New Neighbors

by left_twix

Summary

You and Steve move into the house next to Bucky Barnes. Dirty secrets ensue.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Bucky was quite content with where he lived. A nice street with nice neighbors and ample houses. He was also quite sad to hear that the lovely old lady next door was moving out and into a retirement home.

New neighbors were the last thing on his mind when the moving van appeared one Saturday morning. Bucky was sitting by his upstairs window to watch the incoming ensemble.

A tall man with blond hair and ridiculously large muscles stepped out. He seemed to be about 30, around the same age as Bucky. The moving company addressed the man as “Steve”, and Bucky’s inner teenage bisexual awoke.

Steve opened the car door and helped a girl step out. Like Steve, she was breath-taking. She was wearing a short sundress that accentuated her skin and body perfectly. Bucky watched as she bent over to pick up her suitcase and was immediately enraptured. He looked closer.

Bucky’s brow furrowed, this girl was much too young to be Steve’s wife or girlfriend, but she looked too old to be his daughter. From what he could tell, she was about 16 or 17. But he had to be sure.

He ventured downstairs to prepare a welcoming gift for his new neighbors.

“What you think, y/n?” Steve smiled turning to you as you set your stuff on the floor.

“Oh my god, is that a pool?” you yanked the sliding glass door open and ran into your new backyard. Once you were outside you turned around and saw your step-father standing in the doorway.

“We’ve also got an indoor gym, fully stocked.” he boasted.

You ran over and hugged him. “It’s amazing, Steve.” you gave him a quick peck on the lips as his fingers combed through your hair.

Steve smiled down at you before saying, “Well go put on your bathing suit, and I’ll heat up the pool.”

You squealed and bolted inside while yelling, “It’s HEATED!”

Your relationship with your stepfather was…unique. When you were 13, your mother married a 27 year old man to practically act as your babysitter when all she did was go out partying and drinking. About a year later, she was admitted into rehab and was released only to live with her new boyfriend, leaving you alone with Steve since you were 14.

Steve was a kind and caring man, leading you to wonder why he would marry someone like your mother. When you were 15, your relationship with him began to change. Sometimes, you’d watch him step out of the shower, wearing only a towel, his muscular chest adorned with water droplets.

Sometimes you wouldn’t wear underwear around the house, and you’d make sure Steve knew it. Slowly and gradually the tension built up until during one particular argument, Steve had reached his breaking point. He’d bent you over his lap and taught you a lesson his way. You had spent that entire night testing
each other’s boundaries, seeing just how much lust was being pent up inside each other.

You smiled at the dirty memory and began stripping in the middle of the living room. Steve watched you from the doorway and pointed at one of the suitcases.”Your bathing suit is in there,” he said.

“I know,” you replied, slowly walking over to the suitcase, bending over to un_zip it. You picked out a white swimsuit with a triangle bra and the string bikini bottoms. Locking eyes with Steve, you slowly dressed yourself with the garments.

“Tie me up?” you turned around and swept your hair to the side, revealing your back, along with the loose strings of your top. You felt his large hands caress your skin as he leaned forward into your ear.

“Oh, I’d love to. In more ways than one,” the low rumbling of his voice caused you to shiver. He playfully nipped at your earlobe and finished tying the strings.

Just then, someone knocked on the door. “Who could that be?” you skipped toward the front door abruptly, causing Steve to slightly fall forward.

“Wait, you’re not wearing any-”

You opened the door and were immediately faced with a handsome dark-haired man. He was wearing a white wife-beater and blue jeans, his muscles on full display. He quickly looked over your petite frame and cleared his throat. You became aware that you were hardly wearing anything.

“Hi, I’m Bucky. I live next door.” he flashed you a bright smile. “I, uh, brought these over as a welcoming gift.” He handed you a plate of chocolate cupcakes.

“Thank you! I love, love, love chocolate. Steve?” you turned around and handed him the plate.

“I’m y/n, and this is my step-dad, Steve.” you shook Bucky’s hand and stepped to the side to allow Steve to shake his hand as well.

“Nice to meet you,” Steve said, admiring Bucky’s firm shake.

Bucky and Steve exchanged formalities until you interrupted by opening the door wider. “You should come inside,” you smiled at him sweetly.

You saw Steve’s jaw tense but he still agreed. “Yeah, it’ll give me an excuse to unpack the drinks,”

The rest of the afternoon was spent as the men drank brandy and talked while you snacked on the chocolate cupcakes.

Bucky learned that you were a soon-to-be junior in high school, which meant that you were way off limits, he told himself. But the more he started drinking, the more promiscuous you seemed. After all, you never attempted to put on any more clothes.

Steve sat in an armchair while Bucky sat on the couch. You, on the other hand, were kneeling on the carpet by the coffee table, the cupcake platter before you. He watched as you licked the frosting off of each cupcake before you ate it. And he watched as you licked the remainder off of your fingertips. After a while, Bucky decided that he couldn’t take it anymore and stood up to excuse himself. “I should really get back home. It was nice meeting the both of you.” He nodded at Steve and turned to you.

You stood on your tiptoes to kiss him lightly on the cheek. “Nice meeting you, too.”
Bucky chuckled awkwardly and left, closing the door behind him.

You turned around and you were met with Steve’s hard chest. “Care to explain what that was all about?” Steve took hold of your chin, forcing you to look up.

“Just being neighborly, daddy.” you said while batting your eyelashes. “Now how ‘bout that swim?”

You grabbed his hand and led him back outside. You lowered yourself into the bubbling jacuzzi, sighing as the hot water covered your skin.

Steve unbuckled his pants and removed his shirt, leaving him in his boxers as he sat down next to you. He put his arm around you and placed his other hand on your thigh.

“I don’t like the way he was looking at you.” Steve stated. He began to massage the soft flesh of your inner thigh.

“C’mon you’re not gonna let him ruin our fun, are you daddy?” you cooed, using your hand to guide Steve’s to the front of your underwear.

He began rubbing you through the wet fabric. “Look at me, sugar.”

You obeyed and stared into his blue eyes, dark with lust. You used your hand to try to push Steve’s harder onto your sex, but he growled.

“Hands off,”

You removed your hand as you felt him push your swimsuit bottoms aside, slipping his middle finger into your folds.

Little did the two of you know that Bucky was watching through his bedroom window. His mouth hung agape as he watched Steve finger you while you twisted beneath his hand.

Steve instructed you to remove your bottoms, which you happily complied to and he sat you onto his lap, your legs straddling him. You began to slip down the waistband of his boxers but he stopped you.

“I told you, hands off.” he reiterated.

“sorry,” you placed your hands behind your back, just how he liked it.

He inserted two fingers into you this time, allowing you to grind yourself down on them. “Mmph, daddy please,”

“Please what?” he said harshly, shoving his fingers farther into you.

You threw your head back and groaned. “Let me ride you, pretty pretty please?”

“In here? Alright, doll, have at it.” Steve relented. You giggled happily and pulled his cock from its restraints. He hissed as your fingers wrapped around his shaft and positioned him at your entrance.

Bucky felt himself grow hard as he watched you ride your stepfather. Everything about it was completely wrong, but he couldn’t bring himself to look away. He licked his lips while watching Steve take your breast in his mouth, sucking and flicking the nipple with his tongue.

He watched your body convulse as you came around Steve and fell forward. From what Bucky could tell, Steve emptied himself inside you. The two of you stayed there for about a minute until you both emerged from the jacuzzi, entirely naked.
As he observed your naked bodies, Bucky could tell why you two couldn’t keep yourselves off each other. Steve had an impressive length, and must be even larger when he was hard, which was not a difficult task considering your ample curves. Bucky flopped onto his bed after you both had returned inside.

He rubbed at his aching cock, imagining your petite hands instead. He closed his eyes and continued to bring himself to orgasm, imagining all the ways he would ruin you.
Chapter Summary

After learning your secret, Bucky decides he wants a turn.

Steve was going to be gone for the day. He had to run a bunch of errands and he told you to unpack the remainder of what was left in the cardboard boxes. When you were in the backyard unpacking the pool supplies, you saw Bucky over the wooden fence dividing your houses.

“Hey neighbor!” you chirped happily, tiptoeing to see over the fence. The man was wearing a black muscle shirt, showing off his biceps as he hammered away at something.

Bucky tensed. He was wary of you now, after seeing what happened in the pool two days ago. Still, you tempted him in your innocence.

“Y/n, what’s up?” he walked over to the fence which he could easily see over. You were wearing a pair of black booty shorts, a pink tank top tied in a little knot exposing the lower half of your stomach, and your hair was tied in a high ponytail. Bucky peered down the low neckline of your tank top. Your skin glowed with the summer’s perspiration. He licked his lips.

“Just unpacking a bunch of stuff. Steve’s out running errands for the day.” you told him.

“Do you want me to help with all that?” Bucky offered.

You seemed to ponder it for a moment. Would Steve approve? Probably not. But is Steve here? No. You grinned up at him “Oh, would you? Thanks so much. I’ll let you in through the front.”

After letting him in, you led him into the gym room. Most everything was set up, but you needed help with the weights and the extras. You sat on the bench press and watched as Bucky unloaded all of the weights.

“So, are you and your stepdad close?” he inquired.

“Yeah, we’ve been without my mother for about two years now.” you answered absentmindedly.

Bucky nodded. “How close would you say? I mean, you guys aren’t that far apart in age,”

You pouted at the slight interrogation. “Well, he’s still like a father to me…”

“You mean like your daddy?”

You blinked. “Um, I don’t-”

Bucky walked closer to you and stood in front of you. Sitting down, you were about eye-level with his belly-button. And about mouth level with his-

“I saw you two the other day. In the pool.” He tilted your chin up so you were looking up at him.

“You looked so pretty while you were riding him,”

“I bet he gives you everything you want, huh.” he continued. “You must be daddy’s little princess.
Are you a spoiled brat?"

You swallowed shakily. “No, sir.”
Bucky laughed. He sounded the way dark chocolate tastes. Incredibly rich and insidious. “I think you’re gonna have to prove it to me.” he said, glancing down down at his growing bulge.

You understood immediately and licked your lips. You started inching his shorts and his underwear down his legs, freeing his erection. Your eyes widened. Bucky was huge. About the same length as Steve but he was a good amount thicker.

“What's the matter, does your daddy never tell you to suck his dick?” Bucky was impatient.

“No often, sir.” you replied. Steve spent most of his time worshipping you, it was true. But he didn’t spoil you. He made you beg, but in the end he always gave you what you wanted. You have a feeling it would be different with Bucky.

You took hold of him and placed a small kiss on his tip, testing the waters. You wrapped your mouth around his thick head, swirling your tongue around it.

Bucky groaned. “God, you’re such a slut for this aren’t you?” He gripped the roots of your hair.

You removed your mouth from him and continued to pump him with your hand. “Yes, sir.”

He forced your head back onto his cock, causing you to gag. “Oh fuck,” he hissed. He looked down to see you rubbing yourself through your shorts. The sight of you pleasuring yourself while sucking him off drove Bucky insane.

He should not be shoving his dick down the throat of a 16 year old girl.

Still, Bucky continued to fuck your mouth. The tip of his dick kept ramming into the back of your throat. Your constant groaning around him was enough to get him to come.

He emptied himself with one last thrust onto your mouth. “Now swallow it,” he commanded.

You obeyed, but some left over come smeared your lips and slipped onto your chin. The sight of you sitting there with his semen on your face made him hard all over again.

He used his grip on your hair to make you stand upright. “Strip,” he ordered. You peeled off your tank-top and shorts, leaving you in your matching lace panties and bra.

“You’ve got to be kidding me. Lace?” Bucky grabbed the hem of your underwear, pulling on it and letting it go, letting the elastic slap on your tender skin.

“Would you like me to take it off, sir?” You offered. Bucky was mysterious and bossy, but you liked that about him. His words to you were dirty and filthy. He wasn’t afraid of insulting you, which was something you secretly liked.

“Eager, are we?” He said, folding his arms over his chest smugly.

You undid your bra and dropped it to the side, doing the same with your underwear. “You said it yourself, sir, I’m a slut for this.”

Bucky licked his lips. “What’s your favorite position, pet?”

You thought for a second. “Cowgirl,”

“Typical. You on top,” he inhaled deeply. “Well not with me. On your hands and knees.” Bucky
He watched as you lowered yourself to the ground, assuming the position. Bucky admired your pussy from behind. He swiped a finger through your folds.

“You’re fucking soaked.” He stated. Your seam was small and from what he could tell, extremely tight. After all, you were still so young. He pressed his head against your entrance.

You jolted forward. “Uh! Sir, aren’t you gonna open me up first?” you said in panic. Steve always took his time to make you were nice and wet and ready for him. He usually made you come at least once before actually fucking you.

“What you don’t think you can take me?” Bucky teased. He knew you were incredibly sensitive.

“I don’t know, sir. My daddy always tells me that I’m too tight.” you said meekly.

“Well I’m not your daddy, am I?” he growled and began to push himself into your folds. You felt like you were being split in half. Bucky’s devastating size and your lack of preparation combined made you cry out.

“Oh, fuck! Please, sir. I can’t.” You sobbed as he pushed all the way into you.

Bucky reached around and began rubbing at your clit. “What are you?” he growled.

“Y-your slut. Your whore, sir!” you replied as he pulled out and slammed into you. He continued to rub your clit, lubricating your hot tunnel. His other hand was on your back, steadying you. “So you’re gonna take my cock in this tight little cunt of yours like a good whore,”

You screamed as his pace quickened. “Yes, sir!” You felt your cunt stretch as he ravaged it without hesitation.

“That’s it, pet, take all of me.” He pushed on your back causing you to fall forward. Your arms and chest were on the floor but your ass remained in the air.

“I-I’m gonna come!” you whimpered.

Bucky delivered a slap to your ass. “Who the fuck told you you could come?” he yelled.

“No one, sir. Please please please let me come. Come inside your whore!” you begged.

“Fuck!” Bucky grew sloppy and shot his hot seed into your pussy. You followed soon after feeling him empty himself.

He pulled himself out and watched his come leak from your slit. “Holy shit,” he breathed and sat down on the bench press.

You sat up and faced him. His mouth was hanging open, in shock of what he just did.

“Your daddy is gonna kill me,” Bucky chuckled darkly, running his fingers through his sweaty hair. You shakily stood up. “My daddy doesn’t have to know,” you said sweetly and kissed Bucky on the cheek, as if he didn’t just raw you a second ago. “I’m gonna get changed.”

Bucky nodded and waited till you were gone to put his clothes back on. He made his way to the front door and waited for you. Not long after, you descended your stairs wearing another cute sundress.

“I’m gonna fuck you while you’re wearing one of those, one day,” Bucky said and played with the
hem of your dress.

You fake saluted. “Yes, sir.”

He smirked and pressed his lips against yours. You kissed him back, enjoying the unfamiliar taste. Your fingers threaded through this hair, pulling him harder against you. Bucky pulled away abruptly causing you to whine and lick your lips. “I really gotta go this time,” he said and kissed you once more before returning back to his house.

While at the bank, Steve’s phone got an alert. ‘Movement by the front door’

Steve frowned and opened up the security camera app that was linked to the many cameras he’d set up in his new home. He saw Bucky entering his home, and leaving about an hour later, while y/n wasn’t wearing the same clothes she had been earlier.

Steve clenched his jaw and began to search the other camera footage. After fruitlessly searching footage from both bedrooms, he looked at the gym room. With his blood boiling, he bolted to his car to watch the video with the sound on full blast. He listened to your sweet obedient voice as you called Bucky ‘sir’ and obeyed his commands. Steve felt himself grow hard at the sight of you choking on Bucky’s enormous size. As he watched you being fucked on the ground, he couldn’t help but touch himself and come in his own hand.

Steve wiped himself down and started to drive back to his house. The last part played in his head: “My daddy doesn’t have to know.”
Chapter Summary

The link is to a gif to help you imagine the setting a little better.

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys so much for your patience. Your feedback means a lot to me :)

Steve sat on the front porch with a glass of spiked lemonade in his hand as he watched you lay on your stomach on the grass. Steve’s white t-shirt clung to your body while the sprinklers watered the lawn, revealing the curve of your ass, as well as your lack of underwear.

The images of you and Bucky in the gym room from the day before played over and over in Steve’s mind. As furious as he was with you, he couldn’t help but want to see you getting fucked again and again by his devilishly handsome neighbor. You turned the page of your magazine and bent your legs at the knees, kicking them in the air absentmindedly.

As if on cue, Bucky emerged from his house to check on his mail. His eyes were immediately drawn to you, your skin so tantalizingly soft underneath the transparent fabric. Without seeing Steve, he began to approach you.

“Hey, neighbor,” he greeted. Your eyes flicked upward and you smiled up at him, water droplets misting your face. Bucky wanted nothing more than to lick them off your lips. His eyes raked over your body, taking in the sight of your bare ass.

“Hey,” Steve made his presence known and began walking toward the both of you.

You cursed softly and stood up between the blond and the brunet. Your nakedness under Steve’s soaked shirt was distractingly prominent, causing you to turn and face Steve. Bucky was able to keep his cool. “Hi, Steve. How’ve you been?” he remained nonchalant.

“Not bad, not bad at all. D’you wanna come inside? It’s almost time for movie night. Isn’t that right y/n?” your stepfather looked down at you and stroked from the top of your head to the back of your neck. You nodded slowly, not taking your eyes off of him.

Bucky shrugged. “Sure why not,” he said and the two of you led him inside your house.

“Why don’t you get changed, sugar? Don’t want you dripping all over the carpet,” Steve eyed you dirtily and you nodded once more, bolting up the stairs.

Bucky cleared his throat. “So, what are we watching?” he asked to break the tension.

“It’s usually a surprise,” Steve replied. The two men sat in silence in the living room waiting for you to return. When you did, you were wearing silk pajama shorts and a matching silk tank top in the same shade of blue as Steve’s eyes.
Steve patted the spot on the couch between him and Bucky for you to sit. The space was slim, so that you were tightly sandwiched between them.

“Funny enough, while I was at the bank, my phone sent me a little movie for me to watch. I thought I’d share it with you guys,” Steve’s voice was laced with tension, causing you to grow uneasy.

“What is it?” you piped up.

Steve picked up the remote and pressed play. “You’ll see,”

The screen lit up revealing an upper view of your gym room. You gasped and felt Bucky’s hand close around yours. At first the video was just of you and Bucky unpacking the boxes.

Your heart sunk when you realized that the camera recorded sound as well. “Steve-” you began but he quickly shushed you.

It came to the part when you started sucking Bucky’s dick, and your enjoyment was undeniable. You heard your own voice, “ ‘You said it yourself, sir, I’m a slut for this.’ “

Bucky was stunned silent. He could do nothing but watch as he dominated you and he mentally cursed himself as he felt his growing erection.

“ ‘What are you?’ “ Bucky’s voice flooded the speakers, soon followed by your high pitched one, “ ‘Y-your slut. Your whore, sir!’”

Steve laughed at your expression of panic. His hand landed on your thigh, rubbing it softly. An involuntary moan slipped from your lips, instantly igniting something within both Steve and Bucky.

After what felt like a lifetime, the video ended and the screen went dark. You and Bucky were caught.

“Look, Steve-”

“How tight was she?” your stepfather cut the other man off. Bucky’s eyebrows shot upward. “When you fucked her without preparing her first,” Steve clarified. “You are no small man by any means, Barnes. So tell me,” his short fingernails dug into your soft flesh. “How. Tight. Was. She.”

Bucky glanced at you before replying, in a tone as sinister as Steve’s, “Why don’t you ask her?”

Both men turned to you, their gaze melting your bones. “I’m so sorry, daddy. I couldn’t help it,” you whimpered.

“It’s not her fault, alright. I saw you guys in the jacuzzi and I couldn’t help myself,” Bucky added.

Steve took hold of your chin and brushed his thumb over your lips. “No, I know it’s not her fault. But she can’t help how tempting she is,”

Attempting to make amends, you took Steve’s thumb in your mouth, sucking on it while looking up at him. Steve grinned wickedly and looked at Bucky.

“Besides, I should thank you. I mean I’ve always known that she was a bit spoiled. It’s time I taught her a lesson,” Steve removed his hand from your mouth and used it to bend you over his lap, your ass facing Bucky.

Steve pulled your shorts down your legs, revealing your baby blue lace thong. “Blue is my favorite color,” he explained to an astonished Bucky. “Spank her,” he ordered.
Bucky’s eyes widened. “Are you being serious?” he asked, sliding closer until he was shoulder-to-shoulder with Steve. The blond nodded.

Bucky reached out and slid his palm over your ass. “Count for me,” he said, unable to stop himself.

“Yes, sir,” you replied. He retracted his hand and brought it down on your backside.

The sting was immediate, but the warmth spread throughout your core. “One,” you whimpered.

*smack* “Two,”

*smack* “Oh, fuck. Three,”

*smack* You let out a strangled moan as his blows inflicted singeing pain and hot pleasure at the same time. You became aware of Steve’s growing bulge pressing against your abdomen. “Four,”

*smack* “Five,”

“My turn,” you heard Steve say. You felt Steve’s large palm slap your already sensitive skin.

“Shit! Six,” you gasped. Bucky palmed his length through his jeans as he watched Steve deliver four more spanks onto you.

“Mm, ten,” you said finally. Steve pulled you back up so that you were sitting on Bucky’s lap, facing Steve. He brought your legs into his lap. Steve and Bucky were still shoulder to shoulder.

“Are you gonna be good for us, kitten?” Steve purred as his hand snaked between your legs, toward your dripping core.

You shivered when he said ‘us’. “Yes, daddy.”

Bucky slipped his hand down your top and cupped your breast. You arched your back as he pinched at your nipples. Meanwhile, Steve’s finger was rubbing at your slit, spreading around your wetness. “God, more please,” you whined into Bucky’s neck. You weren’t even sure what you were begging for. Steve or Bucky.

You mewed as two of Steve’s large digits entered you. “Shit, she’s so wet,” Steve muttered and pulled out his fingers. He held them out for Bucky to taste and you bit your lip to suppress a moan at the sight of him sucking your juices off Steve’s fingers.

“You trying to hold back your moans from me, little girl?” Bucky scolded.

You shook your head fiercely. “No, sir,” you replied. You locked eyes with Steve who was, once again, teasing your entrance. “Please, daddy, don’t stop.”

Bucky couldn’t help but smile at your constant attempt to call him “sir” and call Steve “daddy”. He captured your lips with his in a filthy kiss. He nipped playfully at your lip, and you defiantly denied his entrance. Bucky squeezed your breast roughly.

Abruptly, Steve began to pump his digits in and out of you again. You cried out, and Bucky used this opportunity to slip his tongue past your lips. He explored your mouth while at the same time playing with your stiff nipples as Steve fucked you with his fingers. You felt yourself approaching your climax until Steve removed his hand.

His wet fingers began to circle your tight asshole. You gasped and broke your kiss with Bucky. Bucky looked down and grinned at Steve while your stepfather pushed his pinky into your tight ring
of muscle.

You threw your head back and moaned at the unfamiliar sensation. Meanwhile, Bucky’s hand traveled between your legs and found your clit. He rubbed tight circles on your sensitive nub as Steve replaced his pinky with his middle finger.

“Oh, fuck yes. Daddyy,” you mewled and twisted beneath their hands.

“Tsk, tsk,” Bucky shook his head and pushed two fingers into your cunt. “What a dirty mouth you have,” his voice sent chills down your spine.

You whimpered as both men each pumped their fingers in and out of your separate holes. “I’m sorry, sir. Please don’t stop.”

“I think Bucky was right when he said I give you everything you want. How ‘bout you play by our rules tonight, princess?” Steve said, adding a second finger into your ass.


“God, I wanna ruin you,” Bucky groaned.

You opened your eyes and stared at him. “Then do it, sir. Make me your bitch,” you dared.

Steve paused the slow fucking of your asshole. “Jesus Christ, baby since when did you say things like that?” he looked down at you lustfully.

“Sorry,” you mumbled halfheartedly before attaching your lips to Bucky’s earlobe. “Fucking own me tonight, sir. I wanna be your little fuck toy,” you whispered hotly.

Bucky’s head rolled back and fell against the couch cushion. “Holy shit,” he breathed in disbelief as you rocked against his hand.

“Please let me come. Daddy, please!” you screamed. You could feel yourself holding back your climax.

“Alright, babydoll, come for us,” Steve commanded. Your orgasm wrecked your every nerve as you convulsed against Bucky and Steve, grinding yourself onto their hands. While letting you calm down, Steve and Bucky took the opportunity to remove their shirts and free their cocks from their pants.

You stood up in front of them to remove your top and peel your underwear off. Steve licked his lips and grabbed your waist, yanking you into his lap. “You want me inside your sweet little ass, kitten?” he cooed. You nodded happily.

“Whether you like it or not, I’m gonna fuck your hot cunt. Got that, slut?” Bucky hissed.

“Understood, sir,” you replied.

Bucky turned so that he and Steve were facing each other with you in between, your back against Steve’s chest. “W-wait,” you placed your hand on Bucky’s chest to steady yourself. “At the same time?”

“Having second thoughts?” Bucky raised an eyebrow. “Cause we don’t have to do th-”

“No! Uh, no, I was just surprised, that’s all,” you fumbled. Never have you ever thought of being
fucked by two men at the same time. Steve had never even fucked your ass before. “I want this,” you whispered and positioned Bucky at your entrance.

“Good,” Bucky said gruffly and slammed you down onto his stiff cock. You cried out and threw your head back. Even with the preparation, Steve and Bucky were men you had to get used to.

“Y/n!” Steve exclaimed in worry. His hand immediately flew to your waist to steady you.

Bucky lifted you off his length and pulled you back down again, just as hard. You screamed again but then followed after with a long moan.

“Careful, she’s little,” Steve warned Bucky while you squeezed you eyes shut.

You rested your head back on Steve’s shoulder. “Daddy,” you whimpered.

“What is it, baby?” he inquired while tenderly massaging your breasts.

“Inside, me…please,” you begged. Steve swallowed and mouthed at Bucky to stop.

“In a second,” Steve promised. He gathered your juices in his hand and used it to coat his dick. “Relax for me,” he purred.

You felt both heads position themselves beneath you. Bucky and Steve began to push into you slowly at the same time. Inch by inch you sunk around them. Your body instinctively tightened at the invasion, causing both men to groan. You felt so fucking full and tight as you reached the hilt.

Finally, they were both buried deep inside you. The three of you stayed just like that, catching your breaths and giving you time to get used to them.

After about a minute, you bucked your hips impatiently. “Move, please,” you whimpered.

Bucky nodded and you felt both pairs of hands on your waist and hips. They slowly lifted you up and pulled you back down making you fall forward into the crook of Bucky’s neck. You took a deep breath and pushed their hands off of you.

Steadying yourself on Bucky’s shoulders, you began to control the pace yourself.

“Fuck’s sake, baby,” Steve breathed as your ass sunk onto his length again. Steve and Bucky could feel each other through your walls.

You moved faster, bouncing repeatedly on the two groaning men. “Harder, pet,” Bucky said through clenched teeth.

You complied as the constant stretching turned into blinding pleasure. Bucky placed his hands on your hips, bringing you down harder and faster.

“Fuck me, sir!” you exclaimed desperately.

“Who’s my little fuck toy?” he growled.

Steve was shocked, “Hey!”

“I am! I’m your little toy, sir,” you responded and felt Steve’s arm reach around you to where you and Bucky were connected. Steve rubbed at your clit, gaining your attention causing you to whimper.
“That’s it, sugar. Who’s my good girl?” your stepfather said sweetly.

“Me, daddy, me!” your high pitched moans filled the two men’s ears as you felt yourself re-approaching your orgasm.

Bucky couldn’t help but laugh at your different responses to both him and Steve. You were like putty in their hands, willing to do whatever they wanted. Not to mention how fun you are to play with.

“You close, doll?” Steve panted, his fingers still rubbing at your clit.

You dug your fingernails into Bucky’s shoulders making him grunt. “Yes! Fuck, I’m gonna come;”

Bucky wrapped one of his hands around your throat, squeezing to get your attention. You gasped for air. “Like hell you are. Who gave you permission?” He tightened his grip around your neck as you sobbed for release.

“Please, sir!” you choked out. You felt Steve begin to slow down and thrust into your ass harder. He was close.

"Come for me, y/n. Come for daddy," Steve's voice sent warm sensations down your spine. And of course, you obeyed.

Your body convulsed and you felt Steve finish inside you with a long moan. Bucky finally released your throat allowing you to gasp for air as his arms wrapped around your waist. He continued to fuck you until he, too, spent himself inside you.

Slowly, the two men slipped out of you, unsurprisingly eliciting a sweet moan from your lips. The three of you sat on the couch, your chests heaving and covered in a layer of sweat. Steve caressed up and down your arm. "Y'okay, baby?"

You turned to face Steve and pushed a few blond strands from his concern-filled blue eyes. He really was your step-father before anything else. "Of course. I'm fine," you smiled and turned back around to face Bucky, whose blue eyes were filled with many more dark promises. You stroked from his jaw down to his Adonis-like chest. "So fucking fine;"

End Notes

I don't mind extending this universe ;)

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