky’s ear. “You know what really drove me over the edge when I was watching you?”

Steve waited, unsure if Bucky would respond well to him bringing up their online sessions. But Bucky’s breath only picked up, caressing Steve’s cheek.

“How fucking responsive you were,” Steve finished, pinching down and going for a kiss at the same time. Bucky moaned heavily into it, Steve tweaking and pinching at his nipple. Steve moved forward, pushing Bucky fully onto his back. He never let up on the kiss as he used his left thumb to swipe over Bucky’s other nipple. He circled the bud with his thumb while mimicking the same motion with his tongue inside Bucky’s mouth.

Bucky let out a series of harsh whimpers and Steve loved every single one. His hips ground down almost on their own, his dick overjoyed at finally being invited to the party. The slight friction melted Bucky even more, near desperate moans clawing their way up his throat. Steve had to stop himself from dry humping Bucky into the cushions.

Steve broke the kiss, Bucky whining in protest and lifting up to chase after him. Steve stopped him with a hand to Bucky’s chest. “I’m just getting up to take off my pants, baby.”

“Mine too,” Bucky begged, voice showing trace effects of all that moaning.

Steve brushed a finger along Bucky’s jawline. “Don’t worry. We’ve got all night.”

“Speak for your fucking self. Either you move this along or I’ll start jerking off in front of you,”
Bucky threatened.

“I think you’re forgetting who’s in charge here, aren’t you, Buck?” he asked, a bit of his mission tone seeping through.

Bucky licked his lips, chest heaving and eyes going almost black at the reprimand. “Sorry, sir.”

Steve stood up and languidly removed his jeans and briefs, purposely fucking with Bucky. When Steve was completely naked, Bucky made a strangled noise, reminiscent of a flag tangling itself in the blades of a moving fan. He made actual grabby hands at Steve, which gave him considerable pause.

“We are not fucking until you promise never to do that again while one or both of us are naked,” Steve admonished, a chuckle barely below the surface.

“Yes, yes, now come the fuck on,” Bucky impatiently breathed out. He was wiggling out of his own jeans and briefs like a manic inch worm. Steve couldn’t help laughing at the sight. It was such a new experience, this levity and humor intermingled with raw, burning lust. The bright smile on Bucky’s face told Steve he wasn’t alone in feeling that way. They both stopped for a few minutes, the enormity of what they were about to do sweeping over them.

Steve crawled up the couch towards Bucky, a predatory glint in his eyes. He wedged a knee between Bucky’s legs, forcing them wider apart. He dragged his body along Bucky’s, moving until their dicks were touching. Every cell in Steve’s body ignited as if struck by lightning.

“Goddamnit!” he moaned into the side of Bucky’s neck. He molded himself against Bucky, thrusting their dicks together with a little more force. Bucky threw his head back, practically shouting out a “fuck” as he arched up into Steve’s thrust. They both instinctively moved into a frenzied kiss, Bucky’s nails clawing at Steve’s back. Somewhere in the back of Steve’s brain, he knew he needed to stop before he spilled all over Bucky’s chest. But his dick was far too pleased with being in control. Bucky, however, had other plans.

“No. No… I am not coming for the first time with you like teenagers in the backseat on prom night,” he pushed against Steve’s chest.

Steve lifted himself up, sitting back on his calves. He nodded, too out of breath to say anything. He leaned over Bucky to grab the lube, cock brushing against Bucky’s abs. The light contact almost made him smash the bottle in his fist. He brought Bucky back into a stunningly filthy kiss as he popped open the lube with one hand.

He kissed a path from Bucky’s neck to his right nipple while coating his finger with lube. He circled around the nub with the tip of his tongue at the same time he circled his finger around Bucky’s perineum. Steve scraped his teeth over the surface of Bucky’s nipple before sucking hard. Bucky cried out above him, a chorus of “fucks” “god, yes” and oddly enough “scooby fucking doo” bubbling out of his mouth. While Bucky was preoccupied (apparently with cartoon, mystery solving canines), Steve slowly began to breach his hole.

“Fuckkkkk, fuck yeah… “ he chanted over and over as Steve steadily worked his finger into Bucky.

Steve moved back up to kiss Bucky as he built up a steady rhythm. It was barely a kiss, more breathing heavily into each other’s mouths with the occasional tongue. Steve corkscrewed his finger in and out, getting drunk off the noises he was teasing out of Bucky. He pushed up enough to get lube on another finger, lips immediately going back in for more action once a second finger was added. Bucky had a death grip on Steve’s bicep, absolute nonsense falling from his lips. Steve started
scissoring his fingers, watching Bucky unraveling below him.

“Oh god, you take my fingers so well, baby. I bet you’ll take my dick even better,” Steve said, mesmerized by Bucky’s responsiveness.

“Fuck, yeah, I’ll be so good for you, uhhhh… ride your dick hard,” Bucky barely got the words out before a guttural moan was torn from him. Steve had added a third finger and found the walnut sized button he was looking for in the process. He brushed over it only a few times, not wanting to overstimulate Bucky. He kept the twist up in his wrist as he fucked Bucky with his fingers.

Steve licked along the straining tendons in Bucky’s neck, the saltiness of Bucky’s sweat rolling over his tongue. He used a hint of teeth, scraping down the same path his tongue had taken. Bucky was fucking himself on Steve’s fingers at this point, his cock leaving a trail of pre-cum in the crevices of his ab muscles.

“Stevie, fuck, I’m ready… just… fuckkk.”

Steve withdrew his fingers from Bucky’s ass, wiping them on his discarded shirt. He got into a comfortable sitting position on the couch before tapping Bucky on the thigh. Bucky scrambled up, all but launching himself into Steve’s lap.

“Appreciate the enthusiasm, but try not to shatter my pelvis,” Steve joked.

“Shut up, you’re a fucking lab experiment. I could ride you like a Brahma bull and not cause any damage,” Bucky said, generously slathering Steve’s dick with lube. He gave it a few pumps as they traded sloppy kisses.

“I’m gonna warn you now, I probably won’t last long,” Bucky admitted, pushing up to position himself over Steve’s cock.

“Me neither,” Steve mumbled, face buried in Bucky’s collarbone. “Promise I’ll make it up to you with round two. Take you upstairs, hold you down and split you open with my dick.”

Whatever Bucky was about to say was lost as he sank down on Steve’s dick, letting out a harsh, almost savage cry. Steve’s head fell against the back of the sofa, eyes rolling back as he gripped Bucky’s hips. There were no words for the feeling of his dick finally sinking into that glorious ass. He kept his eyes shut as Bucky bottomed out, holding still to adjust to the intrusion. The room filled with their labored breathing, accented by tiny little mewls of pleasure coming from Bucky. Steve could die right now and not regret one fucking thing.

He moved his hand up to the nape of Bucky’s neck, pulling him in for a wild, sloppy kiss. Steve nipped at Bucky’s bottom lip, then swiped his tongue to soothe the sting of the bites. Bucky braced his hands on Steve’s shoulders before lifting slowly up. Steve carefully watched Bucky’s face as he raked his nails down Bucky’s spine. Bucky fucking lost it, slamming back down.

“Jesus…” he moaned, resting their foreheads together. Bucky’s hair was sweat-soaked and plastered to his forehead. Steve brushed it away as he gave a shallow thrust up into Bucky.

“God, you look gorgeous on my dick,” Steve slapped the meaty flesh of Bucky’s ass to spur him on.

“Fuck, yeah… do that again,” Bucky pleaded, picking up the pace. Steve indulged him, landing a few slaps in different spots. He relished the sharp tingle that radiated through his hand as it met Bucky’s flesh. The spanking, meant only to be playful, drove Bucky crazy and his movements became more frenzied. Steve filed that response away for later, a thrill rushing through him as he thought of ways he could exploit it.
Bucky pushed Steve back into the cushions, braced his hands on Steve’s chest and started pumping up and down with abandon. Steve tried to hold on as best he could, letting Bucky use him. It was breathtaking, watching Bucky chasing his own release. Steve wrenched Bucky’s head back by his hair, littering his neck with angry red marks. Reaching Bucky’s earlobe, he captured it between his teeth, tugging slightly.

“You were made to take my dick, weren’t you?” he breathed, a sultry intensity to his tone that made Bucky shudder.

Bucky was too far gone to respond, nodding and panting out choked sobs. Steve had seen this look before on a small screen but it was nothing compared to seeing it up close. He catalogued every microscopic response on Bucky’s face - his bottom lip raw from his teeth biting intently on it, beads of sweat sliding down his face before pooling in the dip of his shoulders, his eyes darting erratically under the cover of his eyelids. He would make it his mission to reduce Bucky to this blissed out state every chance he could get.

“You’re so fucking tight, so sweet. God, this is the only place I ever wanna be. Buried in this gorgeous ass.” he grunted, planting his feet firmly on the floor and thrusting up to match Bucky’s downward strokes.

Steve’s entire body was on fire, intense pleasure rippling out from his center and overwhelming everything. They were both grunting frantically, matching each other stroke for stroke. Bucky was clawing at Steve’s pecs, nails digging into his skin and leaving crescent marks that would be gone before they even finished.

“I’m not gonna… fuck, I’m gonna… fuckkkkkkk,” Bucky threw his head back, an animalistic howl ripped from his chest as he spilled all over Steve’s stomach. It clearly took him by surprise because his entire body was quivering. It was the single most erotic, rapturous moment Steve had ever witnessed. Bucky’s hips stalled as the last of his orgasm trembled through him. He slumped forward, a marionette after his strings had been cut. He was a sweaty, shaking mess and fuck if he wasn’t a stunning sight. Steve leaned back a little further, cupping Bucky’s face with both his hands.

“Jesus fucking Christ, that was beautiful,” he whispered into Bucky’s skin as he peppered Bucky’s face with kisses. Bucky jerked his head in a half hearted acknowledgment, letting Steve support his weight. Steve momentarily forgot his own pleasure, the vision of Bucky coming throwing him for a loop. But when Bucky moved, Steve’s dick was only too happy to remind him of it.

Grabbing Bucky by the waist, he flipped them, Bucky now pliant and shaking below Steve. Desperate to be inside him again, Steve pulled on Bucky’s legs, bringing his hole in line with Steve’s dick. He immediately sank back in, Bucky whimpering at the apparent overstimulation.

“You okay, baby?” Steve asked, peering down at Bucky, hips coming to a momentary halt.

Bucky nodded quickly, bringing Steve in for a kiss. Bucky wrapped his right leg around Steve’s waist, tapping his foot on Steve’s ass to get him to move. Steve gave a dirty little laugh as he snapped his hips forward, an intense, almost blinding desire to come driving his erratic thrusts. Their kisses were uncoordinated, involving more saliva than was probably necessary. But Steve loved everything about them. It didn’t take him long to get back to the cusp, Bucky scratching down his back pushing things along at a frenetic pace.

With the last bit of control in his body, Steve choked out, “Where do you want me to come?”

Bucky tilted his head up, bringing his lips to Steve’s ear. “Inside me. Want you to fill me up, make me sloppy with it,” he murmured, a shameless, carnal emphasis on every word.
And that sent Steve careening over the edge.

“Goddammit!” Steve cried out, dick pulsing wildly inside Bucky. Steve went numb, his body overwhelmed by the electric sparks firing off throughout him. He blanked out for a moment, collapsing on top of Bucky.

As his brain came back online, he heard Bucky gasp out, “Fuck, you’re heavy!”

Steve huffed out a laugh, shifting so Bucky could move out from under him. Steve flopped back against the couch, laying on his side and pulling Bucky to him. Steve’s right arm was stretched out above Bucky’s head, while his left settled possessively around Bucky’s waist. Steve kissed the side of Bucky’s temple, damp hair and all. He kept his eyes closed, listening as their breathing gradually returned to normal.

“Not bad for someone who’s almost a century,” Bucky mouthed off. Without opening his eyes, Steve pinched him in the side. “Ouch! What was that for?!”

“Ruin the moment with your back talk,” Steve replied, eyes still closed.

“Oh, I guess you need a moment. Heart’s probably not used to that much stress,” he could hear the smirk in Bucky’s voice.

Steve opened one eye and let out an exasperated sigh. “Remind me again why I love you?”

Bucky giggled, snuggling further into Steve’s arms. Looking up, he gave Steve the sweetest, softest, most tender smile before saying, “Cause I suck dick like a champ.”

Steve sunk into the cushions, entire body shaking with laughter. Bucky gave him a blinding smile as he leaned in for a sweet, loving kiss. Steve returned it in kind, pouring every ounce of love he felt for Bucky into it. Their lips parted and Bucky rested his head on Steve’s chest.

“I love you,” Bucky whispered against Steve’s skin.

“God, baby, I love you too. So fucking much,” Steve kissed the top of his head.

Steve was grateful for every step that led him to this moment, to this man. He knew without a doubt, this was it for him and he was pretty sure Bucky felt the same. And even though they had to go through a lot of heartache and pain to get here, it was worth it in the end.

As they drifted in and out of a hazy sleep, Steve sent up a silent thanks.

To God.

For creating online porn.

Chapter End Notes

When I started this story, it was a way for me to get back into writing. What I didn't expect was for this little story to be embraced so fully. I didn't expect to get the enormous amount of support and feedback I received, here and on Tumblr. And I sure as hell didn't expect to get two fandom besties out of it - thatsmysecretduh and chicklette. Go check out their pages because these are two ridiculously talented people.
I poured a lot of myself into this story and I'm richer for it. So thank you to every person who read this story, who left a kudos, who left a comment, who reblogged it on Tumblr and who took time out of their day to talk to me. I'm more grateful than you can ever know.

And finally, I have NOT forgotten about Dale! I plan to post a few one shots in this verse, starting next Monday with a look at everyone's favorite reporter! Muahahahahahaha!

End Notes

In case you're wondering, this is Steve's house in Red Hook. I may have spent 30 minutes looking through real estate listings until I found the right one. And then I cried because I'll never be able to afford it.

Feel free to hit me up on Tumblr! Happy to chat about this story or anything else geeky! Or porny. Or geeky porny.

Works inspired by this one

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