Retake

by dexxtroya

Summary

Bucky is just a male prostitute that is hired by the most beautiful and silent man that he have ever seen, Steve Rogers, to recreate a road trip from his past. And that’s how Bucky finds himself trapped with a man full of pain and secrets, that is looking for some kind of comfort in the memories he had printed in old Polaroid pictures of a boy that somehow looks a lot with Bucky himself, and who Steve keeps calling TJ.

Notes

Hey, guys!

So, first of all I need to tell you that I'm do not live in the USA, so there will be probably some wrong information about places, weather and things like that. I did some research while writing this, but I don't really trust 100% on google. So, forgive my mistakes.

Also, english is not my native tongue, so I did my best but have no idea if my writing is really ok. I would love to receive some feedback about it. If you guys can understand, if it's too confuse...well, you know. Oh, and some feedback about the story would be awesome too <3

Hope you like it.
Chapter 1

The black Dodger Charger was approaching the boys, little by little, which was not unusual actually, mostly of them always approaches that way. They were always slowly getting closer, near the curb of the sidewalk, allowing the driver a better look at each one of the boys scattered there, so they could choose the one that best pleases them, physically of course. Exactly like a piece of meat in the market. But this guy was different, he was too far, that was clear that he couldn’t see clearly their faces from there, so there were only two options, or he was a problem, investigating from afar how to attack all those poor young boys without a future, or just another man on need, looking for some fun but too shy, or even too scared to approach. When that was the case, they rarely did in fact find the courage to approach and ask for the help, but nothing was impossible, and that’s Bucky’s mantra since he had moved to Washington.

He was lighting up his cigarette, hoping that was going to help with the boredom. Sam Wilson, the only friend he had made in that city so far, was not there that night, so he had no one to spent time talking while waiting for some new client. He saw the man in the black car finally getting near, and like Bucky had said, nothing was impossible. He stopped right in front of Bucky, but before he could make the move and talk with the person behind the wheel, Alex – or Pierce, like he used to tell the clients - jumped from his spot by Bucky’s side, leaning forward the car’s open window, exchanging a few words with the driver before jumping in the car, both of them leaving.

That guy was the third client Pierce got that night, while Bucky had spent the last four hours in the same spot, smoking his entire pack. Definitely that wasn’t going to be his night, just waste of time. No one seemed interest in invite him to have some fun, not even look at him for more than a few seconds. Maybe his sleepless nights and days were starting to weight on his appearance and scaring some potential clients away.

Honestly? He probably should go home and try to get some sleep, it was more than 4a.m anyway, so he was not going to get a client that night, it always gets quieter when the sunrise in getting closer. Yeah, better go home and hope for the next night of work to be a nice one. He needed some extra money that month.

He was awake, starring at the black stain in the ceiling, of the one room apartment that he shared with more 4 boys, when he heard the door being open in an abruptly way and the light turned on, causing him to lift his head and try to see who was that person that seemed so pissed.

Pierce.

“I woke you up?” The blond asked, as soon as he saw that Bucky was looking at him from his mattress on the floor. “Sorry, didn’t meant to.”

“No, it’s ok. I can’t sleep.” He sat on the mattress, with his back to the wall, facing the man. “So… what’s the matter? Is everything ok?” If there was something that Stark kept telling him, it’s that he’s a good listener. And even though he and Pierce weren’t very close, it couldn’t hurt.

“The guy on the black Dodger?” He asked, even knowing that it was obvious that Bucky had seen
the car. “Just a freak! I mean, he’s super-hot, I’m not gonna lie, but crazy. I mean…He’s completely crazy, man. He made me wear a wig; got all worked up, and then that damn wig fell of and he left me there, hard as fuck, threw the money on my face and sent me home. Weirdo! I got the money, but honestly…I don’t know, I just…” Yeah, Bucky was a good listener, but not good with advices so he just bite his lips, nodding with the head while giving Pierce his best “feel you, man” look. It was not a lot, but it seemed to help, since the blond laughed a little and kicked his old pair of sneakers on the floor and headed to the bathroom. “I’m done with this goddamn job, Barnes. Honestly.”

And he disappeared behind the bathroom door, leaving Bucky alone again but with the same look on his face. “Yeah, I feel you.”

In the next night, Bucky was there, in the same old spot he had been for the last 2 years. He was planning to light his last cigarette when the same black car came by, faster this time, not shy as yesterday. Confident, like its driver knew what he was doing there, who he wanted to have this night. And it took some seconds to Bucky realize the car had stopped, right in front of him and that the window were down, so he got closer, leaning forward to look inside.

Ok, he was not expecting a man like that. No with those baby blue eyes, long lashes, blond hair and, even with him sat in the car Bucky could tell that man was built as a brick. Strong arms and pecs that stood out the plaid shirt he was wearing. Maybe that was Bucky’s lucky night after all.

“Hey.” the man said, looking at him with a funny expression on his face. Something like surprise, shock and one thing that Bucky could not tell exactly what it was. “Hey, I…uh, like your jacket.” Ok, maybe he was not as secure as he seemed when rolled over the street.

“Thank you, but it’s not mine.” He thought about telling him that the jacket was just a loan of a really nice client of that night that had pitied him for getting to work without anything else then his tank top. Bad choice, since that wasn’t a really warm night, but he as planning on getting some money that night and tank tops were the best way to call attention to his physical attributes. Yeah, that was the story behind his new jacket, but tell the new client was not a good idea, that’s for sure, so he just smiled and licked his lips.

“It looks nice on you.” The blond smiled back to him, showing the small dimple on each side of his mouth. But before he could say anything, Bucky felt someone pushing him aside, leaning by his side on the car window.

“Don’t even try, man.” It was Pierce, looking direct to the man on the car with and a venomous smile on his face, even when Bucky knew he was talking to him. “The fella can’t get a boner; it’s a waste of time.”

“Pierce, fuck off.” He asked, pushing the man to back off. He was not letting Alexander fright that client away. “Mind your business, man.”

“Wow, ok. I was trying to help, but if you want, go with him. He’s a freak.” Bucky disengaged himself from Pierce's arm, which was over his shoulder and pushed him away, opening the car
door and sitting, ignoring the blond man who kept talking outside. “He’s a freak, dude. He’s going
to make you dress up as his mother. Good lucky, asshole.”

And they left him behind. The engines of the car started and the blond on Bucky’s side was driving
down the street, far from Pierce and all the other boys on that alley.

For at least five minutes, Bucky waited for the man to break the ice and start a conversation, but it
was not working. He could see how nervous the man was, cleaning the sweat of his hands in the
khaki pants he was wearing and looking straight forward, pretending like Bucky was not even
there.

It was not his first time with a shy client, so Bucky knew how to behave. First try is simple, just
small talk, and if it don’t work, the next step was the flirting, try to make him feel desired, take all
the shyness away with some smiles and looks. It rarely did not work, but if it was the case, then his
last card was even simpler, just grab his crotch and go straight to business.

“So, this is your first time in the city?” He tried, small talk, make him talk with you, just like a
friend.

“No, I’ve been here before.” Bucky waited some seconds, hopping the man would say something
else and help the conversation, but no, that was it, a simply NO. So it was his turn again. Flirt.

“Ok, you’re the strong and silent type. I like it.” He kept his gaze on the blond by his side, so he
saw the way he swallowed, turning around to look at Bucky for less than a second before go back
to the street. Not as great as he was waiting, but the flirt at least got a reaction from the guy, so it
was better than nothing. “Am I making you nervous?” He asked, trying to make the malice of his
tone as clear as possible, and finally he saw the tiny smile on the man’s face. Bingo! – Here we go.
– And again, he had a response; the man looked at him, trying to understand what Bucky was
talking about. “Is that a little smile?” And there he goes again, back to starring at the street,
avoiding Bucky’s presence. Back to flirting? Back to small talk? He had no idea what to do to keep
the man talking, or at least not ignoring him. “You’re a little different than the guys we usually see
out there.” He spoke, and got the man’s attention back.

“How so?” He looked very intricate to understand what was that difference Bucky saw, and that
curious and confused expression on the handsome face of the man, made the brunette smile. But
now, he needed to explain himself to the man and try not to make it sounds wrong, but he was
curious about the man, with everything Pierce had told him the night before, and some minutes
ago, he was intricate too about the man behind the steering wheel.

“I feel like you require something more intricate. You looks more complex than the others I
usually see. So what’s your thing?” Actually, now he started, Bucky couldn’t shut, so he kept

“Roleplay.” Finally Bucky felt like he’s feet were back on the ground, like he knew what he was
dealing with.

“Oh damn, I should have guessed.” He tapped his thigh with his hand, scratching his jeans with
his nails and laughed a little, rolling his eyes. Roleplay, after all Pierce had told him about the wig,
dressing up, he should have guessed. But the best part is that with his own reactions to his poor
guesses, he also got a reaction from the other man. A laugh. “Ok, so you’re laughing at me now.
Nice.” And the smile lingered on the blonds lips. “But tell me, what’s my character? I’m your
student? Your neighbor? Your slave? Who am I?”

“You’re a young guy, you’re lost. A little rough around the edges, fearless and very
temperamental.” Bucky licked his lips, while hearing about the role he had to play. Not difficult. At least it was not his mother, like Pierce had shouted.

“I like it. So, what’s your name?” For a second he thought the man was not giving him an answer, but then he look right in Bucky’s eyes for the first time during the entire ride before telling him his name.

“I’m Steve.” Yeah, somehow Bucky pictured that man as Steve; the name was perfect for him. Fitted perfect, but now he needed to know what his own name for that night was.

“And what’s my name?”

“T.J.” Bucky bite his lips to hold the laughter, because it was kind of funny that not even roleplaying Bucky would go by a “true” name. But that was ok, T.J. sounds good and is easy to remember. He could almost picture the moans of the blond and his new name.

- Nice to meet you, Steve. I’m T.J.

And that’s when he decided to go to his last card, and leaned forward, placing his hand right in the middle of Steve’s legs, grabbing his crotch and gently pressing it down, feeling the volume right there and the increasing of the cars speed.

When they arrived at the hotel, it was one of the best known in the city, which just proved that Bucky’s theory was right, Steve was freaking vanilla. The man was shouting “conventional” in the way he dressed like a grandpa with those khakis and plaid shirt, the combed hair, the quiet way, everything about him seemed to be the most conventional possible. Except for his eyes, there was something behind the blue of his eyes that called Bucky’s attention, but he couldn’t read.

They stepped in the bedroom and the brunet tried not to look around and check the place, keeping the focus on the man right in front of his eyes. Square shoulders that made him look huge in the middle of the room, looking down at Bucky, hands in his pockets. And for his surprise, Steve made the first move, placing his hands on his jacket collar and taking it off him, leaving Bucky just with his gray tank top. Not for too long though, since he grabbed the hem of the tank and pulled it up, leaving his torso completely naked.

He seemed to like what he was seeing and Bucky didn’t hesitate do pull him closer by the waistband of his pants, rolling his hips against the blonds, feeling the hard on there, what made him gasp, biting his lips. Pierce was wrong after all, Steve didn’t seemed to be the problem of his “co-worker” on last night. He kissed the man’s neck, feeling the perfect shaved skin against his lips, wishing he had more space to work with, but Steve was the client, and you don’t take a client clothes off unless they give you a sign that is what they want you to do.

“You see the cologne on the dresser?” He heard the man’s raspy voice sounding right next to his ear, making him roll his hips one more time against the others. “Could you put that on for me, please?”

He didn’t answered, just pull apart from the blond, crossing the room till he got to the dresser, checking his reflex on the mirror and fixing his hair with his hand and trying to check his armpits as discreetly as possible, trying to figure out if he was smelling, but no, probably that was part of
Steve’s roleplay fantasy. He heard him opening the zipper of a suitcase, but didn’t payed too much attention to what he was doing there, turning his gaze to the cologne right in front of him. The blue bottle looked expensive and he took it, smelling and spraying two times on his torso.

“Not too much, though.” Steve’s voice sounded right behind him and Bucky let the bottle exactly where he had found it and turned around, facing the other man. But as soon as he looked to the blond, he was blinded by the flash of the Polaroid camera Steve had on his hands.

“Wow, wasn’t expecting this.” He laughed surprise. Steve was not the first client that wanted to save a memory of him. Actually, he thought that was kinds of sweet, made him feel special in some way, but it was always a surprise. “So, when do we begin?”

“We already started.” And without a second word, the blond grabbed his waist and pulled him closer, towering his face around Bucky’s neck breathing him in, his hands travelling up and down its back. While it was delicate, at the same time there was certain urgency in each touch, like he needed that for a long time, like he somehow, had missed Bucky all that time.

So it didn’t took a lot of time to Steve’s hand go to his waistband, opening his pants and pulling it down before pushing Bucky on to the bed, getting on top of him and finally kiss his lips. And that was the first time Bucky felt his breath been taking away. There was something in that kiss, something like a need he had never felt before, not from a client.

“Steve, wait. Wait a second.” He put his hands on the man’s shirt, opening the first three buttons, wishing that would be remind the blond that while Bucky was only on his black boxers, Steve was completely dressed, even the shirt still inside his pants. “Why don’t you get rid of this guy?” He smiled, grabbing the front of the shirt, begging Steve to get naked. It was not the right thing to do, your client decides how he wants to be during the act, but Steve felt so strong under his palms, he couldn’t just picture his massive body without those clothes. He needed some proof.

But apparently it was just him, because Steve ignored him, grabbing his arms and turning him around, putting him on his stomach, facing the pillows and not Steve’s beautiful face. He heard the sound of packing being open, while his boxers got pulled down around his thighs, and without a warning he felt his body being filled with the man’s dick. He closed his eyes, trying to focus only on the feeling and the way Steve was breathing heavy next to his ear, moving his hips in a hurried way. Bucky wanted to ask him to slow down a bit, there was no reason to all that urgency, he was not going anywhere, but he bit his tongue. Steve was in charge and he could do the way he needed, that was Bucky’s job, be quiet and let his client happy.

“Oh, fuck Teeje…Oh god.” The blond moans sounding like heaven in his ears, but it didn’t last long, cause in less than three minutes he felt the other’s body tensing and he was gone, pulling away and rolling to the other side of the bed. He heard the sound of the used condom being taken care of.

“Oh, that was good, Steve.” He lied, of course. He doesn’t even had time to get hard, but that was ok, it was about his client, not himself. So he just readjusted his boxers, and turned around, facing the blond. He was there, still in his clothes but the hair a bit messy, gasping but with a smile on his face.

Would it be a problem if he just closes his eyes for a second, only as Steve caught his breath and could talk with him, pay and send him away? He was tired; it was going to be just for a little, not going to sleep or anything.

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The sound of someone knocking on the door woke him up. All of his roommates had their own keys, so it was very unusual to hear someone knocking on the door of this apartment and he took some time to realize that he was not at his apartment, that was not his mattress on the floor, not his pillow, not his door and definitely not his roommate knocking there.

“Oh fuck! No, no, no.” He jumped off the bed; the open curtains letting the sun illuminate the bedroom. It was his client’s hotel room, Steve’s bedroom. Damn, he was not supposed to sleep. That is one of the first things you learn when start this job: you don’t sleep in a client’s hotel room. God, that was not good.

The person behind the door knocked again and Bucky crossed the room, opening it, not minding that he was only on his boxers and saw Steve there. He smelled the coffee but turned around, yawning and trying to make his hair a bit more presentable.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to wake you up, but this damn door locked and I forgot the keys.” Steve closed the door behind him, explaining himself to Bucky, like he was the problem there.

“Hey, no, there’s no problem. I need to go, anyway.” He didn’t told Steve that he was not supposed to fell asleep there last night, just sat on the bed and put his trousers back on.

“So, I had no idea how you take yours, so I got it black. Hope its ok.” He held out a cup of coffee to Bucky that had no time to pretend he was not surprised by the man’s kindness. He liked his coffee with a lot of sugar, but he didn’t want to disappoint Steve, not when he was being really nice with him. Like, really nice.

“Thank you for the coffee.” He smiled and saw a tinny smile on the other’s face. “Have you seen my sneakers?” He dropped to his knees, looking under the bed, finally finding his shoes. “Hey, here they are!”

“So…” That was the first time Steve seemed to be trying to make a conversation, so Bucky emerged from the bottom of the bed, his arms crossed on the mattress. Steve was with his back to Bucky, sat on the bed. “You have plans for the next few days?”

“Why?” He climbed into bed, crossing his legs, the shoes forgotten on the floor.

“I just thought about keeping you around for a little while.” And that was something Bucky wasn’t expecting at all. No one ever proposed something like this to him.

“Around for…like, more than blowjobs and ass playing? Like, to talk about shit and stuff, heart to heart conversation, this kind of things?”

“I double your nightly rate and give you $500 extra in the end.”

“What about you give me $1000 in the end, huh? How that sounds?”

Not that he was trying to sabotage his own work, but if Steve really wanted him, he was going to agree with that new proposal. But honestly, he wasn’t ready for that situation, because when Steve simply said “ok, deal.” he didn’t know what to answer. The proposal was interesting, he couldn’t deny, Steve was hot as fuck, he seemed a nice guy, he brought him coffee and apologize for not knowing if Bucky liked it if sugar or not. But at the same time, in working like him, you always hear stories about guys being beaten, raped and kidnapped by sweet guys like Steve. And he couldn’t see a good reason for a man like him wanting to keep Bucky like that. For all that money, he could have a different boy every night. Why would he want just Bucky?
“Ok, but I’m gonna need to see half of this money before, just to have sure that you’re right for business.” And without saying anything, Steve turned around, facing him and giving some dollars. He took, a bit hesitant this time. They had a deal now, if that beautiful man was planning to kill him, well, that was going to happen. “Are you planning on killing me or something creepy like that?”

“What?! No, of course not! Geez. I just liked your company last night, that’s it. Not gonna kill you.” He seemed rather surprised by Bucky’s mistrust, but not like he felt offended or anything and again, there was that little something in those baby blues that made Bucky trust that man. “I need to do our check out, so I will wait for you in the hotel lobby, okay?”

“Yeah, sure. Gonna be there in a minute.” He heard Steve saying something like “take your time” before leaving the bedroom with his suitcase.

Bucky fell back on to the bed, breathing deep and trying to understand everything that happened in the last ten minutes.

“God help me.”

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Steve was not in the lobby anymore, and for a second Bucky got a bit nervous, thinking about the possibility of being left behind, what sounded ridiculous because that was not going to be a problem, since he got payed more than he would get for a normal night. But for some reason, if Steve had left without him, he would have proof that he wasn’t that special. But no, Steve was right there in the front of the hotel, the suitcase on his side while he observed the people walking by. And like that Bucky could see how small Steve seemed in the middle of the street, shrunken shoulders, hands in his pockets. Lost. Maybe as lost as Bucky, maybe that was the reason he wanted him around. Maybe.

“I’m ready.” Steve turned to look at Bucky with a big smile on his face, one that was different from the tinny smiles he had been giving Bucky since they met last night. That was a real smile, and that made the brunet smile back. “Hm, a smile again. I like that.” And as if Bucky had just offended him, Steve turned away, the smile dying on his lips. He took the suitcase and went down the street to the parking lot he reminded they had left the car. Time to try and make a conversation again. “So, where are we heading?”

“The Grand Canyon.”

“What? Are you…are you serious?” They had arrived at the car; Steve was opening the trunk to put the suitcase when he looked at Bucky.

“Why? Have you ever been there?”

“Hell no! Have you?”

“No, never been there. But is there a problem?” Steve asked, seeming legitimately concerned.

“No, that’s actually pretty cool. We are travelling, that will be very nice. But we are not flying, are we? Cause I get airsick.”

“No, we’re driving. So, you like the idea?” The smile was back on his face, bigger and brighter than ever.
“Yeah! Never been there, that will be really nice, Steve. So what’s there, why the Grand Canyon?” And there it goes, no more smile, no more happy Steve. “What’s wrong?”

“Ok, we should set some ground rules.” Bucky bit his lips, trying not to express any emotion, but the truth is that he was not expecting “rules”, but he had to remember himself that that was a game, Steve was just one more client. A different one, that’s for sure, but still a client. So yeah, rules. “Number one: Don’t ask me personal questions, ok?”

“Are you kidding me? We going to spend days locked in the same car and I can’t ask you any questions?” What? That was insanity.

“You can ask me any questions, just not personal ones. And I reserve myself the right not to answer.”

“Ok, fine. Any other rules?” He doesn’t try to hide his displeasure with the rule number one, crossing his arms in front of his chest, waiting for the next crazy rule.

“We sticky with the roleplay. You’re T.J. Always, I’m not gonna refer to you using anything else.” That was okay, he never gives the clients his real name, so that rule was okay. “And number 3: If I ask you to do something, you do without questioning.”

“Ok, got it. But you not gonna ask me to wear a diaper or clean your house, nothing like this, right? Not saying I wouldn’t do, just…” Steve didn’t answered, just went back to the suitcase, put it on the trunk and taking a handbag, pulling out what Bucky recognized as the polaroid camera he had used yesterday.

“Throw your arms up in the air. Excited.” His face as totally hidden behind the camera and Bucky smiled, that was getting more interesting. So he just made the pose he had been asked and blinked when the flash exploded right in his eyes, blinding him for a second.

“Wow, why you use this old thing, by the way? Why don’t you use your cellphone like anyone else?”

“Rule number one.” That was Steve’s answer.

“Ok, no personal questions. Fine.”

“Go, jump in, we are leaving.” He said, closing the trunk and heading toward the driver’s seat.

“Can we stop at my place for a second, so I can grab some clothes? Swear it’s not far from here.”

“That won’t be necessary, everything is taken care of. Come on, TJ. The Grand Canyon is waiting for us.” And he closed the door, just waiting for Bucky to do the same to start the car. “Here we go.”

“Yeah Steve, here we go.”
Chapter 2

The radio was playing songs Bucky had never heard before and they hadn’t exchanged any words since they left the hotel, and he was not a big fan of silence. When you’re quiet, your brain starts to think about things you don’t want to, and that was exactly what the man was trying to avoid. That lack of dialogue was making his minds travel around all the things he had figured about this entire situation till now, what was basically nothing. He was going to be on the road for the next days, pretending to be someone else and he had no idea of what Steve was planning, what was ok for him to do, what was going to make Steve uncomfortable. That was a lot of questions that he needed to find answers, and that silence was just making him think about each one of those and starting to feel anxious. So, if Steve wasn’t planning to talk during the trip, not going to help and start a conversation, Bucky needed to or he was going to freak out at any second.

“Steve, help me out here.” He turned the radio off, wanting the silence now so he could have sure that he was going to be heard. And he actually got Steve’s attention. “I need more information, can’t roleplay without it, so fill some blanks for me, please. Help me make my research, will you?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Ok, so I’m ‘T.J.’ and that stands for?”

“Thomas. Thomas James.” Of course Steve was going to help him with the information, but no small talks, he was going to be right to the point.

“James? That’s interesting.” He commented, trying to prolong the conversation, and that seemed to draw the blonde’s attention, but he just shrugged. He was not telling Steve about his real name, about how Bucky was the nickname he chose during middle school. Actually, Steve had no idea what his real name was and that was rule number two, right? You are T.J. “Forget about it. And where I’m from?”

“Illinois.”

Steve was definitely a man of few words, Bucky had to keep the conversation going. And that was kind of cool, actually, create this new person, choosing his own past as he pleased. “Ok, that’s fine. I could have been born in Chicago, what you think?”

“No, you’re from Coffeen, Illinois.” Steve was being very clear that he was not going to change his mind about it, what was not a good start, actually.

“Sure, never heard of this city before but whatever. Fill more blanks for me, please?” The blond glanced at Bucky. “What’s my favorite movie?”

“Breakfast at Tiffany’s.”

“Yeah, good choice. I love Audrey Hepburn.” And Steve seemed happy to hear that. Point! “And what’s my favorite book?”

“Nineteen eighty-four.”

“Oh, ok…I think I’ve learned about it at school, but I can’t really remember what it’s about. What
if my favorite book was ‘Pet Sematary’?” And again Steve was not happy about Bucky’s opinion on how T.J. should be. Minus 10 points. “Not a big Stephen King’s fan, got it. What about ‘A Clockwork Orange’? It sounds very cult, doesn’t it? No? Ok, so 1984 is my favorite book.” He agreed, sounding bored, to make it clear he was not too happy with the choices so far. “Are we together?”

“Yes, we’re boyfriends.” Huh, fake boyfriends, how cliché was that? But he kept his mouth shut about that detail. “How long we’ve been together?”

“Three years.”

“Wow, that’s a long time. And how we met?”

“We met at a bar.” Wow, Steve was so creative with the story that they were creating. Like, they literally could pretend they were anyone and the guy wants to pretend they were a normal couple, with a normal encounter and normal lives. Boring.

“What do I do for a living?” You work at the office. He was really expecting to be it or something ordinary like this, so when Steve told him what he had wanted it to be, Bucky got a bit more excited about this entire thing again.

“You’re an artist. You’ve tried everything that involved art in your life, but now you’re into music. The piano especially. And you love it, you finally found something you are really good in your life and that makes good to you too.” Steve looked at him, really looked this time and for a second, talking about T.J.’s passion for the piano, his eyes shone in a different way. So beautiful that Bucky got breathless.

“So I play the piano? That’s nice and accurate, actually.” Steve seemed confused, waiting for more explanation on how that was ‘accurate’, but well, if Bucky was not supposed to know anything about the man’s personal life, then he was not going to tell him about his personal life, not about how he had piano classes for five years till his teacher, Miss. Sullivan, closed the door at his face when he was 14 and told him to go away, cause her house was not a place for sinners and “faggots”. How she found out about him? He never knew, but the fact is that he could play the piano and that was something he was not going to tell Steve. “Next question, what’s my favorite thing to do on a Sunday morning?”

“Cook brunch. Naked.”

“Well, there’s any other way to cook brunch? Cause if there is, then I have never learned.” Steve giggled this time and snorted right after, rolling his eyes in a way that Bucky would classify as adorable. “Ok, mister Smiley, now comes the big question: Are we in love?” He thought Steve would take some time to answer, like he did in the others, but for this question he don’t even blinked before answering.

“Madly.”

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A few hours had passed by when Bucky woke up, feeling the sun right in his face, disturbing his sleep. Steve had turned the radio on again, but it the volume was so low that he couldn’t even recognize what as playing there. He had no idea for how long he had been asleep, where they were, but it seemed far from Washington D.C, since their surroundings were deserted, just a few cars
passing coming and going on the highway.

“God, I fell asleep, sorry.” He stretched, yawning, and settling in a more comfortable position in the car seat.

“You don’t need to apologize, T.J.” And it took some milliseconds to Bucky reminds himself that TJ was his name. He had just woke up, and Steve’s hand was on the back of his neck, playing with his hair in a very gentle way. God, that felt good. Strange, but good.

“Yeah, but I didn’t meant to leave you alone. That was probably super boring, driving in the silence, without me to speak all the time in your ears.” He joked, knowing that Steve was clearly not a fan of conversations, at least not the ones with him.

“Well, I’m still alive.”

“Good for you, mister. So, where are we exactly?” He felt Steve’s hand leaving his neck, going back to the steering wheel, what left him missing the touch.

“I have no idea, but I think we are somewhere between Washington and Arizona.” Was that Steve being sassy? Steve was really making a joke? Ok, or Bucky was still asleep or they crashed the car and he was actually dead, because he never thought that he would see that man comfortable enough around him to actually joke about something. But well, that was a win.

“Wow, Geography is definitely your forte.”

“Yes, I’ve been told. So, is your hair always being long?” Ok, that question was not exactly for TJ, it was for Bucky and it just made him curious about why was Steve stopping the roleplay, what he had told would never happen, just to ask him about his hair.

“Kind of. Why?”

“I was just trying to picture it shorter.”

Yeah, that was not going to happen. He was not going to say he loved his hair like that, down his shoulders, but he really liked that and that was something he always wanted to have when he was younger but his parents were too strict to let him. So that hair wasn't just like a dream that became true but also, a reminder that he was alone, far from his parents and their rules. Free to be who he really was and don't feel guilty about it. So he just shut his mouth, ignoring the comment and turning up the radio volume.

The music playing was nothing he had heard before, just a piano melody, slow and sweet. Kind of romantic, like it was supposed to be playing in the background of one of those super romantic scenes you see on the movies. Maybe with a slow kiss on the rain and all that cliché. That was beautiful and made him feel good. But Steve didn't think the same apparently, turning of the radio like it was just playing some hypnotical song that would kill them both.

“I thought you liked the piano.”

“And I do, just don’t want to hear it know.”

So he just did, let the car fall in that silence that was making him feel uncomfortable but that was impossible to scape, since Steve had just closed himself in his own mind again, ignoring Bucky’s presence and looking straight ahead to the road, his expression so serious that for the first time since they met, he felt like Steve might be dangerous and that trip the worst idea he had ever agreed to be a part of.
He took his cheap cell phone, happy to see that there was still service in this area, he sent a quick text to Sam – the only friend he had and the only person who would actually have his number – and told him about the travel with his ‘client’ adding an “I’m good, don’t worry”, because in their job, the only people that will really care about you safety and wellbeing – especially if you’re alone in the world like him, - is going to be the friends you make on the streets. If he wasn’t coming back for the next three days, it was clearly going to worry the other boys, maybe the police would end up involved and things would get bad. Send a small ‘I’m good’ warning couldn’t hurt, so he did.

“Who are you texting to?” Steve’s voice got him and he just put his cellphone back in his jacket pocket.

“My friend, just letting him knows about the travel, so not get worried or something.” And if you kill me, he will know what to tell the cops. He didn’t tell him the last part of course, but that was implied in his statement. And that was ok for Steve, since he just kept quiet, driving.

And for Bucky’s despair, the silence stayed for hours. We had nothing to do, just appreciate the view and that was starting to get bored, since there was just grass, open spaces, a three or a bush here and there, rocks and windy. It was beautiful, Bucky couldn’t deny, but the same view for hours and hours, no conversation, no sound except the car's own engine or the wheels rolling on asphalt and dirt. But when he noticed the orange light covering all of his left arm and part of his torso, he realized that the sun was starting to set and that was the perfect place to watch. No buildings, bridges, skyscrapers to get in the way, just some mountains far ahead, making the picture even better.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” He couldn’t keep his mouth shut; he needed Steve to see that with him, just to be sure that he wasn’t the only one seeing that. That was something on these small moments that always made Bucky feels something special and tight in his chest, but in a good way, the thing is that he was mostly alone when any of those things would happen. But now, Steve was right there by his side, he was quiet and didn’t seemed like someone that was looking for a conversation right now, but he was there and Bucky wasn’t going to let this opportunity escape.

“What?” The blond glance at him and Bucky saw the way his hair was shining brighter than ever with the light of the sun hitting it, lighting him up. God, that man was a masterpiece.

“Stop the car.” Time to start some drama and make a small scene. Steve had said TJ was temperamental, so it was his time to be like he was supposed to. “God, Steve, stop. Stop! Please, stop it right now!” And it worked. Steve stopped at the side of the road, staring at Bucky like he was going to explode or something like that, his hands towering toward his shoulders but not touching it.

Bucky just unclicked the seatbelt and jumped of the car, running some yards – not much though - and fell on his knees on the dirt, sitting cross legged and taking a deep breath, feeling so much peace it was ridiculous. He heard the car's door shutting and the sound of Steve's feet as him was getting closer, but didn't looked at him, looking to the sun.

“What are you doing?” Steve was whispering, like he was afraid of talking and getting in trouble, which at the same time it was adorable, that also sucked cause he needed to look up at the blond and explain something he thought was obviously.

“Don’t look at me, look out there, Steve.” He punched the man’s thigh. “Sit down, Steve. Come on, sit down.” He protested of course, mumbling something about clean clothes and dirt, but the brunette ignored him. If he could pretend Bucky wasn’t on the car whenever he wanted, then Bucky had the right to do the same. And he did, grabbing the hem of the man's shirt and pulling
him down. “Sit down and watch.”

“Ok, I’m sat but what you want me to watch? What is it?”

“What you mean? The sunset of course.”

“That happens every day, you know right?”

“Shut up and look. See it, feel it.”

“I don’t understand, TJ. What are you talking about?”

Bucky looked at him and saw the way his eyebrows draw together, looking so confused and he realizes he really can’t see it. Something prevents Steve from seeing the beauty of that simply thing that yeah, happens every day, but looks different each one. He really can’t see, so it’s on Bucky’s hands to change it.

He got on his knees behind Steve and put his hands on his shoulders, his lips close to one of the blonde’s ears so he could hear everything without Bucky needing to talk out loud, whispers would be enough. That was probably the most personal position they got since they met, not even the night before when they had sex, Bucky felt so close to the other man. There was some kind of intimacy in that act. That wasn’t exact a position Bucky was used to find himself into.

“Look there and take deep breaths.” Bucky felt the movements of Steve’s body while he was doing what he was told to, their body pressed together, back to chest. And they stayed like this, breathing and looking the sun going down slowly, the light going away with it. He glanced at the man’s face and saw a little smile on his lips, not the kind he had seen before, but it was something. The corner of his lips slightly upward in a very discreet smile, but he seemed in peace, his shoulders felt relaxed under Bucky’s palms. “You’re smiling again.” He whispered next to his ear, keeping himself from kissing the man’s neck, afraid that would wake him from some kind of dream he was heaving. But he wished he did, because like he had just been shot, he detangled his legs, getting on his feet and away from Bucky.

“Let’s go, we need to go back to the road.”

God, he should had kept his mouth shut and not interrupt the moment they just had, but it was hard to read Steve, or to predict how he was going to react. They’ve known each other for less than a day, but Steve has one of the most complicated personalities he had ever met. So he just let go, going back to his seat and closing the door. Steve ignoring him…again.

“I’m sorry.” He apologized without even knowing why he felt the need to, he had done nothing wrong but Steve was looking upset, and that wasn’t what he had planned when he jumped of the car, willing to watch the sunset together.

“Kiss me.” And he did, leaning closer and smacking his lips against the others, moaning as he grabbed Steve’s crotch over his pant. Comfort, that was Steve needed at the moment, so he was going to give him that. Well, he was being paid for it. He tried to suck at Steve’s mouth when he felt his shoulders being pushed and their lips parted. “I’m not buying it, ok?” Bucky just kept his gaze on the blonde’s, trying to get what he done wrong. “You don’t have to grab my dick every time we kiss. You don’t have to do it to make me feel it.” He tried to answer but his voice failed and nothing came out, just his head moving. “Now, kiss me.”

He leaned forward again, but this time his hand grabbing the back of Steve’s neck, feeling his short strands so soft between Bucky’s fingers. Gently, he closed the distance and touched their lips.
together, slowly this time, pecking it before passing his tongue on man’s plump lips, finally kissing him again. And ok, that was very different of what he was used to and he wasn’t very comfortable doing it, that’s for sure. It was just easier to grab his dick, moan against his mouth and blow him in the end. That’s how his job was, how things usually worked. Not slow and intimate, feeling a hand over his cheek, caressing it. That was good? Yeah, but also dangerous and the kind of thing he tried to avoid all his life. But that was his job, Steve was paying him to play a part and he was in charge, and if that was what he was demanding, then Bucky just need to follow the rules and give him what he needed. Not sex, affection.

“Better?” He asked when they parted and Steve just licked his lips before turning on the engine and going back to the road. The sun already gone by now.

“Better?” Steve asked and Bucky realized they had just stopped at a small gas station and the blond was looking right at him, expecting his answer.

“Yeah, I’m actually starving. Can you…”

“No, we are not going to eat here.”

“Ok.” Bucky was tired of sitting there without chatting, without music, without even touching each other, he had no idea with it was boredom, because it felt so much worse than just being bored. He had nowhere to run, actually, just deal with Steve’s lack of communication. So he doesn’t even waste time now, trying to convince him that they should buy some chips, his stomach growling. Steve was in charge. His trip, his rules.

“Don’t look at me with that face, promise we are eating at a nice place that is not that far from here. Just hang on a bit more, ok?” And he traced Bucky’s lower lip with his thumb. A fond smile in his face, making Bucky smile back. Steve was a mess of emotions, less than a day by his side and Bucky could see how messed up he was.

“That’s fine, so can I have something to drink?” He asked, spreading himself in the seating, trying to stretch his legs.

“Sure, what you want?”

“What’s my favorite non-alcoholic drink?” Not his, of course, TJ’s favorite beverage. But that was ok.

“Dr. Pepper.”

“Then I’ll have a Dr. Pepper, please.” Steve just nod and opened the door, leaving his seat and going to the small grocery store. Bucky was thinking about leaving the car to just properly stretch his legs when he saw Steve’s wallet on the driver’s seat. Not that he was planning on robbing or anything, he just wanted to discover something about the man, like his name or birthday.

The plain old black wallet was exactly like his owner: boring. Bucky took it, glancing at the shop’s glass doors just to make sure the other one wasn’t around to catch him going thru his personal stuff. He could not even ask him about personal stuff, Steve would freak out if he saw Bucky with his ID. But he was alone in the car and the ID was right there, the picture was not bad – what was kind of expected, since Steve was incredible good looking –, his birthday was kinda funny. Fourth of July. Independence Day. If he was not that weird, Bucky would totally call him Captain America, but he couldn’t risk making Steve pissed. Steve Grant Rogers, actually. Steve Rogers was
a nice name, it suited him. He was 34, seven years older than Bucky. Maybe that was the reason to his dad’s posture all the time, his plaid button up shirts, and khaki pants. - Bucky had had older clients then Steve that were nothing like that, so he knew it wasn’t a age thing, just personality – but still, nothing there was giving any clue of why he always had that sad and empty look in his eyes.

Not till he pull some papers of one of the compartments and letting a piece of paper fall. It was very worn off, with some folding marks but he saw the religious image printed in the front. It looked like one of those in memoriam cards his mother had of her grandpa. Steve was not the kind of person you see as religious, since he was on the streets looking for a male prostitute just the night before, so that picture had to meant something, someone. He tried to read the back of the card and see the name printed there, but he heard the bell of the store ringing, and didn’t even had to look to know that it was Steve – and his perfect timing -, so he just put everything back on the wallet, leaving it on the exactly place Steve had and took a deep breath, feeling his heart beating fast for almost getting caught. God, Steve would have been so angry.

“Here.” He handed Bucky a can of Dr. Pepper and a new pack of cigarettes, sitting back on the driver’s seat and putting his wallet on his pocket.

“Thank you, but I don’t smoke this one.” Yeah, it was just cigarettes, they’re going to kill you and rott your teeth anyway, so why choosing a special one, right? Well, he was the one that would die for smoking, so he at least had the right to choose the one killing him. Anyone would agree with Bucky, but not Steve.

“Well, you smoke it now.”

Ok, great that was starting to make Bucky upset. Like, play a role was something he thought he could do, he actually did that every night, and he was never himself when he was with a client, never James or Bucky. Some nights he had to be younger, sometimes he was an older guy. One would beg him for forgiveness while getting spanked, the other would just spank him like the “bad boy he was”. But with Steve that was a whole other level of insanity. He couldn’t even choose the brand he was going to smoke, so yeah, he was getting upset. And he was hungry.

“Whatever, can we go?” He turned away, facing the open window on his right. Just some days more and he would get free and with a lot of extra money for that month.

“No, I have a surprise for you first. Close your eyes.”

“What? What is it? I hate surprises.” He turned around, facing Steve again. The man was looking at him with a smirk.

“Come on, you love surprises, Teej.” Oh yeah, Bucky hated surprises but TJ loved them, so he had no choice if not to close his eyes and hold his hands, palms up, waiting for the surprise. But he felt nothing in his hands, but Steve putting glasses on his face.

He opened his eyes and everything was darker, so that was probably sunglasses. He checked himself in the rearview mirror and smiled at the cheap wayfarer style sunglasses on his face. Ok, they were kind of nice and he felt good wearing them.

“Hmm, vintage. Just like you.”

He saw the way Steve cheeks were reddening and the tiny smile on his face. That adorable face with the plump red lips, long lashes and those perfect blue eyes. There was something on Steve’s face that just couldn’t leave Bucky pissed for a long time. Probably that was the lost puppy look in
his eyes, and that something just made him think about the card he had found on the man’s wallet. Someone had left Steve literally lost and he wasn’t looking like someone that was even close to find himself again.

They really stopped some minutes ahead of the gas station on a small snack bar on the side of the road, with tables and benches outdoors. The smell of the burgers and fries got Bucky stomach growling as soon as he jumped of the car. God, he was so hungry.

Steve asked Bucky to wait for him in one of the pic nic tables around the dinner while he was going to get their food. Again, he didn’t bothered to ask what Bucky wanted to eat, but that was ok, he was so hungry that whatever he got him, he would eat without even blinking.

He did what Steve asked and chose one of the tables. There wasn’t a lot of people there, just a couple at one of the more distant tables, an old guys eating alone on the other and that was it. He chose that table because he knew they would have some privacy, no one was going to be able to hear they conversation, because yes, Bucky was planning on talk again with Steve. He was tired of being quiet for so long, he was talker. So he sat at the table, his feet on the bench and waited, watching the road a little further and the cars passing by, questioning himself what he was doing. What had him put himself into this time?

It took some minutes for Steve to appear again with a tray in his hands, putting it on top of the table and sitting on the bench, like a normal person would have done – like everyone else eating there was doing -, but different from Bucky. But him sitting at the table did not seem to be exactly a problem to Steve, so he didn’t bothered to change his position.

“Without bacon, diet coke and large extra fries, just the way you like.”

“Thank you, Steve.” Bacon was a bit overestimated in Bucky’s opinion, some diet coke could make some good to his body and fries are never too much, so yeah, Steve had got it right this time, or rather saying, Bucky got lucky TJ had a good taste about greasy burgers in road snack bars.

They just ate in silence for a while, and when Bucky felt like he was not so hungry anymore, he put his sandwich aside, watching Steve till the blond felt and looked right back at him.

“Is there something wrong with your burger?”

“No, it’s perfect.”

“Really? I had best here before.”

Steve commented and Bucky got surprised with the ‘before’, but tried to play it cool and not show Steve that he got suspicious, asking in a very casual way. “Have you been here before?”

“Rule number one.”

“Argh, I hate that one.” He snorted and that made Steve laugh while he was eating a fries. “So, why the Grand Canyon?”

“What did I just say?”

“Rule number one, I got it. But that’s not a personal question, it’s the reason to the whole trip, I just
want a clue.”

“Do I need a reason to go see the Canyon?”

“Well, yeah! I want to go because it’s big and beautiful, Mother Nature leaving her mark on the world, you know? This kind of thing.”

“I wanna go because I’ve never been there before. That’s my reason.” Bucky rolled his eyes with Steve stubbornness about a subject so simple like the reason to that goddamn trip, but ok, Steve was the one in charge so he just shrugged, giving up on his own plan of having a nice conversation while they were dinning.

But Steve seemed to sense and always do the opposite of what Bucky wanted, so he started the conversation, making Bucky sigh, getting tired again.

“Let’s talk about you.”

“Ok, but what about me?” I’m not even the person you want me to be. He thought, but kept to himself.

“Where are you from?”

“Illinois, right?” Steve nodded, complementing Bucky’s answer with information he had no idea and that were supposed to be about himself.

“Yeah. You ran away from your bible beating parents when you were 16.” The new information made Bucky turn his gaze away from Steve’s, looking to his shoes, pretending to adjust his laces.

“That’s close, actually.” That was the truth; this part of TJ’s fictional life was not so different of Bucky’s own experience, and that made Steve show some interest on him for the first time. Not TJ, but on Bucky’s life. He would be glad about it with that wasn’t such a bittersweet subject to have with a client, or with anyone. Rule number one, if Steve could use it, he had the right too. “But what about you, where are you from? Or this counts as personal information you can’t tell me about?” He joked, knowing that would make Steve forget about his curiosity on his true past.

“I’m from Brooklyn, New York. Came out to Washington to work, met you and here we are.” Ok, Steve had all the story about Steve and TJ figured out, so no need to Bucky help to write their story.

“You got everything figured out, I see. So, we met at a bar, right?” Steve nodded and Bucky already knew that, he just wanted to make sure he was following the right story, get some more details about their fake relationship. “Can you paint that picture for me?”

“I was sitting in the corner; you saw me and sat next to me.” Steve’s eyes where shining again, and it was adorable that he was really so into the storyline he had created. So Bucky sat by his side on the bench, their thighs touching.

“Like this?” The blond just nodded again. He saw him swallowing, nervous, and Bucky could not hide the smirk on his face. “Ok, and what I said to make you pay attention to me? Because I’m pretty sure that I made the first move.”

“You said: You gotta a light?” And he was smiling again, his dimples showing.

“Oh my God, Steve. You’re so cheesy.” Bucky didn’t thought about that as an insult, it was just… the truth. But the man clearly didn’t take it well, the smile disappearing and turning into a thin line,
his eyebrows frowning for a second before he just turned away, facing the road and not Bucky anymore, which now just could see his profile.

“I’m paying you. You should show me a little more respect.”

And that was kind of a punch in his face, because somehow Bucky had just forget about that detail while they were talking. Steve was not only in charge, he was the closest thing to a boss that Bucky had. He was a client after all.

“Yeah, you’re right. I’m sorry, that was stupid.” He bite his lips, for the first time since he got in that car, he really felt bad. Steve was being a nice guy, he was quiet and a bit weird, but he was gentle and he was respectful with Bucky. He was used with man touching his body whenever they felt the need, and doing whatever they wanted with him. But Steve hadn’t touched him like they did, and that was new. There was something about that man that just made Bucky want to help him, make him smile like before and his eyes shine. He didn’t want to make him feel bad, because for some reason he knew that that was something the blond himself was doing.

Steve didn’t look at him when Bucky told he was going to take a piss, not even shrugged like a child or cursed. He just kept his gaze on the empty road, drinking his Coca. So Bucky just left, going to the small bathroom on the other side. He closed the door and pulled his pants down, pissing and trying to ignore the guilty he was feeling. Damn, Bucky and Steve had met less than 24 hours ago, he was just a hired fuck, he didn’t meant anything to the other man, so he probably wasn’t offended, maybe he was just mad. He stopped at the sink, washing his hands and drying it on his jeans while looking himself in the mirror. His hair was now tied up in a bun, the sunglasses Steve have bought him was on the collar of his shirt.

“He bought me sunglasses.”

He left the bathroom and saw Steve there, bended over, his arms on his knees, shrunken shoulders. So oblivious to everything else around him that he didn’t noticed Bucky sitting by his side again. He took a cigarette and put it on his lips, trying to control his anxiety so his voice wouldn’t tremble.

“You gotta light?”

And as if Bucky had given him a shock, Steve turned around, facing him like he wasn’t expecting for that, and if they were playing roles, he saw that for a second Steve let it behind and was just himself. Maybe that was a good idea and Bucky could be proud for thinking about a nice way to make Steve smile again.

“No, I don’t. I don’t smoke.”

“That’s good, that’s…” Oh, okay so now he needed to think fast and follow his lead, taking into account the little information that Steve had already given him about his character and try not to offend him again. “Smoking is bad, is a terrible habit.” He told, looking for his goddamn lighter on his pockets, trying to look chill. “The good news is that I already had one. Yeah, surprising, isn’t it? Plot twist.” And that made Steve laugh, shaking his head. “But the truth is that I just wanted a reason to flirt with you.”

“So you’re flirting with me?”

“Yes mister, I saw you here and just couldn’t control myself.” He bit his lips in a lustful way. “I’m TJ.” They shook hands like that was the first time again.
“I’m Steve.”

“We are madly in love, Steve.” And he seemed a bit surprised, but the smile not leaving his face.
“Yes we are, I can tell we are already in love.”

“Already, huh?” Bucky just nodded, smirking at him and feeling Steve pulling him to stand up,
leading their way to the car parked on the side of the road.

“Let’s go, TJ.”

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The motel they stopped was just a regular roadside one, almost all the garages were occupied, so
Bucky presumed that they were good, no fleas on the mattress, no stains of any residue of dubious
origin on the sheets, maybe a psychopath manager with voyeuristic tendencies, but that would be a
bonus because Hitchcock was awesome.

The room was simple, a bed, a dresser and a small round table with 2 seats. Nothing special when
compared with the classy hotel Steve had stayed the night before but they had a pool. He took the
flyer on the table, showing Steve the big pool in the front, just below the motel’s name.

“They have a pool! Come on Steve, let’s go for a swim.”

It was almost midnight, the pool probably was closed but there are some rules that are meant to be
broken, right? Yeah, but not to Steve of course. He just said a loud and clear ‘NO’, putting the
suitcase on the corner of the room and laying on the bed, taking his shoes of.

“Please?” Not even the pout on his lips and his best puppy face were enough to convince Steve.
“Pretty please, Stevie?”

“Good shot, but no. The pool is closed, I’m tired of being in the car all day long and you don’t
even like swimming that much.”

He gave up, that was already a lost battle. TJ was not a big fan of pools, apparently, so Bucky was
supposed to dislike it as well. He left the piece of paper on the table and sat at the end of the bed,
taking his own shoes of. No pool for tonight. Maybe they would rent some porn on the tv and have
some fun, that was the reason he was there with Steve after all, to give him a good time.

If they had a stereo it would be better but Bucky learned to improvise at work, so he just got on his
feet, lit a cigarette and started to swing his hips in a slow way, like he was following a rhythm that
was only playing on his head. He had Steve's attention as he danced and took each piece of
clothing, leaving it on the floor.

When he was only on his boxers, he stood up on the mattress, hovering over Steve. His hips close
to the man’s face while he kept on the sexy dancing thing. He took another drag on the cigarette
between his lips before kneeling down, sitting on top of Steve's and leaning forward, their lips
touching but not kissing. Steve understood what Bucky wanted and parted his lips, letting the
brunette blow the cigarette smoke into his mouth. Steve was not a smoker, so he ended up
coughing but smiling at Bucky. Not a happy smile though, just a sympathetic one.

Bucky let his hand wander down Steve’s shirt, unbuttoning it and leaving the man just with his
ternal white t shirt. The blond hadn’t took all of his clothes off when he fucked Bucky last night,
so he thought it was best not to risk it and make him uncomfortable again, so he forgot the clothes
covering that perfect body under him and lowered his hand and grabbed Steve’s crotch. He touched
the volume there, slowly massaging him thru his pants but that doesn’t seemed to have any effect
on the other. Steve kept the tired look on his face, looking at Bucky’s eyes and not to his hand. Bucky moaned, pressing his hand on Steve’s dick and felt when he took his hand, bringing it to his lips and kissing his knuckles, taking his breath away with that unexpected silly touch. Gosh, Steve was kissing his hands, not his balls, why were him so excited? He was not 12 and above all, he was definitely not a virgin.

Steve pulled him closer and changed their position, putting Bucky laying down on the mattress by his side, facing the lamp on the side table. He felt the blonde’s strong arms envolving his body from behind and he moaned again, rubbing his butt against the other’s groin, moaning.

“Yes…oh Steve, just like that.”

“No, not like that. Not tonight.” Steve still holding him but Bucky stopped his hips. Bucky thought that was what he wanted, but he was wrong again. He finished his cigarette and left it in the ashtray on the bedside table, closed his eyes. He was tired of trying to understand what Steve wanted, so he should just let that go and do what the man asked him to.

“You’re in charge.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading this chapter, I hope you liked it.
He woke up to an empty bed, and he couldn’t say he was surprised, that was kind of a relief actually. He wasn’t used to waking up with someone by his side, and he had slept in the blonde’s arms last night, that was weird enough. Even if it probably would had felt good to wake up feeling someone around him, keeping him warm, kissing his neck and wishing him a good morning, but that was a trouble he was happy to avoid.

So he just threw the blanket away and got up, stretching his sore muscles from have being asleep in the same position the whole night. See, that’s another perk of being alone, you don’t have to share a bed. Yeah, Bucky always knew he had made the best choice avoiding relationships. His mattress on the floor of Pierce’s apartment wasn’t even big or comfortable enough for him, if he had to share with somebody like Steve that would be terrible, warmer though, but terrible.

Ok, he was wasting time thinking about bullshit when he totally could have being in the shower, enjoying the hot water and the ordinary shampoo motels like this one would provide. He took his clothes off, letting it on top of the closed toilet and got in the shower. The walls were already wet, so Steve probably had took a shower before going out to wherever he was.

Steve was a very weird, awkward, silent and hot guy. But there was something about him that just made Bucky want to be in that travel. It wasn’t just about the money – sure, that was the big reason for him to agree with this, but not the only one. There was something on those blue eyes that wanted to decode, to read, understand. He was hurt, that was for sure and Bucky had dealt with hurt clients before, but none of them seemed to be like this one. They were always sad or really pissed, looking just for two things: a shoulder and a hug to cry upon and tell him about this ‘amazing man that dumped him’. Or the most common, fuck him so hard that he would feel sore for the next couple of days, telling how disgusting he was, how love was shit – what he would totally agree –, growl till they could not hold anymore and come. But no with Steve, with him was different. When they had sex on the first night, he didn’t seemed to be angry, a bit sad and a lot in needy, but not angry. Not crying and telling about his ex-boyfriend, though. He was just looking for something, or someone, Bucky was not sure yet. And that was the problem, all that mystery around that blonde greek god, that could have the man he wanted just with a blink but needed to hire a hooker to travel with him. Why? Had him have trouble with love before? Probably. But that was not all the story, there was more that Bucky wanted to find out.

“T.J.?” He jumped, letting the shampoo go into his eyes, burning like hell. God, he hadn’t heard the bedroom door opening, and not even the bathroom door.

“Hey, Steve.” He greeted, not opening his eyes to look at the blonde because he was very busy trying to get ride of all that shampoo on his face and eyes. Ugh, he hated these cheap shampoos that just burn your eyes. “Need something?” Hoped he hadn’t offended Steve, but he was not really in the mood of being nice right now.

“No, just leave your clothes here for you and tell you that I brought coffee, so don’t delay or it will get cold, okay?”

“I’ll be there in a second. Thank you.”

And now he heard the bathroom door closing. His eyes were finally opening without that burning
feeling and he could finish taking all the soap off his body, rinsing his body and hair, enjoying a bit longer the warm water till his stomach start growling, ordering him to turn off the shower and go eat whatever Steve had brought them. He was definitely in the mood for some pancakes, since he knew that TJ was supposed to not be a big fan of bacon, he was cheering for some pancakes or maybe waffles, perhaps.

He took the towel and was drying up when he saw the clothes that were now on the top of the toilet. Definitely those were not his clothes, not even close to his style. The boot was nothing similar to his worn up sneakers. The rest of the look was composed with black jeans, a very normal gray V neck tee and a formal vest. Not terrible actually but too stylish, he was not used with clothes like that.

He grabbed the clothes and went to the bedroom, seeing the breakfast Steve had bought them on the table – and yes, he have got him pancakes - while the blond was looking at some polaroids, that he hurried put away, putting in an envelope and saving it inside one of his hand bags when he heard Bucky calling his name.

“Yes, TJ.” He turned around, facing Bucky that saw the way his eyes travelled his naked torso and the breath that got stuck in his throat, making him clear it before speaking. “There’s something wrong?”

“Where are my clothes?”

Steve noticed that he was not joking, because he really was not. Pretending to be someone else was ok, Steve had warned him, but getting his clothes and giving him different ones without telling, that was not cool. That made Bucky realize how vulnerable he really was in that situation.

“Hey, it’s okay. Just thought you might like some clean clothes. Yours were dirty.” Ok, that was fair, his clothes were really dirty since he’d been wearing then for two days straight. Probably were going to start smelling at some point, but he had no clean clothes with him, so he needed to cope with the one Steve would provide him. That put him on easy, but still a bit uncomfortable.

“Will I get them back?”

“Of course you will, they were just dirty.”

He just nodded, taking the towel of his waist and putting on the under wear, that was not his but seemed clean at least. Steve sat on the bed, looking straight at him and Bucky could feel it. He was clearly enjoying the view and Bucky could enjoy the moment, dance and make him excited, till he could not hold back and would grab his butt with those big hands, squeezing and make Bucky moan. Yeah, that would be awesome if Bucky were in the mood, what was not the case, so he just kept changing his clothes, ignoring Steve’s gaze.

When he finished and looked himself in the mirror on the corner of the room, he almost laughed because that was clearly nice clothes, the person who put them together probably enjoyed fashion and all this kind of stuff, but it was impossible to him imagining Steve as this person. He was gay, sure, but Bucky knew that doesn’t meant anything. Especially when he dressed himself like a regular dad, there was nothing special about his clothes that would give Bucky a hint that he indeed enjoyed fashion.

“You really chose this outfit?” He turned to face Steve and he hadn’t realized that the man as so close, standing right at his back. Steve was a bit taller, so he tilted his head up a bit and looked at the man, he was smiling but that wasn’t a real one, that smile just made Bucky feel like he was expecting Bucky to look different in those clothes, and got disappointed. He thought about
apologizing with Steve, but hey, he did nothing wrong. It was not his fault, so he kept his mouth shut.

Steve had a chain necklace in his hand and was looking at it now, and Bucky saw the doubt in his eyes, really thinking with he should put them on Bucky’s neck or not. Ok, Steve was taking all that outfit thing a bit too serious and that was weird. “I was joking, this is cool.” He thought that would make Steve some good, show him that he was not really joking with him because he liked fashion or whatever was happening. He was whispering but Steve had not looked at him, his gaze still on the chain in his hands, that Bucky realized had dog tags attached to it. “Steve?” He touched the back of the blond’s hand and that seemed to bring him back, he looked up to Bucky but the expression on his face hadn’t change. “Everything is fine?”

“Here. Put this on.” He just left the chain in Bucky’s hand and turned away, back to his suitcase, closing the zipper in a hurried way that made the brunet think twice before put the dog tags on. This clearly had some effect on the man’s emotion. “I’m going to put these bags on the car.”

“But what about the breakfast?” There was two plates of food, so Steve hadn’t eat while Bucky was in the shower, so he hadn’t eat at all. Was the moment so bad that he needed to skip breakfast?

“You eat, I’ll be waiting in the car.”

“But what about yours…” And he doubt Steve had heard him, because he closed the door and left him alone in the motel bedroom with clothes that wasn’t his and a necklace he was afraid to put around his neck.

He sat down in front of the pancakes that smelled amazing and looked even greater, he took one of the blueberries on the plate and ate, that tasted bitterer than he wanted to admit. He was not letting Steve’s mood affect him that way. He was craving for the fucking pancakes when we saw then on the table, and now he just wasn’t feeling hungry at all.

The dog tags still in his hands were feeling heavy in a way that he knew was his mind trying to make his attention go back to then and ignore the food, what he didn’t want to let happen, but was impossible. He looked at the tags, finally looking at the metal plates and seeing the carved name in them.

STEVEN G. ROGERS
CAPTAIN
366-616-624
US ARMY

Ok, not a genius needed to know what that meant. Maybe that could explain Steve’s behavior when Bucky couldn’t, because that was new, he had never had a war veteran as a client before. That would probably explain a lot about Steve’s different behavior sometimes. And he was no expert, but he had almost sure that to become a Captain, as was carved in the tags, Steve had to go to war, people don’t became Captain playing cards in the backyard. God, what had Steve saw there? He was definitely not hungry anymore, so he put the damn tags around his neck, feeling now how much that probably meant to Steve, left the room.

Steve was still in the car trunk, but his eyes were fixed in a polaroid in his hand, that he just put on the front pocket of his shirt, hiding it from Bucky like it was a cursed object he was not allowed to see.

“You ate?” Steve seemed truly worried in seeing Bucky there so fast, but the brunet had not thought about calculate time to pretend he had really ate the pancakes, he just wanted to hug Steve
and he had no explanation for that feeling. He just needed to. So he did, threw his arms around the
taller man’s neck, pulling him closer, getting on his tip toes to that. “T.J, what’s wrong?” He felt
strong arms wrapping around him and pulling him even closer, Steve’s hand running up and down
his spine in soothing movements. “It’s fine, okay? Let’s get inside and finish our breakfast, today
we have a lot of places to go.”

Bucky pushed a little, tilting his head up to look at Steve’s face and saw a smile there. He was
trying to make him feel better while he was clearly still affect by the tags he gave Bucky. Steve
was definitely something else.

Steve grabbed his hand and they went back to the room to finish the pancakes Bucky was craving
so much before. They were good, no bitter like before, not when Steve was looking at him and
throwing a blueberry at his face just for fun. A light feeling got on Bucky’s chest and he was
laughing and making fun of Steve’s syrup dirty chin.

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They were back in the road and for the first time, Bucky was really comfortable being there. Those
were not his clothes; the boots were too small to his gigantic feet and the pants were a bit tight in
the thigs, but Steve was smiling every single time he looked at Bucky, singing to some eighties
song on the radio – since he turned down and disconnected his cellphone when the same piano
song started to play, but that was definitely ok, because Bucky wasn’t feeling in the mood to
classic music, not Bach, Chopin or whomever that was. Maybe some classic songs like Live On a
Prayer and Don’t Stop Believing, that really made Steve’s voice get louder and high pitched.

“Oh my god, that’s some high notes, Stevie.” He deadpanned, making the blonde laugh while the
song was fading.

“You liked it?” He turned down the volume, there was a sassy smile on his face when looking at
Bucky, clearly joking. “I think is a gift.”

“Yes, definitely a gift to this Earth.”

He noticed that Steve had parked on the side of the road, and had already unbuckled his belt.
“Come on, want to take some pictures of you there.” He pointed do the grass camp where they
were parked, not more than just grass and some trees. The sky was clear and there were no clouds,
beautiful but nothing so special that would make Bucky stop the car to take pictures, not like the
sunset he wanted to watch yesterday.

He followed Steve to one of the trees a bit ahead and struck a pose, holding on the trunk with his
arms stretched, lifting his hips so his butt was a bit up, sucking his cheeks and making his best
Zoolander's impression. “What about this one?” He winked, trying not to laugh and ruin his pose.

“What about no?”

“What? You can’t appreciate real art.” Steve laughed and Bucky finally stood put, his hands on his
pockets, trying to figure out what to do. “So, if you don’t want my Zoolander one, how you want
me pose, camera guy?

“What about no?”

“Right there, back with the tree trunk, leaning with your head up to the sky, looking at the clouds.”
There were no clouds in the sky, but ok, he made the pose Steve had told him to. He tried actually,
but his eyes were not very happy with the light they had to look right to. “Sorry, the glasses. Put
then on.” Oh yeah, he had forgot about his new drugstore sunglasses. He put then on and finally
he was able to look up without crunching his nose while trying to keep his eyes open. “Perfect!”
And he heard the noise of the shutter and the old machine printing the picture.

“It’s good?” He wanted to see the picture but Steve just shushed him, telling him to stay there by the tree, look straight ahead to the camera and smile. He did and Steve took another picture.

“Ok, now we are good. Let’s go!”

They went back to the car and Bucky got the pictures to look and the results made him smile. He was expecting some weird pictures, like one of those where you hide from everyone so they don’t make fun of your face, but no, these where really nice. He would even post then if he could.

“These got really good, can I take a pic of them with my cellphone?” He asked, his cellphone in his hand, opening the camera already. When Steve just shrugged, he looked up to the blonde’s face and saw that he was not comfortable with that but was trying to hide. Bucky tried to ignore and take the picture with his phone, but he just couldn’t. Argh, his stupid guilty feeling for letting Steve down. It was not even his fault; he had not asked Steve for some terrible thing, just to take pictures of the pictures he had taken. God, it was even his face on the pictures, not Steve’s. That was no such big deal, but he still couldn’t find the guts to do. He put his phone back on his pocket, cursing those tight pants and left the Polaroids by the camera’s.

They drove in silence for some time, the good moments of before left behind, they were back to the boring silence. Bucky had his hand out of the window, feeling the wind through his fingers like it was floating. That was the only thing he could do to distract himself, since Steve was not talking and when he just touched the dog tags on his chest, the blonde’s gaze went straight to his movements, like he was doing something wrong and he pulled his hand off the window, far from the necklace, not wanting to make that more uncomfortable than the silence.

“Let’s have some ice cream.”

They stopped at this small dinner with an ice cream truck parked in the front, where a few people were buying it or already having their ice cream. He sat down on the grass, ignoring the round tables closer to the truck. Steve didn’t seem to mind and just went ahead to get then some ice cream. That was his favorite dessert in the entire world – well, it used to be his grandma’s tiramisu, but she was dead and gone, he had to pick a new favorite – so when Steve came back with to vanilla ice cream cones, he was smiling like a child.

“Yes, the best dessert in the world.” He licked the cream, moaning. “Ugh, so good.”

“You're making me jealous of an ice cream cone, TJ.” The brunet looked at Steve’s face and laughed when he saw the smirk on his face. God, he had probably sounded more sexual then he planned to, that’s what made him so good at his job after all.

“Don’t worry, I can taste you later.”

And they were back to the nice and comfortable mood, some jokes and dirty comments on the way Steve was licking the ice cream, Steve teasing him about the mess he was making with the melt thing. They were laughing together and that was even better than the ice cream, Bucky thought.

“Here, let me take a picture.” Steve took Bucky’s hand with the cone and put it next to his face, probably looking through the camera, he bet he could see just half of it, the other half the cone and his hand covering it. And Steve put his hand and ice cream near Bucky’s, like they were making a toast with ice creams and took the picture.

Bucky took it and saw that he had imagined it very close to the real thing. In the picture, his face
was just half visible, the other half hidden behind his hand with the ice cream and Steve’s. He rarely liked his face in pictures, that’s why his Instagram account was just full of pictures of any kind of pictures, but never selfies. But this one and the other two pictures Steve had showed him, he definitely would post. He liked what he saw.

“So, what are you doing with these pictures? Are you going to post with #couplegoals?” That was a joke but Steve, clearly had no idea what that meant.

“I’m going to what?”

“Do you even have an Instagram account, Steve?”

“Nope.” Bucky laughed because that was obviously, Steve was like a grandfather trapped in a very hot body and baby blue eyes.

“Yeah, I bet. But tell me, what you doing with these after the trip?”

“Well, what normal people do with pictures? To remember the trip.” Yeah, obviously. Bucky thought but kept his mouth shut. “Up! You need to wash your hands. I’ll be waiting in the car.”

Bucky lost the count of all the pictures they took during the day. Every time Steve was with something in hands, his camera or the steering wheel. He had no idea where they were, the name of the city or the state they was going to spend that night, but he was pretty sure they crossed at least a state, because they hadn’t stopped for nothing, just pictures, pictures and pictures. That was tiring, but at the same time, Steve was so different, he was all smiles. Bossy as always but he seemed happy, or at least pleased with Bucky’s presence.

Steve led the way to this small motel in the middle of nowhere. They had passed in front of two motels that were much closer to the dinner they stopped to eat some sandwiches, but no, Steve was super clear about the motel they were going to sleep in. Bucky was tired, whatever Steve decided to crash down, it was okay for him, he would even sleep in the car if needed he was just tired of those boots hurting his feet.

“How you found that place?” He asked as they were leaving the reception with their bags, crossing the parking lot and going to the bedroom number 9, because he doubted the motel had online ads, let alone a facebook page. Actually, he doubted that Steve had a facebook page. “I mean, it’s interesting. But you’re not feeling this Bate’s Motel vibe?”

“I’m not murdering you, if that’s what is worrying you.” The blonde answered while unlocking the door. “God, this knob is not my friend.” He grumbled when finally the door was open.

The bedroom was not that bad, it was simple but seemed clean and tidy. The walls were of this sick yellow stripped wallpaper, brown carpet and brown curtains. Bedside tables with lamps, no pool this time.

“Oh God, yes.” Bucky ran to the bed, falling on his back in the mattress, taking those boots off. “My feet are hurting like hell. Argh, wish you had a bigger size.” Steve left the suitcase in a place Bucky thought it was the bathroom and came back, lying by his side. “Hey, handsome.”

“Hi.”
Steve was smiling and pulled Bucky closer, leaning for a kiss. His lips were always so soft against Bucky’s that the brunette couldn’t resist, smiling too and grabbing the back of his neck, licking his lips. “Your lips are making me crazy, Stevie.”

He grabbed Buckys waist, pulling him against his strong body, but not in the sexual way he was used to. Steve always touched him in a very different way than his other clients. And honestly? He should just stop comparing Steve with his other clients because that man was completely different and that was clearer each second they spent together.

Bucky felt his boding shivering while the blonde’s hand were running along his body, under his t-shirt and that damn vest. He loved the outfit at first, but now? Just more clothing between his body and Steve’s. He kept the kiss, hand caressing his blond locks. “God, Stevie. You’re so good.” He moaned because that was the truth, Steve was delicious. That body pressed against his, Bucky couldn’t believe was real. He never saw him naked, but just feeling it was making Bucky’s imagination explode with the images. Those biceps were like rocks and that plaid button up was not helping, but he had no time to keep picturing Steve’s naked body before the blonde pull away, breaking the kiss with an apologetic smile. What have Bucky done wrong now? “What’s it?” He asked, but got no answer, just a peck on his lips. He tried to transform that into a kiss again and he felt the way Steve tried to give him that, he really tried to kiss Bucky back, but there was something stopping him and he wasn’t telling what. Steve just closed himself back in his own head, in that way that Bucky had seen before. “I lost you.” And that brought the blonde’s attention back, he looked right into Bucky’s eyes. “You retreat into that head of yours. You do that sometimes, you know that?” He put his index finger between Steve’s eyebrows, seeing his confused and at the same time, shocked expression, like he couldn’t believe what Bucky had just said.

Why was he so confuse? Why was Steve so hard to read, understand, sometimes? Why he was kissing and touching him a minute and in the other he was back in his own mind, biting his lips like he couldn’t believe Bucky was there. Sometimes he looked at Bucky with such adoration, and there were times when Bucky felt like he was not supposed to be there, like he was invading Steve’s private life in a way he was not invited. Steve could make him comfortable one second, and totally uncomfortable, not knowing how to proceed in the next one. That was starting to make Bucky worried. He felt like he was starting in this job again. Like when he was in the bed with one of his first clients and didn’t know what to do, what was true and what they were saying just because Bucky’s mouth was around their dicks. He learnt with time that all that was a lie, no man seemed to think straight during sex, so all the compliments on his body, on his mouth or anything like that, those were real, but everyday they would tell him things like “you’re so perfect.”, that was the lie. ‘Orgasm liars’, that’s what Sam used to call guys like this.

But Steve? Definitely not an orgasm liar, because they were not even having sex. They had sex once and Steve had not even looked at him while they were doing it, so that wasn’t something that he used to do when he was excited. Actually that was the opposite, when Steve just tried something more sexual, Steve would back away, just like the kiss in the car, when he grabbed his dick just to have his hand removed from the place, making him feel a bit dirty and vulgar. God, Steve was a mess and he was turning Bucky into a mess too.

“Hey, I’m gonna go take a shower, ok?”

He told Steve that just nodded. Bucky left the bedroom closing the door of the bathroom. God, all that was a mess. He took his clothes off and got in the shower, taking his time to clear his mind, letting the hot water travel his body, relaxing his muscles. That was helping? Definitely.

At least 10 minutes had passed when he heard Steve entering the room, so he pulled the plastic
curtain aside so he could see the blonde. He was just closing a purse where Bucky knew he just keep his personal stuff, like the cologne he made Bucky use the first night, his tooth brush, and he bet Steve had a handkerchief, like a real old man would have. “Hey, the water is so good, want to join me?”

“No, I’m just dropping my bag.” He saw Steve closing an envelope, taking it with him and leaving the bathroom. Bucky closed the curtain and went back to his warm shower and strawberry scented hotel shampoo.

He let enjoyed the comfort for some more minutes before closing it and taking the clean towel, drying himself before tying it around his waist. The mirror was completely fog, so he cleaned with his hand and saw his face, his shoulders a bit red because of the hot water, the dog tags around his neck, right in the middle of his chest. He wasn’t ugly, he knew that. A lot of men – and women – would think Bucky was the sexiest thing alive if he just get out the bathroom like this. Wet hair dripping on his body still hot from the shower, smelling good and with just a towel around his waist. Yeah, he was sexy and that would melt anyone but Steve. He was pretty sure that if he just entered that room like this, Steve would look at him and look amazed for two seconds, then something on his head would snap and he would be back to the old Steve, telling him they needed to sleep because was getting late.

He was leaving when he remembered the bag on the corner of the bathroom. Steve’s bag. Maybe, if he put a little of the cologne, Steve would smile to him. That big and bright smile he had given him today.

That was wrong, like when he looked inside Steve’s wallet, but he needed to try. They had an amazing day and now, when they stepped inside the bedroom, Steve was back into his own head again. Bucky needed to give it a try, so he opened the bag, seeing everything he kept there. Ok, there was more than just perfume and tooth brush, there were his underwear – which Bucky had to look closer, of course -, a bunch of pencils but no paper and no handkerchief. But there was something that called his attention: A wig.

So that was true after all, Steve had really made Pierce use a wig that night. He laughed imagining the man in that black wig, that was probably ridiculous, but made him happy. Steve had a thing for brunettes, good to know. “Lucky me.” He talked with himself, putting the wig back in the bag without trying it on, because of his own wet hair. He closed it and turned around, leaving the bag behind but couldn’t leave the bathroom again, because right at the floor was a polaroid. He took it, expecting it to be one of the pictures they had took that day, but no, that was something he was not expecting at all.

“T.J. 2012” Was wrote in the white margin with sharpie. He never saw Steve’s calligraphy, but he knew that he had wrote that, the same way he knew he had took that picture and that T.J was not a character, like he had thought till now, the man on the picture was T.J., the real one and he looked a lot like Bucky. The resemblance was there and was a bit scary. Their noses were different, TJ’s where thinner and a bit more delicate than his, the smile was different too, bigger and brighter than Bucky’s had ever be, but the eyes…God, the eyes were just like his own. There was something painful in those gray eyes in the picture that he could see every time he looked himself in the mirror. But the biggest difference was the hair, T.J’s hair were shorter and bit more wavy than his, and he remembered the question Steve had made about he every consider having his hair shorter, and for the first time we wanted to cut his hair. Not for Steve – well, not totally – but for himself, he wanted to look at the mirror and see if he could be just like T.J., with he could have that big and bright smile.

So he opened the bag again, looking through every single thing inside till he found a small kit for
“emergencies”, with needles, sewing thread, a tweezer and a small scissor. Not the best, but his only option. So he don’t had a second thought before taking the scissors to his hair and starting to cut it, trying to get close to the image he was seeing in the polaroid.

The dark strings were falling on the white sink and on the floor but he don’t mind, not even when they ended up on his feet, he was too concentrated in doing a god job. And when it was finished he took a deep breath, feeling his hands shaking looking himself in the mirror. He couldn’t explain the feeling inside his chest but it wasn’t bad, he was feeling light, relaxing little by little. He was not T.J, but looking at his reflex, he felt like he could be and that was a bit scary because he didn’t want to let himself got lost. He was James “Bucky” Barnes, but he wanted to be that T.J for Steve.

The problem was that now, T.J. was not just a character anymore. He was a real man, these things Steve had told him, his favorite movie, his favorite book, not liking to swim, being a musician, all that as true. That was a real person and he was looking it’s place, that’s seemed so wrong. He needed to find more about the real one, because now he felt like they’re connected.

He opened the door and for the first time he realized that Steve was going to see him that way. What was he going to think about that? What if he get mad that Bucky was copping the real one? What if he just realize that Bucky is not all that alike TJ as he imagined when Bucky had all that hair to hide his face? God, he was starting to feel sick. A moment ago he was all confident, feeling hot as fuck and now, all he could think about was that Steve was probably going to hate that.

“He’s just a client, Bucky. Just a client and nothing else.” He kept telling himself and let the picture on top of the bag before he left the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

Steve was on the bed, his back against the headboard, we was looking at the ceiling, pretending that was very interesting and at the same time, looking like the most bored man in the world, but as soon as he heard the door closing, he looked at Bucky. “You took so long, I was worri…” He didn’t finished the line, his voice dying when he finally saw. His blue eyes expressing all his surprise and he seemed to get speechless, because he was opening and closing his mouth, but not making any sound.

Steve came closer, getting off the bed and stopping right in front of Bucky, his hands went to his shoulders, picking some hair that was still stick to the brunette’s humid skin, but his eyes never leaving Bucky’s face.

“It need to be cleaned up, but…” I couldn’t wait anymore inside that bathroom, he hadn’t said the last part of course, but Steve seemed like he wasn’t really paying attention to what was said, he just put his hands on both sides of Bucky’s face and leaned forward, kissing him so desperately that he felt his heart breaking for Steve. He had no idea of whom were T.J in Steve’s life, but he bet it was an important part of it that went away and left him lost, just like Bucky had saw this days. Whoever TJ had been, Steve was in love with and for now, Bucky was TJ. So he just kissed back, trying to mirror that feeling Steve was giving him that he had never felt before.

The blonde’s hand grabbed his waist and leaded the way to the bed, not interrupting the kiss. His hands were everywhere, touching, scratching and leaving marks on Bucky’s body. And for the first time he was not doing anything, just feeling his body being adored, like It was the most incredible thing Steve had ever seen. There was desire in Steve’s touch, but there was something more tho, something so strong that made Bucky breathless.

He had no time to think straight about everything he was feeling when Steve pulled away and Bucky chocked, almost sobbing because he was not ready to be left that way, not when he just felt that that meant something. So when Steve pulled his shirt off, letting his upper body on display for Bucky to touch and see all that golden skin, looking like a marble god right in front of him, he
knew that he was right, that meant something to Steve too.

Bucky let his hands hovering upon Steve’s torso, feeling the heat of his skin, his fingerprints tracing the muscles, seeing the way he was shivering. He was right, Steve’s body was as beautiful as his face. He could spend his live touching that body and not feel bored. “Stevie.” He moaned when his hand just pulled his towel away, throwing it on the ground and touching his dick. Steve’s hands were big and warm.

“You’re so perfect.” Steve told him, his lips going back to touch his, kissing. Sam’s voice telling him about the orgasm liars came back to his head, but somehow he knew that wasn’t the case because he was not telling that to Bucky, he was not perfect, T.J. was perfect, that was the person Steve was telling this to. Not to Bucky, to the man he was in love so that wasn’t a lie. “God, you’re so perfect.”

He couldn’t tell if that was so wrong like he thought it was, but he was feeling so good in Steve’s arms, feeling his warm body pressing him on the mattress, his hard on against his belly, hearing Steve’s breathing so close to his ear, whispering and moaning his fake name. Fake name. That was not him that all that as meant, but still, that made him feel like never before. So he closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment. That was the closest he'd come to making love.

Bucky was there, lying on his side, feeling Steve’s arm around his waist and his body pressed to his back. The slow breathing on the back of his neck just told him that Steve was fast asleep, and he would be too, if he could stop thinking about everything happening. The picture on the bathroom, the love Steve just demonstrate towards that man – not Bucky – and the in memoriam picture he had saw in his wallet that day, all that was going round and round on his mind, making him more awake then he wanted to be. His body was exhausted after sex, Steve made him come three times, but every time he closed his eyes, the image of TJ’s real face came back to him, and he couldn’t stop thinking about him. At first he thought that maybe he was an ex-boyfriend that Steve never got over the break up, but then he just reminded the religious card he saw in the man’s wallet and he just thought he had solved the mystery, and now he was tired as fuck but his mind wouldn’t let him sleep.

That was not right, he had a full day tomorrow and Steve would not care if he had slept well or not, they had to keep moving or they would never get to the Grand Canyon, so he needed to sleep, and the only way was just looking at that and shushing his mind’s curiosity. So he got up, carefully to not wake Steve and pulled his pants, lighting a cigarette. He went to the man’s pants, finding the wallet there on the back pocket. He took it with him and left the bedroom.

The night was beautiful and the weather was cozy, not wind and cold like he was used to in the nights he spent in the streets in Washington. The street in front of the motel was empty, not a single car. He sat in one of the plastic chairs in front of each room’s door. With the cigarette on his lips, he used both hands to looking inside the wallet, finding the folded paper. He unfolded it, seeing the religious woman printed in the front and when he turned it, he saw the text, probably took from the bible, and on the bottom of the paper, what he was expecting to find.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Thomas James Hammond
Suddenly he felt sad, not only for Steve but for T.J. He was young when he died, even younger then Bucky. He was only 25 when he was gone and that was just sad. He had no idea what had happened, if he got sick, if it was an accident, if it was the war…since Steve was in the army, maybe T.J. were a soldier too, who knows? The thing is that that boy, with that bright smile was gone and Steve was broken, and beyond repair, Bucky feared.

Bucky never lost someone like this, honestly? He never had someone like this, never had a boyfriend or someone he really loved that left him in pieces when he gone, but he kinda understand Steve a little better now. Everything that he had discovered today started to make sense in the way that amazing and handsome man behaved: The war, dead boyfriend, the love of his life gone forever. The world was not a nice place, Bucky had learnt this the hard way, but with Steve everything seemed so unfair, and that made him sad for the man. Steve seemed like someone who deserved more good things in his life.

But at the same time, he was sad for himself, because he was just in the middle of Steve’s mess and all because his face was similar to Steve’s dead boyfriend. He was a prostitute and being a replacement was not something that he should feel bad about being, but there he was, feeling a bit sad because for the first time someone had touched him with something more than just pleasure and desire, but he wasn’t the reason at all.

He was planning on keeping with his sad thoughts but he heard the bedroom knob and put the paper back on the wallet, hidden it on his pocket just in time. Steve appeared, his hair was a mess and the vision made Bucky smile because that was his fault, his hands had made that.

“Can’t sleep?” He asked, seing Steve coming and seating by his side, yawning in an adorable way. Bucky just gave a drag on the cigarette and offered it to Steve. “This helps?”

“I don’t know, does it? It’s bad for you.” Steve said and Bucky chuckled.

“Yeah, just like a lot of other stuff.Here, give it a shot.” He offered the cigarette again and now, Steve took it, putting it between his lips and dragging the smoke, choking. Bucky smiled and took the cigarette back. “Well, you give it a try.”

“I’m too old to pick up smoking.”

“Oh, come on, that’s bullshit. You’re never old to try something new, Steve.” There was a hidden meaning behind that line? Yeah, but Steve would never know, because he had no idea about all the things Bucky had found about him. Steve smiled, but it looked miserable now that Bucky could finally read the expression behind it. He was looking at Bucky, his new haircut and the dog tags on his neck, then back to his face. But the brunette knew that he was looking at him but seeing another person. “Hey, we should go and try to sleep, right?”

“Will be there in a second.”

He nodded, giving Steve a kiss on the forehead, something he had no idea where came from, but that made the blond smile. He threw the cigarette on the ground and went back to their bedroom. He was alone, so he just put the wallet back on the other’s man pants, then took his ones off and laid back on the bed, missing Steve warm body against his. For his happiness, it didn’t took a lot for Steve to come back, crawling behind Bucky’s and holding him, kissing the back of his neck.

“Good night, TJ.”

“Good night, Stevie.”
Thank you so much for the comments. Can't believe you guys are really reading and enjoying this, but it makes me so happy. Thank you, very, very much.

So, about TJ and Bucky resemblances, it would be weird if both of them were like "Sebastian", so I imagined TJ as being a bit different. Sooo I imagined him as Tayte Hanson. Because there are some similarities, but at the same time not that much and well, he's hot af so... If you never saw his beautiful face, clink the links below and meet this fic's TJ Hammond:

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That's all folks, thank you and forgive any mistakes.
“Let’s go, TJ. It’s getting late!” Bucky heard while trying to not piss the boots one size smaller for his feet, that Steve kept asking him to wear, and the blond kept shouting for him to be fast. They were finally getting close to Arizona. They spent that day on the road, taking pictures in places Steve chose, with poses Steve chose and everything the way Steve wanted. Last night Bucky had a lot to process. Learning about the real T.J’s death was a nice way to put some ground beneath Bucky’s feet about Steve’s way, his past on the army too, it was going to make things easier, but at the same time, a lot to process and today he was feeling tired. But Steve just seemed happier, touching Bucky every minute, playing with his short hair and kissing his neck and pecking his lips. God, Steve was looking so happy that Bucky was just playing by the rules again; being the “good boy” he was meant to be, not asking questions or going against his wills, but it was past 6 p.m and he was hungry, his feet were hurting, he was pissing in the dirty of a desert road and Steve was yelling for him to hurry.

“Steve, I swear to God that if I piss myself, I’m gonna kick your butt.” And he heard the blond laughing inside the car. Damn, he was starting to get attached to that sound. “Your punk.” He laughed while he was pulling his pants up, turning back to the car.

“God, I thought you were never coming back.”

“Hey, I didn’t washed my hands, so I would be careful with your words if I was you.” He threatened to touch the blond's face with his hands. “Don’t mess with me, boy.” And Steve was laughing again. Gosh.

He started the car and they went back to the road. Bucky in his damn old cellphone playing candy crush, Steve paying attention on the way. The radio was off, so the only sound was the motor and the wheels on the dusty road. The sun was starting to set and it was beautiful. The golden light shining on Steve’s face, his hair looking like pure gold, so handsome. The polaroid was right in front of Bucky’s feet on the car’s dashboard, so he took it to take a picture of that moment. Steve spent his day taking pictures of Bucky and the places they stopped by, but he never appeared in one of those.

“What are you doing?” Steve asked, peaking at Bucky and the camera on his hands, pointed in the blond’s direction. “No, no TJ.” He covered his face with one hand and Bucky tried to push it away. “C’mon, let me see this beautiful face of yours. You’re looking so damn good, Stevie. Please, just this one?” Bucky put his best puppy eyes and saw Steve rolling his baby blues when his hand went back to the starring wheel. WINNER! Of course he tried to be cool, not make a big event of the fact that finally Steve let him do something he wanted. “Thank you.” And just took the picture, seeing it printed in the small paper. Exactly like he was expecting. “See? Just like a freaking model. We should be taking pictures of you, not me.”

“Yeah, but I don’t want to see my face when I look at this pictures, I want to see yours, T.J.” He said and it looked for Bucky that Steve hadn’t even realized what that meant. Well, of course he don’t, Steve had no idea he knew about T.J’s real identity.

“So I’m going to keep this.” Bucky put Steve’s picture in his pockets. So I can remember you when this trip is over... He kept this part for himself, of course.
Steve stopped in front of a nice restaurant. Bucky had never heard of the name, but the façade was nice. Very different from the diners they have been eating for the last days. That's an improvement.

“Wow, this place is nice. I mean…tablecloth nice, receptionists. Are you trying to impress me, Stevie?” He joked, trying to fix his hair using his reflex in the car’s window. Steve didn’t bothered to answer, he just opened the trunk and took a leather jacket from there, throwing it at Bucky.

“What’s this?” He asked, giving a better look at the jacket in his hands.

“Put it on!”

“Are you serious?” He asked, not because that was a bad thing, but because that jacket was simply amazing and made him feels sexy using that. “God, Steve! This is so fucking sexy, I love it. Fits nice though.” Bucky wish he had a proper mirror to see himself, the window was not making justice to the beauty of that jacket. “Can I keep this?” He put on his best puppy eyes again, but it had no effect on Steve this time, he just turned away, going to the restaurant entrance.

Just like Bucky thought, the place was nice. Simple but cozy decoration, white and brown everywhere. There was three guys playing violins in the corner of the saloon. “Have you ever watched Titanic, Steve?” The blond probably had, because he just looked over his shoulder and shook his head, disapproving the comment. The receptionist took Steve’s information about their reservations. Steven Rogers and T.J. Hammond. The small lady guided then to a table in the middle of the saloon. Bucky took a second, just to make sure Steve was not going to pull the chair, like the gentleman he was… Yeah, no chivalry.

Their waiter brought the menu and excused himself. Bucky was hungry, so he wasted no time, opening the chart and looking through all his options. All of them looked nice to Bucky and his empty stomach, so it was going to be hard. But the chicken probably was the best choice, he just loved chicken and maybe that one would taste a bit like the one his grandma used to cook on Sundays, when they went to visit her…Maybe he was going to be lucky with that.

“May I take your order, gentlemen?” The waiter was back and Bucky had made his mind. The chicken was it, he was tired of feeling like someone else and hungry, so maybe that would help to increase his humor.

“Sure! I’d like the fillet, medium rare, salad and no dressing. Thanks.” The waiter was writing it down and turned to look at Bucky, “And you sir?” The brunet opened his mouth to ask for his chicken but Steve didn’t let him, starting to talk first. “He will have the prime rib, medium and mashed potatoes. We would like a bottle of the Rosemont Cabernet Sauvignon as well, please. ” As soon as his order was checked, the waiter excused himself, leaving the two alone.

“I was going to ask for the chicken, actually.” He told Steve, expecting him to see that he was not happy with that. Steve was always choosing what he was going to eat and that was pissing him a bit more every day. Make him wear the jacket was ok, it was super cool actually and Bucky felt good wearing that, but chose his food tonight? He thought that for the first time he could try to be himself, just so he could have a nice meal.

“You’ll love the prime ribs, T.J.” Steve told him with a smile, but this time that had no effect. Bucky wanted to tell him he was not T.J.Ribbs were ok but never his first choice in a restaurant. I’m Bucky, Steve. Can’t I be Bucky just tonight? He said nothing, of course. “This place is nice, isn’t it?” He just looked at Steve, not believing that the man was blind that way. He really wasn’t seeing how pissed and uncomfortable Bucky was? “Doesn’t this place reminds you of that dinner we had with Peggy and Daniel?” Ok, that’s it, Bucky couldn’t hold it anymore.

“Who? Peggy and…Daniel you said? Who are Peggy and Daniel?” Steve was looking at him with
an indecipherable expression, it looked hurt, betrayed and at the same time like he was controlling himself to not punch Bucky’s teeth out of his mouth. “I don’t know a Peggy and a Daniel, Steve. I’m sorry.” He used his best sarcastic laugh, just to hurt Steve a bit more.

“They are friends of us.” The blond explained, trying to sound calm but Bucky heard the angry in his voice.

“Yeah, no clue who they are.” He heard his fake name leaving Steve’s lips and something snapped inside of his head. Ok, Steve was looking like a scared child right now, like he got lost and had no idea what to do to go back to his parents. Bucky was mad, but we was not a bad person and didn’t want to do that to Steve. “Listen Steve, can we just stop with this roleplay thing? Just for tonight, just for the meal? Please?” He asked nicely, almost begging, maybe that would work better than the rage. But he had no answer, because the waiter appeared at their table, a sorry expression on his face, telling Steve that they didn’t had the wine he asked anymore.

“No, that’s probably a mistake. Can you check it again, please?” Bucky could sense Steve’s nerves from where he was sitting, and the way he pressed his hands in his eyes were a more clear signal of his distress.

“Sir, I’m sorry but we don’t work with this particular wine anymore. But we have this one…”

“No, I’ve been here before. I know you have it, go, please, check it again.” His voice was starting to rise and the waiter seemed confused with that. So was Bucky. God, it was just wine. “Can I talk to your manager, please?” The blond asked when the boy kept telling him they didn’t have it, so it was Bucky’s time to intervene, seeing the boy’s scared look. He had been in the boy’s position before, having a client to mistreat him just because he felt like he can.

“Peter, right?” Bucky pointed to the name on the boy’s uniform. “It’s ok, Peter. You know what? I like the name of this other wine, it seems a good one. So let’s make it, we want a bottle of this wine, please.” Peter was looking at him with his brown eyes shining, glad that Bucky had his back in that moment, so he just excused himself again, getting away as fast as he could. And Bucky felt nice for helping the boy.

“What are you doing?” Steve asked his voice low and not friendly at all.

“Dude, they don’t have it. It’s just wine, get over it.”

“Don’t call me ‘dude’. I’m not your ‘dude’ and I’m paying you.” Ok, hear that hurt more than Bucky thought it could but he just laughed, trying to hide what he was really feeling at the moment.

“You’re paying me? Right, and just because you’re paying me you think you have the right to be a fucking asshole?” Steve blue eyes were darker while he was looking right into Bucky’s, and the brunet could see the rage there. The scared boy had been left behind; Steve was just a man full of rage now, looking at Bucky like he was a monster. “He is just a boy, you don’t have to be and asshole with him too.” He told when he saw Peter coming back to their table, a bottle of wine in his hands and the scared look still in his brown eyes. Poor boy.

“So, where are you guys from?” The boy asked, serving the wine. It was clear that he was scared of Steve, so he was trying to be nice and not lose his job.

“We are from Los Angeles. He’s a fashion photographer, I’m his assistant. We are working in this cover for Vogue.” Bucky lied, ignoring the way Steve was looking at him, burning him alive just with his look.
“Really? That’s really nice. I love photography. Have I seen your work before?” The boy asked Steve but the blond just ignored him, not even looking up.

“If you like to read Vogue and this kind of magazines. Cosmo?” Peter shook his head as Bucky was expecting. He didn’t look like a boy who likes to read fashion magazines, seemed to be more the comic book type of guy.

“I’d like to apologize again about the wine, sir.” Peter told him, waving at Bucky and leaving.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” Steve was looking at him again, but this time Bucky was not letting that affect him.

“You have your ground rules Steve, now I have mines too.”

“I’m paying you!”

“Yeah, I got it, but I want to have a nice meal, just this. I want to have some fun, Steve.”

“I brought you to this trip for a reason and you agreed…”

“I know, Steve. But can’t you just take ME to have some fun for just one night?”

“Go.” The word was simple and Steve’s tone low. Bucky almost hadn’t heard it, so he asked again, just to make sure. “I said ‘go’. The door is behind you.”

Ok, that was not what Bucky was expecting, not after all. Gosh, he was doing everything Steve asked and even things he hadn’t! Things he had just felt he needed to make to the other feel good. Bucky was doing everything for him and not receiving anything in return. Because not all the money he was promised to worth that shit.

“That’s fine, I’m leaving because none of your fucking money is worth this weirdness. I’m a person after all, Steve.” He stood up, taking the jacket of and leaving it on the chair. “Enjoy your wine.” And he left.

Outside the restaurant he took a deep breath, trying to calm down. God, he was so mad. Why things had to be like this? He had agreed with all that weirdness Steve been putting him through? Fuck him and his problems. Everyone have problems, Steve was not a special guy because of this. Bucky had problems and he doesn’t even have the money to pay a guy to help him pretend he don’t have said problems! And that’s not his problem, Steve is not his problem. He thought they could be friends…He would never admit, but he was starting to think that maybe they could be more than friends. But no, he was so dumb, not friends, nothing, he was just the hired fuck. The silly boy hired to be a nice ass and to pretend to be the dead boyfriend.

“Poor Steve, veteran, dead boyfriend. Yeah, poor Steve. But I’m not better and I don’t go around being rude with people.” He punched the wall, feeling his hand hurting with the impact and cursed all the generations of Steve’s family. “Bastard!” He cried and went to the car. It was locked, of course, he saw Steve locking it when he was putting on the leather jacket. His cellphone was in the passenger sit. His wallet was with him, but he had what? $15? He had no idea where he was, but it wasn’t enough money for the bus ticket, that was obvious.

He took a cigarette, lighting it when he heard the side door opening. It was just one of the working guys taking out the trash, but Peter came right after him. He saw Bucky there and smiled, coming to his side.
“Hey. Thank you for earlier, we really didn’t have the wine and my manager would be pissed with me.”

“Don’t worry, it was nothing. Just wine.”

“Yeah, but he seemed very upset about the wine. Thank you for the help and sorry if it put you in trouble with your boss.” Bucky laugh made Peter look at him, a bit confused. “Everything is fine?” The boy felt in Bucky’s laugh the hurt he was feeling.

“He is not my boss.” He told and Peter’s brown eyes was looking at him, the confusion in his expression was clear. He was probably trying to understand why this man was telling him this, but Bucky was so tired of being T.J, he was dying to tell his real name to someone, just to be Bucky for ten minutes, not worrying about how he needs to behave, what he likes and don’t. “I’m a hooker from Washington, he is paying me to travel with him and pretend I’m his ex-boyfriend. He don’t even know my real name, he don’t care that I was going for the chicken and not the ribs. All he cares about is this damn trip and T.J.”

“Who’s T.J?” Bucky glanced at Peter, surprised that the boy as really listening and interested in his story, and also, he wasn’t judging.

“The ex…He’s dead, actually. I don’t know the full story, all I know is that he looks a bit like me and now I have to pretend I’m him.”

“You need help? I can call the police.”

“What? No, God no! He’s not hurting me or keeping me locked somewhere.” He laughed, definitely not locked. “He actually sent me away since I’m not okay with his role playing anymore. So yeah, I’m free but I think I don’t want to. Steve is a nice person when he’s not immersed in this play pretend shit. I’m not trying to defend him, don’t get me wrong…But I just don’t even know why I’m feeling like this, I think I pity him.”

“Or you like him?” Peter couldn’t be more than 17 years old, but in that moment he looked a lot older and wiser than Bucky was expecting.

“Maybe I do, and that’s scares me because I think I should not. I’ve met him 3 days ago, I’m a prostitute and that’s what he cares about but I want to stay with him. But at the same time, pretending I’m someone that I’m not sucks, and I’m tired. If I had my money with me right now, I would go back home, but to get my money I need to talk with him.”

“That’s a lot of mess dude…I mean, it doesn’t sound healthy at all. You sure you don’t want me to ask for help? I don’t really have a lot of money with me, but I can give you what I have…”

“Thanks Pete, that’s very nice of you, but I’m okay. Don’t worry.”

“You sure…?” There was the space Bucky needed, someone expecting to hear his name. *His* name.

“I’m Bucky.” He felt so much better just for saying that. So much lighter, almost like he was flying inside of himself. “My friends call me Bucky.”

“That’s a cool name. Nice to meet you, Bucky.” They shook hands and Bucky was alive again. He was a person again, not just a dead memory of someone’s ex-boyfriend, a dead memory of a man he never met. “You know what, the food was served - that’s why I’m outside, taking a break -, so you should go inside and eat. The ribs are so much better than the chicken, trust me. So, if I was you, I would go back and eat it, than you get your money and leave.”
Peter was right, that was a fucking mess, Bucky was a fucking mess but the only way of leaving all that behind, was to go back inside and face Steve. He got the money and his cellphone and go back to Washington, back to his life.

“You’re very smart, kid.” The smile on the boy’s face was shy and he just shrugged, thanking him. “Really, you have no idea how much you helped me. All I needed was someone to talk to me, thank you.”

“Don’t worry, Bucky. Now you better go before the food gets cold. See you inside.” And just like that he left, leaving Bucky alone in the parking lot again.

He threw the unfinished cigarette away and went back to the door, entering the restaurant. Steve was there, two glasses of wine in the table, two plates full of food. His hands were in his hair, messing with the perfect combed hair. He looked miserable, but Bucky was not letting that change anything. He sat and Steve looked at him again, looking surprised and somehow, happy.

“You’re back.” Steve looked at him again when he sat back on his chair. The blond was looking surprised and somehow happy to see him there. His voice was low, whispering. “You’re back.”

“Yes, but that’s what’s going to happen: I’m gonna eat and then you will pay me and I’ll leave, so you never have to see my face again, since this is clearly not working anymore.”

There was no answer and Bucky was not even complaining about the silence, he just put the napkin in his lap, starting to eat the mashed potatoes. Peter was right, the ribs were looking and smelling amazing, so maybe that was a good thing.

He saw Steve waving his hand, calling their waiter and Peter came back. He looked right at Bucky, like expecting a sign or anything that would say him that he was in trouble and needing his help. He had no idea why Steve needed him again, so he couldn’t help the boy this time.

“May I please, have another bottle of this wine?”

“Yes sir, sure.”

And Peter left, smiling at himself and Bucky went back to his food, eating it without looking at Steve. He just saw from the corner of his eyes the boy coming back and serving another glass of wine for Steve, since Bucky’s had not even touched his.

“You know what’s my favorite picture we made?” The question made Bucky confused and he looked up at Steve, that was looking right at him. Peter was pouring the whine slowly, looking at Bucky too, surprised and waiting to see his “new friend” reaction. “The one we took on Morocco? In the dunes?” It took some time to Bucky realize that Steve was getting in his game, playing his rules. Pretending they were a fashion photographer and his assistant, just like Bucky said. “Why you’re looking at me like this? That one for Vanity Fair, those were some great shots.”

“Morocco. Yeah…yeah, that was nice.”

He was so shocked he had no idea what to say, because for the first time he was really in front of Steve and the man wasn’t expecting him to behave like T.J, he was letting Bucky be whomever he wanted to. He could be himself right now, just like he were minutes ago with Peter, but he was a coward so be an photographer’s assistant was easier than being himself in front of Steve. God, it was easier to be real in front of Peter, a boy he never met before than Steve, the guy he have been sleeping with this entire trip. God, he was a mess.

Peter excused himself and left, leaving just the two again and Bucky tried to read the meaning
behind those blue eyes looking at him and his mind kept telling they were saying “I’m sorry”, but maybe that was just his silly mind playing with him again.

“So, how is the wine?” He asked, because for some stupid reason, he was expecting the fight to start over again and tell him that yes, Steve was an idiot and his mind was fucked up. But no, Steve just looked at him and shrugged.

“I’m still alive so I think it’s not that bad.”

They had more wine than they had planned so the pool right in front of Bucky when they parked the car on the hotel seemed like the best idea ever. The gates were closed and signs the ‘visitors to stay away’ and informing that the pool was closed meant not to the man.

“Steve, come here!” He called and the blond came to him, and he pulled him closer, pecking those gorgeous lips and smiling. “Look what we got here.” The older one was already shaking his head and saying no, but Bucky ignored him. “Yes, a pool. Come on, I love swimming. Please.”

“It’s closed T.J.” He pointed the gates with his head and the brunette just laughed. “No, I drank too much, should not even have driven. No, let’s just go to bed.” But he just ignored jumping over the fence and Steve was watching him with a very scared face.

“Come on, have you never break any rules before?” Bucky opened the gates so Steve could come inside. He was still not happy but he ignored, pulling him around the pool to the benches, lying there and laughing. He was feeling so good and Steve was just by his side, looking at him and smiling.

“If we got arrested, T.J.”

“Don’t be silly, babe.” The pet name slipped before Bucky could have stopped it but Steve looked like he didn't noticed, because the expression on his face stayed the same. “Ok, lets play a game!”

“I hate games.”

“You hate everything, Steve.” He said while sitting up and lighting a cigarette. “Lets play Truth or Dare.” And with that the blond started to laugh, his eyes closed and his hand grabbing his own chest. So beautiful.

“I’m too old to play Truth or Dare, Teege.”

“Ok, so let’s play Have I Never Ever.” The look on the man’s face told Bucky that he clearly had no idea what he was talking about. “Don’t look at me like this, your punk. It’s a game and you will love it. There are no questions. Just your kind of game.” He surrendered and asked Bucky to explain the game rules. He passed the cigarette to Steve, that took the thing to his lips, smoking.

“It’s simple, I’m going to make a statement about something and if it’s true of you, you have to take a piece of clothing off. For example if I said ‘Have I never ever smoked a cigarette’ we both would have to take something off because we both have indeed smoked before. But if I say ‘have I never ever listened to the NPR then you take something off and I do not. Got it?” He took the cigarette back. “You go first, Steve.”

“Have I never ever been in a weeding.” And Bucky started to laugh because, really? “What? Why
you laughing?”

“Because that’s very lame, but fine, clothes still on.” He took a minute thinking about something to ask. “Have I ever never driven a Dodger Charger.” There was a mischievous smile on his lips.

“That’s not fair, you know a lot more about me than I know about you.” The blond cried while taking off his shoes but not his socks.

“I know and that’s exactly why this game is so wonderful. Now take this off too, big guy. That’s the rule and you don’t like breaking the rules, do you?” Steve took the socks off, throwing one of them at Bucky’s face.

“Have I never ever had sex for money.”

“Oh, your bastard.” Bucky was smiling when he got rid of the jacket and the t-shirt he was wearing, leaving his torso naked. “So…Have I never ever fell in love.”

Steve not even complained, just started to take off his button down shirt and Bucky just sighted, he was so handsome that the brunette had to control himself to not jump on his lap and touch that chest. So gorgeous. But Steve was speaking with him. “Sorry?”

“You’re not going to take your pants off?” Bucky shook his head and Steve’s eyebrows shot up. “Really? You never fell in love before?”

“Nope!”

“You’re missing out.”

“No, I’m not. It’s just sex, jealously and insanity, but not love.” Steve put his hand on Bucky’s chin, looking straight at him while speaking.

“One day you’re going to realize that you’re wrong.”

If it was anyone else doing that, Bucky would have started laughing because that was so cliché, like some really bad rom com. He probably would be Julia Roberts now, but it was Steve and he was looking at him in a way that was impossible to joke, like he really meant that and for a second Bucky believed. Wishing he would know how was it to love someone and be loved back. That was silly, since Steve himself was in that position because he had his heart broken. “I’m safe this way, Steve.” He spoke, his voice just a whisper and the man took his hands away and smiled.

“My turn to ask. Have I never ever skinny dipping.”

“That ends tonight, honey.” Bucky said and laughed, taking off his shoes, just his pants left. “Have I never ever been to the Grand Canyon.” And when Steve didn’t take anything off, Bucky punched his shoulder. “C’mon, I thought you were lying about that.” Okay, that was a surprise, he really thought Steve and T.J. had been there before and that was the reason they were making this trip.

“No, I never been there.” He took the cigarette back to finish it. “Have I never ever had sex in public.”
“Oh, all of mine are sexual and that’s not fair.” The blond shrugged and Bucky took off his pants. “Have I never ever voted.” And of course the Steve stood up and started to take off his own pants. “Yeah, so sexy babe.” Bucky laughed when the khaki pants were throw at his face.

“Shut up, their gonna hear you.”

“Sorry mister Patriot.” They were both standing in front of the pool, only in their briefs, facing each other. The wind was blowing and Bucky could see the goosebumps on Steve’s skin.

“Have I never ever pretended to be somebody that I’m not.” Bucky nodded, taking his black pants off, leaving it on the bench, shameless of his nudity. He was ready to take off the dog tags when Steve grabbed his hand, stopping it. “Keep these on, please?” So he did.

“What these means to you, Steve?” He whispered, holding Steve’s hand on the tags, looking at the man’s face and hoping for an answer that never came.

“You said there were no questions in this game.” Of course he had, so he nodded, taking a step back to look at the blonds face.

“I never got my heart broken.” Steve laughed without any humor in it, looking down and taking his underwear off.

God, he wanted to hug Steve and fix it. Fix that man that was so beautiful, that treated him so well...because he was pretending to be his dead boyfriend, yeah, but anyway. There was something in that man that just kept pulling Bucky, asking him to take care of Steve and never let anyone or anything hurt that man, to not scar his soul a little bit more. He was a mess, he was confused and sometimes he was rude, but Bucky knew that he wasn’t really like that, everytime he smiled, laughing with his head tilting back and his hands grabbing his men’s boob, he knew that that man as the real Steve Rogers, lost under all the bad things that had happen in his life.

But he couldn’t, he was not there to fix anyone. He was there to pretend to be somebody he was not and comfort Steve. That’s all he could do. You’re not a hero, Barnes. You’re just lost as he is. He told himself and turn his back to the man, looking over his shoulder and putting on his best sexy face.

“Let’s go swim, big guy.”

The warm water and the strong arms around his body was the best sensation he had ever felt before. He put his hands around the man’s neck, bringing his face close and kissing those red lips, tasting wine and cigarette. Steve put him against his body, moaning against Bucky’s lips. His hands gripping the blond hair in response. He had never had sex in a pool actually, that was exciting and he was starting to feel his dick getting hard when a laugh startled them.

“Fuck off Barton!” It was a couple. A ginger woman and a blond man, probably in their 30’s, wearing nothing but their underwear too. They were surprised to find the two guys already having fun on the pool. “Guess we were not the only ones with the idea, baby. Hey you!”
She greeted then and Bucky waved, feeling Steve pulling him closer, using his body as a shield to protect his naked body of the ginger eager eyes. He didn’t seem very happy with the gorgeous woman getting on the pool now. At least Bucky didn’t had to worry about him looking at her butt.

“I’m Natasha and that’s my husband Clint. Do you mind if we join you, guys?” They were already on the pool, so whatever was Bucky’s answer, that probably would mean nothing to them.

“No, of course not. Have fun.”

And he was back to Steve, pecking his lips and feeling the tension on the muscles under his hands leaving, him melting on Bucky’s hands. But the woman seemed to be very interested in them and, of course, that was not ok with Steve. “You guys are a cute couple.” And that was all that took to Steve just push Bucky away, stepping back and leaving the pool. Ignoring the pleads for him to come back. “Come on, we don’t bite.” But the blond was long gone with his clothes, leaving the brunette alone with the couple.

“Well, I guess you guys have fun without us.” He left the pool, pulling his underwear and t-shirt on.

“Didn’t mean to scary you guys.” The blond, Clint, said from the pool and Bucky just shrugged.

“Don’t worry about that, he is just shy and has been a long day, so it’s probably better that we go sleep anyway. But you guys have fun. See ya.”

And he left, running back to their room. The door was unlocked but Steve was already on the shower. Bucky left the clothes on the floor, next to the suitcases and entered the bathroom. Steve probably heard the door and was looking right at him.

“So, do you mind if I joined you? I’m cold.”

“I told you the pool was a bad idea.” He said like an angry dad and Bucky laughed, taking his clothes off again and stepping in the shower, feeling the hot water.

“But that was fun, I love when you’re adventurous.” Steve kissed his lips again and under the spray of hot water the feeling was even better than before. “Have I never ever had sex on the shower.” He was whispering against the blond’s lips but the afterward was not exactly like he planned, Steve just pushed away, leaving the shower. “You’re okay?”

“Yeah, I’m just tired. I’m gonna go to bed. We leaving early tomorrow.”

Bucky showered and went straight to bed, wearing just his underwear. Steve was already sleeping so he turn off the lights by the bed and closed his eyes. That was a crazy couple of days. Every minute he would figure something out about Steve that was supposed to help him understand the blond, but no, everything was just making it all more fucked up. The way Steve looked at him sometimes, touched him, that was not the way a man was supposed to look at a hooker and no one is this good role playing. Maybe he was feeling something more for Bucky and not just this character he was pretending to be. Not just the ex-dead-boyfriend.

That was not the worst thing about all this, the worst was that Bucky wanted to be something more to Steve. Wanted Steve to see him and not just that ghost. He never fell in love before and was not
planning on doing it right now, especially with a client, but at the same time we wanted Steve to like him. He was trying his best to be the T.J. Steve needed, but that was killing him, because he wanted to be the Bucky Steve needed. Go to those restaurants and order the dish he was really interested into, just really hear the blonds voice speaking his name. That was probably super sexy. God, he just wanted Steve to know who he was, but maybe to do that, the best way was to keep pretending, so when they were back in D.C, he would go back to the alley to see Bucky and maybe, with a little time, realize that he was more than just a ghost.

He was lost in his thoughts when he felt the bed moving. Steve was sitting up, his back to Bucky, probably thinking the brunette was asleep, so he kept quiet. His breath stuck in his trough when he heard something that sounded just like a sob and Steve’s head was on his hands. Damn, was Steve crying? Was it his fault? He did something that wrong tonight that hurted the man like this? Was it the wine? Oh Steve, why are you such a mess?

The blond took his phone and left the bed, went to the bathroom. Bucky was ready to hear Steve crying but not ready to hear someone speaking on the other side of the phone. It was a man and wasn’t Steve, the voice as different.

“Hey babe, I’m missing you. How you’re doing?”

Bucky sat up on the bed, his heart racing like a motherfucker. Steve was cheating on someone, not that different than the others then. But that wasn’t right, because Steve was not speaking back and suddenly the voice was speaking again, the same lines and then, for the third time… So Bucky realized it was not someone on the phone, it was a recorded voice mail probably. It didn’t took much to Bucky understand to whom that voice belonged to. T.J, of course. He seemed young, everything Steve used to describe him in the beginning.

He wanted to go to the bathroom and see Steve, see if he was okay and hold him if he was crying, tell him that it was ok, that he was there and he was going to help him. He wanted to kiss those lips but he was paralyzed, the ghost of T.J. hanging on his shoulders. Seeing his face was scary, learning about his death too, but hearing his voice was 100% worst. He were alive one day and in love with Steve. And Steve, he was still in love with him.


A piano started to play and it took some notes to Bucky recognize the song as the one that started to play in the car and Steve had turned it off. It wasn’t Beethoven or any of these famous classical artists like he had thought, it was T.J’s love song to Steve. They loved each other so much that even Bucky could tell and he never met the guy before, not even the real Steve, all he knew was this broken version of him and still he could tell they were in love. And he felt bad listening to that song. He wasn’t supposed to hear that, Steve wasn’t ready to share that part of T.J’s story with him. So he closed his eyes, turning away, facing the door and pretending to not feel the warm in his eyes, pretending he was not broken for Steve, pretending he was not mad with T.J. for whatever he did to that man. He would never have that in his life, he would never have someone like Steve by his side, but if he had, he would never do anything to hurt that him. But T.J. was dead and that’s not the right way to feel about a ghost, so he apologized, like the boy playing the piano on the record could hear his thoughts. “I'm sorry you lost him and he lost you.”

When the music was over Steve was back in the bed. Bucky kept his eyes shut and his breath calm, pretending that he was asleep and had heard nothing. He was getting so good at pretending.
Steve pressed his body against Bucky’s back, holding him and kissing his neck, whispering something so low that even being that close, he couldn’t understand but sounded like “I miss you.” And with that Bucky fell asleep, feeling Steve warm around him and pretending he could be someone else, that someone who could actually help the man. And again his mind kept telling him “you’re not a hero, Barnes.”

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