Summary

''Look at that, ladies."

Finally the talking stopped and they all turned to look at where Bucky was pointing. ''What exactly are we looking at?'' Natasha asked.

''The man carrying that big cup of coffee with our logo on it.'' Bucky replied, rolling his eyes. ''Wears a suit, styles his hair, is muscular as fuck and probably rich as fuck. Now that is a daddy.''

aka
The sort of sugardaddy au nobody asked for
Bucky kept his eyes on his group of friends sitting only a little bit off to the side from where he was standing behind the counter. He knew from the way that the ladies were chattering on and on that some good gossip was being told and he cursed at the clock for moving so slowly. Bucky Barnes was a curious man, it couldn’t be helped.

’’Excuse me?’’ Bucky almost rolled his eyes when the customer waiting on the other side of the counter glanced at his watch. ’’I’m already a little late for work and-‘’

’’It won’t be long now.’’ Bucky replied, glancing over his shoulder to see how the new employee was doing with the coffee. She’d only started working a couple of days ago and whilst she was a very lovely, Bucky really didn’t enjoy being a teacher. He wasn’t even that good at making coffee himself.

’’Alright.’’ the man replied, surprisingly not sounding annoyed.

The new employee handed the cup of coffee to Bucky and Bucky gave her a little nod as a thank you before placing the cup on the counter. ’’That would be two dollars and seventy cents.’’ Bucky glanced up at the man properly for the first time and his jaw dropped. Holy shit.

The man was wearing a suit that had obviously been tailored to fit his muscular body perfectly and Bucky could only imagine what he looked like beneath the clothing. His blond hair was only slightly messy, probably because of the strong wind outside and that jawline of his was to die for.

Bucky watched carefully as the man brought the cup up to his lips and took a small sip of the hot drink. He let out a quiet, satisfied groan and gave Bucky a big smile. ’’It’s perfect. Thank you.’’ The man took his wallet out and looked around it for a while before handing Bucky a fifty dollar bill.

’’Oh, okay...’’ Bucky mumbled, his voice coming out embarrassingly squeaky. ’’I can give you back the change.’’

’’There’s no need.’’ the blond man told him. ’’Really, it’s fine. Keep it.’’

’’Okay. Thanks.’’ Bucky replied and the man smiled at him again before walking out of the coffee shop. Once Bucky managed to get his brain working again, he glanced up at the clock and realized it was finally time for him to get off of work. ’’We’ll split that fifty in half, alright?’’

’’Alright.’’ the new employee said, a big smile on her face. ’’Have a nice rest of the day.’’

’’You too.’’ Bucky replied, taking off his apron and throwing it in the backroom before joining his friends. They didn’t stop talking even when Bucky sat down. He tapped Carol on the shoulder and pointed out of the window. The man who had just given Bucky the biggest tip he’d ever gotten, was walking down the street, looking fucking amazing. ’’Look at that, ladies.’’

Finally, the talking stopped and they all turned to look at where Bucky was pointing. ’’What exactly are we looking at?’’ Natasha asked.
"The man carrying that big cup of coffee with our logo on it." Bucky replied, rolling his eyes. "Wears a suit, styles his hair, is muscular as fuck and probably rich as fuck. Now that is *a daddy*.

"Oh my god." Wanda laughed, taking a small sip of her drink. "Really, Bucky? This again?"

"What?" Bucky made sure to watch the man until he walked behind a building and out of his sight. Natasha smirked. "Let the boy fantasize, Wanda. That man was exactly his type. What do we think, straight or gay?"

"Gave me some straight vibes but I’m not sure." Bucky said. He tried to shake the handsome stranger out of his mind. "Anyway, what were you guys talking about before I got here?"

"Oh..." Natasha groaned, annoyed. "Clint got mad at me because I told him I can’t go this party that he calls 'the celebration of the year.' I need to work, I can’t just go and get drunk because I feel like it."

Bucky immediately turned to her. "That sounds like my specialty. What’s that party about?"

"Really, Barnes? It’s July... I wonder what it’s about." Natasha rolled her eyes when Bucky still didn’t get it. "It’s a fourth of July party! Independence day, remember?"

"Oh yeah." Bucky mumbled. "But if he’s got no one to go with, I’m more than happy to join him. There are free drinks, right?"

"Don’t you have to work?" Wanda asked, sounding slightly worried.

"Not on fourth of July, baby." Bucky replied with a smirk. "Now... Do you guys want something more to eat or drink? It’s on me."

Bucky watched the situation in front of him unfold as Clint followed Natasha around the apartment as she tried to get ready for work. "It's the biggest party of the year, you can’t just say no!" Bucky couldn’t help but let out a small laugh. Clint had never been one to give up easily but this was kind of ridiculous.

"I know, babe. You’ve told me a billion times." Natasha replied, trying to stay calm. Bucky could see from her face that she was completely done with her boyfriend and his ramblings.

"I already told you I’ll go with you." Bucky told him, trying to help her out. "I’m already wearing the outfit for the party and I look fucking amazing. Am I not good enough for you, Clint?"

"Listen to him." Natasha said and gave her boyfriend a small kiss on the lips before rushing out of the door. "Have fun, don’t do any stupid shit and don’t get too drunk, okay?"

"Okay, okay." Clint replied and Natasha slammed the door shut. He turned to look at Bucky who was shifting on the couch. "Dude, if you’ve got an itch, go to the doctor."

Bucky glared at him. "I’m wearing leather pants and sitting on a leather couch. Does that sound comfortable to you? Oh, and are you done trying to get Nat to go to the party or are you going to call her a thousand times or can we just fucking go already?"
"Ugh, fine. The uber should be here already." Clint said, grabbing his jacket from the couch.

"You got us an uber?" Bucky asked, making a disgusted face at him as he got up from his seat.

"Yes, I got us an uber. Is that a problem?"

Bucky shook his head. "I guess not. As long as it's a nice car."

"Never mind the spoiled bitch." Wanda quipped in as she came downstairs to get a glass of water. "He just likes to whine about everything."

Clint smiled at her and opened the door for them when he noticed a car pulling to their yard. "I know that. Let's go."

"Actually, Bucky..." Wanda hurried to them before they could leave. "Can I talk to you for a moment? Just like a couple of minutes."

"Fine." Clint said, walking out. "Just hurry, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah." Bucky brushed him off and turned to look at Wanda. She had a serious look on her face and he already knew she was going to say. She was such a mom friend.

"Please, be careful." she said, placing her hands on Bucky's shoulders. "We both know that you like to party and drink but for once, could you just... not overdo it?"

Bucky let out a sigh and stepped back to get out of her reach. "And I know that you like to worry but I'm really not in the mood for this. I'm an adult, okay? I can take care of myself."

"Yeah, like last time when some stranger brought you home from the bar? Or the time before that when you walked home all the way from the other side of the city with just one shoe because someone had stolen your phone? Want me to keep going?"

"You know what..." Bucky let out a small, bitter laugh and stepped out of the door. "Fuck you, Wanda."

Two hours into the party, Bucky was already shitfaced, just like he had planned on being. He'd already been feeling annoyed about the little fight that Nat and Clint had been having for several days and then Wanda just had to go ahead and make him feel even worse. Bucky was allowed to have fun. He didn't even remember the last time he'd been properly drunk.

"I saw Sam hanging out with some girls, I'll be back in a moment." Clint had told him about an hour ago and Bucky already knew that he wasn't going to be seeing him again that night. Thankfully all the alcohol was free.

"Can I get another one?" Bucky asked when he finally got the bartender to notice him.

"Don't you think you've had enough?" the bartender asked, giving him the look. Bucky had seen that look many times in his life. "Dude, you are hammered and it's not even time for the fireworks yet."

Bucky groaned and stared the bartender down. "Who gives a shit about fireworks? They're colorful
sparkly things that aren’t that great for the environment. So give me a fucking dry martini before I get angry.’’

’’Alright, man. If you’re sure.’’

’’I’m sure.’’ Bucky mumbled, not caring if the bartender could hear him. It wasn’t even 6 pm and he was already starting to feel a little sleepy.

’’Here you go, kid.’’ Bucky wasn’t sure how much time had passed when the bartender shook him out of his daze and placed his martini in front of him. He gave him a worried look. ’’I’m literally being the worst bartender right now since I only now ask you this but… you’re old enough to drink, right?’’

’’I’m 22.’’ Bucky grumbled, tasting the drink and moaned in satisfaction. ’’Thank you… What’s your name?’’

’’James.’’ the man replied before moving further away from him to talk to some other customers on the other side of the bar. Bucky giggled at the name and gulped down his drink in one go.

Since James seemed busy chatting with the other customers, Bucky decided to help the guy out and do his job for him. He took a bottle that the bartender had left not too far from his reach and poured himself a drink before carefully placing the bottle back in its place.

He took a small sip of it and couldn’t help but grimace at how strong it was. That didn’t stop him from finishing it though. Bucky jumped slightly when he felt a hand on his back but didn’t exactly pull away when it started moving up and down. He turned around to see who it was that was touching him.

The stranger sat down next to him, holding his own drink and wearing an odd smirk on his face. Bucky couldn’t see too well because he was starting to feel quite drunk but he definitely knew the guy wasn’t his type. He had a weird mustache and seemed to be balding. Bucky liked older men but not that old.

’’Hey, dear.’’ the man said. Bucky couldn’t help but giggle at the man’s accent. He sounded funny. ’’What’s your name?’’

’’James.’’ Bucky replied, not really feeling like telling him the name that all his friends called him.

’’Pretty name for a pretty man.’’ The hand that had just been on his back was slowly sliding down to his thigh. ’’My name is Edmund but everyone calls me Ed.’’

’’Mmh...’’ Bucky mumbled, emptying his glass once again and the drink burned through his body. His eyes started to close again and he leaned against the counter so that he could rest for a moment.

’’Hey man, just back off alright? He’s drunk as hell and it’s obvious you don’t really know him.’’ Bucky heard a voice saying from somewhere around him when he woke up to someone shaking him. He looked around confused and everything looked blurry. ’’I said back off, okay?! I know what guys like you do.’’

’’Wha-?’’ Bucky said quietly, trying to figure out what was going on. The same hands that had been shaking him were now just resting on his back.
'It’s alright, kid.’’ the voice told him. ’’You’re safe. Try to stay awake.’’

The person that the voice belonged to stepped in front of him and even though Bucky couldn’t see that well, he could tell that he was blond. He’d always loved blonds. ”Hi...”

”Hi.” the man replied, a small hint of amusement in his voice. ”Do you have your phone with you or… can you tell me your address? I could take you home.”

”Bitch stole it...” Bucky mumbled, trying to explain that he didn’t have a phone. ”I live with my friends.”

’’Okay. Are any of your friends here?’’

He shook his head. ’’Nope.’’ Bucky went to grab his glass only to find that it wasn’t there anymore. What the hell?

’’Try to focus on me.’’ the blond said, leaning closer to Bucky. Hello, blue eyes.

’’Can you tell me your address? I swear I’m not going to hurt you, I’m not like that. I can even call you a cab or something if you don’t feel comfortable with me driving you home.”

Bucky tried to think. He lived in an apartment building… Maybe on the third floor. He wasn’t sure what to say, he felt so tired. ”Umm… New York.’’

’’Oh my.’’ blue eyes replied, shaking his head before looking back at Bucky. ”Would you be okay with me taking you to my place? I have a couple of bedrooms and you could use one of them to spend your night in. I’d sleep in a completely different room, I swear to you.”

’’Okay, handsome.’’ Bucky mumbled back and started to stand up because he wasn’t going to say no to a handsome blond asking him if he could take him home. Bucky was ready to go.

’’Alright...” The man wrapped an arm around him before Bucky managed to faceplant on the floor. He giggled and leaned against the warm body. ’’Tell me if you feel sick or anything, okay? God, kid, you are of age, aren’t you?’’

Hadn’t someone already asked him that earlier? Bucky groaned. ”I’m 22...Not a fucking kid.”

’’Okay. I’m sorry.’’

The cool air of the evening hit him in the face when they stepped out of the building and Bucky cursed at himself for not bringing his jacket with him. Or had he brought one with him? Fuck, why couldn’t he remember?

Mister Handsome helped him get into a car and Bucky groaned with satisfaction when he felt the soft seat beneath himself. He closed his eyes again, ready to go back to sleep. It was rude that the man had woken him up in the middle of his little nap but Bucky decided to forgive him because he looked yummy.

’’Still feeling okay?’’ the man asked as he sat down next to him on the driver’s seat.

Bucky nodded with a yawn. He was feeling fucking awesome.
After that, he knew nothing at all.

Bucky stretched his arms out and even managed to hit them against the wall behind him, the loud bang sending an explosion of pain through his head. He groaned, rolling to his side before opening his eyes. Thankfully, the room was dim. Bucky really couldn’t handle the sun shining into his eyes the first thing in the morning, with or without a hangover.

Slowly, he sat up and let out a sigh of relief when he didn’t feel like throwing up. Whatever it was that he’d been drinking the night before must have done a number on him because his head had never felt so close to bursting than it did right at that moment.

He patted around the bed with his hand, trying to find his phone only to remember after a moment that he, James Buchanan Barnes, didn’t even own a phone because someone stole it a month ago. He could already imagine the amount of screaming he was going to get when he would eventually get back home.

Speaking of home. Where the hell was he?

There was no one else anywhere to be seen and he was still wearing the same clothes he’d been wearing the day before which meant that he hadn’t slept with anyone. Somehow he’d still ended up at someone’s house. This was certainly a mystery.

Bucky got up from the bed, which by the way the softest thing he’d ever felt in his entire life, and made his way into the bathroom. It was a fancy one and he kind of wanted to try out the bathtub but he had no idea who the damn apartment belonged to so he decided not to.

He washed his face and looked in the mirror with a grimace. He really looked like shit. His hair had looked so awesome at the beginning of the evening but apparently not at the end of the night. Bucky shifted around a little bit and made a mental note not to ever wear leather pants to bed again.

''Oh god...'' he mumbled when he felt his stomach turn and fell on the floor in front of the toilet. Bucky dry heaved a couple of times before actually managing to get something up. Apparently eating anything at all hadn’t been the most important task he’d had in mind at the fourth of July party.

He’d been so focused on feeling fucking terrible that he didn’t even notice that someone had joined him in the bathroom before he felt that someone gathering up his hair and holding it back. Bucky threw up again.

''Try to breathe.'' the stranger said from behind him, joining him on the floor. His voice sounded just as soft as the bed he’d woken up in had been.

After spitting into the toilet in a pathetic attempt to get rid of the horrible taste in his mouth, Bucky turned around. ''...It’s you.''

''You remember me?'' the handsome man asked, a soft smile on his face.

''You were at the coffee shop.'' Bucky mumbled, leaning his head against the toilet, not even caring about how unhygienic it was. ''Left a great fucking tip.''

The man let out a soft huff of laughter before letting go of Bucky’s hair and even brushing his fingers
through it to get rid of a knot that had appeared there. Bucky really wanted to lean against the warm hand but decided to try and not make a fool of himself. He didn’t even know the guy’s name.

"I left you a water bottle and a couple of painkillers on the nightstand but you must have not noticed them."

"Oh. Thanks. I didn’t."

"Bucky replied, slowly starting to feel embarrassed about the whole thing. He was at a stranger’s house, on the floor of his bathroom looking like a piece of shit and he hadn’t even given the guy a good time the night before. Or did he? "We uhh… Did weuck last night?"

The poor guy’s eyes widened in surprise. "No, we didn’t. You were drunk."

"That’s never been a problem for me before."

"You fell asleep the moment I got you in my car," the man replied. "And even if you hadn’t, I would not have slept with you. I do have a problem with sleeping with people who are too drunk to consent to anything at all. Don’t you remember anything from last night?"

"Can we talk about this somewhere else?" Bucky asked. "And do you have a toothbrush I could borrow? And maybe a phone?"

"You certainly know what you want, don’t you?" the man asked, a smirk on his face. He got up from the floor and Bucky may or may not have had the greatest view of the goods that were sadly covered up by a thick pair of jeans. Bucky may feel like shit but he knew a good looking man when he saw one. "There’s a spare toothbrush right there, I put it there last night before I went to sleep. Come to the kitchen once you’re done, I made breakfast. You can borrow my phone then as well."

"Oh, okay." Bucky replied, slowly getting up from the floor as well. "Thanks, uhh..."

"Steve."

"Steve." Bucky repeated after him. "I’m Bucky."

"I thought your name was James." Steve replied, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion. "I- I mean, at the coffee shop you were wearing a tag that said James, so-"

"Oh yeah..." Bucky offered him a small smile and tried not to sound completely miserable even though he probably looked like it. "My real name is James but everyone calls me Bucky."

"Okay, that makes sense… I’ll uhh… I’ll be in the kitchen whenever you’re ready." Steve told him and Bucky just couldn’t believe how kind the man was being to him, a stranger. Bucky’s stomach did a little flip but not because he felt sick. There was something about the blond man that just did something to him.

"Okay, I’ll be there in the sec."

"Steve nodded and left the room as quickly as possible, obviously not wanting to make Bucky feel uncomfortable.

Bucky tried to freshen up a little. It had taken a couple of good rounds of brushing his teeth to get the disgusting taste of alcohol and puke out of his mouth. He’d brushed his hair a with a comb that Steve had placed next to his toothbrush and made a small bun on the back of his head, sealing it with a hair tie that had been wrapped around his wrist.
Steve would have probably been completely fine with him taking a shower or even a bath but he still decided not to have one without permission. He didn’t have any spare clothes either and there was almost nothing more disgusting than scrubbing yourself clean in the shower and then putting on the same clothes you’d worn before the shower. Eugh.

He made his way into the kitchen and couldn’t help but ogle at the apartment. Bucky was so used to living in a two-bedroom apartment with four people that having this much space for just one person almost seemed like a waste. Maybe Steve didn’t live alone?

Steve smiled at him when he saw Bucky standing there and gestured him to sit down. Bucky did, still looking around the apartment in wonder.

''Like it?’’ Steve asked, placing a tray of something that smelled delicious on the table.

''Hell yeah. It’s awesome.’’ Bucky couldn’t help his curiosity. He had to ask. ''Are you the only one who lives here? I mean, this place is huge.’’

Steve huffed out a soft laugh before sitting down as well. ''Yeah, I’m the only one. I’ve got a couple of spare bedrooms for when people come and visit me. Doesn’t happen too often but you still never know when you have to save someone who got too drunk at a party.’’

Bucky could feel his cheeks warming up and turning pink. ''Shut up, Steve.’’

The man’s expression turned more serious. ''You need to take better care of yourself, Bucky. I don’t know how to exactly tell you this but if I hadn’t found you when I did… I don’t even want to think about what that disgusting guy would’ve done to you.’’

''Let me guess...’’ Bucky started, taking a sip of the orange juice that Steve had poured in his glass. ''He told you he knew me and he would take me home, yadda yadda...’’

''That’s exactly what he said.’’ A small wrinkle appeared in between Steve’s eyebrows as he frowned at how casually Bucky talked about the subject. ''That’s not okay, Bucky.’’

''I know, I know...’’ Bucky replied, wanting to reach out and smooth out the wrinkle of worry on the other man’s face. ''I’ve always managed to kick them where it hurts before they’ve done anything to me.’’

''Well, that’s good, Bucky.’’ Steve let out a short laugh. ''But you still need to be careful.’’

Bucky hummed in acknowledgment, almost drooling as he eyed the breakfast muffins Steve had made for them. He couldn’t help but imagine Steve in the kitchen, cooking him breakfast, shirtless of course.

''Go ahead.’’ Steve told him, following Bucky’s gaze and letting out another laugh. ''They are strawberry-banana muffins. It’s my go-to hangover food.’’

Bucky smirked up at the man and grabbed a muffin for himself. ''You get drunk often, Steve?’’

''I don’t.’’ Steve answered. ''But all my friends do and apparently I just always end up taking care of them.’’

Wanting to tease the man, Bucky patted his eyelashes a couple of times before speaking up again.
"Am I your friend, Steve?"

"After all those things you told me last night, we might as well be." Steve told him. Even though he’d said those words confidently, Bucky could see a little bit of a blush rising on his cheeks.

"And what did I tell you?" Bucky asked, leaning against his hand. "I do have a lot of secrets, Stevie." Stevie? Where did that come from?

"Well, if they are a secret, I can’t tell you." Steve replied with a smirk. "Now eat. Judging from all that dry heaving you did back there, I’m guessing you haven’t eaten anything in several hours."

"Mmh… meanie." Bucky mumbled under his breath but took a bite out of the muffin. It wasn’t like Steve was wrong; he was starving. "Oh my god."

"Is that a good ‘oh my god’ or a bad one?" Steve asked, seeming amused by the sound that Bucky had let out.

"So good." Bucky struggled to reply since he’d basically shoved the whole thing in his mouth in one go. What? The muffins were little and he was starving. The faster he could start on the next one, the better.

They finished eating their breakfast in mostly silence. At one point, Steve had got up from his seat and brought Bucky the painkillers and the water bottle that he’d left for him in the bedroom and placed them in Bucky’s hands before sitting back down. He must have noticed that Bucky’s headache still hadn’t gone anywhere (and that it probably wasn’t going to be going anywhere anytime soon) and had decided to end his suffering.

As Steve cleaned up the table, Bucky used his phone to text all three of his roommates that he was fine and would be coming home as soon as possible. He also told them to not reply to his text because Steve’s phone would probably explode from receiving all of them.

Bucky turned the phone around in his hand, carefully of course because everything about the phone screamed expensive. The screen didn’t have any scratches and the metal surrounding it was so sleek. It was a sexy phone.

Almost as sexy as its owner.

Only then Bucky realized that he could have gone through Steve’s phone and seen every picture he had taken and all the messages he had sent to people and couldn’t help but frown when he turned the phone on again and realized that there was a passcode. Stupid Steve.

"Everything okay, Bucky?" Steve asked, immediately noticing the displeased look on his face.

Bucky grumbled a response and set the phone back on the table. Carefully. "What part of the city am I exactly in, Stevie?"

"Midtown Manhattan," Steve told him.

"Good, good..." Bucky mumbled. So he probably wasn’t too far away from the Stark Tower where the party had been held. "You know, Stevie, I noticed you have quite an amazing shower there..."

"Is that so?" Steve asked, glancing up at him with a smirk and Bucky’s stomach did that flipping
thing once again. "Do you want to use the it?"

"I would love to." Bucky groaned at the thought of warm water running down his sore body. He hadn’t noticed it before but getting drunk was kind of exhausting. Maybe he was getting old. *Oh God.*

Steve walked around the kitchen isle and motioned Bucky to follow him. And Bucky wasn’t going to say no to that. Maybe he should just be bold and ask Steve to join him. Now that would be a shower experience.

"Here." Steve stacked some clothes in Bucky’s waiting arms. "They are mine, so they’ll probably be a bit big on your but I think they’ll do for now. Now, do you want to use the shower in the guest room that you slept in or the one in my room?"

"Is there a difference between the two?"

"Mine’s bigger." Bucky gulped and tried to shake his head to get his mind out of the gutter. The blond man didn’t seem to have any clue about what he was doing to him. "You okay, Buck?" Yep, definitely no clue.

"Well, the bigger the better." Bucky replied, already walking towards the bathroom. He could hear Steve’s breath hitch from behind him but didn’t turn around to look at him. If Bucky saw the man’s cheeks turning all red, he couldn’t promise anyone that he wouldn’t just run to him and pull him down for the longest kiss in the entire fucking world before having his way with him on that huge bed of his.

Bucky may or may not have ended up jerking off in Steve’s shower.

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Chapter End Notes

^^ T.J Hammond, the character that inspired this version of Bucky ;) If you haven't seen Political animals, go watch it right now!!!
Bucky may have stood in front of his own front door for about fifteen minutes before gaining enough courage to get his keys out of his pocket and unlocking the door. He stepped in and placed his keys in the bowl right next to the door and looked around the apartment, only to find nobody to there, and let the door fall shut behind him.

This very much reminded him of all the times he’d had to sneak in and out of the house when he’d lived with his parents. Bucky just wasn’t sure if this was better or worse. Living with three female roommates was fucking amazing but at the same time, it was like living with three moms.

Bucky glanced to his right and saw Clint passed out on the couch, his shoes kicked off on the floor. There was a blanket covering him which meant that Natasha was probably home too. Unless she had already gone back to work.

"Please be at work, please be at work, please be at work..." Bucky chanted quietly to himself as he creaked the door of their bedroom open. He let out a small sigh of relief when he saw nobody there and slumped down on his own bed. He let out a small groan. His bed was nowhere near as soft as the one he’d slept in the night before.

"It’s good to see that you got back in one piece." Natasha’s voice made Bucky jump back up and he grabbed his head when the sudden motion made the headache that had slowly been melting away come right back as if it had never left.

"Good to see you too, Nat."

Natasha sat down on the edge of his bed, disappointment clear in her eyes as she still smiled at him. 
"Did you at least have fun?"

"Honestly?" Bucky asked, laying back down. Natasha nodded and started stroking her fingers through Bucky’s clean hair. "I don’t remember much but I think it was okay. I do remember that that piece of shit of a boyfriend of yours ditched me."

"Yeah, I figured when he came home without you." Natasha laughed. "And I already gave him hell for that. Did you stay at a hotel or something? Or did you get laid?"

Bucky huffed out a laugh of his own and groaned when Natasha started gently rubbing his temples with her fingertips. "I wish. I did go home with a lovely man but we didn’t do anything."

"And who’s this guy?"

"Remember that guy who left me that amazing tip a few days ago?" Natasha nodded again. "Yeah, it was him. His name is Steve."
"So let me get this straight." Her eyes shone in amusement. "This guy who is completely your style, who you called 'daddy,' took you home and you didn’t even try to sleep with him?"

"Apparently, I fell asleep the moment he got me in his car and he told me that he wouldn’t have slept with me anyways because I was too drunk." Bucky pouted.

"I like this guy." Natasha smiled at him before her eyes flickered to the bag that Bucky was holding in his left hand. "What’s that?"

Bucky looked down. "Oh yeah. I showered at his place and needed something to put my dirty clothes in and this was the only thing Steve had." He allowed the bag to fall from his hand and watched it slide down the side of the bed until it hit the floor.

"So these are Steve’s clothes?" Natasha asked, playing with the strings of the hoodie that Bucky was wearing.

"Mmh."

"Are you going to give them back?"

"It is a comfortable hoodie..." Bucky mumbled, making Natasha laugh. "But yeah, he gave me his email address so I can just email him when I’m ready to give him his clothes back."

"God, you guys sound like such old men. Email..." Natasha shook her head. "You really need to get yourself a new phone, it’s been like... what? A month? Come on, Bucky."

"Easier said than done." Bucky replied, fighting the urge to roll his eyes. "I don’t exactly make a lot of money as a barista and a dog walker who doesn’t even really like dogs."

Natasha let out a sigh and rested her hands on the bed. "You have a degree, Bucky. You could get a better job."

Bucky gave Natasha a look that he knew she knew by heart. She knew he didn’t like talking about this. "I think you should leave."

"Bucky..."

"Just..." Bucky turned on his side, his back now facing Natasha. "Just go. I’m gonna take a nap."

"Okay." she said with a soft voice. Her hand hovered over Bucky’s back for a while but in the end, she didn’t end up touching him. She got up from the bed and before walking out of the room, pulled the curtains shut, making the room almost completely dark.

Bucky woke up about three hours later to the sound of the front door opening. There was some chattering coming from downstairs which could only mean that all his roommates were home. He decided not to go down to say hello like he usually did because he was definitely not in the mood of getting nagged at. His headache was almost completely gone, he really didn’t need it to come back.

Rolling onto his stomach, he grabbed his laptop from the floor and turned it on. He knew it hadn’t been that long since he’d come home from Steve’s place and that the man was probably working but
he just really felt like sending him an email.

Maybe if he did some laundry later today, he could even go and give the clothes back to Steve already tomorrow after taking a couple of his customers’ dogs out for a walk. That sounded like a plan.

He took out the post-it note that Steve had written his email on and started typing.

To: StevenRogers@starkindustries.com
From: BBBarnes@gmail.com

Hey, Steve! I gotta take Daisy and Bluebell out for a walk tomorrow and I was wondering if we could meet up afterward? I’ll wash your clothes tonight ;)

Was the winky face too much? Bucky shrugged to himself and sent the email anyway. He could always say that it was just meant to be a normal smiley face. He refreshed the page a couple of times just in case Steve replied immediately but he didn’t.

Bucky frowned at his email address. He really needed to change it, make it sound a bit more professional. He’d created it when he’d turned sixteen and just hadn’t bothered to do anything about it. James Barnes sounded boring though and Bucky Barnes would just probably confuse people.

What kind of a person wanted to be called Bucky?

‘’This idiot.’’ Bucky answered out loud to his own question, letting out a small laugh. Maybe he just had to let his email address be. It wasn’t like anyone ever emailed him anyway.

Bucky hadn’t even taken a look at Steve’s email address when he had written it down, so now he took a good, long look at it. Steven Rogers. His name was kind of anti-climatic but it still made Bucky’s stomach do that weird flipping thing.

So Steve worked at Stark Industries. That wasn’t that big of a surprise since he’d been at the Stark Tower fourth of July party. He seemed to be making quite a bit of money but then again, everyone that worked under Tony Stark probably did.

When after another fifteen minutes there was still no reply, Bucky decided that it was time to go downstairs, even if it meant listening to Wanda yell at him for about an hour or so. He thought about changing out of Steve’s clothes but he didn’t have the heart to do that. The clothes smelled like the handsome man and were so soft and warm.

He looked around the apartment before going down the stairs. Clint was still on the same couch he’d been sleeping on when Bucky had come home but now he was sitting up, sunglasses covering his eyes. He probably felt just as bad as Bucky had earlier if not worse. Natasha was sitting next to him and Wanda was laying on the smaller couch, reading some kind of a magazine. Carol seemed to be in the kitchen, making something for them to eat.

’’Hey.’’ Bucky said quietly, walking into the living room. Wanda glanced at him but turned right back to her magazine. Yep, she was definitely pissed off. ’’Are we eating anytime soon?’’

’’The food’s almost done.’’ Natasha replied with a small smile.

Bucky nodded, sitting down on the armrest of the couch Wanda had conquered for herself and turned to look at the woman. Her face was covered by the magazine she was reading. Bucky leaned
forwards because the face on the cover of the magazine looked terribly familiar.

''Wanda?'' he asked, already grabbing the magazine out of his friend’s hands.

She looked furious. ''Fuck you, Barnes!''

Yeah, he kind of deserved that. Bucky focused on the cover of the magazine, trying to ignore the fact that everyone was now staring at him, even Carol, who had walked from the kitchen with a pan in her hand, just to see what the hell was going on.

''Bucky, what is it?'' Natasha asked.

He flipped the magazine around to show everyone. ''It's Steve!''

The look on Natasha’s face turned from confused to curious, her eyebrows moving upwards as she leaned forward to read what it said on the cover. ''Steven Rogers, the COO of Stark Industries. Love life, health and success. Damn.''

''Is that a typo? COO? Shouldn’t it be CEO?'' Clint asked, sounding absolutely miserable, as he curled up in the corner of the couch.

''COO and CEO are two completely different things.'’ Carol answered from where she was standing behind the couch. ''Tony Stark is the CEO, Rogers is right below him.'’

Well, wasn’t that just interesting? Bucky opened up the magazine to see what Steve had said in his interview. He didn’t really care about his tips on health or success, he just wanted to know what he’d said about his love life.

''Read it out loud!'' Wanda said, the frown on her face long gone.

''Umm… Vegetables, blah, blah...'' Bucky skimmed the page. ''Aha! 'The COO smiles charmingly at the question about his love life and says: I’m turning thirty-two this month and I can honestly say that it’s been a while since I’ve been in a relationship. I do want to find that special someone and spend the rest of my life with them but I’m not exactly looking, more so I’m waiting. I believe that the person I’m meant to be with will just appear in my life at the most unexpected moment.'''

''So he’s single!'' Natasha said, a big smile appearing on her face.

''And kind of old.'’ Wanda murmured, taking her magazine back.

''You should totally go for it.’’ Carol encouraged Bucky with a smile of her own before glancing back at the pan she was holding in her hand. ''Shit! Uhh… The food’s done.’’

Bucky threw his head back in laughter. Carol wasn’t the best cook but she’d gotten a lot better in the two years they’d lived together and it didn’t really even matter to him what it was that he was going to be eating, as long as he just got to eat right now.

''Hey, Wanda.’’ Bucky pulled the woman by the sleeve of her shirt as she tried to join the others in the kitchen. She sat back down on the couch. ''I’m sorry.’’

''You’re always sorry.’’ she whispered, an intense look in her eyes. ''I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings but you need to realize that you’re shit at taking care of yourself. Nat told me what happened
last night. Have you any idea what could have happened to you?’’

‘‘Steve talked to me about is as well.’’ Bucky said. ‘‘I realize you’re worried about me but-’’

‘‘I know what you’re going to say.’’ Wanda replied, getting up from her seat. She offered a small smile but Bucky could tell that behind it there was still some disappointment. ‘‘I will always be worried about you, that’s not going to change. But from now on, I’m not going to bother you with it. It’s your life.’’

Bucky nodded, not exactly sure how to feel about that.

‘‘Now… Let’s go eat.’’

It was already late when Bucky got back to his room. They’d ended up watching a few movies since none of them had to work that day. Wanda had cuddled up to him when a particular scene had ended up being a bit too scary for her and Bucky liked to think of that as a sign of forgiveness.

He’d already forgotten about the email he’d sent to Steve when he turned his laptop on to watch some random videos on Youtube. Bucky couldn’t help but smile when he noticed that he’d gotten a reply. He clicked it open.

From:SteveRogers@starkindustries.com
To:BBBarnes@gmail.com

Hey, Bucky.

I told you there’s no rush in washing the clothes, I have plenty :) I’m working tomorrow but I have an hour-long break at two. We could meet up at the lounge of the Stark Tower if that’s alright with you.

-Steven Rogers

Bucky rolled his eyes. Steve was such an old man.

From: BBBarnes@gmail.com
To:SteveRogers@starkindustries.com

That’s fine by me. I’ll be there, Stevie.

He’d washed the clothes several hours ago and now they were waiting for the next day on the chair in the corner of his room. A small part of him wanted to keep them a bit longer but they didn’t even smell like Steve anymore, so maybe Bucky was ready to give them back.

He clicked his way to Youtube and tapped the keyboard with his fingertips as he thought about what he should watch. Cat videos were his go-to but he felt like doing something a little different. A mischievous grin appeared on his face as he typed Steve’s name in the search bar. The guy must have done some interviews at some point of his life.

‘‘Let’s see…’’ he mumbled, scrolling down. Bingo! The thumbnail of the video was a picture of him and Tony Stark. He clicked on it and after a few seconds of buffering, the video started playing.
We’re here today with the CEO and the COO of Stark Industries. Tony Stark and Steve Rogers, good morning. ‘The interviewer started, a small smile on her face. Steve looked yummy. ‘I know that usually the questions you get are of the serious kind, so I decided to start off with something easy. How did the two of you meet?’

The two men turned to look at each other and smiled. Steve cleared his throat before answering. ‘We met in college, right? Yeah, Tony was obviously a couple of years older than I am but we still got along and eventually became best friends. Tony definitely threw the best parties!’

Bucky giggled at the answer and kept watching. The interview was fifteen minutes long.

Tony rolled his eyes. ‘Of course, you would remember the parties, Rogers. You were the only who was sober.’

‘What he means is that I had to take care of his drunk ass.’ Steve laughed. ‘Oh, shit. I mean… Can I curse?’

‘It’s going to get bleeped but go ahead if you feel like it.’ the interviewer replied. She patted her eyelashes annoyingly at Steve but the man didn’t seem to pay much attention to her. Bucky decided he didn’t like the interviewer. ‘Was it a difficult decision to start a company together?’

‘No, not really. We’d been planning for a long time before we actually felt brave enough to do it.’ Tony was the first one to answer this time around. ‘I was lucky enough to come from a family that was wealthy, so that helped a lot. Steve is a smart guy and he-’

’Bucky, there are these things called headphones… Use them!’ Bucky jumped up at the sudden yell, his laptop almost falling off of the bed. He’d completely forgotten that Natasha was in the room as well.

’Sorry, sorry.’ he mumbled, grabbing his headphones from the floor and plugging them in. ’Sorry, Nat. Go back to sleep.’

’Mmh…’ Natasha turned around, her back now facing Bucky.

Bucky kept watching the video, the sound now coming from his headphones. He skipped ahead a little bit since Tony started going on and on about how their company got started and other boring business stuff.

‘You and Pepper Potts are now officially engaged, isn’t that right?’ Tony nodded. The interviewer turned to Steve. ‘Is there anyone new in your life after your break up with Sharon Carter?’

Steve looked uncomfortable but answered anyway. Tony didn’t seem happy about the question. ‘No, I don’t have anyone right now.’

Bucky scrolled down a little bit. The interview had been done three years ago. Interesting. The one in the magazine had been done this month. Had Steve been single since 2016? Or even longer? He needed to google who this Sharon Carter was.

There wasn’t really anything interesting in the interview after that so he decided to do just that. All the articles about Sharon Carter had something to do with Steve and most of them dated back to 2012 when their relationship seemed to have begun. News about their breakup had come out in 2014.
He closed his laptop and placed it on the floor. Steve Rogers was an interesting man. Bucky could not understand how Steve hadn’t been in a relationship in five years. The man was hot, rich and kind. How could anyone not want him?

”Bucky, go the fuck to sleep. I can literally hear you thinking.” Natasha mumbled from her bed, scaring Bucky once again. She was a strange woman.

”Okay.” he replied and turned over on his back to get more comfortable. He closed his eyes. Tomorrow was going to be a great day.

”Bluebell, not there! Oh, come on.” Bucky couldn’t help but curse at the dog that was pulling him towards the park. Daisy had always been an annoying bitch but Bluebell was usually really nice to Bucky. Apparently not today.

So how did Bucky end up becoming a dog walker when he was more of a cat person? Well, mostly it was just the fact that he was broke and he didn’t need a degree to walk dogs all around the place. Their neighbor, an old woman called Harriet had once paid Bucky to walk her dog and that had given Bucky the idea for his little ’business.’

He wasn’t sure why Bluebell was being so excited, he couldn’t see anything interesting in the park. ”What is it, girl?”

Bluebell started barking and ran towards whatever the hell it was that she was so interested in. Bucky had no other chance but to run after her as she was a big dog and at this moment, she was walking, no, dragging Bucky and not the other way around. Poor Daisy tried to keep up with them in the best of her abilities.

Finally, Bucky saw it. A squirrel. Bluebell was chasing a god damn squirrel.

Daisy noticed it too and started barking as well before running around Bucky, basically trapping him in between their leashes. Before Bucky even realized, he was on the ground and a spark of pain shot through his head. Shit.

The dogs now seemed to be more interested in him than the squirrel since they were walking around him and poking him with their snouts, obviously trying to get him to stand back up. Fucking little pieces of shit.

Bucky turned on his back, letting go of the leashes since the dogs never ran away. Even though at this moment, he didn’t even care if the dogs would just run to the other side of the world. He was pissed.

He looked around for the bag he’d been carrying before his fall and found it by his feet. The clean clothes that were no longer so clean had fallen out of the bag and were now scattered around the ground, dirt all over them. Bucky swore he could even see a couple of paw prints there.

Double shit.

He’d left his apartment around 12 pm and it had probably been about an hour since then. He still had one more hour to wash Steve’s clothes before having to go and see him. He could do it if he just took the dogs back to their home right now.
Bucky felt slightly dizzy when he got up but decided to ignore it. He put the dirty clothes back in the bag and grabbed both of the leashes in his right hand before making his way back to where the dogs’ owner lived.

He wasn’t sure if the 45 dollars he was being paid was worth all this fucking trouble.

Once the dogs were back with their owner and the 45 dollars were in his pocket, Bucky felt only a little bit better. He pouted as he sat in the corner of a laundromat waiting for the dryer to be done. He hadn’t had the time to go back home and wash the clothes, so instead, he ended up spending about ten dollars to wash and dry one pair of athletic sweatpants, a hoodie and a pair of socks.

The clock ticked loudly on the wall, mocking Bucky. He had only fifteen minutes until he had to be at the Stark Tower and he was sure he looked like a mess. He hadn’t dared to look in the mirror just yet.

Thankfully, he wasn’t going there to look good but to drop off the clothes he had borrowed. Still, Bucky wouldn’t have minded looking nice for Steve. The guy was ready to give up his one break to meet up with his sorry ass.

Finally, the dryer was done doing its job and Bucky took the clothes out of it. He didn’t really have anywhere to put them since the bag Steve had given him had ripped when he’d fallen. He folded them as neatly as he could and placed them over his arm. He only had ten minutes left. Thankfully, the Stark Tower wasn’t too far away from the laundromat.

Only when he started walking, he realized that even his leg hurt. Bucky was so going to be sore the next morning.

He caught a glance of his reflection in the glass doors of the tower but turned away before his eyes could focus on it too much. He knew he looked terrible but that didn’t mean he wanted to see it.

All the people in the lounge turned to look at Bucky when he stepped in but quickly turned back to doing whatever it was that they had been doing before he had arrived. Steve was nowhere to be seen. Was Bucky late?

He looked around the place until he found a clock by the reception and let out a sigh of relief. He was two minutes early.

There was no place to sit that wasn’t covered in some sort of fabric. Bucky’s clothes were dirty and he really didn’t feel like ruining seats that were probably worth more than his entire life. He would just give Steve back his clothes, take some random bus back home and just stay in bed all day long, feeling bad for himself and his sore body.

''Bucky?'' a voice asked, making Bucky look up. Steve was standing there, not too far away from him with a confused and shocked look on his face. He hurried to him and his hands hovered over Bucky’s body as he tried to understand what was going on. ''Bucky, what happened to you? Are you okay? Did someone hurt you?''

Bucky shook his head, feeling embarrassed. ''No, I just… I fell.''

''Oh my god.''' Steve stroked his thumb over the spot on his forehead that hurt the worst. ''Baby,
you’re bleeding. Let’s go to my office, I’ll help you.”

Bucky hadn’t even noticed that he was bleeding but it definitely explained the pain in his head but that didn’t matter right now. Steve had called him baby. Baby. Bucky couldn’t help but shiver at the nickname. It made him feel funny.

Steve looked at him worriedly before wrapping an arm around his waist. With slow and careful steps, they made their way into the elevator. Steve pressed a button that would take them to the right floor before placing his hand beneath Bucky’s jaw. Bucky stared up at him, trying to suppress his blush.

’’I uhh… I brought your clothes.’’ he showed him the clothes, feeling a little bit of an ache in his arm as well. ’’I think I got all the stains out.’’

’’Stains?’’ Steve asked, confusion apparent on his face.

Bucky scratched the back of his neck. ’’When I fell, the clothes got dirty so I washed them again. I’m sorry, Stevie.’’

’’No, Bucky. Don’t worry about the clothes.’’ Steve said, his expression softening. His hand moved from his jaw to his cheek and he brushed his thumb over the soft skin there. ’’I don’t care about the clothes. Did you hit your head hard? That really looks like it hurts…’’

’’I’m not sure, it happened so fast. I felt a little dizzy when I got up but-’’

’’Dizzy? Do you still feel dizzy?’’ Steve asked, his eyebrows all furrowed the same way they always did when he felt unhappy about something. ’’Should I take you to the hospital?’’

’’No, no hospital.’’ Bucky replied, shaking his head. The elevator doors opened and they stepped out. Steve guided them to his office, which thankfully wasn’t too far away from the elevator. His leg was really starting to hurt.

’’Why not?’’ Steve asked, letting go of Bucky for a moment to close the door behind them. Then the familiar arm was back around his waist and Bucky might have almost moaned at the feeling. He couldn’t believe how thick one arm could be.

Well, this was going to be embarrassing. ’’I don’t have health insurance.’’

Steve’s eyebrows shot up. ’’What? Bucky...’’

’’I know, I know...’’ Bucky said, rolling his eyes. ’’I just don’t have a lot of money right now, okay?’’

Steve nodded and helped Bucky sit down on the edge of his desk. Steve grabbed something from one of the drawers and placed it on the desk next to Bucky. He took out a bottle of some kind of liquid and a cotton swap. ’’This is going to sting a little.’’

’’Oh, it’s fine, I- Holy shit.’’

’’Sorry, sorry.’’ Steve said, a pained look on his face. He threw the cotton swap in the trash can next to the desk. ’’It’s done. Good news is that you don’t need stitches.’’
''And the bad news?'' Bucky asked, feeling a little nervous about what the other man was going to say next.

Steve held up a packet of band-aids with a serious look on his face. ''I only have Hello Kitty band-aids.''

Bucky threw his head back in laughter and grabbed the packet from Steve’s hands to take a better look at it. ''Oh my god, Stevie! That’s amazing.'' He wiped away his tears of laughter with his other hand. ''Why do you have Hello Kitty band-aids?''

Steve let out a laugh of his own and took the packet back. ''I went on a business trip to Japan last year. Someone, I don’t remember their name, gave me like ten packets of these so I didn’t really see any reason not to use them. It would be wasteful.''

''True, true.'' Bucky winced slightly when Steve placed a band-aid over the wound. Steve mirrored his expression as if he was hurting as well. Cute. ''Does it suit me, Stevie?''

''Looks great.''' Steve said, looking Bucky up and down. ''Are you hurt anywhere else?''

''My leg’s a little sore but other than that I’m fine.''

Steve squinted. ''Are you lying?''

Bucky pouted. ''Fine. My arm hurts too.''

''Can I take a look?'' Steve asked softly, his hand already resting on Bucky’s thigh.

''O-Okay.''' Bucky gulped as he watched Steve kneel down in front of him and lift up his right pant leg enough to see if his leg was injured in any way.

''Oh, baby...''

There was that nickname again. Bucky’s stomach flipped in the best way possible.

''That’s one mighty bruise. It’s not swollen though.''' Steve told him, before rolling down the pant leg and getting up from the floor. ''Let me see your arm.''

Bucky held his arm up and Steve grabbed it gently, carefully twisting it in all the possible directions. ''So which is it, doctor? Am I dying or am I dying?''

Steve let out a soft laugh and placed Bucky’s arm back down in his lap. ''I think you’ll live. Hello Kitty’s got magical healing powers.''

''I’m sure she does.''' Bucky smirked, leaning back and stretching out his body. ''Thank you, Stevie.''

''So Bucky...'' Steve started, walking around the desk and sitting down on his chair. Bucky scooted closer so that he could face Steve. ''How did this happen?''

Bucky grabbed Steve’s shoulders and pulled him forward and Steve let him. He had a curious, almost mischievous look in his eyes. ''Well, I was walking Bluebell and Daisy at the park and-''
'You have dogs?' Steve asked.

'No. Now hush, Stevie,' Bucky smiled at him, massaging his shoulders. 'Taking dogs out for walks is one of my jobs. So we were at the park and Bluebell saw a squirrel. She started chasing it and soon Daisy followed her. The next thing I knew, I was on the ground.'

'And then?' God, those blue eyes.

'Then I noticed that your clothes had gotten dirty and I went to a laundromat to wash them again because I didn’t have time to go back home.' Bucky’s eyes widened when he remembered the bag Steve had given him. 'Oh, Steve, I’m so sorry.'

'What? No, Bucky.' Steve shook his head, taking Bucky’s hands into his. 'I told you not to worry about the clothes, they are fine now. And even if they weren’t, I wouldn’t care.'

'No, not the clothes.' Bucky looked down, feeling ashamed. 'The bag you gave me. It must have been expensive and I broke it. I swear I tried to fix it but I only made it worse so I just threw it away. How much was it? I’ll pay you back even if it takes me the rest of my l-'

Steve squeezed his hands. 'Bucky, it's okay.'

'It even had a fancy looking logo on it and I-'

'Hey.' Steve stopped him once again. 'It’s alright. I don’t care. It’s fine. What can I say to make you feel better about this?'

Bucky shrugged. 'You should let me buy you a new bag or something...'

'Bucky...' Steve sighed deeply. 'If I remember correctly, the bag I gave you belonged to Stark Industries. They’re worth like ten dollars. I will get them for free for the rest of my life. So don’t worry your pretty little head about it, okay?'

'Okay.' Bucky mumbled back.

'Promise?'

A small smile appeared on Bucky’s face as he looked up at Steve. 'I promise.'

'Okay.' To Bucky’s dismay, Steve let go of his hands and scooted away from him on his office chair before getting up. 'Now, I have something that I want to give you. After that, we’ll go get lunch.'

'Give me something?' Bucky asked, carefully jumping down from where he’d been sitting on the desk. 'Why would you need to give me something?'

Steve smirked and guided him towards a side table that Bucky hadn’t even noticed before this moment. To be fair, he’d been busy looking at the most handsome man in the entire damn world and of course, the floor because he was very good at being awkward and embarrassed.

Bucky watched curiously as Steve took a plain cardboard box out of the cabinet and placed it on the table. They stared at each other for a moment and Bucky would’ve been just fine doing that for the rest of the day but then Steve decided to speak up. 'Go ahead. Open it.'
Carefully, he took the box in his hands and shook it to get an idea of what could be inside it. Bucky could swear he’d heard Steve mumble something along the lines of ‘cute’ but he tried to pretend like it hadn’t happened. He’d been blushing enough for one day.

He opened the box after a little bit of a struggle, only to see another small box within it. Was Steve fucking with him? He looked up at the man.

“Go on.”

Bucky took the smaller box out of the bigger one. It had a lid so it was way easier to open and inside it was not an even smaller box but a new, shiny phone with the logo of Stark Industries printed on it. His hands immediately started shaking and he set the box down.

“Steve… What?”

“I really don’t feel like having to email you all the time. It feels too… professional.” Steve replied, taking the phone out of the box for Bucky and twirled it around in his hands, not even worrying about the fact that he could easily drop the two thousand dollar phone at any given moment. He then held it out to Bucky. “So now you have a phone. Don’t let some bitch steal it.”

Bucky would’ve laughed at the fact that Steve fucking Rogers had just said ‘bitch’ but he was way too shocked to do anything at all. “I can’t take it.”

“It’s a gift.”

“And I’m a stranger. You can’t just go around giving gifts to people for free.” Bucky rambled. ”I mean I know that you’re rich as fuck but come on. That’s a phone. A StarkPhone. No, no, absolutely not.”

“Bucky, Bucky…” Steve tried to get him to look at him and managed to do that only by placing his hand on Bucky’s jaw the same way he had done earlier. ”Let me do this for you. Nobody in this day and age should have to live without a phone.”

It would make his life a hell of a lot easier. But it was worth two thousand dollars. Not two dollars, not twenty dollars, not two hundred dollars. Two thousand dollars.

“I can hear your brain whirring.” Steve laughed and placed the phone in Bucky’s hand, only letting go after he was sure Bucky was holding onto it tight. ”You shouldn’t always be so worried about everything. It’s not good for you.”

It would be kind of stupid to say no to a free phone. Right? ”What about the monthly payments or what if it breaks or-?”

“I’ll take care of it. You just worry about using it, okay?”

”Why are you so nice to me?”

Steve smiled softly at his question but didn’t answer. ”Do you wanna go eat? I swear I heard your stomach rumbling earlier?”

”Y- Yeah, sure…” Bucky mumbled a reply, still in shock. What the hell was happening?
Eating lunch with Steve had been delightful. There was no better word Bucky could think of to describe their little date. Could he call it a date? It had felt like a date. Ugh, he already knew he was going to be staying up late to think about that until his head felt like it was going to explode or until his body just gave up on him and made him go the fuck to sleep.

But none of that mattered right now. He’d just had lunch (not a date, for now. He’ll decide later) with Steve Rogers who had also given him a StarkPhone just because.

Bucky was glad that he’d memorized all his friends’ phone numbers because he really needed to call someone right now. He wasn’t going to tell whoever he ended up calling about everything that had happened but he wanted them to be ready for when he got home because he definitely had a story to tell.

For some reason, he ended up calling Carol.

‘Carol Danvers.’

’Hey, Carol. It’s Bucky.’

’Bucky?’ His friend sounded confused but happy. ’You finally got yourself a phone?’

’Yeah.’ Bucky mumbled back. ’Something like that.’

’Something like that? What do you mean?’

Bucky smiled. ’Let’s just say that… Do you remember that hot guy that gave me a great tip at the coffee shop? Now I know that he’s definitely a daddy.’

A moment of silence. ’Get your ass back home. We’ll all be waiting.’

’Okay.’ Bucky replied with a smirk. ’Bye.’

’Bye.’ The call ended. It felt weird being able to call someone just like that.

It was going to be a boring walk home, so Bucky decided to save his friends’ numbers on his phone. He’d expected his contacts list to be completely empty but there was already one number saved there. One, that just happened to belong to the one and only, Steve Rogers.
"You think Steve’s a what now?" Wanda’s eyes seemed like they were going to pop out of their sockets as she stared at Bucky with a look of both confusion and shock. Natasha was laughing next to her, obviously thinking that what Bucky had just told them was the funniest thing in the entire universe.

"A sugar daddy." Bucky repeated. What was so difficult to understand about it? The guy was rich and obviously interested in Bucky. He’d given him a phone for free like it was nothing and even saved his number on it. Boom! A sugar daddy.

"T- This is the most wonderful thing I’ve ever heard." Natasha gasped out, wiping away her tears. "Weird is what it is." Wanda glared at Natasha. "This guy buys you stuff and soon he’s going to think you owe him something. Don’t you have any respect for yourself?"

"Didn’t you say you weren’t going to bother with me anymore?" Bucky asked, immediately shutting her down. He knew he was being harsh but that was what she had told him.

"Does he expect something from you as… repayment?" Carol asked, setting down cups of coffee for all of them before sitting down. Just when Natasha had calmed down enough to be able to catch a breath, she burst out in laughter once again.

"No, he doesn’t. After he gave me the phone, we just had lunch." Bucky replied, rolling his eyes. "And he gave me his number so it’s obvious he wants me to text him."

"So he does expect something from you..." Wanda mumbled.

"He was very sweet." Bucky growled at her. "Steve wouldn’t do anything to hurt me, okay? He even took care of me when he saw that I’d been hurt after that dog-squirrel incident."

"I think it’s great." Carol said, sipping her coffee and winked at Bucky. "But he doesn’t sound exactly like a sugar daddy. Usually, that’s just about sex and money, nothing else. This Steve of yours seems to be truly interested in you."

"How do you know so much about this?" Wanda asked her. Carol shrugged. "I have my secrets."

"So what is he then if not a sugar daddy? A sugar daddy with feels?" Bucky asked, glad that at least someone was taking him seriously. He knew he could trust Carol. "Something like that. Why put a label on it?" Carol replied, smirking. "Are you gonna call him daddy?"

"You know what? I can’t." Wanda threw her hands in the air and got up from her seat. She went to the living room and slumped down on the couch. It didn’t take long for the theme of F.R.I.E.N.D.S to start playing on the TV.

"I think I’ll join her or otherwise I’m going to piss myself." Natasha got up and after giving Bucky a
pat on the back, sat down in the living room as well.

'So, are you?' Carol asked again.

Bucky shrugged, smirking as well. "You know I wouldn’t mind calling him that but I don’t know if he’s into it. He does seem to like taking care of me. And he’s hot as fuck."

'I do agree with you on that.' Carol said. "But he does sound like the type. You could always just call him that and see what happens."

Bucky let out a short laugh. "Yeah, and what if he doesn’t like it? He’s going to think I’m some kind of a weirdo."

"You are a weirdo, Bucky. The best kind of a weirdo." Carol replied, laughing as well. "All the other people in this apartment are so vanilla. Eugh."

"You don’t know what Clint and Natasha get up to in the bedroom. I wouldn’t be surprised if Nat was into some weird shit. Have you seen her leather outfits?" Bucky asked quietly, not wanting the two other women hearing what they were talking about.

Carol rolled her eyes. "She is dating a guy called Clint. How exciting could their sex life be?"

"Good point." Bucky sipped his coffee. It was surprisingly good, had just a good amount of sugar.

"I think I’ll go watch a few episodes of Friends with them, do you wanna join or are you gonna go text Steve?" Carol asked as she stood up. She probably already knew the answer.

"I’ll go text Steve."

Bucky played around with his phone for a while because it had been so long since he’d had one and he had never had a StarkPhone and it was fucking amazing. It had everything you could think of and more.

He was going to have to remember to thank Steve properly one of these days.

Once his arms started to get tired from holding the phone up, Bucky turned on his stomach and finally decided to send a text message to Steve because he didn’t have the patience to wait for the other man to text him first. He didn’t care if that made him sound desperate because he was desperate for some Steve Rogers.

'Hi :) Are you still at work?'

It was a little lame but Bucky wasn’t sure what else to write. Now he just had to wait.

He snapped a quick picture of himself and made sure that his forehead was visible so that Steve would see that he still had his Hello Kitty band-aid on. He sent the picture after struggling to figure out how to do it for a couple of minutes.

The moment his phone let out a loud bing as a sign of getting a reply, Bucky felt his stomach flip but his ears also hurt from the sound. He was going to have to change the message tone as soon as possible.

'I just got home, Buck. Are you still feeling okay?'
Bucky smiled and immediately texted back. Of course, the first thing Steve would ask about was Bucky’s health.

'I feel good. My leg doesn’t hurt anymore. I’m still trying to figure out how to properly thank you for this phone.'

Bing! God, that was a horrible sound.

'I'm so glad you're feeling better. I was so worried you had a concussion or something. You already thanked me a billion times, Bucky.'

Bucky wouldn’t mind thanking him another billion times.

'Come over to the coffee shop on Wednesday. I’ll buy you a cup of coffee.'

He changed the message tone from the painful bing to a quiet little buzzing sound.

'Okay, Bucky. I’ll be there. I’m going to go and take a quick nap now, I had to get up early for work this morning.'

Bucky couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed. He really wanted to keep texting Steve. But he was going to visit him at the coffee shop in a couple of days. That made him feel a bit better.

'Sleep well, Stevie.'

He didn’t expect to get another message but it didn’t take long for the phone to buzz again.

':)'

Aww. Steve knew how to use emojis. That was surprising, usually he was such an old man. Bucky placed his phone down when he heard a knock from the door. ”Come in.”

Carol peeked into the room. ”Am I interrupting something?”

’’No, no.” Bucky replied, sitting up. He patted the space on the bed next to him. ”Come here. Is everything okay? Did you already get sick of watching friends? It’s been like ten minutes.”

’’Yeah...’’ she replied, closing the door behind her before sitting down. ”I came here because... Well, Wanda’s just worried about you.”

’’When is she not?” Bucky couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

’’I get it though… And I know you hate it but after what happened with Brock, it's hard not to be worried about you.” Carol said, a soft smile on her face. It had been a while since Brock’s name had been spoken in this apartment.

Bucky laid down. ”I get it as well but you guys worrying about me doesn’t really make me feel any better.”

’’Yeah,” Carol laid down next to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. Bucky snuggled closer to her. ”'Natasha told me that you hadn’t felt like talking about your degree in art when she’d asked about it.”

’’I still don’t.” Bucky mumbled. His roommates really talked about everything when he wasn’t around.
I know that but one day you’re going to have to.’’ Carol replied. ’’Why is it so hard to talk about it?’’

Bucky let out a sigh. Why did they have to talk about it right now? He’d been having such a good day. ’’You know that studying art made me hate it. I don’t want to work in the field, that’s all. It’s annoying when people keep asking about it and shit.’’

Carol hummed against his forehead and it kind of tickled. Bucky let out a small laugh.

’’You’d get better money working in the field, though. We know that you’re struggling with paying your part of the rent every month.’’ Carol told him, starting to stroke his hair. ’’I’m not going to tell you to work in a field that you don’t like, not even if it gets to that point where the girls and I have to pay even your portion of the rent but what I’m worried about are your dreams.’’

’’Dreams?’’ What did she mean?

’’Yeah, dreams.’’ she said. ’’You used to have so many back in the day. Do you have any right now?’’

God, his dreams. He’d imagined working as a graphic designer in New York and getting a nice place for himself. All he had wanted was a normal life and what he had gotten was the exact opposite of it.

’’I don’t know.’’ Steve popped into his mind. ’’I guess it’d be nice to be in a relationship again.’’

Carol smiled. ’’You thinking about Steve?’’

’’Yeah.’’ She knew him so well.

’’We just want you to be happy, Bucky.’’

’’I know.’’

Wednesday was a great day. Bucky had felt it from the moment he had gotten out of bed and hadn’t stepped on top of his laptop he kept on the floor like he usually did. That thing was so old he was going to have to throw it away soon.

A certain text message that had said ’’Good morning, Buck,’ definitely had something to do with his good mood.

Bucky leaned against the counter. There weren’t many customers today and he tried his hardest to figure out why that was. Maybe because of the weather? It was extremely hot outside. Who would want hot coffee on a hot day?

The new girl that hadn’t been working with them for a long time had gotten herself fired the day before. She’d come to work obviously under influence of some drug and Bucky hadn’t had any other choice than to tell their boss. He did kind of feel for the girl though. He’d been there.

He’d almost told her about places that she could visit that could help her but she looked like someone who had already gone through all the options a billion times, only to go back to using again. Bucky had been there as well.

He didn’t even remember the last time he had used any kinds of drugs. Maybe that was a good sign. Yeah, it had to be. It was hard to even remember what it was like being on drugs. Bucky prayed he
never had to find out ever again.

A customer rang the bell in front of him, making Bucky break out of his thoughts. He smiled at the old lady apologetically before listening to her order. He was the only one working today and probably would be for a while until his boss hired someone else.

”Here you go.” He placed the cappuccino on the counter and smiled brightly when the lady left him an alright tip. ”Thank you so much.”

She smiled back at him and winked before walking to her to seat. Bucky watched as she sat down and started reading the morning paper. She did the same thing every single Wednesday at 12 pm. It was kind of cute.

When no more customers came in, Bucky allowed himself to get back to his thoughts. He was pretty sure that the last time he had used was right around last Christmas, before the incident. Bucky shuddered. He was definitely not going to think about that right now. It was a good day. He was going to see Steve soon.

He checked his phone but there were no new messages. Bucky let out a sigh and started playing a game on his phone. It had already been there when he had turned the phone on for the first time which probably meant that Steve had been the one to download it to his phone.

Customers came and went and the clock struck one. Maybe Steve wasn’t coming after all. Maybe he’d forgotten. Bucky shook his head. No, Steve didn’t seem the type to forget. He probably wrote everything he needed to remember in his calendar like an old man.

Bucky snickered at the thought. His neck let out a painful crack when he looked up at the sound of the door opening once again. A smile spread on his face.

”Steve!” he yelled, a bit too loudly. A smile appeared on Steve’s face as well.

”Hey, Buck.” Steve said, walking over to the counter. How dare he just walk in and use that velvet smooth voice of his to say Bucky’s name. A shiver went down his back. ”I was supposed to come in way earlier but we had a last minute meeting on this one thing and- Uh, you probably don’t care about that.”

”No, no. You can tell me about it if you feel like it.” Bucky said, quickly. He’d listen to Steve talk about math for two days straight if it meant he got to spend time with him. ”It’s not that busy right now and I think I deserve a break. I’ve been working all day.”

Steve watched as Bucky walked around the counter and guided them to one of the empty tables. They sat down opposite each other. God, it felt good to sit down.

”Isn’t there something you forgot, Buck?” Steve asked, a hint of amusement in his voice.

”What?” Bucky looked at him, confused.

Steve smiled. ”You did promise me a coffee.”

Oh yeah. Oh shit. He started getting up once again, even though his legs ached in protest. ”I’m sorry, I completely forgot-”

”Hey, hey...” Steve placed his hand on top of Bucky’s and let out a laugh. ”I was joking. Sit down, Bucky.”
"No, it’s okay. I can go get you one." Bucky said but Steve didn’t let go of his hand. He sat back down. "Fine. But I’ll get you one later."

"I’ll take one to go once I have to get back to the office." Steve said, squeezing Bucky’s hand once before letting it go. "You’ve been working alone all day long?"

Bucky nodded, placing his elbows on the table and leaning his chin against his hands. "Yeah, I have to once in a while. Usually, someone would join me around this time of the day but that someone got fired."

"Well, that’s annoying." Steve replied. "It doesn’t seem to be busy but it can’t be good for you to do all of this alone. You must be exhausted."

"I’m fine..." There the man goes worrying about him once again. "I just get bored easily and my legs kind of hurt. Can’t wait to get home tonight."

"Wait..." Steve frowned. "You’re working until tonight? You’re working two shifts? Bucky..."

"It’s not like I have much of a choice..." It wasn’t his fault that the girl that was supposed to be working the next shift got fired. "Someone has to do it and it’s not like they don’t pay me."

"I know that but... Do you at least have breaks?"

Bucky rolled his eyes. "How would I exactly have breaks if no one else is working other than me? It’s been quiet today though, so it’s not like I don’t get any free time."

"I guess that’s a bit better. I still don’t like it." Steve said, a serious look on his face. "I should give your boss a call."

For some reason Bucky felt like blushing. He didn’t usually like it when people were worried about him, especially if it was one of his roommates but for some reason when Steve did it, it felt kind of… nice. He could take care of Bucky all day long and he wouldn’t complain. "I wouldn’t do that if I were you. That guy is kind of an asshole."

"Yeah, I figured." Steve mumbled.

"Hey..." Bucky looked up at Steve and smiled brightly. "Let’s talk about something else. You said you had a meeting at work?"

Steve let out a dry laugh. "I can handle a lot, Bucky but I swear to god I almost fell asleep at least five times during that meeting. I probably would have if Sam hadn’t poked me in the back every time my eyes started to close."

"That sucks. I was bored too. Was thinking about texting you at one point."

"Why didn’t you?"

Bucky laughed. "Because we were both supposed to be working."

"Fair enough." Steve nodded. He took off his jacket and placed it on the empty chair next to him before rolling his shoulders. "Fuck. "But remember, Bucky, you can text me wherever you want. There’s a reason why I saved my number on your phone."

Okay, now Bucky had to blush. "Umm... Yeah, okay. What if you’re at a meeting or something?"

"Then I’ll get back to you as soon as possible. I like your texts." Steve smiled at him softly. "They
make my day a little better.’’

Bucky’s stomach flipped and at that moment he realized he was never going to get used to that feeling. ’’Oh.’’

’’Oh...’’ Steve repeated, amused.

Bucky wasn’t sure what to say. ’’… Do you want a cupcake?’’

Steve threw himself against the back of the chair as he laughed. Bucky swore his cheeks were on fire. It didn’t help that Steve reached out and fucking pinched them.

’’Bucky, you are absolutely adorable.’’ He took a deep breath, trying to calm down after the sudden burst of laughter. ’’I’d love a cupcake and I’m sure you would too. I’ll go get them for us, okay?’’

Bucky nodded. ’’Okay.’’

Steve stood up from his seat and Bucky totally ogled at both, his muscular back and his fucking amazing ass as he walked to the counter and grabbed a couple of cupcakes for them. The man had to do squats or maybe he’d just won the genetic lottery in every way possible.

’’I didn’t even ask what kind you wanted.’’ Steve said as he sat back down. ’’By the way, what’s the difference between a muffin and a cupcake?’’

’’Oh, chocolate’s fine.’’ Bucky replied, looking at the delicious cupcake in front of him. Steve seemed to have gotten himself just a simple vanilla one. So boring. ’’I think muffins usually aren’t that sweet. Like, I think they are usually a bit healthier? I’m not sure.’’

’’Huh. Interesting.’’ Steve mumbled, taking a small bite of his cupcake. Bucky couldn’t help but feel a little nervous about him getting some of the frosting on his suit. It looked like an expensive suit.

’’Bucky, I know this might be a random question but I was wondering when your birthday was?’’

’’Why?’’ Bucky asked, genuinely curious. ’’Already planning a birthday party for me, Stevie? We’ve only known each other for a few days...’’

’’I was just curious... I mean, I already know you are twenty-two but I just wanted to know when exactly you were born. I like knowing people’s birthdays.’’ Steve answered, a smile on his face. ’’I give the best presents.’’

’’No shit.’’ Bucky eyed at his phone with a smirk. ’’Well, I was born on March 10th.’’

’’Aww, I missed your birthday this year.’’ Steve looked slightly disappointed. ’’But I guess you can think of the phone as a late birthday present.’’

’’I guess so.’’ That actually made him feel a bit better about getting such an expensive present. ’’Now tell me, Stevie. When’s your birthday?’’

An odd smirk appeared on his face. Interesting. ’’July 4th, 1987.’’

The cupcake he had been holding in his hand fell on the table, splattering the frosting everywhere. July 4th? Fourth of July? The night Bucky had decided to get shitfaced had been Steve’s birthday? Puke in his toilet must have been the greatest present he had ever received.

’’I’m so sorry, Stevie.’’ he told him in a hurry as he tried to clean up the mess he had made. ’’If I had known it was your birthday-’’
''Bucky, Bucky...'' Steve grabbed his hands gently and made Bucky look into his eyes. ''It’s okay."

Bucky couldn’t help but roll his eyes. ''Oh, I don’t think it is. I fucking ruined your birthday."

''Okay, now you’re just being a dramatic brat.’’ Steve laughed. ''It’s okay, Bucky. I don’t usually even celebrate my birthday because… Well, I’ve already had plenty of them in my life. It’s starting to get kind of predictable, you know? Cake and singing and blah, blah, blah."

''You’re sure?’’ Bucky asked, carefully glancing up at the man.

The look on Steve’s face somehow managed to turn ever softer. ''Of course, Bucky. I’m very glad that I met you that night. Even though you probably don’t remember much of it."

''And even though I threw up in your toilet?’’

''Even though you threw up in my toilet.’’ Steve repeated after him, finally letting go of his hands. He wiped away all the frosting with his napkin. ''Now your cupcake is nothing but smush."

''It’s okay.’’ Bucky said. He’d gotten a couple of good bites out of it. ''I should probably watch what I’m eating anyway. I think I like sweets a bit too much."

''Is that so?’’ Steve asked. ''Good to know."

''And why is that?’’ Bucky leaned forward, avoiding the smushed cupcake on the table.

''Well, it helps a little with figuring out where I’m going to take you for our first date.’’

Bucky’s brain short-circuited and for a moment he was sure he was going to faint. His face somehow burned even more than it had before and the thought of his face looking like a tomato didn’t help whatsoever.

Sure, their little lunch thingie had been a lot like a date and Bucky had totally spent a night thinking about if it was a date or not, only to get to the conclusion that it had been a pre-date date. It didn’t make much sense but it had satisfied his stupid brain enough to get the hell to sleep.

But now Steve was asking him out on a real date. A proper date.

''Do you want another cupcake before you leave?’’ Bucky blurted out, his blush only deepening and traveling from his face all the way to his neck.

Steve looked at him worridly and placed his hand over his once again. ''Bucky? Are you okay? Hey… Calm down.’’

''I just… I uhh…’’ Get yourself together, Barnes! The hottest person in the world just asked you out on a date. ''I’ll go with you. To a date. To our date.’’

Steve let out a sigh of relief and smiled, stroking his thumb across the back of Bucky’s hand. ''I’m glad to hear that, Buck. Is next Sunday alright?’’

Bucky nodded, enjoying the warmth of the other man’s hand in his. ''Yeah, that’s good.’’ He was starting to lose his voice from all the excitement. Fucking Steve.

''Do you want me to come pick you up or…?’’ Steve asked. ''Or you could come to the Stark Tower again, if you wanted to and we could go from there.’’

''I wouldn’t mind you coming to pick me up.’’ Bucky said, feeling a little shy for some stupid
reason. The things Steve did to him...

"Okay, then that’s what we’ll do.‘’ Steve replied, still holding Bucky’s hand. Bucky wished he never let go. "Text me later, okay? We’ll figure out at what time I’m going to pick you up. And where. I still don’t know your address.‘’

Bucky frowned in confusion. "Still?"

Steve laughed. "I asked your address at the fourth of July party so that I could take you home but you didn’t seem to remember it.‘’

"Well… That’s embarrassing.‘’

The hand that had been holding his, crawled up to Bucky’s cheek and Bucky might have slightly leaned against the warmth. "It was kind of cute… I wish I could stay.‘’

"You have to leave already?‘’ Bucky asked, his voice coming out way too whiny. He didn’t want Steve to leave yet.

"I do.‘’ Steve looked a little sad himself and dropped his hand, taking the warmth away from Bucky. He already missed that hand. "So if you don’t mind getting me an Americano…‘’

"Oh yeah, the coffee.‘’ Bucky stood up immediately. His feet felt so much better after getting a little break from standing.

He walked behind the counter as Steve put his jacket back on and took the wrappers of their cupcakes and the cupcake that had fallen on the table. He put them in the trash before walking up to the counter and taking out his wallet.

"Here you go.‘’ Bucky placed the big cup on the counter before walking around it once again. He glared at the wallet Steve was rummaging through. "I told you that you didn’t have to pay for it. It’s my way of thanking you for the phone. Remember?‘’

"I do remember.‘’ Steve smiled down at him. "What about the cupcakes, Buck?‘’

"On me as well.‘’ Bucky replied. "But if you’re going to pay, I’m going to have to figure out another way to thank you.‘’ He leaned closer to the taller man.

"Hmm…‘’ Steve stared at him intensely and Bucky decided that he liked that look on him. "Did you have something in mind?‘’

Bucky took one more step forward so that their chests were basically touching. "I’m good at many things, Stevie. I could show you right now if you had the time to come and join me in the backroom.‘’

He swore he could see Steve’s eyes darkening as they stared at each other. "Baby… We haven’t even had our first date yet. And I do really have to get back to work.‘’

Bucky pulled away, letting his hand rest against Steve’s chest. "Such a shame. Couldn’t I at least get a goodbye kiss?‘’

"Bucky…‘’

"Fine.‘’ Bucky pouted, looking up at Steve through his eyelashes.

"Aww…‘’ Steve cooed teasingly before placing his hand on the back of Bucky’s head and gently
scratched there. He leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on Bucky’s cheek. ''Did that make you feel any better?''

''Mmh...'' Bucky hummed, not trusting his words. He could feel Steve’s heart beating a little faster beneath his fingertips.

Steve smiled at him once again and grabbed a fifty dollar bill from his wallet, slipping it in Bucky’s pocket. ''A little tip for my little barista.''

_Hell yeah, he was his._ Bucky shook his head. ''Steve, I already told you, you don’t have to-''

''Have to pay. I know, I know.'' He grabbed his Americano from the counter. ''But that is a tip, it doesn’t count.''

''Fine.'' Bucky didn’t really have it in him to argue about it again. Especially after the kiss he had just received. Who knew a little kiss on the cheek could feel so good.

''Let’s text later, okay?'' Steve said, opening the door. ''Have a good day, Buck.''

''You too, Stevie.'’’ he replied and watched the man walk out of the coffee shop, just like he had done the first time he had seen him. Fuck, Steve looked amazing in a suit.

A voice snapped Bucky out of his daze. ”Now that your boyfriend is gone, could you bring me another cup of coffee?” The old woman that always came in at 12 pm to read the newspaper was still sitting by her table. Surprisingly, she didn’t look annoyed, just curious and amused.

Bucky blushed once again and hurried back behind the counter. He glanced up for a moment but Steve had already disappeared. He couldn’t help but smile. ''I’ll bring it to you right now. I’m sorry for the wait.''

_He was so not sorry._

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Chapter End Notes

This chapter for me was just so bleh... Hopefully the next one is better.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

So... This is a long one. There's some smutty-ish stuff here (not really between Steve and Bucky, just... Just Bucky. You know?) But there is something else that does happen between Steve and Bucky... Wonder what that might be? ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bucky sat by the kitchen table, sorting his cash into several different piles, trying to figure out if he had enough money for his plan. He’d already paid his portion of the rent and other bills that had something to do with their apartment, which helped a lot but he still had to pay for next week’s groceries. Rest of the money was for him to use for whatever he wanted.

Usually, he would just save whatever was left over because he had to pay for next month’s rent as well but this time around, Bucky had a plan. He placed the stacks of money away in their own envelopes and stared at the stack that was meant for his plan. Steve’s fifty dollar bill was on top of the stack and it made Bucky smile. Steve was going to be so fucking glad he gave him that because Bucky’s ass was going to look amazing in the new, way too expensive, jeans that he was going to buy tomorrow since he had a day off.

He put the stack of money into his wallet and let out a sigh. It was only Thursday and even though it had only been one day since he’d seen Steve, he already missed him. Ever since their little meeting at the coffee shop, he couldn’t stop thinking about those soft lips that had touched his cheek.

“’What are you still doing up?’” Natasha’s voice came from the bottom of the stairs. She was using her phone as a flashlight.

“’Counting.’” Bucky replied quietly as he watched her slowly move to the kitchen.

Natasha grabbed a glass and filled it with water. ”’I didn’t know you were capable of such thing.’”

”’Haha...’” Bucky gave her a small smile.

She sat down next to him and placed her glass of water on the table. ”’What are you counting money for?’”

”’Remember those jeans I tried on at that one store like a month ago when we went shopping?’”

”’The ones that made your ass look awesome?’”

Bucky nodded.

”’Yeah, I remember.’” Natasha said, taking a sip of her water. She always got thirsty in the middle of the night. It had taken Bucky a month or two to learn to sleep through her nightly trips downstairs. ”’What about them?’”
"I’m going to buy them for my date with Steve.” Bucky replied.

She smirked. "Good plan but do you know where you guys are going? He seems like an athletic guy. What if he takes you hiking or something?"

Bucky shrugged. "I doubt he will but if he does, I guess I’ll just have to suffer and look good at the same time.”

"You are ridiculous… And you totally have a crush.”

Bucky almost started to deny it but who the hell was he kidding? He had a major crush on Steve.

"You know, I didn’t want to say anything in front of Wanda but he gave me another fifty dollar tip when he came to the coffee shop.” Bucky told her, feeling the need to tell someone. Anyone.

"He did?" Natasha asked and then nodded. "You still think that he’s uhh… Uhh...”

"A sugar daddy?" Bucky asked, smiling. "Hell yeah, he is. Why else would he give me such big tips?"

Natasha raised an eyebrow. "Because he’s just rich?”

"What about the phone?" Bucky asked. Even if Steve wasn’t interested in being any kind of a daddy, he could always fantasize about it.

"I don’t know, it’s too fucking late for this. What time is it?” She glanced at her phone. "It’s midnight, Barnes. Just because you don’t have to work tomorrow, doesn’t mean you should stay up all night.”

"Whatever you say, mom.” Bucky chuckled and gathered all his belongings from the table. Together, they moved upstairs.

Natasha was already back under the covers when Bucky stripped out of his clothes. He really wanted to send a text to Steve but he was probably already sleeping since he had to work early basically every single day, sometimes even on the weekends. They’d already sent each other their usual good night messages and Steve had even used an emoji. He used them rarely but that just made them more special.

Bucky climbed into his bed and scrolled through social media until he started feeling too tired to keep his eyes open. He wasn’t on Instagram or Twitter but he did like going through them and seeing what was going on in the world.

The next morning Bucky woke up confused. Confused in the best way possible. He’d had a dream. Not a nightmare nor one of those weird dreams that just never made any sense, a sex dream. A dirty dream. A wet dream. Whatever the hell you wanted to call it.

He hadn’t had one ever since his break up with Brock but apparently, Steve had managed to awaken that part of his brain with just one kiss on the cheek.

Steve and that dream were the reason why Bucky was standing in the shower at 10 am with his hand around his hard cock. It was not exactly the way he had planned on starting his morning but it was
okay. It was just… Well, it had been a while.

He definitely didn’t regret having the dream though, even though it forced him to do some extra ‘work’ in the morning. He’d been kneeling in front of Steve in the middle of his living room, slowly undressing him and then taking his big cock into his mouth while Steve grabbed his hair and slowly rolled his hips.

‘Fuck...’ Bucky groaned when he recalled the dream once again, the water hitting his back as he stroked himself closer to the edge. The things he would do to be kneeling in front of Steve in reality… God. The things he would do.

He imagined looking up at Steve the same way he had done at the coffee shop and how Steve would call him baby while he grasped Bucky’s hair tightly, not allowing him to focus on anything other than him.

‘Fuck, daddy...’ he whimpered out, not being able to help himself. He came with an aggressive shudder that moved all the way from his toes to his shoulders. Bucky slumped against the shower wall and let out a satisfied sigh.

It was like he was a teenager again. He knew he wasn’t that old but it had been a while since he had felt this way. Steve was really bringing out new sides of him.

Bucky turned the shower off and dried himself up, wrapping another towel around his hair. It was getting kind of long. For a while now, he’d really felt like cutting it short like he’d had it back in the day. After that dream, he just had to make sure it would be left long enough to be grabbable.

He pushed the thought out of his mind. He didn’t have any time for a round two. It was time to go shopping.

Thankfully, the store was still selling the jeans that Bucky had wanted for such a long time. They were very popular and he’d seen a lot of people wearing them. He’d once made the mistake of googling them and finding a bunch of men complaining about how tight they were and how they looked like women’s jeans.

Bucky didn’t give a shit. Because of how tight the jeans were and how they hugged his body, they made his ass and legs look amazing. He did sometimes feel a little self-conscious about his thighs because they were so thick. Natasha liked to complement them but he still wasn’t sure if he liked them or not.

The jeans were difficult to get on because of how tight they were but once they were on, they weren’t that uncomfortable. He turned around a couple of times in the dressing room, grimacing at the way the horrible yellow lights made his skin look before ogling at his own ass. Yep, it still looked just as amazing as he remembered it looking the last time he’d tried them on a month ago.

Although it would’ve been great to see Steve’s first reaction to the jeans on their date, Bucky couldn’t help but think about texting a picture to him. The man was probably at some boring meeting at the moment, he could use a little cheering up.

He grabbed his phone from the pocket of the pants that were now laying on the floor and took a couple of pictures of himself in the mirror, cropping out his face because of the gross lights. He made sure that the focus was mostly on his behind and send it to Steve with a little smirk face emoji.
Bucky walked out of the changing room, feeling sweaty from just trying on a pair of jeans. He did not like trying on clothes but he definitely liked shopping. He just never really had the money to do it. Maybe dating Steve would change that.

He laughed quietly at his own thoughts as he waited on the line to pay for his jeans. He was aware that sometimes he sounded like all he cared about was money but in reality, it was all about Steve. The guy was amazing and the money was only a bonus. It was true that he’d always enjoyed the idea of basically being taken care of in every way possible but even if Steve wasn’t into that, he was definitely going to keep dating him. He was fantastic.

’’Uh, sir? Are you okay?’’ the lady behind the counter broke him out of his thoughts and Bucky couldn’t help but blush. Steve was really starting to affect his life. Sometimes it seemed like he didn’t do anything else other than think about the man.

’’Yes, of course.’’ Bucky replied and placed the jeans on the counter. After paying way too much money for the pair of pants, he hurried out of the store because he was in a desperate need of some caffeine.

He looked around the mall, trying to figure out where to get his sweet coffee when his phone let out a buzzing noise. Bucky quickly grabbed it and smirked at the message that Steve had sent him.

’’Damn it, baby.’’

Bucky had a morning shift on Thursday and to his surprise, his boss had hired another person to replace the girl he had fired which meant that he’d ended up spending the last few hours of his shift teaching the newbie the ways of the coffee shop. Thankfully, the guy had worked at another coffee shop before which made his job a little easier.

The guy was called Mike and Bucky wasn’t exactly sure what he thought about him just yet.

’’You sure you’ll be okay by yourself?’’ Bucky asked, taking off his apron and stretching out his limbs. ’’I can stay a little longer if you want me to.’’ Please say no, please say no, please say no…

’’No, no, dude.’’ Mike threw a towel over his shoulder. ’’I’ll be fine. You can trust me.’’

Yes! ’’Alright, if you are sure.’’ Bucky offered him a smile and started slowly making his way towards the front door.

’’I’m sure. Now go!’’ Mike said, laughing. ’’I know you’ve been wanting to check your phone for the past two hours.’’

Bucky nodded, feeling a little embarrassed by the fact that the guy had been keeping eye on him enough to notice the dumb smile he’d probably had on his face every time he’d felt his phone buzzing in his pocket.

With a wave of a hand, he walked out of the coffee shop. He grabbed his phone and checked the five messages Steve had sent him. The dumb smile appeared on his face once again.

1:22 pm
'Hey, Buck. Would it be okay with you if I came to pick you up at 1 pm on Sunday?'

1:47 pm

'Oh, and could you send me your address when you see this?'

2:01 pm

'I'm sorry if I'm bothering you but you usually reply immediately, so I'm worried. Are you at work?'

2:31 pm

'I tried calling you. Are you okay?'

3:03 pm

'Bucky, call me when you get this. I can't focus on work until I can be sure that you're alright. Please, call me.'

Aww. Why was Steve so cute when he worried about him? It did things to Bucky that he couldn’t explain. He searched up Steve’s number from the contacts and brought the phone up to his ear. It didn’t take long for Steve to pick up.

'Hey, Bucky. Is everything okay?'

Bucky couldn’t help but chuckle. ''I’m okay, Stevie. I’m sorry that I didn’t answer your texts. I had to teach the new guy everything he needed to know about the coffee shop.''

'Oh, thank god.' He could hear Steve say quietly before clearing his throat and speaking up. 'Your boss hired someone to help you? That’s great, Buck.'

''It is. Now, about that date.'' Bucky smirked to himself as he looked both ways before crossing the road. He couldn’t wait to get home. ''1 pm is fine by me. I’ll text you my address once I get home, okay?''

'Okay, Buck.' That nickname was really starting to grow on him. He still preferred ‘baby’ though.

''Are you still at work? I just got off.''

'Yeah, for a couple more hours.' Steve replied and Bucky could hear the exhaustion in his voice. Poor thing. 'Thank god, I don’t have to work on the weekend. I’m sure sleeping all through Saturday and then spending the whole Sunday with you will cheer me up.'

''I could come to visit you if you needed some cheering up right now.''

Steve huffed out a little laugh. 'As much as I would love that, I have to get to a meeting in like five minutes. Hearing your voice already makes me feel a lot better. Thank you for that, Bucky.'

'Oh, umm...'' Bucky sputtered for a second and his cheeks warmed up. ''Y- You’re welcome.''

'You’re so cute.' Not helping, Steve! 'I’m sorry, Buck. I really have to get going.'
Bucky pouted, even though Steve obviously couldn’t see him. ’’You do?’’

’’Yeah, baby. I’ll see you on Sunday, okay?’’

’’Okay...’’ Bucky whispered, a small smile on his face. ’’Text me after work?’’

Steve’s voice turned even softer than it usually was. ’’Of course.’’

’’Bye, Steve.’’

’’Bye.’’

Bucky stuffed the phone back in his pocket and literally skipped along the street. It had been a while since he’d felt so good about his life. He got two jobs, which meant an alright amount of money and he’d gotten himself a date with the hottest guy he’d ever set his eyes on.

Life was good.

On Sunday morning, Bucky was nothing but a mess. He’d managed to brush his hair even though it had been all knotted up from going to bed right after showering the night before but he didn’t know what to do with it. He always had it in a bun and he really felt like doing something else.

He rummaged through his closet, trying to find a shirt to go well with his bomb-ass jeans while Natasha stood off to the side and watched his shenanigans with a smirk on her face.

’’Should I braid my hair? I don’t know how to braid my hair.’’ Bucky threw another shirt on the floor. ’’Do you know how to braid hair?’’

’’I do.’’ Natasha said, calmly. ’’But I think you should just keep it open. It looks great the way it is.’’

Bucky glanced up at her. ’’Really? Are you sure?’’

’’Yeah. You look like one of those models from the L’Oréal commercials.’’ Natasha replied, flipping her own hair over her shoulder. ’’Because you’re worth it and all that crap.’’

Bucky couldn’t help but laugh. He finally stood up straight and gave Natasha his best sad puppy look. ’’I really don’t know what to wear.’’

Natasha sighed and walked to the closet. She looked around the mess that Bucky had made. ’’What shoes are you going to be wearing?’’

’’Those Nike ones you got me for my birthday. The black ones.’’ Bucky replied.

’’I say just go with a simple white t-shirt. Are you going to wear a jacket?’’

’’It’s boiling outside, Nat.’’

She rolled her eyes and grabbed a random white t-shirt from the closet. She threw it at Bucky. ’’I googled the weather for the whole day like five minutes ago. It might rain for about an hour around four.’’
"Then I’ll buy an umbrella." Bucky said dryly and put the shirt on. "How do I look?"

"Good. Really good." Natasha told him with a smile. "I can’t believe my baby’s going out on a date."

"Oh my god." Bucky groaned, running his fingers through his hair. "Do not even start."

"Are you planning on wearing those until 1 pm?" She pointed at the clothes he was wearing. "You’re going to get them dirty in like a second."

That was true but he really didn’t feel like taking the jeans off again. They were so tight and he really wanted to stretch them out a little bit before actually going on that date. Otherwise, he would be walking like a penguin all day long.

He took his shirt off and got into his bathrobe. "Tadah! This way I won’t get my pants dirty."

"Could have just taken them off." Natasha murmured as they walked out of the room and down the stairs. "Do you know where you guys are going?"

"No… Steve just said that it would take about an hour to get there." Bucky replied. "What do you think we should have for breakfast?"

"Well, it was Carol’s turn to make breakfast but..." She pointed at the figure sleeping on the couch. "She had a rough night."

"Is she okay?" Bucky asked as they walked past the living room into the kitchen.

"She drank a little too much. Remember that guy she started dating like a month ago?" Bucky nodded. He did not like the guy. "He dumped her. Well, she said that she dumped him but…"

"He totally dumped her." Bucky shot a sad look at the sleeping woman. "She’ll get over it though. She always does. And she is way better off without him."

Natasha nodded. "Agreed. Now, what do you want to eat?"

"Something light. My stomach’s all weird."

Natasha gave him a funny look as she grabbed a box of cereal from the cabinet. "Aww. I think somebody’s nervous. It’s a good sign, Bucky."

"Whatever..." Bucky mumbled, feeling embarrassed. His stomach felt all messed up, mostly it just did the weird flipping thing but it also kind of hurt. Why was he feeling nervous? He knew Steve. Steve was nice. "Cereal? Really?"

Natasha sighed and placed the box on the table. She grabbed the milk from the fridge and set it down too as she sat down. "Yep. I’m way too lazy to make anything."

"Could’ve gotten us bowls and spoons though." Bucky remarked before getting them himself. He sat down as well. "Where’s Wanda? She’s not still sleeping... Right?"

"No." Natasha replied. "She left early this morning and she’s going to be spending the day with her brother. She’ll probably come back later tonight. Are you planning on coming home tonight?"
Bucky almost choked on his cereal. "Oh my god, Nat. You know what? I don’t know."

"Ugh. Boring answer."

"Steve refused to kiss me because we hadn’t gone on a date yet." Bucky told her. "I doubt that kind of a guy is going to want to sleep with me on our first date."

"I bet he wants to..." Natasha started with a smile. "But he won’t because he’s a good guy. I think it’s a good thing."

"Maybe it is." Bucky replied. Taking things slowly did make it feel like Steve was serious about him.

He turned to look at his phone when it buzzed.

'Excited for our date?'

Bucky smiled. He was definitely serious about Steve... And that scared the living shit out of him.

It was still warm outside but there were definitely some slightly darker clouds appearing in the sky and it didn’t make Bucky feel at all that hopeful for their date. He was just going to have to hope that it wasn’t going to rain.

He stood by Natasha’s car, slightly leaning against it while he waited for Steve to arrive. It wasn’t like Steve was late, Bucky just couldn’t wait inside anymore. He just needed a breath of fresh air to calm the hell down. He’d gone on dates before, plenty of them in fact but it just felt so different with Steve. He actually cared about the man and how their date would go. That hadn’t exactly happened before.

He couldn’t stop himself from grinning when he finally saw a black car pulling up into their driveway. It was a fancy looking car. He wasn’t sure what he’d been expecting. He forgot about the car the moment Steve got out of it. He rushed to him.

"Hi, Buck." Steve said, wrapping his arms around Bucky’s shoulders when he basically slammed against Steve’s sturdy body. "Miss me?"

"Mmh..." Bucky hummed against Steve’s chest, deciding that for now, it was his favorite part of the other man’s body.

"Well, I missed you too." Steve said softly against his hair and placed a light kiss there. "Are you ready to go? We have quite a ride ahead of us. We’re just going to have to hope it doesn’t rain."

Bucky looked up at him with a smile. "Yeah, but where exactly are we going?"

"I’ll tell you on the way there." Steve said, obviously teasing him. "Didn’t you bring a jacket with you? It might get cold."

"In July? Yeah right." Bucky rolled his eyes. "I could just snuggle you if I get cold."

Steve threw his head back in laughter. "I’m okay with that but I still think you should get yourself a
’’Nooo...’’ Bucky whined and grabbed Steve’s hand before pulling him towards the car. ’’I’ve been waiting forever, so let’s go!’’

’’Okay, okay...’’ Steve laughed, following him and getting in the car.

The car was just as fancy on the inside as it was outside and it smelled new and fresh. He must have just bought it or just had it cleaned. Bucky put his seatbelt on and went back to staring at the handsome man next to him.

’’Are you now going to tell me where we are going?’’ Bucky asked as they pulled out of the driveway and started making their way towards the unknown destination.

’’I think I’m going to have to. Otherwise, you’ll just explode.’’ Steve glanced at him. ’’We’re going to Brooklyn.’’

Bucky had been slightly distracted by the outfit Steve was wearing when he replied to him. The guy was wearing a pair of jeans with a nice grey t-shirt and a simple dark blue cardigan. The look was simple and comfortable but somehow so fucking hot. ’’W- What did you say?’’

’’We’re going to Brooklyn.’’ Steve repeated.

’’I’m from Brooklyn.’’ Bucky blurted out for some damn reason and immediately blushed. Why did he have to be such an awkward person?

’’You are?’’ Steve asked, his eyebrows raised. ’’I was born there!’’

Well, he hadn’t expected that. ’’Really?’’

’’Yeah, but we moved to Manhattan when I was probably… three months old or something.’’ Steve explained. ’’Why did you move away?’’

’’I uhh… I wanted to go to school here.’’ Bucky replied. ’’Then I met my roommates and just decided not to go back. Where exactly in Brooklyn are we going?’’

’’The Brooklyn Botanic Garden.’’ Steve said. ’’Have you ever been there?’’

Bucky shook his head. ’’No, I haven’t.’’

’’You lived in Brooklyn your entire childhood and you never went to the botanic garden?’’ Steve looked like he didn’t believe him. ’’Really, Buck?’’

Bucky huffed out a laugh. ’’Yes, really. We were kind of poor back then and I have three siblings. It would’ve been an expensive trip.’’

’’Okay, that makes sense.’’ Steve told him, shooting him a soft smile. ’’Are your parents doing better now?’’

’’Yeah.’’ Bucky answered. His parents had worked really hard to start their own company and had managed to become very successful. ’’Money’s not really a problem for them anymore.’’
Steve turned to look at him when they stopped at a red light. "Don’t they help you out? I mean, I know you’ve struggled with money…"

"We uhh..." Bucky wasn’t exactly sure what to say. "We’re not exactly in speaking terms."

"Oh. I’m sorry, Buck."

Bucky couldn’t help but laugh. "It’s not like it’s your fault."

"No, I know, I know." Steve mumbled, taking Bucky’s hand in his. "Can I ask what happened?"

Well, that was a long story. Bucky sighed. "I really would much rather not talk about it right now and just have a nice date with you."

"Of course, baby." Steve said immediately and placed a small kiss against his knuckles. "But just know that you can always talk to me about anything, even though we haven’t known each other for that long."

"Okay." Bucky replied and squeezed his hand. "How long have we actually known each other?"

"That depends… Does the first time I saw you at the coffee shop count?"

Bucky shrugged. "Maybe not. We barely talked."

"Okay, well..." Steve seemed to be counting the days in his head. "I think we’ve known each other for a bit over a week? Ten-ish days?"

"Huh." Bucky felt like he’d known Steve his entire life, even though he didn’t know too much about the man. "That’s cool."

"It is, Buck." Steve smiled at him, still holding onto his hand. "Are you hungry? I was just thinking if we should eat first and then go see the gardens or the other way around?"

"I think I wanna see the gardens first." Bucky replied, starting to feel excited about the date once again. Even the thought of talking about everything that happened between himself and his parents had kind of made him feel a bit down. "And then we’ll eat later."

"We’ll do whatever you want to do." Steve told him, eyes focusing on the road in front of them.

Bucky glanced at the clock and noticed that they still had a while to go. He kicked off his shoes and rested his feet on the dashboard. "Do you mind?"

"Not exactly." Steve eyed him for a moment. "You can do whatever you want in this car as long as you’re safe. That… is not safe."

"How come?" Bucky asked with a pout. He liked sitting in that position.

"Don’t get me wrong, I’m a very good driver." Steve started, playing with Bucky’s fingers. "But if for some reason we did crash, you would break your legs and probably your face as well. We can’t have you getting hurt like that, can we?"

Bucky lowered his feet back down. He did not know it was that serious. "I guess not."
"Guess? We do not want that." Steve told him, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Okay, we do not want that." Bucky chuckled. "Do they have coffee at the botanic garden?"

Steve nodded. "I think so."

"I hope they have sweet coffees."

"Sweet coffees?" Steve asked with a laugh.

"You know like… Chocolate cappuccinos or something," Bucky replied. He liked sweet drinks, it couldn’t be helped. "I hate black coffee. Eugh."

Steve turned to him once again and there was something lovely about the way he was looking at him. He brought their hands against his lips and pressed one more kiss there before finally letting go. He placed his hand back on the steering wheel.

"What?"

"Nothing," Steve replied, the corners of his eyes crinkling as he smiled. "You just… You are just so cute."

Bucky had to look down at his feet to try and calm himself down. He’d never been one to blush but ever since Steve had become part of his life, that had changed. It felt like he did nothing else but blush. "Shut up…"

"Aww." Steve cooed at him, making him feel even more embarrassed. The guy just really loved to tease him. "Why don’t you look up some games to play on a road trip? We’re still like a half an hour away from our destination."

"Okay."

They’d ended up playing at least a billion rounds of ‘I Spy’ and even a couple of rounds of ‘Would you rather?’ With only five minutes left of their ride, they’d even tried to play ‘the quiet game,’ which was the most boring game in the world. You just had to try and stay quiet as long as possible. He and Steve had lasted for about two minutes before bursting into giggles. They hadn’t been able to stop laughing until they had finally arrived at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.

Bucky got out of the car after Steve and stretched his entire body out as Steve locked the car. It felt so good to be standing, even though Steve’s car was extremely comfortable.

"You still wanna see the gardens first?" Steve asked, grabbing a pamphlet from nearby.

"Yeah." Bucky hurried to him.

On the pamphlet, there was a map of the entire place. "I don’t think we can go to every single one of these…"

"Definitely not." Bucky eyed at the map. "Can we go to the lily pool terrace first?"
"Sure." He shoved the pamphlet in his pocket and wrapped his arm around Bucky's waist. "But first, we have to go buy our tickets."

"Oh yeah." Bucky said, laughing a little bit. He leaned against the taller man and wrapped his arm around his back. "But I left my wallet in the car." His pants didn't have proper pockets and he hadn't felt like carrying the wallet around everywhere.

"Don't you worry about that." Steve took his own wallet out and showed it to Bucky. "I got it."

There was a little bit of a line to buy the tickets but once they'd finally got them, they had immediately figured their way to the lily pool terrace. It had taken them a while to find it but they had managed. Bucky wouldn't mind just walking all over the place if it meant that he could just stay close to Steve. He was so cuddly.

"Look, Stevie, a duck!" Bucky yelled, maybe a bit too loudly as he ran towards one of the pools. He sat down on the edge of it and watched the bird swimming around all the pretty water-lilies. "I wish I could feed it."

Steve sat down next to him and wrapped an arm around him as if to make sure that he wouldn't fall in the pool. That did sound like something that would happen to Bucky.

"Isn't it cute, Steve?"

"It is." Steve replied, watching the duck and touched the water with his fingertips. "I like those pink water-lilies."

"They are pretty." Bucky said, changing his position to a safer one. He smiled brightly when Steve's hand didn't leave his waist. "But I think I like the yellow ones better."

"Yeah?" The hand ran up and down his back, making him shiver.

"I've always liked yellow flowers." Bucky told him. "They just make me feel happy."

Steve smiled at him and turned around to look away from the pool. "I think the place we're going to eat at is right there." He nodded towards the building in front of them.

"It looks nice. Are you hungry?" Bucky asked, slowly leaning his head against Steve's shoulder. He didn't seem to mind.

"Not really." Steve told him, wiping his wet fingertips against his jeans to dry them off before brushing a strand of hair out of Bucky's face. "I love your hair like this."

Bucky looked up at him. "Yeah?"

"Mmh... It's so soft." Steve told him and watched as Bucky laid his hand down on his thigh.

"I was thinking about cutting it one of these days. I used to have shorter hair." Bucky replied. He started drawing random patterns on the fabric of Steve's jeans with one of his fingers. "It'd be so much easier to wash and brush."

"I bet you'd look cute with short hair." Steve said. "Not that you don't look cute like this. You just
are that type of a person who can pull off any hairstyle."

"Really?" Bucky asked, relaxing against Steve.

"Yeah. Not everyone can." Steve replied, his shoulders shaking with laughter. "Can you imagine me with long hair?"

Bucky laughed as well. "That would be fucking hilarious."

"I know, right? I would look ridiculous." Steve laughed, placing his chin on top of Bucky's head. "Do you want to stay here or walk around?"

Bucky snuggled closer. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt this comfortable and happy. He placed his hand under the cardigan Steve was wearing. "Let's stay here for a while."

The hold on his waist tightened and pulled him even closer to Steve’s body. This was the best first date ever. "Okay, Buck."

They ended up staying there until Bucky’s stomach decided to make itself known by letting out a loud growl. Steve had made fun of him all the way to the Yellow Magnolia Café.

There weren’t too many people at the café at that moment, so it didn’t take long for them to get their food. Everything on the menu had sounded delicious and it might have taken Bucky about fifteen minutes to pick what to eat. He’d ended up getting yellow magnolia fried chicken with wild rice, collard green slaw and habanero honey. Steve had ordered spring vegetables and buckwheat spaetzle.

"This is so good." Steve groaned as he tasted his food and Bucky couldn’t help but agree. His dish was amazing as well. "I'm so glad we came here."

"Me too." Bucky glanced at the menus they’d placed off to the side. "Damn, I forgot to see what kind of desserts they have."

Steve laughed. "Why don’t you focus on the food that’s in front of you right now? There’s no rush."

Bucky nodded, slightly embarrassed. He just really liked sweets.

"So, do you wanna visit another garden once we’re done eating?" Steve asked after swallowing down some of his food. "It’d be nice to walk around before leaving."

"Yeah, we could go somewhere." Bucky replied. "That one with the cherry blossoms… What’s it called?"

"Oh, The Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden." Steve smiled at him. "That sounds good. I don’t think we’re going to see any cherry blossoms though. We have to come back here in the spring."

Bucky almost spilled his water. Steve was already thinking about coming back with him in the spring? His stomach flipped in that wonderful way once again. "Yes, we do."

Steve’s smile only became brighter. "We should come here in March for your birthday. I wonder if
“That would be too early.”

“I don’t know much about cherry blossoms. I’ve never properly seen them.” Bucky told him. “I’ve seen pictures though. They look beautiful.”

“I’ve seen them plenty of times.” Steve said, wiping his mouth with a napkin. “When I visited Japan, I went to Sapporo. So many cherry blossoms, so beautiful…”

“It sounds wonderful.”

Steve nodded. “It was. I should show you pictures some day. I have plenty.”

“I would love that.” Bucky smiled. “Do you like taking pictures?”

“Yeah, sort of. Whenever I have time.” Steve replied. “Which I don’t have a lot these days but things should start slowing down at the company soon. Well, until Christmas and New Years happen.”

“Do you ever get a proper vacation?”

Steve nodded again. “I’ve actually been saving up my vacation days this year. I don’t know why but I felt like I wanted to have a little longer of a vacation this year. Just stay at home and do absolutely nothing at all.”

“Sounds nice.”

“You could join me.” he said suddenly, a small blush rising on his cheeks. “I- If you wanted to, of course. It’s not like I’m starting the vacation next week or anything, we obviously have to get to know each other a lot bet-”

“I know what you meant, Stevie.” Bucky stopped his ramblings and chuckled at the flustered look the man had on his face. “I would love to spend more time with you, now and whenever you choose to use those vacation days.”

Steve smiled back at him. “I like the sound of that.”

“Me too.”

“Oh my god.” Bucky slumped against the back of his chair as Steve laughed at the expression on his face. They’d just gotten their desserts and Bucky had ordered a chocolate torte and a hot chocolate. This was his personal heaven. “I love this shit.”

Steve let out another laugh as he took a bite out of his blood orange bundt cake. “I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself. Wanna taste this?”

Bucky swallowed and answered the other man’s question with an enthusiastic nod. Steve got a little bit of his cake on the spoon and held it out towards Bucky.

“Mmh…” he hummed as he tasted the other dessert. It wasn’t something he’d usually eat but it was still good. “It’s nice… Do you want to taste mine?”
"No, it's okay." Steve replied with a smile. "You enjoy it in its entirety."

"If you're sure..." Bucky mumbled, already chewing on another piece of his torte.

"I'm sure, Bucky." Steve said with a small nod and took a small sip of his water. He hadn't felt like getting a hot drink because it was still quite warm outside. "That thing looks like it's full-on chocolate. I know what chocolate tastes like."

Bucky rolled her eyes. "That's the point, Stevie. Chocolate is good."

"I can see that." Steve chuckled, looking at all the chocolate around Bucky's mouth. He didn't have the heart to say anything about it though. "I'm just so happy that you're feeling happy."

Bucky looked up at him as he swallowed down the last piece of his torte. "You really like taking care of people, don't you?"

Steve looked down at his empty plate, slightly embarrassed. "Umm... I guess you could say that. I like taking care of people I care about. Makes me feel... nice."

"Uhuh..." Bucky nodded. That was certainly interesting.

"Do you want to go already or do you want to sit here for a little longer? I'm sure they won't kick us out." Steve asked him.

"We can go, it's fine." Bucky said.

"But before that..." Steve got up from his seat and grabbed his glass of water and a clean napkin before walking to the other side of the table where Bucky was sitting.

"Wha-?" Bucky started to ask but closed his mouth when Steve dipped the napkin in the water and wiped away the mess that Bucky had created on his face.

"You had chocolate all over you." Steve explained before Bucky could even ask. "Much better now."

Bucky wasn't sure what to say as he felt his cheeks burning once again. "Thank you, d-" He blushed even harder when he realized what he had almost said and quickly got up. Thankfully, Steve hadn't seemed to notice.

"You're welcome, Bucky." he said and wrapped his arm around his waist as he had done earlier. "Ready for the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden?"

"Yeah." Bucky breathed out.

There was a path that went all the way around and through the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden and Bucky decided that even though he had liked the water-lilies and especially the duck, he preferred this garden. It was like walking in an actual magical forest.

Even though there weren't any cherry blossoms, the place was just breathtaking. They really had to come back in the spring.
"Let’s go that bridge!" Bucky said, his eyes widening when he noticed it in the distance. It looked like something out of an illustration. "Ooh, can I jump on those rocks?"

"Yeah, no. No way you’re jumping on those." Steve said with a smile, while shaking his head. "We can go to the bridge."

"But the rocks..." You could barely see them on the surface of the water but they looked so jumpable. It was most likely because of things like this that Bucky always got himself hurt.

Steve laughed and ruffled his hair. "You are such a brat sometimes, Bucky."

Bucky gave him a smirk and pulled him towards the bridge. He saw a couple of more ducks swimming in a small pond and decided that this was definitely his favorite place in the entire botanic garden.

Another couple left the bridge the moment they stepped on it, obviously not wanting to be in the way of other people. They leaned against the railing and looked down at the stream beneath them.

They didn’t say anything, just stood there and eventually, the clouds covered up the sun and it started to softly rain. They didn’t notice it until Bucky shivered at the cool wind that surrounded them and Steve immediately wrapped his arm around his shoulders and pulled him closer.

"Should’ve brought that jacket, huh?" Bucky asked when another shiver went through his body. It wasn’t even that cold but he had never handled the cold too well. He very much preferred everything warm.

Steve let go off him for a moment. "Here." He took off his cardigan and helped Bucky get his arms through the sleeves before placing his arm back around him. He held him against his side and ran his hand up and down his arm, trying to warm him up at least slightly. "Should we find a place where we can warm up before going to the car or...?"

Bucky shrugged and turned so that he was now facing Steve. "Maybe. But before we go... Could I kiss you?"

Steve placed his free hand on Bucky’s cheek and looked into his eyes for a moment. "You could. May I kiss you?"

"You may." Bucky whispered, holding onto Steve’s waist.

With now both of Steve’s hands cradling his face, Bucky’s lips parted and his eyes fluttered shut. It was Steve who leaned in closer and pressed their lips together. The kiss was soft and sweet and Bucky never wanted to feel anything else ever again.

He grasped the hem of Steve’s shirt with his right hand and twirled it tightly around his fingers, exposing some of the skin beneath the soft fabric. His fingertips danced over the warm, bare skin, making him let out a small moan against the taller man’s lips.

Steve leaned his forehead against Bucky’s, slowly breaking the kiss. "I- Wow."

"Yeah..." Bucky rasped out, his hands finding their way against Steve’s chest.

He nuzzled his nose against Bucky’s temple and let his hands fall from his face to his shoulders and
then around his waist, feeling every part of the man’s body on the way. He slammed him gently against the railing of the bridge, his breath hot against Bucky’s skin.

'’Please.’’ Bucky whined.

'’What do you need, baby?’’ Steve asked, his voice like dark chocolate.

'’Kiss me again. Please.’’

Steve let out a low growl at the words and pulled him into another kiss that was less soft and sweet and more rough and intense. Bucky’s legs basically buckled under him but the tight grip around his waist kept him from falling.

He gasped out a breath when Steve pulled away and started placing smaller kisses all around his face. Bucky leaned his head against Steve’s shoulder, never wanting to let go of him. They didn’t care that their clothes were getting soaked in the rain or that people were most likely staring at them. The only people that existed in the world at that moment were the two of them.

Chapter End Notes

I already have eight chapters written (I just have to edit them and stuff.) I wonder how I should post them...? I think this almost once a week thing has worked pretty well, right guys? :D

Thanks for reading!
Bucky slumped down on the couch and stretched out his legs, feeling exhausted from the trip to the garden. Once he and Steve had finally managed to let go of each other, they’d decided to go see what they were selling at the gift shop. Steve had ended up being the boring old man he was and had only bought a pack of dishtowels for way too high of a price whilst Bucky had bought the most fun thing they’d had at the store which was a cap with the logo and the name of the botanic garden embroidered on the front of it. It was still kind of boring but certainly way more exciting than dishtowels.

The sun was shining again and it was shining straight into his eyes from the window in front of him. He tilted his head downwards, the cap he was still wearing, covering him from most of the light.

Bucky couldn’t help but grin. When Steve had brought him home, he almost hadn’t managed to exit the car because they’d kept pulling each other into deeper and deeper kisses. He could have done that all day long.

They hadn’t talked about going out again but both of them knew it was going to happen. After the kiss on the bridge, Bucky knew he was never going to let the man go. During their kiss, he’d felt the skin beneath Steve’s shirt and it had almost been too much for him. From what he had felt, he knew the guy had amazing abs. Maybe one day he’d be lucky enough to see them.

”Oh, you’re home.” Bucky turned to look behind him and saw Carol standing by the stairs. She looked surprised to see him.

”Yeah… Hi.”

Carol walked into the living room and sat on the armchair next to the couch. ”Judging from the look on your face, the fact that you’re home already is a good thing. How is James Buchanan Barnes not upset that he didn’t get laid on the first date?”

Bucky chuckled. ”I really like him.”

”I’m glad.” A smile spread across her face as well. ”I’m so, so glad. What did you guys do?”

”We went to Brooklyn.” Bucky said with a laugh. ”Well, we went to a botanic garden there and just walked around for a while. Then we went to eat and walked some more.” Wow, he was really good at making their first date sound boring.

”And?” Carol prompted.

”And then we kissed.” Bucky grinned and Carol looked absolutely delighted by the fact. ”We kissed a lot.”
"Is he a good kisser?" Carol asked, leaning forward.

"Oh, hell yeah." Steve had been the best kisser. Bucky hadn’t basically had to do anything, he’d just followed Steve’s lead and he was more than okay with that. He almost started explaining every single detail of the kiss, when he remembered what had happened to Carol only the night before. "… So, how are you doing?"

Carol looked up at him and smiled slightly. "Nat told you?" Bucky nodded. "I’ll be okay, Buck. The guy was an asshole."

"Hell yeah, he was. You deserve someone better." Bucky told her, sitting up and taking his cap off. Carol looked absolutely exhausted, her under eyes a dark purple color. "Wow, you look like you’ve been punched in the face."

Carol let out a dry laugh. "I feel like I’ve been punched in the face by life."

Bucky laughed softly with her. "Don’t you have work tomorrow?"

"Yeah. I’ve got an early morning shift at the bar." Carol replied.

"Maybe you should go bed. Sleep always helps." The number of times Bucky had run away from life by going to bed as early as possible was ridiculous but waking up the next morning after a good night of sleep had always made him feel a lot better.

"It’s only 7 pm." Carol said after glancing at the clock. "But I guess I could use some sleep, even though I slept all day long."

"Ugh, passing out from being drunk doesn’t count." Bucky said with a smirk. "Believe me, I know."

"I bet you do." Carol smirked right back and stood up. "I think I’m going to go take a bath and just go to bed." She ruffled Bucky’s hair before walking out of the living room.

"Good night." Bucky told her, laying back down.

"Good night." she replied, walking up the stairs. "And Bucky?"

"Mmh?"

"I’m really happy for you."

Bucky had been so busy with work for the entire week that he’d had such little time to keep in touch with Steve that it should be illegal. He missed the man; his arms around him and definitely those delicious lips against his own. Bucky had never felt this way before, he could just talk to Steve for a whole day and he wouldn’t feel bored.

The reason why he’d been so busy all week long, even during the weekend was that he was very quickly starting to get annoyed about not having a lot of money to use for anything other than all the bills and the food. When he’d gone shopping for his jeans, he’d realized how much he’d missed shopping.
It was Monday and he was so fucking frustrated with everything. He’d snapped at poor Mike at the coffee shop at least a thousand times and might have even yelled at a lot of the dogs he’d taken out for walks in the past week. He looked about as terrible as Carol had looked when her boyfriend had dumped her and he hadn’t even been dumped. Like Carol had said, he felt like life had punched him in the face.

Getting home was great and he was so ready to fall asleep but he had other plans. He’d had enough of not seeing Steve, so he was going to take some of the cookies that Natasha had made the day before and take them to Steve’s office.

Natasha had basically gasped when he’d seen the state Bucky was in and she had told him he needed something to freshen him up. She’d ended up cutting his hair short and other than the pure exhaustion on his face, he looked very much like the way he used to look back in the day. It was a bit of a shock.

’’It looks amazing.’’ Natasha told him when Bucky just couldn’t get himself to step away from the mirror. ’’Do you want to borrow my concealer or something? Those under eyes of yours look terrible.’’

’’Thanks, Nat.’’ Bucky groaned, running his fingers through the now short hair. ’’Did you already pack the cookies?’’

’’I did.’’ She looked him up and down. ’’Are you sure you don’t need me to drive you there? You really look like shit.’’

’’Like I said… Thanks, Nat.’’ They finally walked out of the bathroom. ’’And no, you really don’t need to take me. I’ll just take the bus. Should I change my clothes?’’

’’I mean… You look comfortable.’’ He hadn’t really even bothered to try and look good for anyone for the past week because he’d just been so tired. Sweatpants and hoodies had become his best friends. ’’I’m sure Steve will like you no matter what you wear.’’

Bucky smirked. ’’Yeah, he will.’’

He didn’t end up changing his clothes and his reflection from the Stark Tower glass doors didn’t paint a pretty picture but he just couldn’t get himself to care. He needed to see Steve or otherwise, he would just explode.

People stared at him as he walked in but Bucky had gotten used to it because the last time he’d visited the tower, the exact same thing had happened. A man that looked like he was important was standing off to the side with a list in his hand and Bucky decided that he would be the person he would ask for help.

The man immediately turned to him. He looked Bucky up and down. ’’May I help you?’’

’’I uhh… I need to meet up with Steve.’’ All of a sudden he felt nervous. ’’I mean, Steven Rogers. The COO.’’

The man looked down at the list. ’’Have you scheduled a meeting with him?’’

’’Well, no but-’’
"Then I’m sorry but I can’t let you to the elevators."

"I’ve been to his office before." Bucky tried to explain but the man just frowned at him. "Come on, I’m his… I’m his… Well, I’m his friend." He wasn’t exactly sure what he was to Steve.

The man sighed. "Okay. What’s your name?"

"B- I mean, uhh… James Buchanan Barnes." he replied, trying not to look too mad at the guy, even though he was the reason he wasn’t already in Steve’s arms.

He nodded and set the list down. "You’re not on the list."

"Fine, I’ll call him then." Bucky mumbled to him, taking his phone out of his pocket with some struggle because he was holding a box of cookies in his other hand. "All I wanted was to give the guy some cookies and a fucking hug, I-"

"Bucky?" an unknown voice asked, making Bucky immediately turn around to see who it was that was calling his name. A young man was walking towards him with a smile on his face. He didn’t look that familiar. "You’re Clint’s friend, right? I’m Sam."

Ah, the guy that had kept Clint busy at the fourth of July party. "Yeah, I’m his friend. Well, most of the time, when he’s not being annoying."

"You know this man?" the man that hadn’t let him get to his Stevie asked, pointing at Bucky.

Sam nodded. "Yeah, man. I kind of know him. Steve talks about him all the time. Seriously, what have you done to the man? I can’t get him to shut up about you."

Bucky looked down at the shiny floor in embarrassment. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." Sam laughed, patting his shoulder a couple of times. "Bucky this, Bucky that. Gotta say though, Bucky. You look a bit rough."

Bucky laughed with him. "Well, it’s been a rough week. I came here to bring these to Steve."

"Oh, well I can take you to him. He shouldn’t be at a meeting or anything, right Phil?"

The man, who was apparently called Phil, nodded. "That’s right, Mr. Wilson."

"Okay, let’s go then." Sam wrapped his arm around Bucky’s shoulders and guided him to the elevator. "How was Clint after the party? I swear to god I’ve never seen the guy so hammered and I’ve known him for years."

Bucky laughed. "I’m not one to talk but he was pretty miserable. He sat on the couch with sunglasses on the entire day after the party."

"Yeah, Steve told me about you guys’ night." Sam said, pressing one of the buttons on the side of the elevator. Bucky blushed. "Don’t worry, he didn’t share any details or anything… and even if he did, I can keep a secret."

Bucky nodded at him, not exactly sure what to say.
"So Steve doesn’t know your coming?" Sam asked.

"No, I didn’t tell him." Bucky said. "I just wanted to surprise him, we haven’t seen each other since our date."

"No wonder he’s been talking about you even more than usual. He’s missed you." Sam obviously enjoyed making Bucky feel embarrassed. "He’s going to be so happy to see you. I heard that he’s been planning on taking a week off at some point in the near future, you don’t happen to have anything to do with it?"

They had talked about how hard Steve had been working to get a longer vacation at some point but that was sort of the extent of it. And just a week? You could barely call that a vacation. "I didn’t know he was planning something like that."

Sam stared at him with wide eyes as the elevator doors opened. "Shit. Maybe that was supposed to be a surprise to you."

Bucky rolled his eyes at him and offered a small smirk. "Good at keeping secrets, huh?"

"Oh, shut up, man." Sam replied, his voice slightly whiny. "I have to get back to work but Steve’s office is right over there. Just knock and he’ll answer eventually."

Bucky nodded. "I’ll see you around?"

"I’m sure you will." Sam told him with a smile and ran after some woman that had just walked past him. They started talking about the papers that she was holding.

Bucky turned his attention back to Steve and made his way to the door of his office. His stomach flipped when he knocked on the door three times. When he didn’t get an answer, he waited a moment and knocked again.

It took a while but he could hear footsteps coming from the other side of the door. Steve was so slow… He was an old man after all. Bucky laughed quietly.

The door opened finally and he made sure to smile brightly so that he didn’t look as much of a mess as he actually was. Steve stopped dead in his tracks and just stared at him.

"Hi." Bucky said. "… Did I break you?"

Steve shook his head and a smile appeared on his face, the corners of his eyes crinkling cutely. "Baby… Bucky, how did you even get here?"

"Oh, that guy Phil almost didn’t let me come up, mostly because my name wasn’t on that stupid list of his but partly because I look like a homeless person right now. Sam recognized me and thankfully since he works here, he knew Phil and helped me to-"

He let out an embarrassing squeak when Steve pulled him into his office and shut the door behind them before slamming Bucky roughly against it and pulling him into a deep kiss. Bucky moaned and relaxed in between the door and the hard body in front of him, letting Steve take the lead. The box of cookies fell on the floor as his hands ran up and down the other man’s muscular back before grabbing and twisting his shirt in between his fingers.
"Fuck, Bucky.," Steve whispered, out of breath when he finally pulled away. He ran his hand through Bucky’s hair. "I missed you so much."

"I missed you..." Bucky replied, feeling alive for the first time in a week. "Do you like my hair, Stevie?"

"It looks amazing." Steve’s lips traveled down from his cheek to his neck, carefully nibbling the sensitive skin there. "So fucking pretty, baby."

"You have a dirty mouth, Rogers." Bucky sighed. He fucking loved it.

Steve’s hands fell from where they were resting against the wall and slipped down to grab Bucky’s waist. He leaned his forehead against Bucky’s and smiled. "You have no idea how much I missed you."

"I think I do." Bucky replied, softly. "I couldn’t handle not seeing you any longer. I had to come here."

"Mmh... I’m so glad you did." He placed one more kiss on Bucky’s lips before pulling away slightly. He looked down at the fallen box of cookies in confusion. "What you got there, baby?"

"My roommate made cookies so that I could bring them to you. At first, I was supposed to make them myself but I had a lot of work to do." Bucky explained.

"I can see that you’ve had a lot of work to do. You look so tired, baby." Steve ran his fingers through Bucky’s hair again. "You’ve been working too hard, huh?"

"I had to." Bucky said, leaning his forehead against Steve’s shoulder and enjoyed the feeling of his arms wrapping around his waist even tighter.

"Yeah?" Steve asked softly, slowly leading them towards his desk after grabbing the box of cookies from the floor. "And why’s that?"

"I wanted to buy stuff..." Bucky mumbled, pushing the monitor out of his way to sit down on the desk like he had done the first time he’d visited Steve’s office. Steve placed the cookies on the desk before sitting down on his chair.

Steve held his hand. "And what did you buy with your money?"

"Well... I worked more so that I could go shopping for myself. I don’t remember the last time I’ve had a proper shopping trip." Bucky answered honestly. "It was my turn to pay for the groceries, so I did that but I haven’t chosen yet if I’ll actually go shopping or if I’ll just save it all up for next month. Can we talk about something other than money, Stevie?"

Steve chuckled. "Of course, baby. What do you want to talk about?"

"I don’t know. Anything." He let go of his hand so that he could place his hands on Steve’s shoulders. "Do you still have a lot of work to do? We could do something fun once you’re done."

A sad look grossed over Steve’s face but he smiled at Bucky. "I have to work really late today, Buck. There’s this meeting about stuff that I’m not even going to try and bore you with. But we do
need to spend more time together, don’t we?”

Bucky nodded enthusiastically. ”Yeah, we do.”

”You want to have another date?” Steve asked with a teasing smile. He already knew Bucky’s answer.

”Yes.” Bucky smiled as well, letting one of his hands drop down on Steve’s chest. God, he loved that chest. He didn’t even know why. He just did. ”Where are you going to take me this time around?”

”Well…” Steve started, placing his hands on Bucky’s thighs and stroking them with his thumbs. ”I was thinking that we’d just stay at my apartment. Have dinner, maybe watch a movie…”

Holy shit. Bucky couldn’t get any words out for a while. ”I… I would love that. What would we watch?” What else would they do? He tried not to let his mind wander too far.

”I love old movies…” Of course he did. ”So I was thinking maybe Breakfast at Tiffany’s?”

”I don’t think I’ve ever seen that.” Bucky said. He knew that Audrey Hepburn was in it.

”What? It’s a classic, Buck.” Steve leaned closer to him. ”There’s a lot I need to teach you, isn’t there?”

His stomach flipped at the other man’s words. ”You’ll make a hot teacher, babe.”

Steve chuckled. ”Is that so, baby?”

Bucky hummed. Their lips were so close to touching. Steve grabbed him by the waist and pulled him into his lap in one swift motion. Thank god, the chair was big enough for both of them. Steve nibbled his lower lip carefully before covering both of them with his own.

Even though he trusted Steve’s hands around his waist to keep him in his lap, he wrapped his arms around his neck. He took a deep breath when they broke away from their kiss. ”I’m never going to get tired of that.”

”Me neither, baby.” Steve rubbed his back as Bucky laid on him. ”Me neither.”

Bucky didn’t want to move ever again and thankfully, Steve didn’t seem to be in a hurry to go anywhere. He sighed against his shoulder and allowed himself to completely relax. He was so tired.

”I noticed that the wound on your forehead has completely disappeared.” Steve said quietly as if he was afraid to disturb the moment. ”Are your leg and arm still feeling alright? No pains?”

”No, they haven’t been hurting.” Bucky smiled slightly, his eyes now closed. He was basically half asleep. ”You taking care of me again, daddy?”

He didn’t even realize what he had said until he felt Steve’s hand still on his lower back. The silence that surrounded them seemed to last forever and Bucky couldn’t help but beat himself up over it. How had he been so reckless to just say it like that? Oh, he’d fucked up. He had so fucking up.

”Yeah, baby.” What? Bucky gulped, carefully glancing up at Steve. ”I’ll always take care of you.”
There was something intense in the way Steve was looking down at him, his pupils all blown up. His arms tightened around him once again, somehow pushing him even closer to his body and Bucky definitely didn’t mind. He just tried to make sense of the expression Steve had on his face.

Could it be…? Holy shit, Steve liked it. He was into it.

Bucky placed his hand on Steve’s chest, feeling the amazing pectoral muscles beneath the white shirt he was wearing. ”’Daddy…’”

He swore he heard Steve let out a small growl next to his ear. He was so into it.

”’I know I can be a brat sometimes…” Bucky told him softly. ”’But I can be good too.’”

Steve’s breath hitched and he placed a small kiss on Bucky’s forehead. ”’I know, baby. I know.’” His voice sounded like melted dark chocolate and Bucky wanted to pull him into another kiss and taste his lips again but he felt too tired to lift his head up from the steady shoulder. ”’So good for me.’”

Bucky let out a whine and decided that he was never going to let Steve go. ”’Daddy…” He couldn’t stop saying it, now that he knew the other man was alright with it. His heart begun to beat a little faster at the thought. How had he gotten so lucky?

”’What is it, baby?’” Steve asked, his hands slowly starting to move up and down Bucky’s back again. ”’Tell me.’”

”’I don’t wanna leave.’” Bucky replied, his words muffled against the soft fabric of Steve’s shirt.

”’You don’t have to go anywhere, baby. We’ll stay here as long as you want.’”

Bucky nodded and started to slowly undo the top buttons of Steve’s shirt. When Steve didn’t seem to mind and just watched him with curiosity, he kept going until he could see the surprisingly smooth chest. For some reason, Bucky had thought he would have some hair there, but there wasn’t any and it made his stomach flip again. Apparently, he was into that. He slipped his hand beneath the shirt and let his hand rest against the warm skin.

Steve let out a breath that he’d been holding and growled again before placing his hand on top of Bucky’s. He pulled him into another kiss, swallowing all the small sounds that Bucky was making against his lips. Feeling desperate to do something, anything at all, Bucky rolled his hips experimentally against Steve’s.

A hand traveled away from his waist and into his hair. Bucky leaned back, detaching his lips from Steve’s and leaving his neck exposed. Steve nuzzled against the bare skin there before leaving behind small kisses and even bites.

Bucky opened his mouth, ready to let out a loud whine when a knock on the door scared the living shit out of both of them. He probably would have fallen on the floor if it weren’t for the arm wrapped around his waist.

”’Fuck.’” Steve cursed, getting up from the chair. Bucky let out an embarrassing sound when Steve lifted him up and placed him on the chair he’d just been sitting in. He looked down at Bucky with a soft smile, his eyes still slightly dark. ”’Be good, baby.’”
Okay, daddy.’’ Bucky whispered with a teasing smile and leaned against the back of the chair. It was a really comfortable chair. No wonder Steve liked working in his office so much.

Steve smirked at him before turning around and running his fingers through his own messed up hair. He tried to smooth out his shirt that Bucky had helped wrinkle but didn’t bother buttoning it up before opening the door.

’’… Is everything okay?’’ a woman’s voice asked and Bucky could see her trying to peek into the room. Steve was holding the door open as little as possible, covering the small gap with his big body.

’’Everything’s great.’’ Steve told her. ’’Is there uhh… Is there something you need?’’

’’The meeting, Steven.’’ the woman said, sounding almost disappointed in him. ’’The one we’ve been planning for the past two weeks? It’s starting in ten minutes.’’

’’Shit…’’ Bucky could hear Steve whisper. ’’I’ll be there in just a moment, okay? Just give me a few minutes.’’ He closed the door and leaned his back against it for a second, trying to calm down his breathing.

’’You need to leave?’’ Bucky asked, not able to look away from that beautiful bare chest.

’’Yeah, baby.’’ Steve replied, walking up to him. ’’You were so good, you made me forget that I have some work to do.’’

Bucky wanted to be told he was good for the rest of his life. It made his stomach feel funny and his head empty in the best way possible. He’d do anything to hear those words again and again and again.

’’I guess I should start leaving…’’ Bucky told him, trying to let his body calm down from all the things they had just done and all the things they would have done if that stupid person hadn’t interrupted them.

’’I’ll get someone to drive you home, okay?’’ Steve asked and Bucky was not going to refuse another ride that day. He really didn’t feel like sitting on the bus again.

’’Okay.’’ He got up from the chair when his legs no longer felt like noodles and opened up the box of cookies. He took one out and shoved it in his mouth before walking up to Steve, who was now buttoning up his shirt. ’’Steve… Can I ask you something real quick before you go?’’

Steve glanced up at him, his fingers still working hard at trying to get the buttons into the holes. ’’Of course, Buck. Anything.’’

’’You uhh…’’ Gosh, he was blushing again. ’’You’re really okay with me calling you… that?’’

Steve finally gave up at trying to do the last button and let his hands fall against his sides. He looked at Bucky with a soft smile, his pupils now looking completely normal. ’’I really am, baby.’’

’’You… liked it?’’

’’Yes, Bucky. I liked it.’’ Steve laughed, playfully patting Bucky’s behind a couple of times. ’’And from all the noises you were making, I think you really liked it too.’’
Bucky leaned his forehead against the other man’s shoulder, feeling embarrassed. "I really did, Stevie."

Steve placed a kiss on the top of his head before slightly pulling away from him. "I’m so sorry that I have to go, baby."

"No can do." Bucky replied with a whisper as he tried to fix up his own hair as well. "Can you call me later? We’ll talk about our next date and when we’re going to have it. I really don’t want to go another week without seeing you."

Steve placed his hand against Bucky’s cheek and pressed a quick kiss on his lips. "I don’t want to go another week without seeing you either but we might have to-" Bucky whined. "I know, I know but just for this week, okay? I’m going to use some of my vacation days to get next week off and we’ll have our date then, alright? Baby..."

"Okay." Bucky finally said.

"I really have to go now, Buck."

"Okay." he said again and after trying to get himself to look slightly more presentable, they both walked out of the office. "Make sure you try the cookies. Nat spend a long time making them."

"I will, baby." Steve replied, stealing one more kiss from him. "Tell her I said thanks, alright?"

Bucky nodded and smiled at him. Even though he really wanted to, he didn’t allow himself to kiss the man again because they would both just get stuck doing it and the woman, who was probably the one that had interrupted them, stood off to the side, looking pissed off. She was staring at them, well, mostly Steve and tapping her finger against her watch.

Steve rolled his eyes at her and turned to look at Bucky. With a mischievous look, Steve grabbed his wallet from his pocket and took out a card that was a pretty golden color. He held it out to Bucky. "Baby, I want you to go home and rest, okay? Don’t do any work this week. Save up your money for next month and use this for your shopping spree."

"What?" Bucky eyed the card. Steve could not be serious. "Steve, no..."

"Am I not allowed to give my baby what he needs?" Steve asked, his voice low. Bucky couldn’t stop his body from shivering at the words. "Buy yourself something pretty, okay?"

"Okay." Bucky whispered, slowly taking the card in his hand. Steve placed one more kiss on his cheek before letting his hand slip away from Bucky’s waist. He turned around and walked to where the woman was waiting for him. She immediately started talking to him about the chart that she was holding.

Bucky smirked to himself, playing with the card in his hand. His roommates were not going to believe him when he told them what had happened.
Bucky hadn’t ended up telling his roommates about what had happened because he’d just felt too exhausted to do so and because he’d felt like keeping to himself for a while. He had liked the idea of ‘the thing’ being just between him and Steve and not anyone else.

He’d done just as Steve had told him to do and had only slept for about two days straight. On Wednesday, he’d dressed up and gone on a shopping trip like he had wanted to for a long time. When he’d gotten home, Natasha and Carol had ogled at all the bags he had been carrying and right at this moment were standing behind his door because Bucky might have locked himself into his room with all the things he had bought.

"Bucky, seriously, what’s going on?!” Natasha yelled from the other side of the door.

"Did you win the lottery or something?! Or did you rob a store?!” Carol continued, pounding the door with her fist a couple of times.

"Like he would be carrying them all in the store’s bags if he’d robbed it.” Bucky heard Natasha tell Carol. "Bucky, please, tell me you didn’t rob a store!"

"I didn’t rob a store!” Bucky yelled, hoping that his roommates would soon leave him alone. He looked at all the clothes he had bought and placed them on his bed. He’d told himself to only buy one of everything but he might have not done quite that. He’d ended up getting himself three pairs of jeans, four t-shirts, two pairs of shoes, two jackets and a bunch of underwear.

"Then tell us what’s going on!"

Bucky ignored the yells and took his phone out of his pocket. He snapped a quick picture of the clothes on his bed and sent it to Steve.

'Thank you, daddy.'

Bucky looked at the text for a moment and grinned at the word. He still couldn’t believe that Steve was 100% alright with him calling him that. Hell, he hadn’t been just alright with it; the guy had fucking loved it.

He put the clothes away in his closet and also threw away some of his old stuff that he didn’t like or that were broken beyond repair. He took a deep breath before opening the door and allowing his friends, along with their questions, to come into the room.

"You already put it all away?” Natasha asked, holding one of the empty bags that Bucky had thrown on the floor. ”What the hell is going on, Barnes?”

Bucky smirked at her and laid down on his bed. He tucked his hands under his head and stared up at the ceiling. ”I got myself a real sugar daddy.”

"What? Steve?" A grin stretched out on Carol’s face as she hurried to sit down on the edge of his
bed. Natasha stood in the middle of the room, a look of shock on her face. "That's awesome, Bucky!"

"You called him that? To his face?" Natasha asked.

"Well, I didn't call him sugar daddy. Just daddy." Bucky said with a proud smile. "Turns out, he's really into it."

"Woah." Carol said. "He's literally perfect for you. Maybe I should go get drunk at some random party and my prince in the shining armor will appear."

Bucky laughed. "Maybe."

Natasha pointed towards the closet that Bucky had just put all his new clothes in. "He bought you all that?"

"Mmh." Bucky replied, taking the golden card out of his wallet. He threw it at Natasha who caught it with ease. "I mean, I did all the shopping but he just paid for it."

"So let me get this straight..." Natasha started, placing the card on the bed after taking in every single detail of it. "He's a sugar daddy with feelings?"

"Yeah." Bucky mumbled. They hadn't really talked about what it all meant but Steve seemed to be into taking care of him in every single way and that included paying for a lot of stuff but they'd also gone on a date and were going to be going on another one soon which meant that there were feelings involved. So, yeah... Steve was a sugar daddy with feelings.

"That's awesome." Carol said, excited. She seemed to be doing a lot better already after the break up with that stupid jerk. "Is he going to let you keep the card?"

"Of course not, it's his card." Bucky replied, rolling his eyes at the question. "You two have any more questions or can I take a nap?"

Carol held her hand up in the air. "Ooh, I do, I do."

Bucky couldn't help but roll his eyes again. "Yes?"

"Can I tell Wanda everything you just told me?"

Natasha gasped and looked at Carol. "No! That's not fair." She turned to Bucky. "Tell her that I get to tell Wanda."

"I can't wait to see her face when I tell her." Carol said, already rushing out of the room and down the stairs.

Natasha ran right after her, slamming the door shut behind her. "Wait!"

Bucky huffed out a small laugh. He might be the youngest in the household but his roommates really knew how to be such children once in a while.

He rolled onto his side and waited there until his phone buzzed. He tapped the message open.
'You’re welcome, baby.'

He allowed himself to go to sleep after that.

It was the next morning when only Bucky and Carol were at home that Steve finally called Bucky. Bucky had basically leaped all the way from the kitchen (it was his turn to cook) to the living room when he’d heard his ringtone. No one else ever called him, all his friends texted him, so he’d immediately known it was Steve.

''Hey, d- Stevie.’’ Bucky answered the call, glancing at Carol who was giving him a thumbs up.

'H' Hey, Buck.' said the soft, familiar voice on the other end. 'Have you been having a good day?''

''Yeah, I have...’’ Bucky motioned at Carol to stir the food on the pan. She snapped out of her thoughts and did as she was told. ''How about you, Stevie? Do you already miss me? It’s only been two days.’’

Steve laughed softly. 'I'm doing great, baby. I do miss you... So much.'

Aww. Wasn’t that sweet? ''I miss you too. Did you call to talk about the date?''

'I did. I’m sorry that I didn’t call you on Monday, I was so tired. On Tuesday, I had to work all day long and then my phone stopped working for a moment.-'

''It’s okay.’’ Bucky replied with a laugh. ''It really is, Steve. I’m just glad you called me now. Are you on your break?’’

'I am.’ Steve said. 'This whole week has been crazy and next week is only going to be worse, I can’t wait to have a little break from it all.'

''Are you excited for your week off?’’

'Well...’ Steve sounded disappointed. That couldn’t be a good sign. 'I was only able to get four days off next week because some stuff came up in the meeting on Monday but I guess it's better than nothing.'

Bucky could think of a lot of things to do in four weeks. ''I’m sorry it didn’t work out like you wanted.’’

'Yeah... Like I said, better than nothing.’ Steve repeated, his voice becoming more playful. 'So about that date of ours... Would July 30th work for you? My vacation starts on the 29th.’

''Yes, that works for me.’’ Bucky said immediately without even looking at his calendar. ''Are you going to come pick me up?’’

'If that’s what you want.' Steve replied. 'I’m sorry, baby, I have to go now. I have to eat before the next meeting and-'

''You talk too much, Stevie.’’ Bucky laughed again. ''Go.’’

'Okay. I'll see you not next week but the week after that, okay?’
"Ugh, he managed to make it sound like such a long time. He wanted to have their second date right now. "Okay, Stevie. Don’t overwork yourself."

'I'll try not to.' Steve said and Bucky could practically imagine him smiling as he walked around his office talking to him on the phone. 'Bye, baby.'

"Bye." Bucky whispered and set his phone down. Carol was grinning at him like an idiot. "What?"

"You’re in loooove." she sing-songed, taking the pan off of the stove.

Bucky walked back in the kitchen. "I- I’ve known him for like… like..." Fuck, how long had he known Steve? "A short while, I’m not in love with him." Yet.

"Whatever you say." Carol replied, looking down at their creation in the pan. "Are you even hungry?"

"Nah, not really." The food looked alright but he just wasn’t hungry. There was something about Steve’s voice that had managed to make his stomach all messed up. Well, messed up in the most wonderful way possible.

"What do you want to do?"

"In the perfect world?" Bucky asked, smirking. "I would be on Steve’s bed and he would be f-"

"Not what I meant!" Carol said with a loud laugh. "I mean if you want to tell me the rest of your fantasy than I’m listening. There’s not much excitement going on in my own life. Not that my ex was that good in bed."

"I think I’ll keep my fantasy to myself." Bucky smiled. "But the moment we have sex for the first time, you’re the first person I’m going to tell about it."

"It’s an honor, Bucky." Carol said, dramatically. "But seriously, what should we do?"

"Hmm..." Bucky thought about it a little bit and then remembered that he still had Steve’s card. "Should we do some online shopping? We could use some decorative stuff for the apartment."

"You mean…? Are you sure, Bucky?" Carol asked, obviously interested in the idea.

Bucky nodded. "Yeah. I’ll just ask Steve first."

"Cool!" She hurried into the living room. She sat down on the couch and turned on her laptop that was on the living room table.

'Daddy… Could we buy some stuff for the apartment?'

He sent a picture of his face along with the message, just to make sure that Steve couldn’t say no to him.

"Are you coming or not?" Carol asked and Bucky hurried into the living room. He jumped over the back of the couch and sat down next to her.
"Do you have something in mind already?" Bucky asked, looking down at the screen of the laptop as Carol scrolled down some page with all kinds of decorative items. She’d always loved decorating and had been the one to make their apartment look the way it was when they’d moved in.

"We need new curtains in the kitchen. There are stains in them and no matter how many times I’ve tried washing them, they just won’t come out. I was thinking something floral.‘ Carol explained to him. She had really thought about everything already. ‘Kind of vintage, you know?’

"Mmh." Bucky replied. He’d never really cared about such things as curtains or anything else. His phone buzzed. ‘Let’s see what he’s got to say.’

"Please say yes, please say yes..." Carol mumbled to herself.

'You are such a brat, Buck but go ahead :) Whatever makes you happy.'

"It’s a yes!" Bucky said and Carol let out a little sound of delight. She started scrolling through the website. Bucky focused on typing out a response to Steve.

'You’re the one that makes me happy.'

It was a bit cheesy but it was also true. As much as he enjoyed this ‘sugar daddy’ thing, it was Steve that was the most important to him. Bucky couldn’t imagine not having him in his life anymore and the thought was a little scary. It had been a long time since he’d felt this way about anyone. Hell, he wasn’t sure if he’d ever felt this way about anyone else.

His phone buzzed again.

'Right back at you, baby. Have fun shopping.'

Butterflies started flying around his stomach once again as he pretended to focus on all the items Carol was pointing at on the screen. He nodded a couple of times, trying to seem like he was listening to her ramblings, even though in reality, he just couldn’t get Steve out of his mind.

They might have ended up using about two hundred dollars on all kinds of random crap for their apartment. At first, Bucky had thought it was way too much but when Carol had explained what everything was for, it had all kind of made sense.

Since Wanda and Natasha were going to be working late that night, they had decided to have some ice cream and watch Friends. They’d been rewatching the show for a while now and were already on the third season.

"Can I ask you something serious, Bucky?" Carol asked, licking her spoon.

"Mmh?" Bucky replied, his face smushed against the pillow.

Carol swallowed. ‘Are you going to tell Steve about your past? You know, everything that happened?’

Well, he hadn’t expected the question to be that. He sat up straight, leaning against the armrest. ‘Umm... I guess I’m going to have to tell him at some point.’
"Do you know when you’re going to do it?"

Bucky sighed and shrugged. "When I’m ready, I guess. And before you ask, I don’t know when that is."

Carol nodded and turned to look back at the TV. She laughed at something one of the characters said.

Bucky looked down at his lap. "How… How would someone tell something like that? I don’t want to hurt him."

"Well..." She set her bowl and spoon down on the table, pulling the blanket that was wrapped around her feet all the way up to her neck. "You’re just going to have to tell the truth but you don’t have to go into details if you don’t want to. This Steve of yours seems like a cool guy, I’m sure he’s going to understand and be there for you and if… If he does feel hurt, it’s only because he feels bad about everything that happened to you."

"What if he doesn’t like me after I tell him about… all the things I did?"

"Don’t be ridiculous." Carol said with a small laugh. "He might not be sure how to react but I doubt anything’s going to change the way he feels about you. Everyone’s gone through shit in life, okay? Just because your shit was a little bit dramatic, doesn’t make it any different from all the rest of the shit."

Bucky couldn’t help but laugh. He had always loved Carol’s advice. "Maybe you’re right. It’s just… scary. You know?"

"Mmh. I know." Carol replied, a sympathetic smile on her face. "There’s no need to rush though. Just enjoy your time with Steve and whenever you feel like you’re ready to talk about it with him, do it."

Bucky smiled back and scooped another spoonful of chocolate ice cream in his mouth. "Thank you, Carol. You’re the fucking best."

"I know." Carol smiled, playfully kicking Bucky in the ribs. "But you’re welcome."

"By the way… Which one of you ended up telling Wanda about Steve?"

Carol pouted. "I don’t want to talk about it..."

Bucky threw his head back in laughter before turning his focus back on the show playing on TV.

Bucky hadn’t planned on working until after his date with Steve but his roommates had ended up basically kicking him out of the house to walk some dogs because apparently, he was slowly starting to become an asshole to everyone because he hadn’t seen Steve in what felt like forever. In reality, it had only been a few days.

Bluebell and Daisy were in a much better mood than they had been last time and even though Bucky might have been mad at them for a while because it had been their fault that he’d fallen and gotten himself hurt, he couldn’t help but be slightly thankful to them. If it weren’t for the dogs, he and Steve would probably not be the way they are right now.
‘There better not be any damn squirrels here…” Bucky mumbled to himself when they arrived at some path a bit further away from the park that was meant for walking dogs. It felt good to be out and about which meant that once again his roommates had been right. He’d needed to get out of the house.

A certain phone call from earlier that day had helped Bucky’s mood as well. Steve’s short vacation had started today and even though Steve had told him that he would sleep the entire day so that he’d have a lot of energy on their date the next day, they’d ended up talking on the phone for about an hour. They’d talked about everything that had happened during the time they’d been apart, then they had started talking about their upcoming date and somehow it had almost lead to something a little naughty. It had all started with Bucky accidentally calling him daddy. Steve’s voice had immediately dropped but he’d refused to go any further with it because ‘they needed to get to know each other more.’

It had taken a cold shower and a quick masturbation session for Bucky to calm down enough to go do his job.

'’Bluebell, no!” Bucky said to the dog that was trying to get into a small puddle of water on the side of the road. It had rained earlier that day and apparently, it was going to be raining again the next day. Bucky was glad that they were going to have their date at Steve’s apartment and not outside. They just seemed to get unlucky with the weather when it came to their dates.

There was a small beach nearby and it was empty other than for the small group of people standing off to the side near a small forest. He allowed the dogs to roll around in the sand and grass as he kept his eyes on the group of people. There was something weird and familiar about them.

They were standing around in a circle, all of them facing each other. Bucky gulped when he realized what they were doing. He’d been part of a similar circle before, sharing cigarettes, drinks and drugs. He shuddered at the memory. How had he been so stupid?

One of the people in the circle saw him and flipped him off. Bucky decided that it was for the best to leave. The dogs seemed a little disappointed but followed him anyway. Not that they had much of a choice.

They ended up sitting in the park, underneath a shadow of a big tree. Daisy climbed into his lap almost as if she knew something was bothering him. It was weird how a small reminder of the past managed to get him all messed up.

Even thinking about telling Steve about everything freaked him the hell out, even though Steve was the kindest person in the world and wouldn’t ever hurt him. If his past was only about drugs and drinking, he would be fine talking about it but there was also the incident.

He hadn’t talked about it ever since the AA meetings or the few sessions with the therapist he’d had to have. If it wasn’t for Wanda, he wouldn’t be sitting under the tree right at this moment. That night had been the worst night of his life, even though he didn’t remember much of it. He’d been so drugged out and drunk that one of the only things he did remember was the fact that it had been storming outside. The sound of thunder had scared the living shit out of him.

Daisy barked, snapping Bucky out of his thoughts. He smiled down at her. ’’What?”

She barked again before laying back down, resting her small head against Bucky’s thigh. Bluebell
snuggled a little closer to him. Maybe dogs weren’t so bad… But he was still definitely more of a cat
person.

Bucky watched the dark clouds up in the sky and knew that they would have to leave the park soon
because there was a possibility of rain.

There were no cars in front of their building which Bucky knew meant that everyone had already
gone to work. The owner of Bluebell and Daisy had been in a great mood and had given Bucky a
little bonus on top of his usual pay. It was enough to pay for his portion of the next month’s rent.

Bucky noticed a guy standing in front of their front door and couldn’t help but be confused. All the
things they’d ordered from the online store had been delivered the day before, so the guy couldn’t be
delivering anything.

''Hello?'' Bucky asked, taking small steps toward the man.

The man turned around immediately. He was shaking terribly and for a moment, Bucky was ready to
call an ambulance because he really looked like he was having some sort of an episode but when he
noticed the bruises all over his arms, it was obvious what kind of a man the man was. Bucky had
been that man before.

''What are you doing here?''

''You look good, James.'' Huh? ''You don’t remember me? Of course, you don’t.''

Bucky really just wanted to get into his apartment. ''Tell me what you want or get the hell away
from me.''

''Our dealer… Where is he?''

''Your dealer.'' Bucky corrected, his entire body tensing up. ''I haven’t seen him in a year, how the
hell would I know?''

''You are his boo, aren’t you?'' the man asked, his words slurring as he walked toward Bucky. ''So
if you know where he is, you better fucking tell me, boy.''

Bucky stepped off to the side and quickly made his way to the front door. He took his keys out of his
pocket and opened the door. ''Don’t come here again. I don’t know where that piece of shit is.''

''Come on, boy-''

''Leave or I’ll call the cops.'' Bucky said and hurried in, slamming the door behind him. He leaned
against the door, trying to calm down his breathing. How had the guy figured out where he lived?
Brock had only visited their home once and he’d been so drunk, he couldn’t have remembered being
there the next day… Breathe, breathe, breathe.

He wanted to call someone, wanted someone to pull him into a hug but he couldn’t have that. His
roommates would freak out if they found out and Steve didn’t know about his past yet. Bucky just
had to calm down. Everything would be fine.

He slid down on the floor and pulled his phone out. From the window on his right, he saw the weird
guy walking away from their building. Thank God. He sent a quick text to Steve.

'Missing you.'

Thankfully, it didn’t take Steve long to reply.

'I miss you too. We’re going to see each other tomorrow though, so it’s going to be okay :)'

It was going to be okay.

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry for updating so late. I should be able to go back to updating once week now though :) I put some new gifs here for you, hope you like them!

Pssst! The next chapter is about 4300 words long and more than half of it is just... filth
It had been raining all morning long and it didn’t seem to be easing up any time soon. The raindrops were hitting the ground so heavily that Bucky couldn’t even wait for Steve outside without messing up his hair. He lived in an apartment with three other adults, you’d think that at least one of the owned an umbrella but no.

He was basically shaking with excitement just at the thought of seeing his kind-of-boyfriend again. They’d been seeing each other for a while now, he really should just ask Steve if they were actual boyfriends.

”Still not here?” Wanda asked, appearing next to him and making him jump.

”Obviously not, otherwise I wouldn’t still be standing here.” He rolled his shoulder slightly, shifting the strap of his bag into a more comfortable position on his shoulder. He’d packed enough to stay there for three days and two nights.

”Fair enough.” Wanda mumbled, making her way back into the kitchen. She still didn’t seem sure about Steve, even though she hadn’t even met him yet. Bucky couldn’t help but wonder how Natasha had told her about the whole ’sugar daddy’ thing.

Finally, a familiar looking car pulled into the driveway and right before opening the door, Bucky felt his back pocket for Steve’s card. He’d put it there instead of his wallet just so that he would actually remember to give it back.

He rushed out the door and ran as fast as he could to where Steve had parked his car, thankfully not too far away from his building. Even though he liked it when Steve was a gentleman and got out of the car just to open the door for him, right now that was the last thing on Bucky’s mind. He climbed into the car and just hoped he didn’t get the seat too wet.

”Hey.” He smiled, already putting his seatbelt on and turned to look at the man next to him when it clicked in place.

”Hi, baby.” Steve immediately leaned in for a kiss, his hand cupping the side of Bucky’s face.

Bucky placed his hand on the man’s shoulder and let the bag fall on the floor right at his feet. God, how he had missed those beautiful lips of his. ”You really missed me, huh?”

”Oh yeah.” Steve nodded, kissing him for a little while longer while the rain kept hitting the windshield. ”So much, baby, so much.”
Bucky grinned at him and leaned against the back of his seat, ready to go and get the vacation started even though the weather was shit. They would just have to stay inside and he just couldn’t get himself to be mad about that. "Did you manage to get any rest yesterday?"

"I slept all day long. I’m full of energy now.‘‘ Steve answered, starting the car again. Bucky was so glad that he didn’t live too far away from Bucky’s place. "Did you work at all?"

"I did take Bluebell and Daisy out once.‘‘ Bucky replied, taking the golden card out of his pocket as Steve began driving. "Other than that, I just took it easy. Here, by the way.‘‘

Steve glanced at the card and nodded with a small grin. Bucky took it as his duty to put it in the small pocket of the man’s jeans before placing his hand on his thigh.

"Did you have fun shopping, baby?"

"I did.‘‘ Bucky said, eyeing Steve up and down. As much as he loved seeing Steve in one of his way too expensive suits, he couldn’t help but love his more relaxed look. The man was obviously made for wearing a pair of jeans and a hoodie, that was otherwise nice and loose but hugged his broad chest just perfectly. "Thank you."

"You already thanked me, Buck.‘‘ Steve smiled at him before focusing back on the road. "But you’re welcome. Hope you didn’t rob me.‘‘

"I swear I didn’t, daddy.‘‘ Bucky made his voice as teasing as possible and oh, did it work. Steve’s breath hitched and he turned to look at him again for a short moment. "Sorry, shouldn’t probably say that while you’re driving.‘‘

"You can call me that whenever you want, baby.‘‘ Steve said, his voice soft but low. "Fuck, I can’t get over that hair of yours. Don’t get me wrong, I loved it when you had long hair but now that it’s short, it’s like I can see your pretty face in a whole different light.‘‘

Well, that was one hell of a compliment. "Thanks. I like it too and it’s so much easier to wash.‘‘

"I bet it is.‘‘ And just like that, Bucky was imagining Steve washing his hair in the shower. His fingers running through his hair as he rinsed the shampoo off slowly but-

A big raindrop splattered on the windshield right in front of Bucky, making him jump. He pushed the thought away before he got too excited.

"When you took the dogs out, did they behave? They were the same ones that made you fall, right?‘‘

"Yep, the same ones.‘‘ Bucky replied. "They behaved fine. Although, if I had fallen again I would have gotten one of your magical Hello Kitty band-aids. Damn, why didn’t I fall?‘‘

Steve laughed softly, shaking his head in disbelief. "You’re ridiculous, you brat.‘‘

"I know.‘‘ He gently squeezed Steve’s thigh and pouted at him. "But I’m still good, right?‘‘

Steve smiled at him, covering the hand on his thigh with his own. "You’re the best, baby.‘‘

They ran as fast as they could from Steve’s car into the apartment building that Bucky had just found
out actually belonged to Tony Stark. They had both managed to get inside without getting too wet but Bucky had almost slipped in a puddle which made his shoes annoyingly dirty. Steve had thankfully caught him and then held onto him for the rest of the way.

Steve held his phone up in front of the sensor that was on his front door and with a small beep, the door unlocked. It reminded Bucky of some sort of a device used in a sci-fi movie and decided that he wanted to have a smart lock at his place as well. He wanted to feel like a mysterious spy in a sci-fi movie.

Their clothes weren’t too wet but they still ended up changing out of the clothes into even more comfortable ones. Bucky might have stolen one of Steve’s hoodies and put it on, even though he had just bought himself a bunch of new clothes. Steve didn’t seem to mind though, in fact, he had seemed kind of happy about it.

"Are you hungry, Bucky? I made some salad before coming to pick you up." Steve asked and laughed at the face Bucky pulled when he heard the word ‘salad.’ "Baby, it’s actually really good. I mean, I made it."

"What’s in it?" Bucky asked, feeling wary.

"Uhh… cabbage, red pepper, peas, corn, cucumber and chicken." Steve replied, going to the fridge to get the bowl he’d made the salad in. "Try it for me at least, okay?"

"Okay." Bucky mumbled, not too happy about it. He’d never been the biggest fan of salad. He liked sweet things.

"Good boy." Steve told him with a smile, knowing exactly what those words did to Bucky’s poor stomach. Bastard.

"Can we watch the movie while we eat?" Bucky asked. There was nothing better in the world than eating something and watching a movie or a tv-show at the same time. He wasn’t sure why that was but he knew he wasn’t the only person in the world who felt that way.

"Sure, we can." Steve said, getting a couple of plates out of a cabinet and set them on the counter. "You can go start the movie, I’ll be there in a sec."

Bucky nodded at him and went into the living room. The couch Steve owned was the most amazing thing in his life. It was so soft and big and unlike their couch; he could actually lay on it without having to curl up into a ball.

He’d visited Steve’s apartment before and even ogled at it as much as he’d been able to at the time with his hangover but it felt all new to him. He was still amazed by the size of the apartment. It was probably about the same size as theirs, if not bigger.

He ended up renting Breakfast at Tiffany’s because it wasn’t on Netflix. He’d even tried to get Steve to let him find it for free online but all he had gotten as a reply was a rant about how illegal it was.

Steve sat down next to him as the movie started and placed a plateful of salad in Bucky’s lap.

Bucky grabbed the fork and stabbed it in the salad, trying to get a little bit of everything. The salad was crunchy and surprisingly delicious. How did one make a salad delicious? "What the fuck, Steve? This is amazing."
Steve shrugged with a laugh. "I told you so, baby."

"What’s your secret?"

"No secret, baby." Steve replied. "I did add some light French dressing in it though, maybe it’s that."

Bucky had no idea what that was but he decided he liked it.

Steve had spent about fifteen minutes talking about the plot of the movie after the movie had ended as if Bucky hadn’t just watched it with him. It was cute though, so he couldn’t even try to be mad at the man. Steve’s cheeks went a little red when he realized that he’d been rambling and finally asked Bucky what he had thought of it.

Bucky liked movies but he’d never been very good at talking about them.

"I liked the song a lot." he blurted out, feeling like an idiot the moment the words slipped out of his mouth.

"Oh, moon river?" Steve asked. Bucky nodded with a small smile. "It is a really nice song."

Bucky offered to rinse out their plates as Steve tried to find something else for them to watch. Both of them felt like watching something a little more action-y after Breakfast at Tiffany’s.

"Can you believe it’s still raining?" Steve asked from the couch, scrolling through Netflix.

"I know, right?" Bucky replied, starting to dry the plates with a random cloth he’d found on the counter. He couldn’t remember the last time it had rained this hard. There were probably going to be a lot of accidents because of the slippery roads. "I guess it can’t be helped. We just have to stay inside for your whole vacation."

Steve smirked, still keeping his eyes on the TV. "I guess it can’t..."

Bucky dried off the plates and put them back in the cabinet he’d seen Steve take them out of and then grabbed another towel to dry his hands that had gotten all wrinkly from the water. He leaned against the breakfast bar and just stared at the man in the living room, all focused on the screen of the TV. He didn’t seem satisfied with any of the movies and let out a sigh before leaning against the back of the couch.

Maybe now was the perfect time to thank the man properly for all the things he had bought him.

Quietly, Bucky placed the towel on the counter and walked around it to get to the living room. He placed his hand on Steve’s shoulder and smiled down at him. The look of slight annoyance on his face immediately changed into a more curious one.

"What are you thinking about, baby?" Steve asked and Bucky couldn’t help but smirk at him.

Bucky grabbed the remote from his hand and threw it on the couch next to him. He stood in front of Steve, blocking his view from the TV and placed his hands on the man’s thick thighs. "I was
thinking of having some fun…”

”Is that so?” Steve asked, not moving from his position. His body had gone all tense beneath Bucky’s touch. ”What did you have in mind?”

”Well…” Bucky started, kneeling down on the floor, his hands now rubbing up and down Steve’s thighs that were covered only by the sweatpants he’d changed into. He patted his eyelashes a couple of times and licked his lips, looking up at the other man. ”I thought I could finally thank you for everything you’ve done for me.”

”Mmh…” Steve hummed as Bucky crawled even closer, getting himself in between his legs. ”And how are you planning on doing that, Buck?”

He huffed out a short laugh. ”I think you know exactly what I’m planning on doing, daddy.”

Steve let out a breath and closed his eyes for a short moment. ”Shit, Bucky.”

”What is it, Steve?” he asked, keeping his eyes on the man. The way Steve was now staring at him was doing things to Bucky that he couldn’t even begin to explain. The way his pupils dilated when he called him daddy made his stomach do the flippy thing.

”The way you look, baby… So pretty.” Steve groaned out, sounding almost pained.

Bucky nuzzled his face against the growing bulge in his pants, feeling slightly annoyed at the fabric that was keeping him away from what he had wanted to see ever since that dream of his. He hooked his fingers under the elastic waist of his sweatpants and pulled them down along the side of his underwear when Steve slightly lifted up his hips.

God, he was gorgeous… and big. Bucky let out an embarrassing moan at the sight of the half-hard cock in front of him and just couldn’t help but wrap his fingers around it. Steve bucked his hips with another groan.

”Can I…?” Bucky asked with a low voice, licking his lips again.

”Yeah, baby.” Steve gasped out, arousal pooling deep in his stomach. His body felt like it was on fire. ”If you want to…”

Bucky nodded, smiling as he allowed his tongue to swirl around the tip of Steve’s cock, tasting the pre-cum there. Slowly, he sucked the tip into his mouth and placed his free hand on Steve’s lower stomach, keeping his hips in place and enjoying the feeling of the muscles beneath his fingertips.

Steve let out a low growl and all of a sudden Bucky felt a tingling sensation in his scalp as Steve grabbed him by the hair. Bucky looked up at him, tears burning in his eyes from the mixture of pleasure and pain. ”Are you going to tease me or are you going to suck my cock, Bucky?”

Fuck. Bucky let out a small whine around him and it sent a visible shiver up Steve’s spine. The hand that was placed on the back of his head pushed him down, making him swallow the entirety of Steve’s cock in one go. The tip of it hit the back of Bucky’s throat, making him quietly gag but he didn’t care. He just took a deep breath and kept going.

Steve stared down at him, mouth open in a constant, quiet moan and a dark look in his eyes. He was sure that there was no more beautiful sight in the world than what was in front of him right at this
moment; his baby’s pink lips stretched around his thickness, drooling all over.

Steve dropped one of his hands down from his hair and placed it on Bucky’s cheek. “You look so pretty, baby, your mouth full of your daddy’s cock. Such a good boy for me.”

Bucky felt his own cock twitch in his pants at the words and let out a groan as Steve guided him up and down his length. His jaw ached and there was a small burning sensation in the corners of his mouth but he couldn’t help but enjoy it. Steve was huge and he fucking loved it.

”Baby...” Steve started, his voice coming out slightly shaky. ”I’m getting close. If you don’t want me to cum in your mouth, tap my leg once but if you do… Fuck. Just keep going.”

”Hmm...” Bucky hummed, aware of the fact that he was now embarrassingly gurgling around Steve. There was no way he was going to be tapping Steve’s thigh, he was going to finish what he had started.

”Look at me, baby.” Steve gasped out in a hurry and after patting his eyelashes once, Bucky turned to look up at him, tears now running down his face. Steve held him in place, his own hips snapping up forcefully and his hands gripping Bucky’s hair even tighter as he came with a shout.”Fuck, Bucky!”

Bucky gagged slightly at the feeling of cum shooting down his throat but swallowed anyway. Steve was now laying lax against the couch, eyes closed and his chest heaving up and down. His hand was still in Bucky’s hair but he was no longer grasping it tightly, only softly stroking his fingers through it. He made sure to swallow each drop that came out before finally pulling away. Feeling spent himself, he rested his head against Steve’s muscular thigh.

The thumb resting against his cheek stroked up and down the blushing skin there and Bucky closed his eyes, a small smile on his face.

”Baby...” Steve cooed after his breathing started slowing down. He stared down at Bucky.

”Mmh?” Bucky asked quietly.

”Are you okay? I wasn’t too rough, was I?”

Bucky shook his head, not trusting his voice enough to say even one word. He wanted to tell Steve that what they had just done had been the most fucking amazing thing in his entire life and that he was ready to do it again once he got his energy back.

Steve let his hand drop from Bucky’s cheek to his shoulder. ”You were so good, baby. So good.”

”Fuck yeah, I am.” he mumbled.

”What was that?”

Bucky cleared his throat. He had a feeling it was going to be sore the next day.”I’m the best.”

Steve’s leg shook as he let out a loud laugh. ”Yes, you are, baby.”

After calming down a little bit himself, Bucky opened his eyes again and looked up at the man who’s thigh he was resting against. Steve smiled at him softly.
“Can I ask you something?”

“Yeah...” Bucky replied.

“This daddy thing of yours... Well, ours. What is it to you? Is it just a sexual thing or...?” Way to make such an amazing moment serious. *God, Steve.* ”What is it that you want me to do for you, baby?”

“Take care of me and buy me pretty things.” Bucky blurted out, his cheeks immediately turning even redder. It was probably ridiculous to be embarrassed by such a thing after what they’d just done. ”Just be with me, daddy.”

“Okay, baby.” Steve said, going back to playing with his hair. ”I can do that.”

”Only if you like it though.” Bucky continued, tracing random circles on Steve’s thigh.

Steve huffed out a laugh and made Bucky look at him by slightly yanking his hair. ”’You have no fucking clue how much I like it, baby. There’s nothing hotter than you calling me that and like I said earlier, you can call me that whenever you want.’”

Bucky nodded. ”’... Has anyone else ever called you that?’”

”’Not outside of sex, no.’” Steve replied before leaning down to press a kiss on the top of his head. ”’And I can tell you honestly, that you’re the only one who has called me that, who actually matters to me, okay?’”

”’Okay.’” Bucky smiled at him, feeling his energy coming back. He was also starting to become very aware of the hardness between his own legs.

”’Now, even though you made sure that I didn’t get all messy...’” Steve started, smirking. ”’I think we should go and have a shower, don’t you think?’”

Standing under warm water, all naked in front of Steve? Oh, hell yeah. ”’Okay, Stevie.’” He leaned back, letting Steve kick his sweatpants and boxers away from around his ankles before getting up on his slightly shaky legs.

”’Need help?’” he asked, looking down at Bucky, who could only nod. Steve placed his hands underneath each of his armpits and lifted him up as if he weighed nothing at all.

Well, to be fair, Bucky felt like he weighed nothing at all. ”’Your shower or the guest shower?’”

”’Obviously my shower. There’s more room.’” Steve whispered, his lips so close to Bucky’s that he could feel him breathing. He pressed a soft kiss there before letting his hand travel down Bucky’s body and cupping his crotch. ”’I still have to take care of you, baby.’”

”’Yes, please.’” Bucky gasped, pulling the man into another kiss.

Steve broke away from the kiss with a small chuckle. ”’If we start doing that now, we’ll never get into the shower.’”

”’Okay, okay...’” Bucky replied, smiling as he grabbed Steve’s hand and pulled him into his
bedroom. He eyed the bed for a while, thinking about all the things they were going to do in it in the future and felt his cock twitch up at the though. "Hurry, daddy."

Steve laughed again, following him into the bathroom. "Okay, baby. Get your clothes off. I'll start the shower." He took his own shirt off and threw it in the corner of the room. He turned the shower on and held his hand under the stream until he was sure it was the right temperature. He stepped in.

Steve ran a hand through his blond hair and turned to look back at Bucky. He was standing there, his shirt now off and stepping out of his pants. He must have let out some sort of sound at the sight as Bucky immediately turned around to look at him.

"Like what you see?" he asked, walking towards Steve once he was completely naked, his cock standing proudly against his stomach.

"Fuck, baby."

Steve groaned, placing his hands on his waist and pulling him into the shower. "You are the prettiest thing."

"Am I?" Bucky asked, running his hands down Steve's abs, feeling each muscle for way longer than necessary. He wasn't able to take his eyes off of him. He had no idea how Steve Rogers, a man who was always working, had time to keep his body in such a shape.

"Yes, you are. The prettiest thing I have ever seen."

Steve grabbed him gently by the shoulders and turned him around, his chest now pressed against Bucky's back. He massaged his shoulders and the back of his neck for a moment until he could feel the younger man relaxing under his touch. "What is it that you want me to do to you? Want me to touch you, baby?"

Bucky nodded enthusiastically, really starting to feel desperate for anything. He was pretty sure he could cum just from the way Steve was talking to him. "Daddy, please..."

"I think I know what my baby wants." Steve growled right by his ear and Bucky could tell that the man was smiling even though he couldn't see him. A hand traveled down his waist all the way to his thigh before he felt fingers wrapping around his erection. Bucky felt his cock pulse against the warmth of Steve's big hand. "You want this, huh? You going to cum for me?"

Bucky nodded, leaning the back of his head against Steve's shoulder as he tried to keep his breathing under control.

"You going to cum for daddy?"

"Yesss..." Bucky whined as Steve started to slowly stroke him. Who was teasing who now?

Steve hummed, obviously pleased with himself. Bucky could feel his legs starting to buckle under him when the heat in his lower stomach started to grow. Steve's other arm immediately wrapped around his waist, pressing him even tighter against his hard body.

"Please..."

"What is it, baby? You gotta tell me what you want..." Steve whispered. "All you have to do is say it out loud and I will give it to you."

"I- I want... God. I want..." Bucky tried to figure out his own words. Who knew a handjob could feel so fucking good? "Faster, please. Please, daddy."
"Good boy." Steve praised, immediately stroking him faster. "So pretty, baby, you’re going to make daddy hard again. Are you going to suck me off again if that happens? It is kind of your fault."

"I will..." Bucky cried out, his hips snapping forward. The heat in his stomach was spreading all over his body and he knew exactly what that meant. "Mmh..."

"Feels good, huh?" Steve asked, his voice lowering as he gripped Bucky’s cock tighter and stroked even faster. "Are you close, baby?"

"Yes!" Bucky gasped, now leaning all of his weight against the man behind him. "Ugh, ugh... Daddy, I..." He closed his eyes, feeling the pleasure shooting through him and out of his body. His cum immediately disappeared down the drain with the water and Steve’s hold of him loosened. He kept stroking though, making sure that he’d milked him completely dry.

"Good boy, good boy..." Steve told him, letting go of his slowly softening cock and wrapping that arm around Bucky’s waist as well to keep him from falling on the shower floor. "So good for me, weren’t you?"

Bucky nodded, feeling spent once again. "The best..."

"Yes, the best little baby..." Steve cooed back. "I’m guessing you’re feeling too tired to wash your hair, huh?"

Another nod. Bucky had never fallen asleep standing up before but right now, he couldn’t promise that that wouldn’t happen.

"Okay, we’ll go to bed in a sec." Steve replied, taking a step back so that only Bucky was standing under the stream now. He brushed his hand over Bucky’s cock and his lower stomach, just to make sure that he was all clean before turning the shower off. Bucky couldn’t help but shiver.

He leaned against the wall while Steve grabbed a big towel from god knows where and wrapped it around his body. He quickly dried both of them off and guided Bucky into the bedroom. The bed there was the biggest Bucky had ever seen and it looked so inviting and soft.

Steve took the towel away, making Bucky shiver once again and dropped it on the floor. He moved the blanket out of the way and helped him climb in before wrapping the blanket tightly around him.

Bucky looked up at him tiredly. "Join me, daddy?"

"Of course, baby." Steve told him, pointing towards his closet. "I was just thinking about grabbing pajama pants, that’s all."

"No clothes." Bucky grumbled. They’d just showered together naked and he’d had Steve’s cock in his mouth, why the hell would he want him to wear clothes ever again? He wanted to feel his naked body against his own.

"Whatever you say." Steve replied, climbing into bed as well. He lifted the blanket up enough to wrap his arms and legs around Bucky before setting it back down on top of them both. Bucky was sure he’d never felt so warm in his entire life. He felt his eyes drooping shut. "Aww, is my baby all sleepy?"
’’So sleepy.’’ Bucky mumbled, feeling himself slipping away from reality.

’’Good night, Buck.’’ he heard Steve whisper. A small kiss was pressed on the back of his neck.

’’Good night, Stevie.’’
The bed was cold and empty when Bucky woke up and he groaned at the lack of Steve’s arms around him. He was covered in multiple blankets because from what he could remember, he’d woken up in the middle of the night whining about how cold it was. Steve had immediately gotten out of bed to grab more blankets and had then burrowed both of them underneath them.

Sunrays were finding their way into the room from the biggest window in the room and even though Bucky wasn’t the biggest fan of having the sun shining in his eyes first thing in the morning, he would be lying if he said it wasn’t a beautiful sight. After all the rain, they definitely needed some sun.

He pressed his face against the soft pillow beneath his head and took a deep breath. He never wanted to get up, the bed was far too comfortable but he also missed Steve.

''Stevie?'' he asked, his voice coming out a little quieter than he’d meant to. He just had to hope that Steve had heard him. How dare he not be cuddling him right at this moment?

There was no answer, so he called out his name again,

Nothing.

Bucky groaned against the pillow and he couldn’t help but feel grumpy as he stood up from the bed. Cool air hit his naked body and he quickly made his way to the closet, almost tripping on the towel from the day before that was still on the floor. He grabbed a clean pair of underwear and a hoodie from Steve’s big collection of clothes and put them on. He didn’t bother with pants because he was planning on getting back to bed as soon as he found Steve and forced him to join him.

Making his way into the kitchen, where he knew Steve would most likely be, he smelled something delicious. He wasn’t sure what it exactly was but he really wanted to eat it. It was terribly early for breakfast. To be fair, Bucky didn’t know what time it was but his body was telling him it was way too early for a normal person to be up.

He was too tired to focus on anything, so he didn’t even notice the voices coming from the kitchen before he stepped into the room. ''Steve, what are you doing up? I swear to g-''

Steve wasn’t the only person standing in the kitchen, although it had taken Bucky a while to even look at the other man right next to his man because Steve was just standing there, wearing only sweatpants and his hair was wet. Fuck, he looked good.

''Good morning.‘’ the man next to Steve said, a big, amused smirk on his face.

The guy was the same one that had helped him to get into Steve’s office. What was his name again? It was way too early for this shit. ''Good morning.’’
"Hey, Buck." Steve said, a smile on his face as he held his arm up for Bucky to join him.

"I- I think I'll..." He pointed towards the bedroom, embarrassment settling in when he realized he was standing half-naked in front of an almost stranger. "I'll just go put on some clothes."

Steve laughed. "No, Bucky, it's okay. Come on."

With small steps, Bucky went and snuggled against Steve's side, glad to feel his arm wrapping around his shoulders once again. He was so warm and that warmth made Bucky feel even more tired.

"We just got back from our run." Steve told him after placing a quick kiss on the top of his head.

"What time is it?" Bucky asked.

"Uhh..." Sam glanced down at his watch. "It's 7:03 am."

Bucky groaned against Steve. "You both are insane. What time did you get up?"

"Around six, right?"

Sam nodded. "Yep. Sounds about right."

"Insane." Bucky repeated and glanced over his shoulder to see the kitchen table that had already been set. The delicious scent was coming from there. He turned to look up at Steve. "Pancakes?"

Steve huffed out a laugh. "Yeah, baby. There are pancakes."

"You know what? I'm going to take that as my sign to leave." Sam told them, a knowing look in his eyes. He placed his empty water bottle on the counter. "Have a great breakfast, you guys. Same time tomorrow, Steve?"

"Sure, Sam." Steve nodded.

Bucky mumbled a small 'bye' as well and snuggled closer to Steve when he heard the front door open and then close. They stood there, Steve's hand running up and down his lower back, making Bucky feel even more tired. They could just skip breakfast and go back to bed… Right? He closed his eyes.

"Aww..." Steve cooed with a laugh, placing another kiss on his forehead. "Are you still sleepy?"

"Mmh." he mumbled back and grabbed Steve's big hand into his. "Can we go back to bed?"

"Oh, but baby..." Steve turned around to face him, his hands on Bucky's waist. "I made pancakes and even squeezed like a thousand oranges to get two glasses of juice for us. Once we'd finished our jog, I even went to a coffee shop and got us coffee."

Bucky peeked up at him. "...What kind of coffee?"

Steve smiled. "An Ultra Caramel Frappucino."

"Where is it?" Bucky asked quietly, not taking his tired eyes off of the man in front of him.

Steve reached out behind him and brought a cup in front of him, the straw hitting Bucky on his lower lip. "Sorry, baby." Bucky laughed and wrapped his lips around the straw and took a sip.
Oh. My. God. Bucky grabbed the cup out of Steve’s hands and took a longer sip before letting out a satisfied groan. He wasn’t sure if he loved the drink more than the bed waiting for them in the bedroom.

''So… Breakfast?’’ Steve asked, already walking into the small dining area. Bucky took another sip and rolled his eyes. ''Come on, baby. Join me. If you feel tired after we’ve finished eating, we can go back to bed.’’

That was more like it. ''You promise?’’

Steve smiled softly at him, sitting down. ''I promise, Buck.’’

He let out a small sigh, feeling a little better after getting some caffeine in him. He sat down next to Steve, resting his head against the bare shoulder again. ''I’m too tired to eat.’’ He set his cup down.

''I guess I’m going to have to feed you then.’’ Steve laughed, placing a pancake on the plate in front of Bucky. He cut it into small pieces, stabbed his fork in one of them and held it up by Bucky’s lips. ''Open up.’’

Bucky’s cheeks heated up but he opened his mouth anyway. He didn’t mind getting fed by Steve, in fact, he would enjoy it if they did this every morning. ''Damn, Steve. You really made these?’’

''Yep.’’ Steve told him, taking a bite out of his own pancake before going back to feeding him. ''It’s not that difficult, Buck.’’

''I know that.’’ Bucky replied, his mouth full. ''But these are the best pancakes I have ever had in my entire life.’’

''Wow.’’ Steve looked at him, a big smile on his face. ''That is one hell of a compliment, baby.’’

''It’s true.’’ Bucky told him, closing his eyes again. When he felt Steve gently poking his lips with another piece of the pancake, he opened his mouth again. ''Thank you.’’

Steve let out a small huff before hugging Bucky closer to his body and kissing his cheek a couple of times. Bucky could feel him staring at him with those lovey-dovey eyes even without seeing him. ''Baby, has anyone ever told you that you look absolutely adorable when you are all sleepy like this?’’

Bucky shook his head, not knowing how to answer that question.

''All relaxed for me…’’ Steve continued, his voice soft. ''So tired that I have to take care of you.’’

''I like it when you take care of me.’’ He really didn’t feel like eating anymore. He just wanted to sleep and snuggle. Was that too much to ask? ''I’m done.’’

''With the pancake?’’ Steve asked. Bucky nodded against his shoulder. ''Okay, do you want to have some of the juice?’’

''I wanna go to bed.’’ He felt a little bad, knowing that it must have taken the other one a long time to make the juice. ''Maybe later, Stevie. Bed now?’’

''Okay, baby. Let’s go to bed.’’

Three hours later they were still bed. Steve hadn’t been able to sleep at all but he’d managed to spend
his time on his phone and staring at Bucky’s pretty face. Bucky had fallen asleep the moment Steve had let him snuggle under his arm. He was starting to feel a little sore but didn’t have the heart to move the sleeping man. He looked way too cute and comfortable.

Steve couldn’t help but run his fingers through Bucky’s messy hair. There was something about the way that Bucky was cuddling him, wearing clothes from his closet that made Steve’s heart beat a little bit faster. He didn’t mind being a living body pillow to Bucky for the rest of his life if that meant he got to enjoy his company for… well, the rest of his life.

He hated the idea of having to go back to work the next day. He’d much rather stay at home and be with Bucky. He was really going to start planning that one month vacation because he knew he deserved it. The company had been doing well for several years now and he’d worked his ass off along with many others to make sure that it would keep going as well as it was right now. He couldn’t even remember the last time he’d had a proper vacation. He was going to have to talk to Tony about it and just make it happen.

Bucky let out a small sigh and somehow managed to snuggle even closer to him, hiding his face in Steve’s neck. Steve couldn’t help but smile and nuzzled his nose against the other man’s forehead before placing a kiss there. ‘‘Waking up, Bucky?’’

Another sigh and then Bucky stilled. Slowly, his eyes fluttered open and he looked up at him with a lazy smile. ‘‘Stevie?’’

‘‘Good morning, sweetheart.’’ Steve replied, wrapping him in a tight hug. It felt good to move his arm again. ‘‘Or should I say, good afternoon.’’

‘‘What time is it?’’ Bucky mumbled, pressing his lips against Steve’s naked chest. God, he loved that chest.

‘‘It’s 12:30.’’ Steve told him. ‘‘Don’t you think it’s time to get up?’’

‘‘Or...’’ Bucky said, drawing patterns with his finger on Steve’s skin. ‘‘We could just stay in bed all day long and have fun?’’

Steve almost groaned. ‘‘As fun as that sounds... I think we should do something else as well. The weather outside is amazing, Buck and it smells so good after all that rain.’’

‘‘You’re boring.’’ Bucky grumbled, pouting. ‘‘But fine. What do you want to do?’’

‘‘We could just go for a walk?’’

Bucky got an idea and smiled innocently at the other man. ‘‘Or we could go shopping...’’

Steve smirked, scratching Bucky’s scalp with his fingertips. ‘‘Shopping, huh?’’

‘‘Yeah.’’ Bucky replied. ‘‘After what I did to you yesterday on that couch in the living room, don’t you think I deserve something nice?’’

‘‘I thought that was you thanking me.’’ Steve teased.

‘‘Oh, it was but... you know.’’ Bucky started. ‘‘You can never have enough presents.’’

Steve couldn’t help but laugh. ‘‘I guess you can’t. Alright, we’ll go shopping but you have to shower first.’’
''I'm clean.'' Bucky whined, looking down at his body with a confused expression.

''Your body is but if I remember correctly we got a bit distracted in the shower and you didn’t wash your hair.'' Steve told him, trying not to shiver at the memory of all the fun they’d had the day before.

''Oh.'' Bucky replied and then looked back at him. ''Do you want to join me?''

''Bucky, we migh-''

''Daddy, please...'' he said, patting those long, dark eyelashes of his.

''Fine.'' Steve said, throwing the blanket covering them on the other side of the bed. Bucky shrieked at the sudden cool air hitting his body. ''I’ll join you but don’t try anything, okay? I want to be out of that shower in fifteen minutes max, alright?''

Bucky nodded.

They ended up staying in the shower for an hour and five minutes.

Steve had been right about the weather being amazing. The sun was shining, warming him up and the jacket he’d borrowed from Steve just in case it was too cold outside for him, was now resting on his arm as he carried it through the streets of New York. It was far too warm to wear it.

The scent outside was amazing too, just like Steve had told him it would be. Bucky didn’t know why the earth smelled so different after the rain and he could have asked Steve because he probably knew the answer but chose not to. A little mystery in life was always good.

''Did you have some particular store in mind, sweetheart?'' Steve asked him, arm wrapped around his shoulders as they walked. Bucky smiled at the nickname that he’d heard coming out of the man’s mouth for the first time that morning. He wasn’t sure which one he preferred, baby or sweetheart.

''I just want to look around, you know? Window shopping.'' Bucky explained. ''Well, window shopping and then if I see something I really like, real shopping.''

''Whatever you say, Buck.'' Steve replied and they kept walking. There were quite a few people out and about but it was New York, so that was to be expected.

Bucky saw a store off to the side and it looked familiar. He just wasn’t sure why. ''Stevie?''

''Mmh?''

''Why does that store look familiar?''

Steve looked up to see what he was pointing at and then laughed. ''That’s Tiffany & Co, Buck.''

Tiffany & Co? ''Huh?''

''Remember the movie we watched?'' Steve asked. Bucky nodded but still didn’t get what the man was getting at. ''Do you remember the name of the movie?''

''Yeah.'' Bucky replied. ''Breakfast at Tiffany- Oh. I see.''

Steve nuzzled his nose against Bucky’s clean hair and huffed out another laugh. ''You are adorable.
"Do you want to go and see what they have?"

"Sure."

"I'm wearing all black, should I go and buy breakfast and eat it out of a paper bag in front of that window?"

"Please don't."

"As good as you would look doing it, don't you think it's a bit embarrassing?"

"Maybe. But it would be fun."

"Maybe for Halloween, I'll be a male Audrey Hepburn?"

Steve nodded. "Whatever you want, baby. Like I said, you'll look good."

Bucky leaned forward, getting Steve to drop his arm from around his shoulders. He took his hand in his and dragged him towards the fancy-looking store. Bucky was pretty sure he’d seen it before but had never really paid any attention to it, mostly because he’d always been way too broke to even dream about stepping into a store as luxurious as Tiffany and Co.

Just when they were about to step in, Steve’s phone rang in his pocket. "Shit. It’s from work."

"But Stevie..." Bucky whined, trying to pull him into the store. "You’re supposed to be on vacation. You can’t take phone calls from work during your vacation."

"Bucky."

"You know what? I’m going to take this call and deal with whatever it is that they want me to deal with and then make sure that they won’t bother me again today. I’ll be yours for the rest of the day, okay?"

Bucky sighed. "Okay."

"Okay."

"Why don’t you go into the store already? I’ll be there in a moment, I promise."

"Well, if you promise..." Bucky smirked at him and let go of his hand. He stepped into the store and stopped dead in his tracks. The entire place looked like it was made of glass, most of the walls were white with little hints of blue here and there. He was almost too afraid to move, not wanting to break anything.

He took a few careful steps into the store, not knowing what he was exactly even looking for. Maybe Steve had visited the store before, he would know where everything is. All Bucky had to do was wait for him to finish his call.

"May I help you?" a female voice asked from behind him, making Bucky jump and hit his hand against one of the display cabinets. Thankfully, it didn’t break but his hand hurt like hell, enough to make him curse at least. The woman gave him an unamused look.

"I uh..."

"I see."

"We have a lot of costumers like you every day."

Dumbasses? Clumsy idiots? Bucky wasn’t sure what she meant. "Yeah?"

She nodded. "People who can’t afford anything here but just come and look. Maybe you should stick to looking in from the windows just like all the other people."
Bucky glanced over his shoulder and there were quite a few people standing there, looking into the store. It would have made him laugh if the look the woman was giving him didn’t make him feel like shit. He knew that look well. It was the same look that people had given him only a year ago when he went anywhere when he was either drugged up or drunk or even both.

He felt ready to run out of the store at that moment but decided that the bitch didn’t deserve the satisfaction of being right. ”I want to see all the men’s watches you have.”

’’What?’’

’’I need a watch, so I would like to see the men’s watches.’’ He tried to sound confident, even though he could feel himself tearing up. He was so not going to cry because of some stupid shit a random woman said to him.

’’Alright...’’ the woman replied, sounding unsure. She walked over to the counter she’d been standing behind when Bucky had walked in and pointed at a certain section of the display. ”Here are some of our new ones.”

Bucky looked down at the watches and even though he didn’t know if one of them was better than the other for some reason, he knew what looked good to him and what didn’t. He’d been so focused on looking at all of it that he didn’t even notice Steve appearing next to him, until he slid his arm around Bucky’s waist, just like he always did.

’’Find anything you like?’’ Steve asked as he looked down at the jewelry. He leaned in closer and whispered into his ear. ”I thought we’d get to know each other a bit better until I bought you a ring.’’

Bucky blushed and let out an embarrassed laugh. ’’I’m not looking at the rings, Stevie.’’

Steve smiled. ’’You’re looking at the watches?’’

’’Yeah.’’ he said, pointing at one of them. ”I kind of really like this one.”

’’It is pretty. Would suit you great.’’ Steve told him, eyeing the watch as well. He looked up at the woman in front of them. ”What can you tell us about this one?’’

’’Uhh...’’ she started, sounding almost as unsure as Bucky had earlier. The expression on her face had completely changed the moment Steve had stepped into the store. She must have recognized him. ”It’s stainless steel on a black calf leather strap and-”

Bucky stopped listening as he stared at the watch. Steve probably understood more about everything the woman was talking about and would explain it to him later in a more simple way if he felt like he needed to know.

He loved the color of the watch beneath the glass. The woman had called it the Tiffany blue which made sense because he had noticed the color all around the store when he’d come in. He wondered if they’d trademarked it? They must have.

’’Okay, that sounds good.’’ Steve’s voice broke him out of his thoughts. He glanced at Bucky. ”Is there anything else you want?’’

Bucky pulled him slightly away from the counter and leaned in to whisper. ”I want you to pick something for me, daddy.’’

He swore he’d heard Steve let out a quiet growl before pulling him in for a short kiss. ’’Okay,
Bucky smiled, walking back to the counter and carefully leaned against it. He gave the woman on the other side of the counter a smirk and she looked annoyed at him. Bucky just smirked again and turned around to look at Steve, who was now wandering around the store, looking for something.

The woman walked around the counter and to where Steve was standing around. He was not going to get jealous, even though he couldn’t help but feel a bit annoyed, and just watched what was going to happen. Steve pointed at something and they started talking.

Instead of focusing on the two of them, he couldn’t stop himself from thinking about what Steve had said just a moment ago. He’d talked about buying Bucky a ring and they hadn’t known each other for that long. Well, almost a month already.

It was odd that the thought didn’t freak Bucky out. In the past, he would’ve completely flipped his shit even at the thought of being somebody’s boyfriend...

He wanted to be called Steve’s boyfriend but they hadn’t talked about that yet.

''So is that all?'' the woman asked, appearing in front of Bucky again. Steve soon followed suit and wrapped his arm around him once again. The man seemed to like being close to Bucky as much as Bucky liked being close to him.

Steve nodded, placing the items on the counter along the side of the watch. ''Yep, that’s all.''

Bucky glanced down, only to see a small teddy bear sitting there and some sort of a jewelry box that obviously had something inside it. ''You got me a teddy bear?''

''He reminded me of you.'' Steve whispered and before Bucky could even ask about the jewelry box, Steve continued. ''You’ll see what’s in there a bit later, baby. It’s a surprise.''

''Whatever you say.'' Bucky mumbled with a smile as the woman packed all their things in three separate bags. How wasteful, they would have all probably fit into one bag.

The woman placed the bags on the counter and looked up at them with that fake smile. ''And that would be 3500 dollars.''

Bucky’s jaw almost dropped to the floor at the price but tried to keep calm. He watched as Steve handed his card, the same one Bucky had used in the past, to the woman and took two of the bags in his left hand. Bucky grabbed the third one, which had the teddy bear in it.

''Thank you.''' The woman said, handing back the card and a receipt. Steve put them in his wallet.

They both nodded at her before walking away. Bucky decided that he liked the Tiffany and Co store but they were definitely never coming back to this particular one. The woman had been annoying and Bucky was never planning on seeing her again. He never wanted to have someone looking at him with that expression ever again.

Steve held the door open as they stepped out into the warm weather.

''Are you alright, Bucky?'' Steve asked, immediately noticing the odd look on Bucky’s face.

''Yeah, yeah...'' He tried to laugh it off. ''It’s just… Uh, never mind.''

''Hey...'' Great, now he had made Steve worried.
Steve placed his hand on his shoulder and turned him slightly so that he was looking at him. "You can tell me. Did something happen?"

"She was just... a bit much before you came into the store. Now come on, let's go home so I can see what you bought me." He tried to rush but Steve didn't budge.

"Bucky. Did she say something to you?" Steve asked, sounding serious.

Bucky looked down. "...She just said that she knew people like me."

"People like you?"

"Poor people." Bucky replied, feeling embarrassed. "But it's okay, it's not like she was wrong..."

"No, Buck." Now he sounded angry. "She has no right to be rude to you, I'm going to go back in there and find someone who-"

"No, no, no." Bucky couldn't help but laugh as he grabbed Steve by the hand so that he wouldn't go. "We'll just never go back there, it's fine."

Steve leaned his forehead against his. "Nobody gets to talk to you like that, baby."

"It's okay." Bucky whispered, his stomach flipping. Steve was so sweet. "It's alright now, Stevie."

"I wouldn't have been so nice to her had I known..."

Bucky laughed again and got up on his tippy toes to place a quick kiss on his cheek. "Listen to me. As hot as you are being all mad, I prefer it when you are happy, okay? I'm okay. Sure, she got me a bit down but we can just go home and be happy again."

"... Home, huh?" Steve asked with a smirk, slowly starting to calm down.

"What?"

"Home. You just called my apartment home." Steve seemed to be happy about that.

"I- I..." Bucky hadn't noticed he'd done that. It was kind of silly, he'd only spent almost two days at the apartment but it was kind of starting to feel very homey. "I don't know what to say."

Steve shook his head. "You don't have to say anything, Buck. I'm just glad you feel comfortable in my apartment. You can call it home if that's what you feel like."

"Okay." Bucky said with a small smile and pulled the taller man into another kiss. He was never going to get sick of those soft lips of his. "So let's go home?"

"Let's go home."
^^ Here's what Steve bought for Bucky :)

Chapter End Notes
So life's been a mess and now I'm finally back. I truly do hope that someone still gives a shit about this story of mine. I know that I promised in the last chapter (I think?) that I'd start updating normally again but... yeah, that didn't happen :) I'm here now and will continue to update if anyone is interested anymore. If not... We'll see.

From now on there are no more promises :) I'll update when I want to but I'll try to do better than once a month!!!!

Oh, I'm also writing a looooong one shot that will be out... some day. I'm still in the very beginning stages with it but I think it will be very good :D

Thank you for reading! <3
Bucky relaxed on the couch as a random tv show played in the background. Steve had decided to make them something to eat because no matter how hard Bucky had tried to hide his rapidly growing hunger, Steve had heard his stomach rumble once and had then given him a long rant about how he should have eaten more in the morning.

As Steve was busy working on their meal in the kitchen, Bucky had decided to text all his friends to ask how they were doing at home without him.

Wanda had sent him a long text about everything that had happened, including the fact that Carol had almost set the apartment on fire but that was nothing new. It had happened before.

Natasha had just sent him a quick text with multiple grammatical mistakes, telling him that everything was fine and Carol had just told him that the apartment was for once peaceful since he wasn’t there. Bucky knew that in Carol’s language that meant ‘I miss you.’

’’Are you almost done?!’’ Bucky yelled from the comfortable couch and turned off the TV since neither of them was actually watching it.

’’Almost.’’ Steve replied, glancing up at him from behind the kitchen counter.

Bucky whined, sitting up and slumping against the back of the couch.

Steve rolled his eyes at his dramatic reaction and smirked. ’’You know, this is your fault. I would have made us something to eat way earlier if you’d just told me you were hungry. So just wait and be a good boy.’’

Bucky’s cheeks heated up as he mumbled. ’’Whatever…’’

Steve laughed at him and placed the dish in the oven. He wiped his hands against his pants to make sure they were clean and joined Bucky in the living room. ’’Don’t pout, Buck.’’

’’I’m not pouting,’’ Bucky was totally pouting. His stomach growled again.

’’Whatever you say, dear.’’ Steve grabbed an apple from the bowl on the living room table and sat down next to Bucky. ’’Here.’’

’’An apple?’’ Bucky eyed the fruit in front of him, automatically leaning against the warm body next to him. ’’An apple isn’t going to take my hunger away.’’

’’But it’ll keep the doctor away.’’ Steve said with a laugh, trying to make Bucky smile. When it didn’t work, he sighed and placed the apple in Bucky’s hand. ’’Come on, baby. It’s going to help you hang on until the food’s done. Now be good or you won’t get to open up the present I got you at Tiffany’s any time soon.’’

His blush turned deeper. ’’Okay… Sorry.’’

’’No, Bucky, you don’t need to be sorry.’’ Steve snuggled him closer to his body and placed a soft kiss on the side of his head. ’’Just saying, baby… Have some patience, okay?’’
Bucky nodded. "Okay."

"Do you uhh... Do you remember that phone call I got earlier today?"

"Mmh..." Bucky buried his face in Steve’s neck. "What about it?"

"I have to go to work tomorrow at 4 pm."

"What?" Bucky looked up at him. "I thought we could have one more day together?"

"We can. Until 4 pm." Steve replied with a small smile as he began to play with Bucky’s hair.

Bucky frowned. "So your vacation, in reality, was only three and a half days, not four days."

"I know." Steve whispered. "I’m sorry. I promise I’ll work on getting a longer vacation soon, alright? Then you’re not going to be able to get rid of me for a month."

Bucky smiled, turning slightly so that he could face the other man. "I like that." He placed his hands on Steve’s chest and pulled him into a kiss. It was soft and sweet, with a hint of passion that was always there when they were together like this. Steve’s fingers grasped Bucky’s hair, making him let out a small groan.

"Mmh... Always so sweet." Steve whispered to him, leaning their foreheads together. "God, you’re really making me want to call Tony and tell him I’m never coming to work ever again."

Bucky huffed out a small laugh. "Aren’t you rich enough to do that?"

"Yeah, I probably am." Steve replied with a laugh of his own. "But I like working."

"Ugh. Of course, you do." Bucky said, glancing over Steve’s shoulder into the kitchen. "What exactly did you make for us?"

"Just some roasted chicken with vegetables." Steve answered, his finger beneath Bucky’s chin making him look back at him. "It’ll take an hour or so to be ready."

Bucky’s eyes widened, the apple falling from his hand on the floor. "You said you were almost done!"

"Almost done putting it in the oven!" Steve said with a bright smile, kicking the poor apple a little further away. "Think of it this way, we have an hour to do anything we want."

"Anything?" Bucky asked with a tiny smirk.

"Yeah. Anything."

"What did you have in mind?"

Steve looked up as if he was deep in thought. "Well, I do have quite a lot of laundry to do..."

"Steve!" Bucky whined.

With a teasing smile on his face, Steve spoke up again. "Or I could make you some dessert."

Fuck. Was he seriously making Bucky choose between sex and dessert? That was not fair. "Don’t do this to me..."
"You gotta tell me what you want, baby. I’m not a mind reader.” Wow. Steve Rogers truly was an asshole.

Bucky shook the arm off of his shoulders and clumsily climbed into Steve’s lap. ”I want you to pay attention to me.”

”Aww.” Steve chuckled against his hair and wrapped his arms tightly around him. ”I can do that, baby.”

Steve’s heart was beating steadily as Bucky pressed himself against the man’s chest. He let out a sad sigh. ”Dessert now, fun later?” He couldn’t believe he was saying no to sex.

”Whatever you want, Buck.” Steve said softly, his fingers brushing through Bucky’s hair. ”What is it that you want for dessert?”

”I saw that you had some chocolate chip cookie dough in the freezer.” Bucky mumbled, his words coming out slurred as he was squished against the sturdiness of the other man’s chest.

”Okay. Then let’s go make some cookies.” And just like that, Steve stood up, lifting Bucky up with him.

”Woah!” Bucky wrapped his arms around Steve’s neck and held on for dear life, even though it was quite clear he didn’t have to worry about the man dropping him. He was so damn strong that Bucky probably weighed nothing to him.

Steve chuckled and shuffled his way into the kitchen, kicking the apple out of the way in the progress. When he finally set Bucky down on the counter right next to the stove, Bucky may have let out an embarrassing squeak.

Steve ran his hands along Bucky’s thighs before turning to where the freezer was. ”Let’s see. Cookie dough, cookie dough… Here it is!”

”Why is it wrapped in that plastic stuff?” Bucky asked, looking down as he felt the heat from the oven radiating to his feet. It was actually kind of nice as his feet were always cold.

”Oh, I made this myself like a month ago. I only used half of the dough, so I decided to freeze the rest.”

”A month?” Bucky asked, shocked. ”You really are a weird man, Rogers.”

”And why is that Bucky?” Steve asked simply, removing the plastic wrap from around the dough.

”Any normal human would have made more cookies using that dough the moment they ran out of cookies to eat.” Bucky explained. ”But not you. You just kept it in the freezer for a month. You’ve got a lot of self-control.”

Steve laughed, turning around once again and rolled out the slightly frozen dough on the counter right next to Bucky. ”Maybe I do but I didn’t make those cookies for myself in the first place. I made them for other people… I might have had one or two though.”

”Other people?” Bucky asked, one of his eyebrows rising.

”Friends.” Steve said with a smile, patting his thigh a couple of times before taking a piece of the cookie dough that was starting to get soft and placed it in Bucky’s hand. ”Now be nice and roll that into a ball for me.”
"Mmh." Bucky replied, doing as he was told. "Who were these… friends?"

"People from work. Tony for example." Steve told him. "And you know Sam, right?"

"Yeah." How could he forget? Poor Sam had had to see Bucky in his underwear the second time they had met.

"And I think Sharon was there too."

Sharon? "Umm... Your ex, Sharon?" Bucky couldn’t help but ask.

"Yeah, she works at the company too. I barely work with her these days but I do see her once in a while." Steve continued, giving him more dough after each ball he made. "Now can we stop talking about work? I thought you said you wanted me to pay attention to you?"

Bucky couldn’t help but laugh. "I did, didn’t I? But to me, it seems like you’re focusing on the dough more than me..."

"Aww, I’m sorry." Steve smirked and moved slightly so that he was standing in between Bucky’s legs. He wiped his hands against his pants once again. "Should I just stand here and look at you until the food is done?"

"I wouldn’t mind that." Bucky said. "But I meant more like… talking about us?"

"Us, huh?" Steve asked and watched as Bucky placed the last ball of dough on the counter. "What about us?"

"We’ve known each other for a while now." Bucky started. "I mean… Not that long but I think long enough so I just thought… What exactly are we?"

Steve stepped back slightly and took a baking tray out of one of the cabinets. He placed it on the counter and started to place the balls of dough on it. "What do you mean by that? Like…?"

"Like are we boyfriends?" Bucky asked, his voice coming out shaky. Why was he feeling nervous all of a sudden?

Steve turned to look at him with those gorgeous, loving eyes. "Do you want us to be?"

Did he? Steve was the most wonderful man in the world and Bucky still couldn’t believe how lucky he was to have met him, although their first meeting could have been more romantic. "I mean you’re great."

Steve gave him a small smile. "So is that… a yes?"

"I- I mean if you want to..."

"Of course, I want to, sweetheart." Steve said, placing his slightly sticky hand on Bucky’s cheek. "Of course, I do, you’re the most wonderful person I have ever met. I just don’t want to rush you."

"I’m okay with being rushed." Bucky told him, leaning against the warm hand. "And you know, we’ve been dating and I’ve stayed at your apartment for a few days and we’ve done stuff… I think that very boyfriendy."

Steve chuckled. "Boyfriendy?"

"It’s a word." Bucky mumbled with a small smile and placed his hands on Steve’s waist to pull him..."
back in between his legs. ''I want to be your boyfriend and if you want to be mine, isn’t our answer right there?’’

''I guess it is.’’ Steve whispered, his breath hot against Bucky’s lips. ’’…Boyfriend.’’

''Umm… I love that.’’ Bucky wrapped his legs around his boyfriend’s waist to pull him even closer. Their lips met, moving desperately against each other and it made Bucky’s heart beat a little faster, just like it always did.

''Fuck…’’ Steve whispered before pulling Bucky into another quick kiss. ''If we keep going like this, I won’t be able to stop myself, baby.’’ The familiar darkness in the man’s eyes was back and oh boy, Bucky was living for it.

Bucky smirked. ''Then don’t stop. It did kind of turn me on to know that you can just lift me up like that…’’

''Shit, Bucky…’’ Steve whispered under his breath, his hands now massaging Bucky’s thighs, slowly nearing his crotch.

''How long do you think you could hold me up?’’ Bucky asked, his voice innocent in a way that he knew drove Steve crazy.

Steve growled and lifted Bucky up once again, hurrying them both into the bedroom that had quickly become Bucky’s favorite place in the entire world. He wasn’t ready for it all to end the next day.

As Steve placed him on the bed gently and got on top of him, Bucky forced himself to push all his other thoughts to the side because right now he could still enjoy it all.

''What do you want to do, baby?’’ Steve asked, his hand slipping beneath Bucky’s shirt.

The question took Bucky’s breath away. ’’I… I want to suck you off, Stevie.’’

Steve full-on growled again, enjoying the feeling of the warm skin beneath his fingertips. ''Okay, baby. Okay.’’

''Okay, daddy.’’ Bucky smiled up at him and watched as Steve unbuckled his belt.

Bucky took in deep breaths against Steve’s bare chest as they laid on the couch, watching a tv-show they had become obsessed with over the past couple of days. There was a blanket covering the both of them and Bucky swore he could just stay there for the rest of his life and he would be perfectly happy.

They’d already finished both the main meal and the dessert about an hour ago and since neither of them had felt energetic enough to wash the dishes, they’d just left them in the sink. They’d take care of them the next morning.

As much as Bucky had enjoyed all the food, he had enjoyed what had happened before that the most. They still hadn’t ended up going all the way because Steve had told him he did not like to be rushed and at that moment the dish in the oven had been the only thing rushing them. Bucky would’ve been fine with the entire apartment burning into ashes if it meant he got to have Steve inside of him. Sadly, Steve had not agreed.

''Do you think the dog is going to die?’’ Bucky asked suddenly, eyes focused on the tv.
"What?" Steve asked with a laugh. "Why would the dog die? He looks perfectly fine to me."

"People like killing off pets because they know it makes their audiences cry. Did you know that there’s a website for that?" Bucky rambled on.

"For what?"

"To see if the dog dies in the movie or tv-show or something." Bucky explained. "I’d go check but I think I left my phone in your room and there is no way I’m getting up."

Steve’s chest rumbled beneath him as he laughed once again. His hand was moving up and down Bucky’s back. "You comfortable, baby?"

"Mmh." Bucky hummed, placing a quick kiss on his chest before hiding his face in Steve’s neck. "So comfy. Let’s not get up until you have to go to work tomorrow."

"Sounds good to me." Steve replied and placed his hand in Bucky’s hair, gently scratching his scalp.

"Your couch is so comfortable." Bucky mumbled.

"You’re laying on top of me, not on the couch."

"I know..." Bucky said, slightly embarrassed. "But I’ve laid on your couch before. Where did you even find such a couch?"

"Oh, man..." Steve looked up as he tried to remember. "I’m not completely sure, it was a long time ago. It was a small boutique, I’m not sure it even exists anymore."

Bucky nodded. "Doesn’t matter."

"Then why did you ask?" Steve asked, his voice teasing.

"Just wanted to know." Bucky had always been curious. It couldn’t be helped.

"Okay, baby." Steve whispered in his ear, relaxing against the couch again. He placed a small kiss on the top of Bucky’s head. "You’re a lot like a cat, aren’t you?"

The tv show was still playing, now forgotten in the background. Bucky couldn’t help but look up at Steve. "What? A cat?"

"Yeah, Buck." Steve answered. "A cat."

"Explanation, please." Bucky said, going back to his original position.

"Well..." Steve started, brushing his fingers through Bucky’s short hair. "You like it when I pet your hair and you like to be warm."

"Mmh." He couldn’t disagree with that.

"You like to eat..."

"Who doesn’t?"

"And you know exactly what you want." Steve said and then laughed lightly. "And you’re not the biggest fan of dogs."
Bucky couldn’t help but laugh as well. Maybe he was more like a cat than he’d even realized. ’’I guess you’re right.’’

’’Yeah...’’ Steve whispered and Bucky could see him fighting to keep his eyes open.

’’Did I tire you out, daddy?’’ Bucky asked quietly, not wanting to startle the sleepy man beneath him.

Steve didn’t open his eyes but let out a soft groan. His hand in Bucky’s hair stilled. ’’Don’t talk like that, baby. You’re going to make me hard again.’’

Bucky let out a soft laugh and with some struggle grabbed the remote from the living room table. He pressed the red button to turn off the tv and allowed the remote to fall from his hand onto the floor.

’’Sorry. Go to sleep, Stevie.’’

Steve only sighed, his breathing already evening out. Bucky turned so that his cheek was now resting against his boyfriend’s chest and closed his own eyes as well. He did not mind the idea of waking up on top of Steve in the morning.

’’Stevie?’’ Was the first thing that came out of Bucky’s mouth when he woke up to the feeling of warmth on his face. The sun was shining into the apartment and right into his eyes from one of the windows in the room. ’’...Steve?’’

He lifted his head lazily, looking down at the couch, confused at the fact that Steve was no longer beneath him. How had he not woken up when his boyfriend had gotten up? He knew he was a deep sleeper but this was on another level. Maybe he had woken up but just couldn’t remember…

Just when Bucky realized the shower was going, it stopped and he could hear Steve moving around the bathroom, probably drying himself off and getting himself dressed. If it was up to Bucky, his boyfriend would never wear any clothes ever again.

Bucky got up, feeling well-rested. Who knew sleeping on top of another human being could be so comfortable? Bucky wasn’t sure if he was going to be able to sleep without doing so anymore. Poor Steve, he was just going to have to get used to it.

It was already noon and Bucky groaned against the soft fabric of the couch. He’d always been one to sleep in but this was just outright embarrassing. He tried not to count how many hours he’d wasted sleeping when he could have been spending time with Steve. Showering with Steve… Fuck.

’’Oh, you’re already up.’’ Steve walked out of the bathroom, wearing only sweatpants (praise the lord) and drying his hair with a smaller towel. ’’Good morning, sweetheart.’’

’’Morning.’’ Bucky replied, not even bothering to pretend like he wasn’t staring at Steve’s broad chest and the muscles everywhere.

Steve threw the towel somewhere in the bathroom and stepped closer to Bucky, his arms immediately wrapping around his waist. He placed a small kiss on his forehead. ’’How long have you been awake?’’

’’I just woke up.’’ Bucky whispered back. ’’How long have you been up?’’

’’About two hours.’’ Steve replied. ’’I went on a jog with Sam and made some fruit salad for breakfast but since you were still asleep, I decided to take a shower.’’
''You should've woken me up.'' Bucky told him.

Steve laughed slightly. ''And what? You would have gone on a run with us?''

''Maybe...'' Bucky said with a small pout. He might not have jogged in a long, long time but he could have still done it.

''Okay then.'' Steve leaned down to place a quick kiss on his dry lips. ''I'm sorry. Next time I'll take you with us. If you think you can keep up.''

''Well, I can't promise that.'' Bucky chuckled, placing his hands against Steve’s stomach as he pulled away from the hug. ''You said you made breakfast?''

''Yeah.''

''Did you eat without me as well?''

Steve smiled down at him and grabbed Bucky’s hand in his before dragging him into the kitchen. ''Of course not.''

Bucky took his seat by the table and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He was still somehow feeling tired, even after all that sleep, and knew that if he hadn’t gotten up from the couch when he had, he would have fallen right back to sleep.

Steve cupped his hand against Bucky’s cheek, smiling softly at him. ''You’re still sleepy?''

Bucky hummed, leaning against the warmth and smiled as well. ''Can’t you call in sick or something? I don’t want you to go to work.''

''Aw, I don’t want to go either.'' Steve told him, his hand traveling up to Bucky’s hair. He stepped closer and gently pressed Bucky’s face against his lower stomach. ''But you know I have to, baby.''

Bucky wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist. ''I know, Stevie…'' There was something about leaning against the other man’s stomach and having him stroke his hair like he was Steve’s and no one else’s that just made Bucky feel a different type of special. ''I miss my roommates but honestly, I would much rather stay here with you.''

''That’s sweet, Bucky.'' Steve replied with a smile as his hand fell from Bucky’s hair. He walked around the counter and got their breakfast from the fridge.

''Don’t ever tell my roommates I said that.'' Bucky said with a smirk. Of course, his friends meant a lot to him but right at this moment, he wanted to spend all of his time with his boyfriend. Maybe that was just something that happened when you began to fall in love with somebody.

Woah… Bucky’s mind went blank. _Love_. That was a big word.

''You alright, Buck?’’

Bucky heard the question but words just didn’t come out of his mouth, no matter how hard he tried. Sure, they’d agreed to be boyfriends but they hadn’t known each other long enough to even think about love… Right? Maybe he just had a very, very, very intense crush on the guy. Yeah, that had to be it.

Suddenly there was a hand on his shoulder and it was shaking him out of his thoughts. Bucky tried to smile up at him.
Steve didn’t look too convinced. "Are you okay?"

"It’s okay. I’m okay." Bucky replied quickly. "I just… I just got a bit lost in my head. I’m alright."

"If you’re sure..." Steve said, moving to grab two smaller bowls that now had some salad in them. He set them down on the table with a couple of forks before slowly sitting down.

"Would you stop?" Bucky chuckled as Steve kept staring at him. "I’m alright. I just..."

Steve almost looked sad. "Bucky… You know you can tell me anything."

Bucky blushed, poking his salad with his fork. "I just..." How could he explain his feelings to Steve without actually saying the l-word? "I just think that I… I just really like you, Steve."

His boyfriend relaxed slightly when he finally figured out an answer. "And that’s what’s worrying you?"

"It’s not worrying me." Bucky sighed. "I just..."

"Take your time." Steve told him, playing around with his salad.

Bucky took a deep breath. "I just… Steve, I feel very strongly about you. And it’s slightly scary."

"Oh." The familiar smile Bucky had fallen in love with the first time he’d seen it was finally back on Steve’s face. "Scary in a good or a bad way, baby?"

He looked like he already knew the answer. Bucky gulped. "In the most amazing way."

Steve’s smile only turned brighter as he held onto Bucky’s hand for a quick moment. "I feel the same way."

And only then Bucky felt his breathing go back to normal. Steve felt strongly about him too. "Okay."

"Okay." Steve leaned forward for a quick kiss, thankfully not caring about how dry Bucky’s lips still were. "Now eat your salad, baby. After we’re done, we’re going to take a quick nap on the couch before finishing that show of ours."

Bucky smiled back at him and stabbed a delicious looking piece of an apple with his fork. "Okay."

They stood by the front door, hugging each other as if the world was ending and they were never going to see each other ever again. They both were aware of how silly and dramatic they were being but they just couldn’t help it.

Steve was now wearing his work clothes and although Bucky very much preferred his boyfriend wearing as little clothes as possible, he couldn’t help but wonder how he managed to look so amazing in just a simple black suit. The suit hugged his body perfectly and Bucky had taken a moment to think of the best words to describe that wonderful body of Steve’s and the only ones he’d been able to come with at that moment were ‘beefy’ and ‘sturdy.’ That body certainly made him feel some type of way. Bucky wasn’t a small guy himself but nowhere near as big as Steve was and he truly didn’t mind it. In fact, he quite liked it. He felt safe surrounded by Steve’s bigger body and only the thought of how he was strong enough to make Bucky do whatever it was that he wanted him to...
do, made his stomach drop wonderfully.

"Baby, I really need to get going." Steve finally said, placing a kiss in his hair as he pulled away from the long, tight hug. "But like I said, you can stay here and wait for me if you want but I’m going to be working late. I’m sure your roommates already miss you as well."

"I guess I miss them too." Bucky mumbled with the smallest of smiles. "I’ll hang out here for a little while though."

"You can stay as long as you like." Steve said and pulled Bucky into a kiss. His hand found its way to Bucky’s waist and Bucky couldn’t help but pull away. Steve pulled his hand away just as fast as if Bucky’s body had burned him. "What’s wrong?"

Bucky rolled his eyes and chuckled. "Nothing’s wrong, dumbass. I just know that if you start touching me now, you won’t be able to stop."

"Damn right." Steve mumbled as he kissed him on the cheek and opened the front door. "I’ll text you tonight and call you tomorrow morning, okay? We can talk about our next date."

"I’d like that." Bucky said before basically pushing the man out into the hallway. He would never leave for work if they started talking about the date now. "Now go."

"Okay, baby." Steve said, laughing. "Be good for me while I’m gone."

"Of course..." Bucky replied. "Daddy."

Steve cursed under his breath and just couldn’t help but lean in for one more kiss. He made sure to squeeze Bucky’s waist tightly. "I meant it, baby. Be good."

"I’m always good." Bucky mumbled against the soft lips and god, he just wanted to pull the man back into the apartment and have his way with him right there on the carpet. The thought made Bucky shiver.

"Mmh..." Steve hummed, smiling. He stepped out of the door once again and started walking down the hallway. "Bye, baby!"

"Bye." Bucky watched him go as long as he could see him and then closed the door with a sigh. The apartment was quiet and kind of spooky now that he was alone. He felt the urge to just run after Steve and tell him he’d be joining him at work that day but knew that he couldn’t do that. If he did though, Steve would probably put him over his knee and-

He couldn’t even finish that thought. He shivered even more aggressively and pushed the sexy enough to make him hard thought out of his mind.

Bucky wasn’t sure what to do in the apartment and just stood there for a while. He was perfectly capable of doing things on his own and for himself but for the past few days, Steve had been the one to take care of everything. The one to take care of Bucky.

His stomach flipped again. Who knew that being taken care of could feel so comforting and be a major turn on at the same time?

Just as he stepped into the living room, his phone buzzed in his pocket. The message was from Steve. Maybe he’d forgotten something.

"Hey, baby. If you feel like you don’t know what to do, here’s my suggestion:
Bag your things (If you’re going to leave.)

Have a little snack (I made something for you, it's in the fridge.) You can take the rest of it home if there’s any left.

Just relax for a while, as long as you want.

If you’re going to walk home, text me when you get there. I can call you a ride if you want me to.

Remember how much you mean to me.

Oh, and take that Tiffany’s bag with you. You’re allowed to open it when you get home.’

Bucky smiled down at the text message and held his phone against his heart for a moment. Steve knew him so well and even though he would have eventually figured out what to do, he couldn’t help but appreciate the instructions. He was going to have to figure out a way to tell Steve that he really liked when he told him what to do.

Usually, when someone told him what to do, he just got pissed because it made him feel out of control but when Steve did it… It was as if someone had lifted all the weight off of his shoulders.

Bucky knew that he was very much in charge of his own life but it felt nice when Steve chose what they were going to eat or do. He’d always been one to overthink and Steve just made everything so simple.

He hadn’t felt this relaxed in a long time. He wrote a quick reply before putting his phone back in his pocket.

‘I’ll walk home and I’ll text you when I get there. I’ll be good for you, daddy.’

The walk home had gone surprisingly fast and Bucky’s legs didn’t even feel sore. Maybe walking dogs as a second job had its positive sides; apparently, it had helped him get back into a slightly better shape.

It was slowly starting to get dark but Bucky was completely fine. His building was right in front of him.

He walked forward but stopped by the driveway when he noticed a familiar-looking character standing by the front door. It couldn’t be anyone else but the same weird guy Bucky had told to go to hell earlier. His heart started to beat a little faster.

He grabbed his keys, holding each of them between his fingers as a weapon as he stepped out of the shadow. The man must have heard him as he immediately turned around and grinned. He was missing several teeth and those that were still there looked almost rotten. Bucky almost felt bad for him. Almost.

’’Why the fuck are you back?’’ he asked, trying to keep his voice stable. All he had to do was get into his apartment and call the damn cops and he’d be fine.

’’I met up with Brock yesterday.’’ he replied, stepping closer. Bucky squeezed his keys tighter, feeling the sharp edges of them cutting into his skin. ’’He misses you, you know.’’

’’To hell with him.’’ Bucky hissed back. ’’I’m going to call the cops, okay? I don’t want you to come back.’’

The man pretended not to have heard him but circled around him. Bucky turned around as well, following his movements. ’’He wants you to come back you know. He misses you.’’
Bucky really just wanted to get home and even though the path there was now free, he couldn’t get his feet to move. "I never want to see him again. He was the one who made my life shit, okay? So you can go and tell your little dealer that I’m done. I’m not going back. And if you were smart enough to see what he’s doing to you or what you’re doing to yourself, you wouldn’t go back either. I’ve moved on."

The man’s face turned red in anger but there was a hint of sadness in his eyes that Bucky was far too familiar with. "You’ll be back!"

Bucky turned around and with shaky hands unlocked the door.

"People like you always come back!"

Bucky didn’t look at him but stepped in and shut the door behind him as quickly as he could. He knew he should call the police just like he had threatened to do but his body felt frozen. His mind was empty.

Slowly, he sat down in front of the door, closed his eyes and wished that Steve was there to make it all better.

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^^How I imagined him looking like when the weird guy appeared :)

Chapter End Notes

You people really showed a lot of love for this, even though I thought no one would care about this story anymore :D Have a new chapter as a thank you! As you may have noticed, I finally figured out how long this story is going to be. THIRTY CHAPTERS
:O I'm not saying that the amount won't not change at all but I have planned the plot to go on for thirty chapters. You guys have no idea what kind of a ride is ahead...
Bucky had ended up falling asleep on his bed right after he’d managed to get himself up from the floor and into his own room. His roommates hadn’t been home, which he’d been very glad about since he really hadn’t felt like talking about the whole ‘there’s a weird guy that has already come to our apartment a couple of times and tried to get me to do drugs again’ thing.

And even now, that it was the next morning, he still didn’t feel like talking about it but he knew he had to. Bucky laid in bed, wearing the clothes from yesterday and waited for Steve’s phone call. He’d passed out before even reading the text message he’d sent him the night before and was surprised that there was in fact only one text message and not a thousand because Bucky hadn’t replied back. Steve must have figured out that he’d gone to sleep.

Just as Bucky decided to get up and go to the bathroom, his phone started ringing and he rushed right back to his bed and grabbed it. ”Hello?”

’Hi, Buck.’ Steve’s sweet voice replied and Bucky could tell he was smiling. God, he missed him.

’’Hi.’’ he whispered. ’’How are you?’’

Steve chuckled. ’’I’m great, Bucky. I’ve been working on getting that month long vacation.’

’’Really?’’ Bucky asked, a smile appearing on his face.

’’Yeah. It looks like it’s going to work out.’ Steve said. ’’I was also thinking about that date we were supposed to have and...’’

Oh no. He didn’t sound too happy. ”Yeah?”

’’I have to work really hard the rest of this month to get everything done before my vacation.’

Bucky sighed. ”Oh...”

’’But I do have some free time on monday.’ He sounded slightly more hopeful. ’’You could come visit me and we could have our date here. I know it’s not anything special like the botanic garden but-’’

’’No.’’ Bucky interrupted him. ”It sounds great, Stevie. I’ll be there.”

’’Okay.’ Steve sounded relieved. ’’I promise you that once I start my vacation-’’

’’What are you going to do?’’ Bucky asked teasingly, laying back down on the bed, the urge to go to the bathroom disappearing to the back of his mind.

’’I would tell you but there’s someone knocking at my door. Again.’ Now he sounded annoyed. Steve sighed. ’’I’m so sorry, baby. I have to go.’

’’No, no, it’s okay.’’ Bucky tried to comfort him and not sound too disappointed at the same time. He liked his and Steve’s long conversations on the phone. ’’Go. They need their boss.”

Steve chuckled. ’’Right. I’ll see you on monday, okay? And I’ll call later today.’
"Okay, Stevie."

"Okay… Bye, Buck."

"Bye." he whispered, sad that the conversation was over. He set his phone down on the bed and got himself out of his room before his stupid brain would convince him that he should just stay and sleep there for the rest of the day.

After a quick visit to the bathroom, he made his way downstairs where his roommates were watching a show on the tv that Bucky immediately recognized as Friends. It seemed like they were already on season three.

"Hi.” he said carefully, not wanting to startle them as they were so focused on the tv screen.

Natasha turned around first and smiled when she saw him. "Hi."

Bucky smiled back and sat down on the arm rest of the couch. He immediately noticed the unfallen tears shining in Wanda’s eyes. He turned to look back at Natasha. "What’s going on?"

"Ross and Rachel just broke up." Natasha said with a dry voice and rolled her eyes.

"Ah, I see.” Bucky said with a small chuckle. He was definitely not going to talk about how he’d bawled his eyes out the first time he’d watched the break up scene. Nobody needed to know about that.

"So how did your very long date go?” Carol asked, a knowing smirk on her face when she finally turned to look at him.

Bucky smirked back. "Let’s just say… I was able to thank Stevie properly."

"Yes!” Carol yelled and held her hand up for a high five. Wanda looked almost horrified next to her, now looking at Bucky as well. "Did you guys…?"

"No, we didn’t fuck.” Bucky said, enjoying the look on Wanda’s face. She could be such a prude sometimes. She really needed to get a boyfriend. "But you know… We had fun."

"I’m glad.” Natasha said, patting him on the back. "I’m proud of you."

Bucky wasn’t sure how to feel about having his friend tell him she was proud of him for having sucked dick (and done so very well, thank you very much) but he decided he was fine with it. He had cool roommates. Other than Wanda. But Bucky still loved her.

Wanda shook her head, probably trying to not think about Bucky and Steve doing it and put on the next episode of Friends.

"So when are you guys going to go on your next date?"

"Next monday.” Bucky told Carol, squeezing his way to join the women on the couch. Sitting on the armrest wasn’t too comfortable. "Steve’s going to be very busy. He’s trying to get the next month off so… he’s got a lot of work to do."

"But he still has time to see you on monday?” Carol asked.

"He has breaks…” Bucky mumbled.

Carol wrapped her arm around Bucky’s shoulders and pulled him closer to her. "Are you going to
spend the entire month with him?"

"If he lets me.″ Bucky whispered with a small laugh. "I’ll come visit though… Probably.″

"You really like him, don’t you?″ she asked quietly, making sure that the other two women couldn’t hear them.

"He’s great.″ Bucky couldn’t control his smile.

After that, Carol relaxed against the back of the couch and started watching the show with Natasha and Wanda, who’d already been laughing at the jokes on the tv for a while. Bucky couldn’t get himself to focus on the show because the way they were sitting on the couch all together reminded him of the time when they’d just moved in and they’d done this every single night before going to bed.

Bucky knew that he should tell them about the weird guy that had now visited their place twice but he really didn’t want to ruin the moment. Hopefully the guy wouldn’t be back in a while so he had time to tell them. He’d just tell them tomorrow.

"You good?″ Carol asked when she noticed Bucky deep in his thoughts.

"Mmh.″ Bucky replied. He was better than he had been in a long, long time and he was not going to let some weird guy ruin it for him.

It had been three days and Bucky still hadn’t told them about the weird guy. He hated talking about the past and that guy reminded him too much of it. What bothered Bucky the most was the fact that he wasn’t sure what to think of him. Obviously, he was a problem but he wasn’t sure what he was up to. Was Brock really trying to get him back or was something else going on? Maybe the weird guy was just obsessed with him or-

Bucky fell on the ground when Bluebell ran after Daisy who had apparently decided that she’d wanted to go for a swim. Bucky cursed and got up quickly, slightly embarrassed because there were other people at the beach as well.

"You’re lucky that your owner gave me a permission to let you guys swim, otherwise we’d all be screwed.″ Bucky said to the dogs, making sure no one else heard him. He didn’t want to be seen as some crazy dog man.

He sat down on one of the dry rocks and just watched the dogs play around in the water. He tried to figure out a way to tell his roommates about what was going on in a way that wouldn’t make them too angry. It was his fault that some weirdo was sneaking around their place and it was understandable that they were going to be mad.

"Hmm...″ Bucky said out loud when an interesting idea came to his mind. His date with Steve was tomorrow at twelve, maybe he could tell them just before leaving and then just… leave. That way Natasha wouldn’t be able to yell at him. At least not a lot.

Bucky almost fell into the water himself when a small child appeared next to him and he may have let a curse word slip past his lips. The kid was staring at him, just standing there in her swimsuit.

"What?″ Bucky asked, a bit too bluntly. He’d never been good with kids. He barely knew how to act with only adults around.
"Can I swim with your dogs?" she asked confidently, eyeing him warily.

"I don’t think that’s a good idea." Bucky replied, turning back to look at the dogs because… Well, the kid was a bit creepy, staring at him with those big blue eyes. "The bigger dog might accidentally push you down and you could get hurt."

"Okay." the girl said but didn’t go anywhere. Could Bucky just shoo her away? "Are you sad? You look sad."

Well, shit. What was he supposed to say to that? "… No, not really."

"Are you angry?"

"No." But he was slowly starting to get a bit annoyed. The only reason why he’d taken the dogs out after not doing so in a long while was to get out of the apartment and have some peace and quiet to think about everything that was going on. And because he was starting to run out of money but that was beside the point.

"But you’re not happy," she continued, hands on her hips. "Are you scared?"

"Kind of." Bucky mumbled. He was scared of getting his ass beat when he finally told his roommates about the weird guy.

"Hmm." The girl opened her mouth to say something else when a shadow casted over her and she finally turned to look away from Bucky at whoever it was that had hopefully come to take her away.

"Maddie!" the person said and Bucky took a quick glance at her. The woman looked horrified as she grabbed her child and dragged her away. She kept her eyes on Bucky as they walked away, scowling as if Bucky had done something wrong. The little girl, Maddie, waved and he didn’t have the heart to not wave back.

Then, he turned to look back at the dogs, who were slowly starting to calm down.

He’d been looked at the same way the woman had just looked at him many times in the past. Once, when he’d been completely drugged out of his mind, he’d passed out only fifteen minutes away from his apartment and some kid had kicked him in the ribs and asked if he was dead. When the father and mother of that child came to take the kid away, they had looked at him like he was a piece of trash on the street that no one had even bothered to put where it belonged, in the trashbin.

Bucky gulped and could feel himself shiver at the thought. That day he had definitely felt like trash and it had been the first time that he had thought about how much easier it would have been to just not exist. Only five months later, he’d decided to give ‘not existing’ a try.

Daisy got out of the water and shook herself sort of dry. Bucky groaned when the spray of water hit him and tried to turn away but it didn’t help at all. He almost called Daisy a bad dog but she was sitting there looking so innocent that he couldn’t get himself to do it. Instead, he took out a towel that the owner had given him and wrapped it around the dog. He tried to dry her in the best of his abilities.

"Bluebell, get out of the water!" he yelled then. They’d already been out for an hour and the owner was probably expecting them to be back soon. The sun wasn’t exactly setting but he could feel the daylight slowly beginning to dim out. "Come on, girl!"

Bluebell made sure to splatter the water everywhere as she ran out of the water and Bucky dried her up as well. Natasha had always told him that he smelled like a wet dog when he came home after
walking long distances, like from Steve’s place to his own, and now he knew what she meant.

After getting the dogs ready to go, they started walking away from the beach that had quickly become one of Bucky’s favorite places to visit. He was going to enjoy today because he had a feeling that tomorrow was going to be hell on Earth.

"What?!” Natasha screamed, standing away from the shards of glass that were now on the floor. The moment she’d heard that some guy had been sneaking around, she had dropped the glass she’d been holding. "What the fuck, Bucky?! You should have told us the first time it happened!”

Wanda looked mad as well but Carol was her usual calm self. Bucky had been feeling good that morning, despite knowing what was ahead but right now, he really felt like a piece of shit just standing there in his kind of nice clothes, waiting for the ride that Steve had got to pick him up.

"We need to fucking move.” Natasha mumbled and Wanda nodded in agreement.

"What? No, we don’t.” Bucky said and the two women glared at him.

"We don’t want anyone… like that to be part of our lives. He could be dangerous, Bucky.” Wanda told him, surprisingly not yelling. "You do not need someone like that sneaking around like some sort of freak. Did he want something from you?”

"W- Well… the first time…” Bucky had problems with figuring out his words. "The first time he came by, he asked me if I knew where Brock was.”

Natasha groaned, gripping her hair in frustration. "And the second time?”

"Umm...” Bucky hated thinking about it. "He told me that Brock misses me… And wants me to come back.”

"Why didn’t you just call the police?!” Wanda asked, her voice becoming louder. "What if he’d done something to you or come in and done something to us?! What if he got you to go with him to meet Brock?!”

"I don’t do drugs anymore!” Bucky yelled back, a small spark of anger appearing in his own voice. "You know that! You all know that. I’m not weak anymore. Even that weirdo told me that people like me always come back and-”

"What if he was right?” Natasha asked, carefully. She eyed Bucky. "What if one day you’re not strong enough to say no and he comes back and you just decide to go with him because you feel like shit about something?”

Bucky could hear a car pulling to their driveway and tried to take in a deep breath. His eyes burned as he tried to take in what Natasha had just told him. He wasn’t weak. He’d been doing good. Did she not think that way? "I’m going to go now.”

"Bucky...” Carol started, speaking up for the first time.

"I’ll... I’ll come back later, I just...” He turned away, so that his friends couldn’t see the tears that embarrassingly fell down his face. He hated that crying was the way he reacted to every emotion, whether it was being angry, sad or happy. "I’ll be back later.”

He slammed the door shut behind him and rushed into the car that was waiting for him. He had no
idea who the driver was but he was wearing sunglasses and didn’t even seem to care that Bucky had for some reason decided to sit on the passenger seat rather than the backseat.

The driver looked at him for a quick second before backing out of the driveway. He took his sunglasses off and placed them somewhere in between them. He looked at Bucky once again and even offered a small smile.

"I know that it’s none of my business," he started. The man looked much kinder without his sunglasses. "But since you seem to be upset, I think that Mr. Rogers would want me to ask if you are alright..."

For some reason that made Bucky cry even harder.

"I’m sorry, I’m sorry..." the man mumbled, sounding almost sad himself. "Uhh... Do you want me to call someone?"

Bucky nodded without thinking about it too much. He just really needed to hear Steve’s voice. He wanted him to tell him that everything was going to be okay and that he was doing good and-

"Okay, okay..." the man said, grabbing a phone from his pocket. "I’m guessing you want me to call Steve Rogers, right?"

Bucky nodded again, not able to get his words out. He was supposed to be happy. They were supposed to have a nice date and just enjoy themselves like they always did. And he was ruining it. God, he had to get it together.

"Yeah, it’s Happy," the man next to him said, holding his phone against his ear and Bucky just wanted to reach out and get the phone so that he could talk to his boyfriend. "Umm, yeah, I got him but I think there’s something wrong."

Bucky glanced at him, trying to take deep breaths and wiped away some of his tears. He really needed to calm the fuck down and not act like a little baby.

"I’m not sure, he’s just... upset." the man, Happy, continued, shooting worried looks at Bucky and god, did Bucky hate that look. "Okay, I’ll give the phone to him. We’ll be there in about... five-ish minutes. Yes, sir."

He held the phone out and with shaky hands Bucky grabbed it. He let out an embarrassingly harsh sob as he grasped the phone tightly in his hands and pressed it against his ear.

"Steve?" he asked, his voice sounding rough.

"Hey..." the soft voice replied, immediately helping him to breathe a little easier. "What’s going on? Are you hurt?"

Bucky shook his head and then felt like an idiot for doing so. It wasn’t like Steve could see him. "N-No, I just... I don’t."

"Okay, okay. Whatever it is that’s going on, we’re going to figure it out, baby. I promise you." Steve told him. "You need to take deep breaths."

"I want to be with you." Bucky told him, wiping away more tears. "Please, d- Steve."

"Baby, you’re going to be here very soon, alright? It won’t be long now." Steve tried to calm him down. "And I’m right here, you can tell me whatever you want right now if that’s what you need,
Happy’s not going to care.’

”It’s a long story...” It felt easier to breathe and his thoughts were getting clearer but there was still that weird weight on the top of his chest from the words that Natasha had said to him. ”I don’t know-”

’Alright, baby. Listen to me, huh?’

’Mmh...’

’You’re alright, okay? I’m right here.’ he told him, keeping his voice steady but soft. ’I’ll take care of you, baby. You’re alright.’

Breathe, breathe, breathe. ”I’m alright.”

’Yeah, you’re alright, baby.’

”‘There’s so much I need to tell you...’”

’Okay.’ Steve replied. ’Okay... and baby, I have all the time in the world to listen to you.’

I was bored yesterday, so I made a little something... They’re probably not made correctly as I’ve never done anything like this before but I guess they get the point across :)

<- Bucky's reaction to Natasha saying that.
Sooo... a bit of a shorter chapter :) Hope you liked it! The reason why I updated today (it's like four am in the country i live in, please send help) was because I just finished writing the 30th chapter for this story. I'm done....... Now onto the sequel... after a little break though :D I have other stuff coming out too, hopefully soon, so keep an eye out for that.

PS. YOU BETTER FUCKING LIKE THOSE APARTMENT THINGS I MADE BECAUSE IT TOOK ME WAY TOO LONG TO MAKE THEM

jk, hope u like em <3
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This time around Phil hadn’t asked Bucky any questions, he hadn’t cared that he wasn’t on the list (or maybe he was on the list now, he wasn’t sure) nor had he even asked for his name. Bucky must have looked at least as much of a mess as he had the last time he’d seen Phil.

Phil had even walked him to the door of Steve’s office and waited with him until they’d heard a small ‘Come in!’ from the other side of the door.

’’Stevie, I’’ Bucky started as he stepped into the office, getting a glance of himself in the mirror that he had never noticed being there before and grimaced. He looked like he’d been crying for a day rather than about twenty minutes.

Steve was sitting in his chair and some blonde woman was standing in front of him, holding two folders in her hands. They were both staring at him. The woman had a confused look on her face as her eyes moved back and forth between the two men in the office while Steve looked worried, his own eyes slightly teary.

’’Was that all, Sharon?’’ Steve asked, standing up.

The woman turned to look back at him and nodded. As she walked past Bucky and out of the door, Bucky couldn’t help but notice a hello kitty bandaid wrapped around her finger and since his emotions were already a mess, the idea of Steve putting that bandaid on her or her actually being important enough to have one of Steve’s bandaids, made his stomach drop in a horrible way and the tears burned in his eyes once again.

The door slammed shut behind her and right then Steve rushed to him and wrapped his arms around him. He placed quick kisses all over his face as he whispered reassurances to him. ’’Oh, sweetheart… It’s okay. Please tell me what’s going on...’’

’’I can’t...’’ Bucky mumbled against his boyfriend’s chest, feeling the tears falling once again but this time mostly from relief. With Steve’s arms wrapped around him and his face pressed against him, he felt safe and loved. If he’d tell Steve about his past, would all of that go away?

’’Shh, baby.’’ Steve hushed him, rocking them back and forth. ’’Whatever it is, it’s going to be okay, I promise you. I’ll take care of it, I’ll take care of you, okay? Oh, it’s okay.’’

’’If I tell you...’’ Bucky sobbed out. ’’If I tell you, you won’t like me anymore. I’m sorry, I’m sorry...’’

’’No, no, no.’’ Steve pulled away slightly, his hands now cupping his face and thumbs brushing away the freshly fallen tears. ’’I don’t care even if you tell me that you’ve murdered someone, I’m always going to like you, Buck. It’s okay.’’

Bucky shook his head before leaning back against Steve, not wanting to be away from him.

’’Okay, okay...’’ Steve rested his chin on the top of Bucky’s head and stroked his hair in a calming manner. ’’How about we go sit down and we’ll calm down for a moment, have a glass of water and then talk about it, huh? You can tell me as little or as much as you want to. I’m right here for you, baby.’’
Steve’s hand dropped from the back of his head and started moving up and down Bucky’s back until his breathing mellowed out. After placing a kiss on Bucky’s lips, they slowly made their way to the couch right in front of the biggest window in the office and sat down. Steve’s arms stayed around him to Bucky’s relief.

They sat there for a moment in silence and Bucky threw his legs over Steve’s lap, wanting to be as close to him as possible. He hid his face in Steve’s neck, hoping that the man wouldn’t feel too grossed out about having tears (and possibly some snot) running down his neck.

”Oh, baby, you’re shaking.” Steve cooed, kissing his forehead as he thumbed away his tears once again. ”It’s okay. Do you want me to get you a glass of water?’’

”No.” Bucky said with a sigh. The warmth of the man’s body and the familiar, comforting scent of him made him feel a lot better. He was nowhere near ready to let go of him just yet.

”Okay.” Steve whispered to him.

Bucky wanted to tell him. He wanted to tell him everything and let him take away all the burden and pain he’d been carrying around for a while now and have him make everything alright again. Bucky wasn’t even sure if Steve could do that but he felt like he could. He could at least make him feel better and just hold him… He wanted to tell him but where would he even start?

”There’s a guy…” The words slipped out of his mouth.

”A guy?” Steve asked carefully when Bucky didn’t continue.

”He… He’s been around our apartment a couple of times.” he finally said, knowing that he would feel a lot better if he just told Steve. ”I… In the past, I- I don’t know how to explain it, Steve, it’s so fucked up and I’m sorry and-”

”Hey, hey. We’re breathing, remember?” Steve told him, his voice so soft and kind that Bucky didn’t even feel like he was worth it all. ”Just… start from the beginning, baby.”

”When I was younger… I had a…” God, he couldn’t believe that he was actually going to say it out loud. ”I had a drug problem. Like a major one. I’ve only been clean for about… five and a half months.”

The shock was obvious on Steve’s face but his expression quickly softened when he saw Bucky’s lip trembling again. ”I’m so sorry that you had to go through that.”

Bucky sobbed against his neck in relief. ”I thought you would hate me.”

”Never, baby, never.” Steve replied, stroking his hair. ”We’ve all gone through things, you know? For some people, the things are more serious than for others. All I care about is that you’re okay now.”

”But that’s not even the worst part.” Bucky said, his voice quiet as he felt ashamed. ”A lot of things happened, I- I dropped out of school and lost touch with my family and I just couldn’t take it anymore so I… I just… I wanted it to stop.”

Steve went still beneath him and although Bucky wasn’t looking at him anymore, he could feel his eyes burning holes through him. ”What do you mean, Buck?”

”You know what I mean, Stevie.” Bucky said, a sad smile on his face.
"How did it happen?" Steve asked but quickly took it all back. "No, you know what. You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to, it’s okay, just... I want you to be okay."

"I was alone that night... Nat and Carol were both working and Wanda was visiting her brother. Her car was old so she took the bus there instead. She was only supposed to be back the next morning."

Steve didn’t say anything, he just listened. His hand had stilled in his hair a moment ago.

"I got drunk because I didn’t have money to buy drugs so..." Bucky shrugged. "Brock, my ex, had broken up with me earlier that evening and I just felt like there was nothing left of my life. I- I... I went to the garage and into the car."

"And then?"

"I just ran the engine as long as I needed to and... The next thing I knew, everything went dark."

Bucky tucked his face deeper into Steve’s neck.

Steve let out a shaky breath as he wrapped his arms even tighter around Bucky’s body. "Oh my god, baby..."

"After that... After Wanda found me that night and dragged me out of the car, I... I knew I had to stop." Bucky told him. "I was in the hospital for a while and I didn’t go home until after about a month because I went to this place that’s meant for... people like me."

"You got help?"

"Yeah." Bucky whispered, angrily wiping away a tear that had fallen. "I haven’t done any drugs since then, I swear. I’ve gotten drunk a couple of times but I haven’t done that either ever since I met you and I- I..."

"I know, Bucky. I know." Steve told him. "So... you’re okay now? You don’t have... suicidal thoughts anymore?"

"No." Bucky shook his head aggressively. "I wouldn’t have tried to kill myself that night either if I hadn’t been drunk. I want to live, Steve and I’ve been so happy these days and I thought that if I told you, I would just ruin everything-"

Steve shook his head as well. "No, baby. I want you to be able to tell me anything. You’re not alone, Buck."

That got a small smile out of Bucky. "Thank you, Stevie."

"It’s no problem, Bucky." Steve told him, his hands now resting on his shoulders. "Just... Just promise me that you will tell me whenever you feel bad or whatever. I’ll always be here for you, I’m never too busy for you even though I work a lot. Thank you for trusting me enough to tell me all of this, it must have been so scary."

Bucky nodded against him. It felt like a weight had been lifted off of his shoulders.

"But..." Bucky tensed up slightly. "Earlier you said something about a guy. What’s that got to do with anything?"

"There’s this guy... I don’t know his name or anything but he’s... he has something to do with Brock." Bucky explained. All of a sudden it was a lot easier to talk since all the things from the past
were already out in the open. "He’s been sneaking around our apartment a couple of times and I finally told my roommates and they just freaked out."

"Sneaking around?" Steve looked down at him. "He’s stalking you?!"

"Well, I don’t know. He told me that Brock wants me to come back or some bullshit like that. I told him I wouldn’t, of course, I don’t want to have anything to do with him but I’m scared that they won’t leave us alone."

"When did this happen?" Steve’s voice sounded strict and it made Bucky feel uncomfortable. He had never heard him sound like that.

"After I left your apartment."

"Did he touch you?"

"No," Bucky replied. "I needed a few days to tell my roommates because I knew they were going to lose their shit and I was right. Natasha was the angriest one."

"Is that why you’re so upset? Did you tell them today?" Steve started playing around with his hair once again.

Bucky nodded, the echo of Natasha’s words going around in his mind. "Yeah, I did. The weird guy, he told me that people like me always end up going back and Natasha said that he might be right and I just couldn’t stay there anymore."

"That’s some bullshit." Steve told him, resting his forehead against Bucky’s before pressing their lips together for a sweet kiss. "You’re doing very well, okay? She probably didn’t mean to hurt you but she shouldn’t have said that you. I’m so proud of you, baby. I really am."

"You are?" Bucky did his everything not to cry anymore. He doubted he had any tears left to cry. "Even after… all that fucked up shit?"

"You got yourself out of that fucked up shit. So, yes, I’m extremely proud of you." Steve said to him, a serious but soft expression on his face. "But we need to take care of that guy. We can’t have him sneaking around like that."

"What are we going to do?" Bucky asked. "I don’t think the police are going to care about some random guy who’s been on our yard a couple of times, especially since I have no proof of such thing happening."

"Well, we’re going to figure it out. Tony has made a security system for our company and some other companies as well." Steve told him. "I’m sure we can get it set up at your apartment too. It’s a fantastic thing to have and I’m sure the AI will scare the living shit out of that guy if he ever comes back."

"AI?"

"Artificial intelligence." Steve replied. "Tony knows more about it than I do. I can call him here right now if you want me to."

"Can we just… You know, be here for a while? Alone?"

"Of course, Buck." Steve finally relaxed against the back of the couch and let Bucky lean against his chest. "But I’ll text him now, it’s going to take a while for him to get here. He’s always
extremely late.''

"Uhm..." Bucky hummed and pressed a kiss on Steve’s chest, not caring about the shirt that was in the way. "Fine by me."

Steve took his phone out of his pocket with his left hand since his other arm was wrapped around Bucky’s shoulders. He wrote out a simple message and although Bucky was a curious son of a bitch, he felt way too relaxed to even try and see what the man had written. Knowing Steve, it probably wasn’t that exciting anyway.

"Can I ask you something?" Bucky asked, 'accidentally' unbuttoning the top button of Steve’s shirt.

"Of course."

Bucky’s hand slipped beneath his shirt. "That woman… who was in your office when I came here..."

"Yeah, Sharon. What about her?"

"She had a band-aid on. You gave it to her...?" he asked, feeling embarrassed that he was even talking about this. He was being ridiculous and he knew it.

"Yeah, she sliced her finger on- Wait." Steve smiled carefully as he kept looking at Bucky, who’s cheeks were starting to turn red. "Are you jealous?"

"No."

"Aww..." Steve cooed, teasing him. He took Bucky’s hand out of his shirt and into his own. "You really are the most adorable thing, aren’t you?"

Bucky didn’t know what to say to that. All he could do was blush harder.

"How about this baby?" Steve started. "From now on, those band-aids are just for you, no one else… Or do you want me to go and find Sharon and take the band-aid away from her?"

"Just... Just promise me that they’re only for me now?" God, he sounded so sad.

"I promise." Steve said to him, kissing his hand a few times. He smiled softly at him. "Hello Kitty band-aids are only for my baby from this moment on. Does that make you feel any better?"

"Mmh." Bucky let out a small laugh at his own dumbass behavior. One moment he was crying about actual serious stuff and then he was feeling upset over a fucking band-aid. He really was a mess.

Steve placed his hand on Bucky’s cheek and smiled brightly at him. "You know, I think I have something that will make you feel better about everything."

Ooh. Wasn’t that interesting? "Really?"

"Yeah." Steve said, his voice no longer strict nor sad. "I talked with some people at the company, mostly Tony and we figured out a way for me to take the vacation next month."

Bucky’s eyes widened and he couldn’t help but smile as well. "You did? But you’re going to be very busy until next month, right?"

"Well, no. Not exactly." Steve chuckled. "I’ll have to work the normal amount but on the vacation,
I’m going to have the first three weeks completely free and after that, I’m just going to have to do a little something on my StarkPad and maybe answer a couple of calls but other than that, I am all yours."

"That sounds… amazing." Bucky wrapped his arms around Steve’s neck and pulled him into a deep kiss. His lips felt dry after the embarrassing amount of crying he’d done but he couldn’t get himself to care. "Stevie… I’m so excited!"

"Yeah? Well, I have some more news..." Steve told him. "On Monday, the day before my vacation starts, I have to go to Los Angeles for an interview and a photo shoot. I thought you could come with me and we could start our vacation there."

Los Angeles? Wow. "And you wouldn’t have to go to work anymore after that trip?"

"No, baby."

"Then I’m in! It’s been forever since I’ve gone anywhere cool like that."

"You could come to my apartment already on Sunday because the flight is extremely early in the morning."

"Well, in that case, I guess I have to." Bucky teased and leaned forward to get one more kiss from his boyfriend when the door of Steve’s office slammed open. Steve almost fell off the couch in surprise and would have done so, hadn’t Bucky held onto him.

Tony fucking Stark stood there and looked them up and down a few times with that smirk that Bucky had only seen in pictures before this moment and shut the door behind him when some people sitting out in the hallway seemed a bit too interested in what was going on in the office.

"Good day, gentleman." Tony said as if the situation was completely normal. "You’re getting sloppy, Mr. Rogers, your button is undone."

Steve smirked back at him and buttoned his shirt before getting up from the couch. They gave each other a quick hug and while they were busy with that, Bucky tried to get himself to look at least somewhat presentable. He wiped away the dried tear tracks and ran his fingers through his hair a couple of times because when he’d walked into the office and had seen his reflection in the mirror, his hair had looked like a tornado had hit it.

"This is your boy?" Tony asked after the hug, still holding his arm around Steve’s waist.

"Yeah. Come here, Buck." Steve held out his hand and Bucky stood up. For some reason, Tony Stark made him feel nervous. Bucky had read a lot about him when he’d been doing his little research on Steve and it was quite obvious that when he wasn’t talking about boring stuff, he was very charming. "Tony, this is Bucky Barnes. Buck, this is Tony Stark."

Tony held his hand out. "Hi. I’ll just pretend as if I know nothing about you even though Steve here has told me everything about you. Should I call you Bucky or James?"

Bucky shook his hand. "Buc-"


"Tony." Steve warned with a small growl.
"It’s fine.‘’ Tony told him. "James doesn’t mind, right?"

"Of course not, Anthony.‘’ Bucky told him with a smirk of his own.

Tony let out a loud laugh and Steve couldn’t help but chuckle as well.

"Can we focus, please?‘’

"Hey, I don’t even know why I’m here.‘’ Tony said, holding his arms out in confusion as he walked around the office just because he felt like it.

Steve huffed out another laugh and wrapped an arm around Bucky’s shoulders. "What else is new?‘’

Tony turned to look at Bucky. "You know, they call him America’s golden boy but we both know he’s just a major pain in the ass, don’t we?"

Bucky only smiled shyly at him, the confidence he’d had a moment ago slowly disappearing.

"I know, I know.‘’ Steve said. "But there is something serious we have to talk about.‘’

"What is it?‘’ Tony asked immediately, his face neutral but Bucky could see the tiniest hint of worry in his eyes.

Steve sighed, probably not even knowing where to start. "There is someone who might be a threat to Bucky and his friends, so I was thinking that we should set their apartment up with that security system of yours.‘’

"Jarvis and all?‘’ Tony asked and Bucky had no idea what that meant. Steve nodded, so apparently, it was a good thing. "I guess we could make that happen. How soon do they need it? Oh, before you answer that, how serious of a situation are we talking about? 'Cause I know some people-‘’

"No, we don’t need anyone involved yet.‘’ Steve told him quickly. "This guy just won’t leave Bucky alone, I just thought that maybe the security system could make them feel a bit safer.‘’

"And you haven’t called the police because…?‘’ Tony raised his eyebrow.

"With people like Brock, taking away one person isn’t going to change anything.‘’ Bucky said, surprising even himself. "He’ll just send someone else to bother me. Maybe if that security system of yours can catch them doing it, the police will actually be able to do something about it, I don’t know but I do know that my roommates would feel much safer with it. Right now Natasha thinks that we need to move.‘’

"Well, if that’s what you want.‘’ Tony told him. "I think I’ll come and install it myself, I want to see where Rogers’ boo lives.‘’

"You don’t have to Tony, I can-‘’

"Nope.‘’ Tony told Steve. "I’m doing it. I’ve never installed Jarvis to a normal apartment.‘’

"What is Jarvis?‘’ Bucky finally asked, wrapping his arms around Steve’s waist.

Tony rolled his eyes at them. "You didn’t even tell him about Jarvis? God, Rogers-‘’

"I told him!‘’ Steve said, defensively. He looked down at Bucky. "Jarvis is the artificial intelligence. Tony just wanted to name it.‘’
''Oh.'' Bucky mumbled. ''Okay.''

Tony took his phone out and looked down at it for a moment, obviously trying to figure something out. ''Is Thursday alright with you?''

''Y- Yeah.'' Bucky replied, suddenly feeling a little weary. This day had been a complicated mess and his emotions had been all over the place.

''I’ll leave you two alone now.'' Tony told them and patted Steve on the back. He opened the door and turned back to look at them. ''Steve, text me his address later, okay? It was nice to meet you, James.''

''You too, Anthony.'' Bucky quipped back.

With another smirk, the door slammed shut almost as aggressively as he had opened it, leaving them alone in the office once again.

''I’m so sorry about him, he’s a bit… You know what, I’ve known him forever and I still don’t have the words to describe him.'' Steve sighed, rubbing his face with his hand, feeling tired as well. They sat back down on the couch.

''I kind of liked him.'' Bucky told him with a tired smile and sighed when Steve’s phone let out a small bing. Steve didn’t seem too happy about it either but took the phone out of his pocket anyway.

''It’s Tony.'' Steve told him with a small laugh. ''He’s telling me to take you home and have the rest of the day off.''

''What about all the work?'' Bucky asked before even thinking about telling Steve to do exactly as Tony had told him to do because he didn’t feel like going home all alone.

''He said he’d take care of it. Do you want me to come with you, baby?'' Steve asked him.

''I’d like that.'' Bucky told him shyly. ''But if you want to do your work, that’s alright too, I’ll be okay.''

''We both know that’s a lie.'' Steve said softly, smiling at him. ''I’ll take you home, okay? And I’ll stay overnight if that’s what you need.''

''You’d do that for me?’’

''Of course, baby.’’

They’d ended up staying at the office until it was so late that most people had already left because Bucky hadn’t felt like going back to his apartment just yet. They had ended up eating in Steve’s office, playing some games, making out for a little way too long and eventually taking a small nap on the surprisingly comfortable couch.

Steve had felt refreshed after the nap but Bucky had only felt more tired. That was when Steve had chosen that it was time for him to get his boyfriend back home and into his own bed. Bucky had been way too tired to disagree.

Steve had basically had to drag Bucky into the apartment once they’d got there because he’d already been half asleep, which meant that he’d seen his roommates standing there, staring at him and Steve
but hadn’t said anything to them because his brain just hadn’t worked anymore. Steve had made sure to glare at them slightly, just to get the message of ‘we’re going to be talking about this later’ clear.

Now Steve was sitting on the edge of Bucky’s bed. He’d helped him change into his nightshirt and even tucked him in the same way his mother used to do back in the day. He stroked Bucky’s hair, solving some knots that had appeared there since his hair was getting slightly longer once again.

When Bucky finally relaxed against his pillow and fell asleep with a deep, adorable, little sigh, Steve finally drew his hand away and rolled his shoulders. He took his jacket off and placed it neatly on the floor and sighed. In the corner of the room, he saw the Tiffany and Co bag and a black box inside it, still unopened. Poor Bucky must have completely forgotten about his present with everything that was going on.

Quietly, he made his way out of the room and down the stairs. He noticed a figure sleeping on the couch, who he guessed to be Natasha, only because Bucky had once mentioned something about her having red hair. He saw that the kitchen light was still on, so he walked there, only to find a tired-looking woman sitting by the kitchen table. She didn’t seem surprised to see him there, in fact, she seemed like she had been expecting him.

’’I’m Carol.’’ she told him and grabbed an already opened bottle of wine. ’’Would you like a drink?’’

It had been a difficult day, so Steve decided that he deserved something with a little bit of alcohol in it. Or a lot. He didn’t know much about wines, other than that the kind Carol was holding in her hand looked pretty cheap. He just didn’t know what that exactly meant when it came to wines.

’’Why the hell not?’’ He sat down.

’’Is he okay?’’ Carol asked as she poured each of them a glass of the red wine.

’’He’s asleep.’’ Steve said. ’’He was a mess when he came to me but was in a pretty good mood after we talked about it all.’’

Carol took a sip of her drink. ’’He told you everything?’’

’’As far as I know, yes.’’

’’About the drugs and Brock?’’ Steve nodded at her. ’’The suicide attempt?’’

Steve’s heart hurt when he thought about it. ’’Yeah, he did tell me about that too.’’ He took a long sip of his wine.

’’And how are you doing with all that information?’’

’’As long as he’s fine, I’m fine.’’ That was a bit of simplification but it was also true.

Carol smiled slightly. ’’I guess that’s a good answer. He really likes you, you know?’’

’’Well, I sure hope so.’’ Steve laughed, thinking back on all the things they’d done with each other.

’’Do you like him?’’ Carol asked.

He let out another laugh. ’’Of course, I do.’’

’’Mmh...’’ Carol hummed against the rim of her glass. She set the empty glass on the table and poured herself some more wine. ’’Do you love him?’’
Steve almost spit out the wine that was in his mouth but instead ended up swallowing it and almost choking on it. He coughed a couple of times and hoped that he wouldn’t wake up the woman that was sleeping on the couch.

''You alright?'' Carol asked with a smirk.

''Yeah, yeah.'' Steve said, his voice a little rough. He cleared his throat before speaking again. ''I uhh… I’m definitely falling in love with him. Do you think it’s too soon to feel that way?''

''No, of course not. Feelings happen when they happen.'' she replied. ''Bucky’s falling in love with you too.''

Steve felt his cheeks growing hot. ''He’s told you that?''

''No.'' she said, shaking her head. ''But I know him. Bucky is a shy guy, even though he doesn’t always seem like it. He’ll tell you when he’s ready… or knowing him, he’ll just accidentally blurt it out in a random moment.''

''Yeah, that sounds like him.'' Steve told her, smiling softly. He loved it when Bucky got all cute and shy.

Carol smiled back at him.

''You were here when Bucky told you about that weird guy, right?'' She nodded. ''Can you tell me what exactly happened?''

''Well, Bucky decided that the right time to tell us was right before he went on the date with you. '' Carol started and thankfully didn’t seem too weirded out by the question. ''Natasha being Natasha, she got angry and all dramatic and said some things that we all know she didn’t mean. I’m not sure she’s ready to talk about it though. I tried to and she just glared at me.''

''I see.'' Steve replied. ''I just… I can’t just let someone, even if they are Bucky’s friend, to talk to him like that. What she said, it hurt Bucky.''

''Oh, I know. '' Carol said. ''And I agree with you. What she said was bullshit. I think they’ll figure it out though, they always do.''

''Do you think I should say something to her about it tomorrow?''

She shrugged. ''I don’t know, that’s up to you. She’s an adult, she can take it if you do.''

''Alright then.’’ Steve set his empty glass down and Carol held the bottle up to pour him more but Steve stopped her. ''I think I’ve had enough, thank you though.’’

''No problem.’’ Carol laughed. ''I think I should stop too, otherwise, I’ll end up finishing the whole bottle.''

''Did you have a rough day too?’’ Steve couldn’t help but ask.

''Pff…’’ She placed the bottle further away from her to the other side of the table. ''My boyfriend broke up with me a while back… I just can’t seem to get over him even though he was a fucking asshole.’’

''I’m sorry.’’ Steve told her. ''Breakups always suck, no matter what. Whenever something shitty happens to me, I just try to remember that in a month I’m probably not going to care about it
anymore. Bad things seem huge when they are happening but once you get past them, they seem like nothing at all.''

''I’ll try to keep that in mind.’’ Carol replied with a smile. ''I think I’m going to go to bed now, I have to work tomorrow.’’

''Yeah, I guess I should go too.’’

They both left their empty glasses on the table and started making their way upstairs. ''You know, Natasha decided to sleep on the couch because she thought the two of you were going to do stuff.’’

Steve was glad that the hallway was dark because he was sure he’d turned as red as a tomato. ''Y-Yeah, well, we’re not. Good night, Carol.’’

''Good night, Steve.’’

Bucky woke up to the feeling of a hand running up and down his back beneath his shirt and he decided that it was his favorite way to wake up. He smiled to himself before turning around to face his boyfriend who was lying there without his shirt on.

''Hi.’’ he whispered to him, enjoying how close to each other they had to lay on the bed for the both of them to fit in it. His bed was a little small. Perfect for him but for him and a wide-shouldered boyfriend, it was a tight fit.

''Hi.’’ Steve whispered back, his fingers brushing against Bucky’s cheek. ''Did you sleep well?’’

''Uhm… Yeah.’’ Bucky told him. ''Did you?’’

''I did… Especially after your friend Carol gave me a glass of wine. I guess cuddling the cutest guy in the universe helped too.’’ Steve said, being his romantic self.

''Wait…’’ Bucky started, feeling loved by the words that Steve had just said to him but found himself confused at the comment about Carol. ''You had wine with Carol? When? Oh my god…’’

''Last night after you went to sleep.’’ Steve replied. ''It was fine, we had a good time and then I came back here.’’

''She didn’t say anything weird, right? She’s a very bold person, often way too bold and-’’

''She was fine.’’ Steve reassured him, placing a small kiss on his lips. ''We just chatted about a few things.’’

Bucky moved closer so that he could press his own body completely against Steve’s. ''Did you guys talk about me?’’

''Just a little bit. Nothing bad though.’’ Steve whispered against his hair.

''Good.’’ Bucky said with a small laugh. ''What time do you have to be at work?’’

''In about an hour.’’ Steve said. ''I have to leave in a half an hour though.’’

''You’re just going to go to work in the same clothes you wore yesterday?’’ Bucky asked, now slightly more awake.
"Yeah. I have a spare suit in my office for emergencies, so I can use that." Steve replied. "Not that anyone other than Tony would notice that I'm wearing the same thing two days in a row. Most of my suits are either blue or black. Sometimes, rarely, grey."

"You should buy a wine red suit." Bucky blurted out.

Steve raised an eyebrow and let out a short laugh. "Is that so? You think I'd look good in red?"

"You'd look amazing in red." Bucky told him. "Hell, you look good in everything."

"As much as I would love to properly thank you for saying that..." Steve said with a low voice and placed a couple of kisses on his forehead. "I have to start getting ready. I don't want to be late for work."

"I guess I have to let you go." Bucky mumbled as he watched Steve get out of the bed. He turned to lay on his back and stretched out all his limbs.

Steve took his shirt from the floor and put it on. "We'll see each other again on Thursday though when we come to install the security system and on Sunday, you'll come over to my place and on Monday, we're flying to Los Angeles together. And then... Our vacation starts."

"I guess I can live without being with you until Thursday."

Once Steve finished buttoning his shirt and stroked his hand through his hair a couple of times to smooth it out, he leaned against the bed and pulled Bucky into a slightly longer, deeper kiss. He looked down at him lovingly. "Once our vacation starts, you're not going to have to let me go for an entire month. Try to think about that."

Oh, Bucky was certainly going to be thinking about that. "Okay, Stevie."

"You going to come with me?" Steve asked, taking his jacket from the floor and slipped his shoes on. "I can hear someone making breakfast downstairs, you should get something to eat."

"Yeah, I'll join you." Bucky got up as well, not as gracefully as Steve had but still. He rubbed the sleep away from his eyes. "Hey, Steve..."

"Yeah?" Steve opened the door and turned to look at him.

"I'm sorry for ruining our date yesterday by bringing my drama to your workplace and revealing my tragic past to you, it was supposed to be a nice day and-"

"Hey, hey..." Steve stopped him and offered him a small, comforting smile. "You did not ruin anything, I'm just glad that you told me about everything. Doesn't it feel better not holding it all in?"

Bucky smiled back at him. "It does... Now let's go, otherwise, you'll be late."

Steve laughed when Bucky dragged him out of the door. "Oh, we can't have that, can we?"

"No, we can't." Bucky replied. "You have to go to work to earn enough money to take care of me, right?"

Steve laughed once again but placed a kiss on his cheek before they started making their way down the stairs. "Sure, baby, that's exactly right."
Steve had ended up having breakfast with them, even though he hadn’t been able to enjoy it too much. He’d pretty much just shoved the food in his mouth as fast as he could and gulped down a big glass of water before kissing Bucky goodbye.

Just as he was about to leave, he noticed Natasha standing there, looking like she had just woken up and she had a look of both guilt and sadness on her face. Bucky wanted to hug her, even though he was still slightly mad at her.

”You know...” Steve started, still looking at her. His voice was soft, just like always but strict at the same time. ”I know that I don’t know you at all but I have to say this; I would prefer it if you never spoke to Bucky again in the way you spoke to him yesterday. It was unfair and you know it. He’s doing very well.”

Bucky glanced at Natasha and then at Carol. The look on Natasha’s face was now calm and neutral whilst Carol seemed to be expecting another shitstorm to start. Wanda just ignored all of them as she kept eating her breakfast in peace.

”I know what I said was wrong. We were all pretty messed up yesterday.” Natasha said to Steve, who was definitely going to be late for work if he didn’t leave right now. ”Thank you for taking care of him, we will talk about everything today.”

Steve nodded, even offering her a small smile before kissing Bucky once more and walking out the door.

Natasha turned to look at Bucky. ”I think we have a lot to talk about.”
Well my life is shit right now but hope you guys like this ;) I couldn't stop myself from updating :D

Oh, and btw, what would you think of a fic with little!Bucky in it (not happening in this fic, don't worry.) I'm not promising I'll write something like that but I've just been thinking if I should. Let me know and have a nice day or night or morning or whatever it is where you live <3
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bucky woke up to the sound of a knock on the door and almost fell out of his bed when he remembered that it was already Thursday which meant that it was Steve-day. He didn’t bother changing out of his pajamas as he rushed out of his room and down the stairs. Natasha was already on her way to open the door but Bucky rushed past her to get there before she did.

He opened the door and saw Tony standing there with that trademark smirk of his on his face and next to him was Steve, who was carrying heavy-looking boxes in his arms. Bucky tried to look around them, to see his boyfriend’s pretty face but failed miserably.

'’Good morning, James.’’ Tony said to him, stepping into the apartment when Bucky moved out of the way.

'’Morning, Anthony.’’ Bucky replied, holding the door open for them.

Steve stepped in as well, careful not to hit anything since he couldn’t see where he was going. He stopped when he passed Bucky and smiled at him. '’Morning, baby. I’m sorry we came so early but Tony was getting antsy.’’

Bucky closed the door and leaned in for a quick kiss. '’It’s okay. Good morning to you too.’’

Steve smiled that sweet smile of his before taking a couple of careful steps forward. '’Tony, where do you want these?’’

'’Just set them right there.’’

'’Where? I can’t really see much.’’ Steve replied, rolling his eyes.

Bucky laughed at him and told him to turn to the right. '’By the couch. Come on, I’ll help you.’’ He guided Steve to where Tony had pointed on the floor and kept his hand on his back when he set the boxes down with a quiet groan.

Steve rolled his shoulders a couple of times before smiling brightly at Bucky. '’Now, come here.’’ Bucky stepped forward and sighed in happiness when Steve wrapped his arms around him. '’How are you doing? I’m sorry I didn’t have the time to call yesterday.’’

'’It’s alright.’’ Bucky told him, looking up at him. '’I’m alright.’’

'’Yeah?’’ Steve asked quietly, stroking his hair. '’Did you guys talk about everything?’’

'’Yeah.’’ Bucky said with a soft laugh. '’There was a lot of talking, apologizing and embarrassing tears and hugs. We all ended up falling asleep in the living room after watching Friends for like five hours.’’

'’That’s great, Buck.’’ Steve replied, seeming glad that everything had worked out. '’But you shouldn’t be watching that much tv. It’s not good for your eyes nor your brain.’’

Bucky smirked and leaned in closer before whispering in his ear. '’Okay, daddy. I’ll try and be better.’’
Steve closed his eyes for a moment and let out a small sigh. "Fuck, Bucky. Now’s really not the right time."

"Sorry, daddy." Bucky whispered teasingly before letting go of Steve and turned around to face the others. "So… Anthony, do you need help with anything?"

Tony was sitting on the couch, fiddling with some sort of small object in his hands. He looked up at Bucky and shook his head. "Nah, I’m fine. I’m just happy that I don’t have to be at some boring meeting."

"Whatever you say..." Bucky told him with a shrug. It wasn’t like he knew anything about technology anyway. Sometimes he couldn’t even figure out how to do something very simple on his phone and had to ask one of his roommates for help. "Do you want breakfast, Stevie?"

"No thank you, baby. I’ve been awake for hours already, so… I’ve already had my breakfast."

Steve said to him, placing his hand between Bucky’s shoulder blades. He rubbed his hand up and down. "You look a little sleepy though. Did you just wake up?"

"Yeah..." Bucky replied, feeling a little embarrassed when he saw that it was already eleven in the morning. When Steve had apologized for coming in so early, he’d thought it was seven or eight o’clock.

"Cute."

Steve whispered to him, pulling him into another kiss. Bucky hadn’t even had the time to brush his teeth yet, so he just had to hope he didn’t taste too gross. Steve didn’t seem to mind it as he only pulled him closer to him.

"Hey, Romeo and Julius, knock it off and give me a hand!" Tony told them from the couch.

Steve groaned against Bucky’s lips before pulling away and shooting his friend a glare. "You just said that you didn’t need any help."

"I said that I didn’t need help figuring these out."

Tony showed him all the small little gadgets he’d been working on. "I need to know where to put these."

"What are they?"

Bucky asked, taking Steve’s hand in his and took him to where Tony was sitting. Carol was sitting next to him, looking at everything he was doing. Only Bucky’s roommates would take Tony Stark appearing in their apartment in the morning in such a chill way.

"Sensors… and also small recorders."

Tony took out some more gadgets but they looked a little different from the other ones. "And these are cameras."

"Wait, wait, wait..." Natasha said with a frown from where she was sitting. "Are you telling me that we’re going to have some machines recording us and filming us 24/7?"

"Yes and no." Tony replied.

Bucky shot Steve a worried look but his boyfriend didn’t seem too worried about it.

"The recorders are there for Jarvis so that he knows when you’re speaking to him, they will only activate and record when you ask Jarvis for something." Tony explained. "I'll show you how that works later. The cameras will be going outside not inside... Unless you feel like you need them here as well."

Carol scoffed. "I do not want to know what Bucky does in his bedroom when Nat’s at work late at night."
"Thanks."
Bucky told her, blushing furiously and burrowing to Steve’s side.

"No problem, partner."
Carol said back with a laugh.

Steve chuckled as well and leaned in to whisper into Bucky’s ear. "If it makes you feel any better, I would love to see what you do in your bedroom when nobody’s watching."

Bucky slammed his hand against Steve’s chest. "Stop it."

"Okay, so let’s get to work."
Tony stood up from the couch. "Steve, this is when you will be a big help since you’re so damn tall."

"Yeah, unlike some people."
Steve replied, taking the little sensors in his hand. "I’ll take care of these, why don’t you go put the cameras outside?"

"First of all… Fuck you, Rogers. I am not short, I am compact."
Tony said, a bit too seriously. "But fine, I’ll go outside so you can get up on the furniture and have your boo ogling at your ass as you do so."

Steve only laughed and walked away from him after patting him on the back. Bucky followed right after him like a lovesick puppy.

"I think I’m going to put two in the kitchen, four in the living room and we’ll see when it comes to the bedrooms."
Steve rambled, taking one of the kitchen stairs and getting up on it. Bucky was surprised the poor chair didn’t break underneath the weight of all that muscle. "Oh, and also the bathrooms."

"Bathrooms too, huh?"
Bucky asked, totally ogling Steve’s ass.

Steve laughed, attaching the sensors one by one, moving the chair around the kitchen. "Yeah, I know it sounds a bit odd but as Tony said, they will not be recording you until you call out Jarvis’ name."

"Kind of like Siri on iPhones?"

"Something like that, yeah."
Steve replied. "But much smarter. The ones we have at the company do actually record everything. It’s odd but you get used to it."

"Wait… So all those times we’ve made out in your office have been recorded?" Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

"No, no."
Steve said as he got down from his chair and put it back in its place. "I can turn the camera off whenever I want to and I have done so every time that you’ve come to visit. Sure, Jarvis did still gather information from those visits... Like, he could tell me what time you came by and what time you left and things like that. It’s complicated, Buck."

"No shit."
Bucky replied, looking up at the sensors. Other than the small blue light dimly shining from them, he could barely see them at all. "That’s kind of cool."

"You’ve seen nothing yet."
Steve kissed him on the cheek as he passed by him and walked into the living room, Bucky once again following him.

Carol was standing by the window, staring out into the balcony where Tony was working on the cameras. Bucky patted her on the shoulder. "Are you interested in the technology or the famous Tony Stark? You know, he likes this woman called Pepper Po-"
'Oh shut up, Bucky.' Carol grumbled, shoving him away.

Bucky walked away, laughing and watched as Steve stood on the edge of the couch and placed a sensor in the corner of the room.

''Hey, Buck?''

''Mhm?''

''You wanna go and put the sensors in you guys’ bedrooms?’’ He jumped down and Bucky could swear the entire building shook. ''It’s easy, you just peel of this sticky part and stick it wherever you want. You do have to get it right on the first try though because these don’t come off easy.’’

Bucky grabbed a handful of the sensors. ''Where exactly do I have to put them?’’

''In the corners of the room.’’

''I can do that.’’ Bucky smiled at him and made his way to the stairs.

''I’ll come with you!’’ Carol yelled, running after him.

Bucky might have struggled a bit too much with taking the sticky things off of the sensors but it got easier as he kept doing it. He only had one more left to go but he wasn’t sure how he could reach that corner of the room. There was no furniture there to step up on.

He thought about it for a while before taking Natasha’s nightstand and slowly dragging it into the corner. He placed his foot on top of it and pushed down gently. When he decided it was sturdy enough, he got up on it and started reaching up towards the ceiling.

''Son of a bitch.’’ Bucky whispered to himself and placed his free hand against the wall for leverage as he got on his tippytoes.

Just as he managed to stick the last sensor on the ceiling, he felt the nightstand moving beneath him and before he even understood what was happening, he was laying on the floor, groaning as a spark of pain went up and down his back.

''Okay, ow.’’ he whispered, glaring at the nightstand before allowing his head to hit the floor as well.

Bucky could already hear people running upstairs and he already hated everything about this. They were going to get all worried and overprotective. God, they might even want to take him to the hospital. He decided that that was not going to happen and tried to move but he felt another spark of pain going from his lower back to his shoulders and groaned.

''God, this sucks!’’

''Bucky!’’ came a yell from the hallway and soon his bedroom door was slammed open. Steve stood there, Carol right behind him, looking down at him with wide eyes. ''Holy shit, are you okay?’’

''Yeah, yeah, just...’’ Bucky wasn’t even sure what to say. He was such a clumsy idiot.

''What happened?’’ Carol asked, looking around the room as Steve knelt next to Bucky.

Bucky rolled his eyes as Steve’s hands hovered over his body as if his touch would hurt him. ’’Well,
I got up on that stupid nightstand, which I’m going to have to tell Nat is now completely broken, and then I just fell."

"God, you need to be more careful." Steve whispered. "Where does it hurt?"

"It’s just my back, it’s really not that bad." Bucky told him, a small smile on his face. His back really didn’t feel too bad, he would just probably get a bruise or something.

"Did you hit your head?" Steve asked him, carefully brushing his fingers through Bucky’s hair.

Bucky shook his head. "No, I didn’t." He started to get up slowly and Steve’s arm immediately wrapped around his waist and pulled him down again.

"Can I take a look before you get up?" Steve asked and even though Bucky felt slightly embarrassed to be doing this in front Carol, he nodded. Steve lifted his shirt slightly and ran his hand up and down Bucky’s back a couple of times. When he touched a certain spot on the left of his lower back, Bucky let out a small sound. "Sorry, sorry."

"It’s okay, really." Bucky told him, pulling his shirt down. "Nothing feels broken or sprained or anything, okay? I might get a bruise at most, probably not even that."

Steve still looked worried. "If you’re sure, baby..."

"I am. Now help me up, this is embarrassing." Bucky mumbled and held his hand out. Steve stood up and grabbed it, pulling him up carefully.

"You still good?"

Bucky rolled his eyes again. "Yeah, yeah."

"I’ll go see if we have icepacks or something." Carol told them, already making her way out of the room. "You’re such a clumsy old man!"

"Not old!" Bucky yelled after her and then looked up at Steve. He put on the best puppy eyes he managed and leaned against him. He really wasn’t hurting too bad but decided that he would take all the pampering he could get from his boyfriend. "Oww..."

"Aww, baby... You must be sore as hell." Steve wrapped his arms gently around Bucky as he eyed where the broken nightstand was. "That was quite the fall, wasn’t it?"

Bucky nodded against him and even though his back hurt a little more since he was standing up, he was pretty sure that it wasn’t anything serious. All he needed was a little Steve to make it better. "I think I need that icepack..."

"Okay, let’s go." Steve told him with a small laugh, keeping his arm around Bucky’s waist as they made their way out of the room and down the stairs.

Carol was standing by the bottom of the stairs, an icepack in her hand, obviously on her way to come back upstairs. "Oh, I was just about to bring this to you but... well, here you go."

Steve took the icepack from her hand and they walked over to the couch. Tony, who had finished installing the cameras outside, was now sitting on the couch but got up immediately when he noticed Bucky waddling towards him.

"What happened?" he asked, a hint of worry behind his smile.
''Absolutely nothing.'' Bucky replied quickly as Steve helped him lay down on the couch. He flopped his head against the pillow and tried to get into a comfortable position.

''He fell off a nightstand.'' Steve said, turning to look at Carol who was now in the kitchen. ''Do you have a small towel or something? This is going to be too cold just by itself.''

''Yeah, I'll bring it to you.'' Carol replied from the kitchen.

Tony sat down on the floor near Bucky. ''What were you doing standing on top of a nightstand?''

''I was trying to get those fucking sticky things to stick to the ceiling.'' Bucky told him. ''They better work, Anthony.''

Carol handed a small towel to Steve and Steve wrapped the icepack in it before raising Bucky’s shirt enough to uncover the sore spot. ''Oh, baby… I can already see a bruise forming.''

''Really?'' Bucky glanced back for a quick moment, only to fail to see the beginning of a bruise anyway. He’d check it out later in the mirror.

''Really.''' Steve replied. ''I'm going to place this on your skin now, okay? It's going to feel a bit cold.''

''That is the point of an icepack, Ste- Holy shit!'' Bucky would have jumped up from the couch if it wasn’t for Steve’s other hand gently holding him down.

''Sorry.''' Steve apologized and kept holding the icepack in its place. ''Are you sure you don’t want to get checked out? I mean… it’s your back, something could be wrong and you just don’t feel it. I’ve heard of people who have broken their backs and they haven’t even known it until.''

''Oh my god, Steven, shut up.''' Tony said with a groan and winked at Bucky. ''He gets like this all the time but I’m sure you know that already.''

''Oh, I know.''' Bucky replied but gave Steve a small smile. ''And as annoying as that can be, I do like that about him.''

Steve only smiled back but gave Tony a small glare when Bucky turned away.

Tony grabbed his phone from his pocket and fiddled with it for a while. ''There’s an app I’m going to need you guys to download so you can turn the cameras off if you want to, you know in an instance if one of you decided to murder someone and had to get rid of a body or so on.''

Bucky couldn’t help but laugh. ''Alright, Anthony.''

''Let’s see...'' Tony pressed a button on his phone and all the little sensors all around the house made a small peeping noise and Bucky could see a camera that was on their balcony move a little bit. ''There we go.''

''I am Jarvis or Just A Rather Very Intelligent System created by Mr. Tony Stark.'' a voice from the ceiling said.

''Oh my god. Cool.'' Carol whispered, looking up in wonder.

''Alright Jarvis, save four people in your memory; Natalia 'Natasha' Alianovna Romanova, Carol Susan Jane Danvers, Wanda Marya Maximoff and James Buchanan Barnes.'' Tony ordered.

''Scanning faces of the said people. Saved.''' Jarvis replied.
"That is cool." Bucky told Tony. "Wait… How did you know our full names?"

"Well, Steve tells me everything about you, James." Tony said. "Other than that, I just did some research. Had to know who my best friend was dating and who the guy he was dating was living with."

"That’s not unsettling at all." Bucky looked at Steve.

Steve shot him an apologetic look. "I swear I knew nothing about that. Tony, you can’t just ‘research’ people just for the sake of it."

Tony only shrugged. "The cameras are working and so is everything else. One of you test to see if Jarvis works when you speak."

"Jarvis?" Carol asked first, a big smile on her face.

"I can hear you, Ms. Danvers." Jarvis told her, making Carol laugh.

"I want to try too!" Bucky said, looking up at the ceiling. "Hey Jarvis, when is Steve Roger’s birthday?"

"July 4th, 1987."

"Thanks, J."

"No problem, Mr. Barnes."

Bucky smiled. "I like this thing."

"You’re born on fourth of July?" Natasha asked, obviously finding the fact amusing. "Very patriotic of you."

"It wasn’t like it was my choice." Steve replied with a small laugh. "But yeah, I get that a lot."

"Are you guys going back to work soon or do you want to stay here with us?" Carol asked from the kitchen. "We were planning on making some drinks since none of us have to work today."

Steve turned to look at Tony. He shrugged. "I mean we thought this would take way longer but since we had a lot of help installing these, I guess we have some time. Unless Mr. Patriot is in a hurry to get back to his stuffy office."

"Believe me, I’m not." Steve told him, turning the icepack over as it started to melt on the inside.

"But make me an alcohol-free one." Tony told Carol with a smile and Carol nodded at him.

Bucky looked at Tony for a while and let out a small sigh against the pillow. "Yeah, make an alcohol-free one for me too."

"Sure."

"Oh, I’ve got a troubled past buddy, huh?" Tony asked Bucky with a smirk and Bucky could tell that Steve was probably glaring at the man. "What, Rogers? It was a fair q-"

"It’s fine." Bucky told them both. "It really is. Yes, Anthony, you’ve got a troubled past buddy right here."
"Wanna switch stories?"

"Yeah, I don’t think it’s time for that.” Steve said then. He rubbed his hand up and down Bucky’s back. "Are you feeling any better?"

"Mmh…” Bucky replied. "So can I get up now? This is embarrassing."

"What is?" Steve asked, knowing exactly why Bucky was feeling embarrassed.

"Because Tony Stark is sitting in my living room and I’m just laying here on my stomach while Steve Rogers is holding an icepack to my back and Carol is about to get drunk and-""

Carol rushed into the living room, holding a tray full of drinks. "Okay, I think that’s enough. Here you go.” She handed the alcohol-free drinks to Tony and Bucky.

Bucky placed his drink on the floor and started to slowly get up. Steve placed the icepack on the table and took his own drink off the tray.

"Looks good, Carol.” Steve said to her as she sat down in the armchair.

"Yeah, it’s mostly vodka.” she told him, drinking her glass empty in one go.

Steve nodded to himself, looking down at the drink. "I guess you’re driving us back to the tower, Tony."

"Yeah, as if you’d get drunk off of that.”

"Oh, there’s plenty more where these came from.” Carol said.

"I think one is enough.’’

Bucky snuggled closer to Steve. "Have you ever been drunk, Stevie?’’

Tony immediately started laughing, almost spitting out his drink. He opened his mouth to speak but before he could do so, Steve grabbed the melted icepack and threw it right at his face. It was Bucky’s turn to start laughing but the force of it twitched his back in a way that hurt.

"What?” Bucky asked Tony, leaning against Steve in a way that didn’t hurt. "Oh my god, please tell me you have a story about Steve getting drunk for the first time.’’

"Oh, you better believe it, Ja-”

"I’ve been drunk four times!” Steve told him. "The first time I had just turned twenty-one and the second time at our first company party. Then after my break up and then when I turned thirty.”

Bucky nodded, impressed. He’d seen Steve drink alcohol but he’d never come off as a guy who liked to get drunk every single weekend, which was definitely a good thing.

"You are such a liar!” Tony told him. "You don’t remember our party when I turned sixteen? You were drunk out of your mind. You were no goody two shoes, Rogers.”

"I…” Steve didn’t know what to say. He looked down at his lap as his cheeks reddened in an adorable way that just made Bucky want to kiss him breathless.

"Come on, tell us...” Carol said.
"No, no."

"Stevie, please." Bucky whined at him, making Steve smile. He placed his head on his shoulder and got real close to him so that he could whisper in his ear. "Come on, daddy. I wanna hear it."

Steve groaned, giving Bucky a playful glare. "Fine… But I’m not telling it."

"Oh, I’ll be more than glad to tell."

"Like I said, it was my sixteenth birthday, which means that you were… How old again?"

"I was basically a baby." Steve mumbled, not feeling like really answering the question. He was young. That was enough of an answer.

Tony barked out a laugh. "Alrighty then. My dad being ‘the best dad’ ever left us a lot of alcohol to drink without telling my mother and believe you me, we drank all of it. Steve especially liked the strong stuff and he was the first one of us that got completely pissed."

Bucky listened on curiously, even though he could see that Steve felt embarrassed about the story.

"So since Steve is a cute drunk, he decided that he wanted to watch reruns of Full House and that’s when I found out that my best friend is bisexual. Have to say, that was the greatest way to come out."

"Full House?" Bucky asked with a smirk. "Really?"

"What?" Steve replied, looking confused. "It was a good show."

Tony snorted out another laugh. "Sure, whatever. However, he sat there watching the episode where Jesse and Peggy met."

"Oh my god." Steve groaned, placing his chin on top of Bucky’s head. Bucky giggled quietly.

"And that is when he said and I quote;" Tony cleared his throat before continuing. "’Oh wow, Peggy is kind of hot… Wait, no, I like Jesse better. No, I like Peggy. Ah, fuck it, I love them both.’ and then he passed out."

Bucky laughed against Steve’s chest and placed a kiss there to comfort his poor embarrassed boyfriend. He wiped a tear away from his eye. "Do you remember that?"

"All I remember is watching Full House." Steve mumbled, making everyone laugh even harder.

Tony’s phone started ringing and he quickly placed his empty glass on the table. He got up from his seat and excused himself.

"I’m going to go get us some more drinks." Carol said, getting up as well.

"Does this mean you guys are going to have to leave?" Bucky asked Steve quietly, eyeing at where Tony was talking on the phone.

Steve shrugged slightly, careful not to move Bucky too much. "I don’t know, baby. He seems pretty relaxed so maybe it’s good news. I wish I could stay with you all day and all night. I want our vacation to start already."

"I wish you could stay too." Bucky replied, placing his hand on Steve’s chest. "But our vacation is starting soon, you just have to work tomorrow and then it’ll be over. Then you won’t be able to get rid of me."
"I can’t wait to not be able to get rid of you." Steve pulled him into a kiss that was sadly cut off short when Tony sat back down on his seat. Carol joined them too, giving them some more drinks. 
"Is everything okay?"

"More than okay." Tony told him with a smile. "We have the rest of the day off! This happens about once a year, so we better damn celebrate!"

"Well, then..." Carol handed him his drink. "To that."

They clinked their glasses together and took sips of their drinks. Bucky relaxed against Steve once again. "I guess your wish came true."

Steve smiled brightly and kissed him on the cheek. "I guess it did."

Tony had ended up leaving around 8 pm when he’d suddenly remembered that he’d had something to do aka he had realized that Carol, Wanda, and Natasha were passed out drunk on the couch (and the floor) and that Steve and Bucky might want to spend some time together without his constant rambling.

Bucky pretended not to notice Tony giving Steve a proud pat on the back before leaving almost as if to say ‘Good job getting laid.’

"I can’t believe we just listened Tony ramble on and on for nine hours..." Steve sighed with a small smile on his face after he closed the door behind his friend and walked towards Bucky to have him back in his arms.

"He wasn’t that bad." Bucky told him, snuggling close to him and wrapping his arms around him. Steve gave him an unamused look. Bucky laughed against his chest. "He really wasn’t."

"You don’t have to listen to him every single day." Steve sighed, his nose brushing against Bucky’s hair.

"You love the guy." Bucky told him.

"Yeah, I do." Steve whispered, defeated. He glanced into the living room with a quiet laugh. "Are they going to be okay if we go upstairs?"

Bucky looked back to see Natasha asleep on the floor in front of the TV, Wanda on the couch and Carol in the armchair. He shrugged. "I think they’ll be alright. What were you planning on doing upstairs?"

Steve smiled down at him. "I hate to disappoint you but I was thinking of sleeping. I’m exhausted, Buck."

"I’m sorry, I forgot you already worked today." Bucky told him quietly, rubbing his hand up and down Steve’s chest, totally not enjoying the feel of lean muscle beneath his hand. "What time did you get up?"

"Five." Steve replied.

Bucky’s eyes widened and he took a step back. "You’ve been up for fifteen hours?! That’s it, we’re going to go to bed and I’m going to pet your hair until you go to sleep." He started to drag Steve upstairs.
"I think you're the one who likes hair petting, not me." Steve said to him as they climbed up the stairs.

"Well, I'm okay with you petting my hair until I fall asleep if you don't want me to pet yours."

"Sure, baby." Steve told him as they stepped into the room. He threw his jacket on the floor and begun to unbutton his shirt.

Bucky couldn't help but stare but Steve didn't seem to mind. He took off his t-shirt and threw it in the laundry basket nearby. When his boyfriend's shirt was completely open, Bucky couldn't help but groan. "Is it wrong to say that I really fucking love your chest."

Steve looked down at his bare chest as he let his shirt fall on the floor as well. "Is that so, baby?"

"Mmh..." Bucky hummed, all the words in the universe all of a sudden not making any sense.

Steve stripped out of his pants quickly before stepping closer to Bucky. Bucky kept staring as he took off his own pajama pants as well, not even bothering to put them in the laundry basket. He placed his hands against the sturdy chest with a quiet sigh.

"Why do you love it so much?" Steve asked him, his breath hot against Bucky's face as he got even closer, allowing Bucky to lean his head against his chest properly. "Can you tell me, baby?"

"Mmh, daddy..." Bucky mumbled quietly. Where had all the ability to speak proper sentences gone? Get yourself together, Barnes!

Steve stroked his fingers through Bucky's hair a couple of times before asking again. "Can you tell me, Buck?"

"I just... I..." Did he even know why? He had to think... Think, think, think. "Makes me feel..."

"Doing good." Steve told him, scratching his scalp. "Keep going, baby."

Bucky blushed. "I- It makes me feel... safe... and small." He took a deep breath when he finally got the words out.

"And you like the way that feels? Being small and safe in my arms, leaning against me?" Steve asked, totally not making the situation any better. Bucky nodded. "You're breathing a bit heavy there, baby. Are you okay?"

Bucky nodded again. "Just... I don't know, daddy."

"Okay, okay..." Steve rubbed his back softly. "Is it that you just feel really good?"

"Yeah."

"And you felt a bit nervous to answer the question because you felt a little shy?"

"Mmh, yes."

"You're doing so good, baby." Steve praised him and Bucky could feel his stomach twisting in that wonderful way for the first time in a while.

"Yeah?"

Steve placed a kiss on his forehead and it was his turn to nod. "You did so well... now and earlier,
helping us put the sensors in their place. You just have to learn to be a bit more careful, okay?"

"Okay." Bucky answered and rubbed his eyes with the hand that wasn’t any longer placed against his boyfriend’s chest.

"Are you getting sleepy?" Steve asked softly as he placed a finger beneath Bucky’s chin to make him look up at him. "So cute, baby."

They climbed into bed, slightly clumsily because the bed was way too small for the both of them but in Bucky’s mind that was just a good thing. They just had to snuggle closer.

"When you said you feel small..." Steve started carefully as they settled into a comfortable position. "What did you exactly mean? I’m only asking because I want to understand... this between us."

Bucky tensed up slightly. "I just like it when you take care of me, in every way. I like to feel... I like it when you choose things for me. When you tell me that I did well."

"Okay." Steve replied, smiling. "I like to take care of you. Hell, I love it and that means we’re on the same page but... there’s something I have to ask you, Bucky and I know you’re probably not going to like it too much."

"What is it?" Bucky asked, feeling nervous.

"None of this has anything to do with your past trauma, right? Because the last thing I want to do is use you." Steve said, carefully. "I care about you a lot, Bucky."

"No, no. None of this has anything to do with my past. I don’t have daddy issues or anything." Bucky told him with an awkward laugh before turning serious. "You’re not taking advantage of me. The way we’ve been doing things this far have been amazing. Just because I like it when you make decisions for both of us, doesn’t mean that I haven’t been able to voice my own opinions on things. You’re doing good, daddy."

Steve let out a sigh of relief and hugged Bucky closer to his body. "Oh, I’m so glad, baby. I’m so glad. You don’t have to worry about anything anymore, okay?"

"Okay."

"Daddy’s going to take care of you. I’m going to take care of everything." he whispered to him. "I’ll take care of you, baby."

"Yes..." Bucky gasped against him. That was everything he’d ever wanted. "Thank you, daddy."

"Okay..." He placed one more kiss on Bucky’s forehead and started running his fingers through his hair. "Let’s go to sleep now. Goodnight, baby."

"Goodnight, Stevie."

Bucky fell asleep with a smile on his face.
Chapter End Notes

So... It's five am and I'm sad, so have a chapter :) Oh, and I already tried posting this chapter once and my writing program crashed :) It's fine. Just almost lost all the chapters to this and all my upcoming stuff... Like I said, it's fine.
Waking up to the sound of a shower running made Bucky stumble out of bed with excitement. He wasn’t going to miss out on the chance to shower with his boyfriend, not this time around. When their vacation started, he was never going to shower alone ever again, not if he could help it anyway.

He didn’t bother knocking on the door, it wasn’t like he was going to be seeing anything he hadn’t seen before. The room was already hot and steamy, meaning that Steve had been there for a while already.

Bucky locked the door quietly and stripped out of his boxers just as he heard a quiet groan coming from the other side of the shower curtain. "Steve?" he asked carefully and heard what he could only guess to be a bottle of shampoo falling on the floor.

"Shit, Bucky. You scared me."

With a soft chuckle, Bucky pulled the shower curtain off to the side, only to see the contents of a shampoo bottle spilled all over the floor. Thankfully, the water was already taking care of the mess on its own.

When he looked up, he couldn’t help but notice that Steve was red in the face and it wasn’t just from the heat of the shower. Bucky glanced back down, only to see the obvious hardness between the man’s legs.

He smirked. "Daddy … Were you having fun without me?"

Steve’s eyes darkened at the ‘nickname’ and he pulled Bucky closer to his body. "Didn’t want to wake you, baby."

"Mmh…” Bucky hummed, his hand traveling down from Steve’s chest to his lower stomach and then teasingly around his erection. He stroked up and down in painfully slow motion and bit his lip in satisfaction when Steve closed his eyes and leaned back slightly, his mouth hanging open in a silent groan. "That feel good?"

Steve moaned as an answer and tugged Bucky’s hair to pull him against his chest. Bucky brushed his lips against his burning skin and let them travel down the beautiful body as he slowly knelt on the wet shower floor. He breathed against the hard cock, making Steve whimper deliciously.

"I’m not gonna suck you off." Bucky told Steve, looking up at him, still stroking him slowly.

"No?" Steve asked softly, cupping Bucky’s cheek in his warm, big hand.

Bucky shook his head and licked his lips. "No… I want you to cum on my face, daddy."
The hand in his hair gripped tighter as Steve bucked his hips towards Bucky. He spoke between his teeth as he stared down at him with a hungry look in his eyes. "Fuck, baby. If you keep talking like that, your wish might come true fast."

Bucky smiled at him, tightening his grip around Steve’s cock as he began to stroke faster. "Go ahead… Just warn me when you do, Stevie."

Steve nodded rapidly, his breathing picking up as he tugged Bucky’s hair even tighter. Bucky let out a groan himself at the sensation in his scalp. He could feel the cock in his hand basically pulsing with pleasure.

"Daddy..." he whispered, trying to ignore the soreness in his kneecaps as he knelt there. He brushed his cheek against the head of his boyfriend’s cock, making it twitch.

"So close, baby." Steve told him, eyes shut once again as he melted into Bucky’s touch. "You’re doing so good, so good… God, baby, I-"

Bucky’s eyes shuttered close as he felt the cum splatter all over his face, most of it landing on his cheek and the rest of it down his lips and chin. Steve shuddered and finally let go of Bucky’s hair and slammed his hand against the shower wall as he took a deep breath.

After licking his lips and tasting the saltiness there, Bucky turned his head off to the side and let the water take the rest of it away. He had to take a moment for himself to calm down before looking up at Steve, who was trying to get his breathing under control

"Shit, Bucky."

"I certainly feel awake now."

"You’re welcome, daddy."

"You’re welcome, daddy."

"Good boy." he whispered and placed one final kiss on his forehead. "… Jarvis?"

"Yes, Mr. Rogers?" the new voice in the room made Bucky feel embarrassed and his cheeks turn red. He knew it was stupid to feel that way since Jarvis was… well, not a real human being.

"What time is it?" he asked, running his hands around Bucky’s body.

"It is 6:34 am, sir."

"What does that mean?" Bucky asked, trying to get his head clear again. When Steve spoke to him in that way and called him good, he just felt like he was in a cloud. A soft, comfortable, loving cloud… If that made any sense.

"Means that we still have about fifteen minutes before I have to get dressed.” Steve whispered to
him, a big smile appearing on his face. "That’s just the right amount of time for me to reward you for being so good for daddy this morning."

"Mmh..." Bucky hummed, his words getting lost again. *Yep, he was right back in the cloud.*

"So," Steve started, placing his hand against Bucky’s cheek. "All you have to do is tell me what you want and I’ll give it to you, baby. Anything at all."

He didn’t like the idea of having to make such a difficult choice so early in the morning. Couldn’t Steve just choose for him? "I don’t know, daddy."

Steve looked at him for a while and realized what the unsure look on Bucky’s face meant. "How about I give you some options, hm? Okay... Well, choice one: I can get you off, choice two: I can wash your hair and choice three: I’ll buy you something nice and give it to you when you come to my place on Sunday."

Bucky thought about it for a moment. They all sounded fucking amazing but even though he’d been quite turned on by what they had just done, he wasn’t interested in knowing what an orgasm would feel like with his sore lower back. "Choice two, please."

"So polite." Steve told him and moved out of the way so that Bucky could step under the stream to wet his hair properly. He leaned in close, his now soft cock touching Bucky’s behind as he began to run his fingers through his dark hair, scratching the scalp as he did so. "Which one of these is your shampoo? The raspberry one?"

Bucky nodded, stepping away from the water and peeked over his shoulder to see Steve getting some of the shampoo in his hand before placing the bottle back where he took it from. He rubbed his hands together before emerging them back into Bucky’s hair.

"So I take it that the shampoo bottle that fell was Natasha’s?" Steve asked, his voice quiet. Bucky nodded again. "Tell her that I’ll buy her a new one."

For some *stupid* reason, the thought of Steve buying someone else something, made Bucky feel extremely uncomfortable. "I- I can do that, I was the one who scared you."

Steve stopped moving for a second or so but then continued the lovely scalp massage. "It wouldn’t be a present to her, baby, just a replacement. You’re the only one I buy presents to unless of course, it’s someone else’s birthday."

"Sorry." Bucky mumbled quickly and Steve pushed him under the water once again.

"No, baby. You don’t need to be sorry. It’s okay." he told him, slowly washing the shampoo out of his hair. "You’re doing good."

Bucky immediately relaxed again and grabbed a bottle of conditioner that was almost empty. He handed it to Steve who only smiled at him as he took it. Bucky had gotten the conditioner as a present from god knows who and he’d been waiting forever for it to run out because the scent of it was boring.

Steve struggled to get some of the conditioner out but managed after a few moments and started rubbing it in Bucky’s hair, taking his sweet time with it. Bucky could swear that if he was a cat, he would be purring right now. "Hmm, daddy..."

"Feel good, baby?" Steve asked, knowing fully well that Bucky was putty in his hands.
Yeah... Bucky gasped out. He wished they could just do this every single day. Maybe on their vacation, they could... That was certainly an interesting idea.

Okay, let’s rinse it off now. Steve told him and Bucky stepped under the water, almost slipping on wherever Steve had spilled Natasha’s shampoo.

Steve’s arms were around him immediately. Careful there, baby.

Bucky let out an embarrassed laugh. Sorry... I forgot about that.

Steve placed a kiss on his cheek. Now, let’s really rinse it off or otherwise I’m going to be late for work.

Bucky nodded and enjoyed the last couple of minutes of Steve’s hands in his hair. When they turned the shower off and stepped out, Bucky couldn’t help but shiver slightly. Steve grabbed a towel that he’d gotten for himself before Bucky had even woken up and dried himself off quickly. You didn’t bring one for yourself? Did you even take clean clothes with you?

No... Bucky said with a small smile. He’d had more important things to think about... I’ll just dry off with your towel, it’s fine.

Whatever you say. Steve handed it to him.

Bucky nodded and started to dry himself with it. Are you going to wear the same clothes as you did yesterday? You do know that wearing the same underwear is not good for-

I know, baby. Which is why I’ll be going commando until I get to work where I have a change of clothes. Steve said to him. I hope it’s okay that I put my underwear in the laundry basket. I can wash them myself, I’ll just-

It’s fine. Bucky gave him a small smirk. I’ll wash them for you and bring them to you on Sunday, and you could just borrow my underwear... I think I have completely new ones that I haven’t used yet.

Thank you, sweetheart but I don’t think they would fit. I have a narrow waist but not as narrow as yours. Steve told him, already putting his pants on. Now put on that bathrobe of yours, you’re obviously cold.

Bucky watched as Steve got dressed as he grabbed his soft bathrobe and wrapped it around himself, immediately feeling much warmer. He rubbed his eyes, all of a sudden feeling tired and remembered how early it actually was. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d gotten up so early on a Friday.

Steve did the last button on his shirt and turned to look at Bucky. He stepped closer and stroked a strand of hair out of his face. Aww, baby. You getting sleepy again?

He only nodded, already closing his eyes as he leaned against his boyfriend’s chest. He felt Steve wrap an arm around his shoulders and let out a soft laugh.

Let’s get you back to bed. Steve said, leading him out of the uncomfortably stuffy and hot bathroom. Bucky opened his eyes only enough to see where he was going.

Thank you, daddy. he whispered as he sat down on the edge of his bed as Steve pulled the blanket out of his way.

He placed his hand on Bucky’s shoulder and gently pushed him down. Bucky rested his head on top
of the pillow that he and Steve had shared the night before and let out a small sigh. Steve smiled at him and placed the blanket over him, all the way up to his chin. "No problem, baby. It's my job, right? Are you comfortable?"

"Yeah..." How could he not be? He'd just had a hot shower with his hot boyfriend and now he was in bed, getting tucked in by him.

"I really have to go now, Buck. You going to be okay on your own?"

"Mmh..." Bucky nodded, eyes slipping shut. He felt Steve run his fingers through his hair once more before kissing him on the forehead. "Would much rather have you here though."

"I would much rather stay here too." Steve replied. "But I really need to leave. I'll call you when I get off work, okay? Be good until then."

"Always good." Bucky whispered back.

"Mmm..."

He could feel Steve stand up, getting ready to leave the room and his eyes snapped open. Bucky grabbed his sleeve. "Daddy..."

Steve immediately turned back to him with a slightly worried look on his face. He smiled softly at him. "Yeah?" He held Bucky's hand in his.

"Could I have choice three too?" Bucky asked quietly, his lips rubbing against Steve's hand.

Steve looked at him for a while and then smiled even brighter. "Hmm... And what was choice three?"

"Buy me something nice...?"

Steve laughed quietly and placed a kiss on his lips. "You've been so good for me that I can't say no to you."

Bucky closed his eyes again. "Always good..." repeated.

"Of course, you are, baby." Steve said with a smirk and his eyes traveled to the corner of the room where the Tiffany and Co bag still remained. "Asking for a new present when you haven't even opened your old one. Such a brat."

It had been so long ever since Bucky had traveled anywhere that he'd had to look for his suitcase for about two hours. When he finally found it (it was in Carol and Wanda's room), it had taken him another three hours and a lot of texts to Steve to figure out what he was supposed to pack.

He allowed the suitcase to fall from his bed to the floor as he laid there, feeling tired after going through basically all his clothes and other crap he had in his room. He'd even ended up packing his laptop, even though he was slightly worried that it might explode on the way to the airport. It was way too old and it made a strange noise when he turned it on.

Steve had also told him to pack a suit if he had one because apparently, they might have to go have some dinner with people from work after the interview and photoshoot. He only owned one suit, a
grey one and even though it was a bit old, it was just going to have to do.

He’d also packed the Tiffany and Co bag and the box inside it. Since he still hadn’t opened it, Steve had told him he was only allowed to open it when they were in Los Angeles.

There was a knock on the door and it made Bucky groan. Although he had gotten a real good sleep, definitely thanks to Steve, he just felt really tired right now. ”Who is it?!”

”It’s me!” Carol’s voice yelled from the other side of the door.

”Fine, come in.” Bucky said with another groan and the door immediately opened.

”Hi.” Carol said to him quietly, walking into the room. She looked around the room for a while, checking to see if anyone else was there and then sat down on his bed. ”Steve’s not here anymore?”

Bucky let out a small laugh. ”He left hours ago. Did you just wake up?”

She nodded. ”Nat and Wanda are still sleeping. My head feels like it is going to explode.”

”Shouldn’t have gotten so drunk, huh? Do you remember anything about yesterday?” Bucky shifted around, trying to get into a more comfortable position.

”Not much. I do remember that Tony fucking Stark was here.” Carol let out a whine. ”Did I do anything embarrassing? Please, tell me that I didn’t do anything embarrassing.”

”No, I don’t think you did. You and Tony did talk a lot.” Bucky replied. ”I wasn’t really focusing on that, I was busy doing other stuff.”

Carol turned to look at him properly and her eyes were wide with excitement. ”Did you guys…”

Bucky shook his head with a laugh. ”No, we didn’t. That’s not what I meant. We were just talking and cuddling.”

”Oh. That’s boring.”

Bucky couldn’t help but smirk. ”This morning wasn’t boring.”

She looked excited again. ”Ooh, what happened?”

”I don’t know if I’m going to tell you.” Bucky teased with a shrug. ”You did just call me and my boyfriend boring. Believe me, we are anything but.”

Carol rolled her eyes at him but immediately regretted it when the motion sent shooting pain all over her head. She winced at the feeling before speaking up again. ”Yeah, yeah. I kind of figured you guys weren’t boring when you started to talk about that daddy stuff. How’s that going by the way?”

”Amazing.”

”Yeah?”

”Yeah.” Bucky sighed. ”I can’t wait for our vacation. I’m already going to his place tomorrow because he doesn’t have to work that day and we’ll leave for Los Angeles on Monday. I’m all packed and everything, I just have to remember to wash Steve’s und- You know what? Never mind.”

Carol gave him a teasing smirk but didn’t end up asking about whatever it was that Bucky had to
wash for Steve, instead the expression on her face turned a little sad. "It’s going to be weird not having you here for a month. Are you going to visit us at least?"

"I’m going to try and come visit but I’m not promising anything." Bucky said with a smile. "I promise I’ll keep in touch though, okay?"

"Okay." Carol whispered, looking at him with an odd look. Slowly, she smiled. "I can tell you really care for him. You’re falling for him."

Bucky could feel himself turning red. "I mean I… Well, yeah. Yeah, I am."

"He’s falling for you too."

"He is?" Bucky asked, feeling hopeful.

She nodded. "Yeah, he told me."

Bucky wasn’t sure what to say. His stomach flipped as he thought about Steve saying those words to him. "Wow."

"Now that I’ve managed to break your mind..." Carol started. "Will you tell me what you guys did this morning?!"

"No!" Bucky yelled, snapping himself out of his thoughts and threw a pillow at his friend.

"Okay, okay." Carol said, holding her hands up in the air as she stood up. "I’m going to go make something that’ll hopefully take this fucking headache away. I’m also going to have to check if Nat and Wanda are still alive."

"You do that." Bucky said.

Carol nodded once more, before stepping out of the room and closing the door quietly behind her.

On the morning of Sunday, Bucky had been up early, mostly because he’d needed to be because Steve had booked Happy to get him then but also partly because he was extremely excited about the trip and the idea of spending an entire month with his hot ass boyfriend.

"Thanks, Happy!" he yelped at the man as he stumbled out of the car with his heavy suitcase. "See you… Well, I don’t know when but I’ll see you!"

Happy chuckled and watched as Bucky slammed the door shut with a little bit of a struggle. "No problem, kid. I’ll see you tomorrow, I’m the one who’s taking you guys to the airport."

"Oh… Well, see you tomorrow then." Bucky waved and watched the man drive off as he caught his breath. He stared up at the building in front of, knowing fully well that the balcony with the string lights was the one that belonged to Steve and couldn’t help but smile.

He just had a feeling that this vacation was going to be something else.
Soooo.... It's been a while again. I'm sorry it's taken so long for me to update and that this chapter is so short (but hey, at least you got some steamy stuff and there's more coming.)

Like I previously told you, I've been going through some stuff and there was a lot to figure out (because some people just don't seem to know how to do their job right...) but it's all been figured out now. But just as things were going back to normal again, a beloved family pet passed away suddenly.

But the good news is that I'm doing good now. Things are finally getting back to normal and oh god, how good does 'normal' feel after all this mess :D

Hope people are still interested in this! Thank you for reading, lovies <3
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The organized chaos going on in Steve’s apartment wasn’t what Bucky had been expecting. In fact, they had been going over what Steve should take with him on the trip ever since he had gotten there and now they only had about half an hour left to make sure they had everything they needed with them. Steve had been so busy worrying and stressing out about everything, that he seemed to have completely forgotten about the present he had meant to give Bucky that day.

"Do you think I should take a sweater or two with me? In case it’s cold when we get there.” Steve asked and stopped struggling with the zipper of his suitcase for a moment.

Bucky rolled his eyes as he sat on top of the said suitcase. ”It’s Los Angeles, not Lapland. And it’s summer, Steven.”

"I guess you’re right.” Steve said with an awkward laugh and finally managed to zip his suitcase shut. ”I’m sorry that I’m like this, baby, I’m just worried that I’ll forget something important and then I’ll be at the interview and something goes wrong and-”

Bucky leaned forward and pressed his mouth against his stupid boyfriend’s to shut him up. Steve moaned and placed his hands on Bucky’s waist, pulling him towards him. They stopped when they had to take a breath and Steve gave him a shy smile. ”Wow.”

"Got you to finally shut the hell up.” Bucky teased. ”It’s going to go great, Steve. You’ve done interviews and photoshoots before and always done well in them. You look nice, the camera loves you and you are so smart. I bet everyone in this world could listen to you talk for hours and hours and not get bored. And even if they couldn’t, I could.”

"Oh, Buck...” He pressed a kiss on his cheek. ”I have no idea what I did to deserve you. Thank you.”

"No problem, Stevie.” Bucky replied and started running his fingers through Steve’s long hair.

"Well, I was supposed to do it before we leave but I don’t think we have the time anymore.” Steve answered sheepishly. ”Does my hair look horrible?”

"No, it looks nice. I guess it’s missing a little bit of its usual fluffiness but it still looks good.”

Steve nodded. ”Okay, Buck.”

"Okay.” Bucky whispered. ”Let’s get up from the floor, my knees are already sore from before.”

Steve laughed at him, a small hint of pink on his cheeks. ”You like it.” He stood up first and helped Bucky get up as well.

"Yeah, I do.” Bucky said with a smirk. He wouldn’t mind having permanent bruises on his knees if it meant that he got to be there every single time Steve decided he was going to have some fun in the shower. ”Speaking of things that I like… Where is my present that you promised me… Choice three, was it?”
"Oh yeah." Steve mumbled and smirked. "You’ll get it later."

"Later?" Bucky asked, sounding almost offended. "I’m not allowed to open the Tiffany’s bag until we’re in LA and now I have to wait for my other present too? I’ve been waiting since yesterday."

He slumped down on the couch in disappointment.

"Aww..." Steve cooed, smiling softly as he sat down next to Bucky. "Being my baby is so hard, isn’t it?"

Bucky nodded and leaned against Steve, sighing when the man wrapped his arms around him.

"What could we do to make you feel better?" Steve wondered out loud and Bucky peeked up at him curiously. "I guess I could give you a hint. Would that help, baby?"

"Yes." Bucky mumbled, keeping his eyes on Steve as he waited for his hint.

"Hmm... Let me think." Bucky was 100% aware that Steve was now just teasing him. Asshole.

"Okay. It’s something that we have been both waiting for."

Something that they have both been waiting for. What the hell was that supposed to mean? "Steve! That’s not a good hint."

"Oh, I think it is." Steve told him and kissed him on the cheek. "And even if it isn’t, well, I promised you a hint, not a good hint. Now no more whining, you brat or you won’t get any presents."

"And what’ll you do if I keep whining?"

"If you keep being a brat?" Steve asked. Bucky nodded. "You’ll find out then. Now, we really have to go, I’m sure Happy’s already waiting for us."

Bucky glanced at the clock and realized that it really was time to go. "Do you have the tickets?"

Steve stood up from the couch and grabbed both his and Bucky’s suitcases. "Tickets?"

Bucky’s eyes widened. This couldn’t be happening. "To our flight? Oh my god, Steve, please don’t tell me that you forgot to buy the tickets. Please, please, tell me that you are j-"

"Baby." Steve gave him an unamused look. "It’s a private plane. We don’t need tickets."

Huh? "You have your own plane?"

That got a chuckle out of Steve. "No, Bucky, I don’t have my own plane. Tony does. And he’s borrowing. Now get your cute ass moving or I’m going to go to LA by myself."

The plane looked smaller on the outside than it was on the inside and if that didn’t mess up Bucky’s brain, he didn’t know what would. Awkwardly, he sat down on one of the seats as Steve got stuck talking to the pilot and the flight attendants about something that didn’t really interest Bucky.

Their suitcases weren’t taken too far away from them since the place for the luggage was also inside the main cabin. Steve had taken some things out of his suitcase before it had been taken away, like his laptop and a mysterious black bag. Bucky was sure his present was in the bag and even though it was placed on the seat in front of him where Steve would eventually be sitting, he couldn’t get himself to take a peek.
He had to be good. Steve had said so.

"We’ll be taking off in a second." Steve said, appearing out of nowhere and moved the black bag out of the way so that he could sit down. "Ready?"

"Yeah, I think so." Bucky mumbled a reply. "Do I have to put the seatbelt on?"

Steve nodded. "Yep. Just like in a normal plane."

"Well, it’s been a long, long time since I’ve been in any kind of plane." He put the seatbelt on and watched as Steve did the same. "Do I-"

"Excuse me, Mr. Rogers?" A flight attendant interrupted his next question by asking her own and smiled down at the two of them. "Is there anything you would like before take off? Something to drink perhaps?"

"No, thank you." Steve replied politely. "Do you need something, baby?"

"N- No, I’m okay." He cursed at himself for stuttering. Why was he so nervous all of a sudden? He’d been on a plane before. It was going to be fine.

"Alright. The pilot will make an announcement soon." the woman said, a big smile on her face. "If you need anything, just call for me."

"Wait." Steve stopped her before she could leave.

"Yes, Mr. Rogers?"

Steve cleared his throat. "We would like to be left alone on this flight, so I would prefer it if no one interrupted us at any point unless we call for you or there is an emergency."

"Of course. I’ll tell the others as well." she replied. "Enjoy your flight."

Steve mumbled a quiet thank you and turned to look at Bucky when he saw that the flight attendant had left them alone. "What was it that you were going to ask me?"

"Ask? Oh yeah… Uh, I can’t remember anymore."

Steve gave him a knowing smile. "Are you feeling a little nervous, Bucky?"

Bucky didn’t need to say or do anything for Steve to know the answer was positive.

"You don’t have to worry, okay? I’ll be here with you the whole time." Steve told him, his voice turning even more honey-like than usual. "And I think I might have something to cheer you up. Something that we have both been waiting for."

Steve took the box out of the black bag and handed it to Bucky, who couldn’t help but just stare at it for a moment. It was bigger than he thought it was going to be and on the top of the box, it said 'Spark' in golden letters. "What is it?"

"Open it and you’ll see." Steve said and Bucky could swear he heard a slight hint of nervousness in his boyfriend’s voice. Wasn’t that just interesting?

Carefully he opened the box and he wasn’t exactly sure what to look at first. The box was filled with all kinds of stuff. He grabbed a smaller box that seemed to have some sort of tubes inside it and read what it said on the cover of it. "Dessert Flavored Lube Set… Oh." His cheeks turned pink and he
looked up at Steve, who was now smiling.

''I remembered that a certain someone liked sweet things.''

Bucky nodded and took a closer look at the tubes. There were four of them and each of them was a different flavor. ''Cherry Pie, Caramel Apple, Autumn Cheesecake and Chocolate Ga- Gan-''

''Ganache.''' Steve helped. ''Do you like them?''

''Yes! Of course, I do… And the packaging is so pretty.'' Bucky no longer had to think what 'something they had both been waiting for' meant. Steve seemed to be just as eager and ready to go all the way as Bucky was.

''Keep going, sweetheart.''

Bucky nodded and set the smaller package on the seat next to him. When he looked up and out of the small window, he couldn’t see land, only clouds. ''We’re in the air?''

''You didn’t notice?'' Steve asked with a laugh. ''The pilot made the announcement and everything. You must really like your present if you were that focused on it. God, you are adorable Bucky Barnes.''

''Shut up.''' Bucky mumbled and tore his eyes off of the pretty cotton clouds and looked down at the opened box again. He took out a package of condoms and showed them off to Steve as if the man wasn’t the one who had bought them for them. Then he took out something black and kind of soft. ''What are these?''

''They are buckle cuffs.''' Steve explained. ''For your wrists. They are for later use though, not for what I’m planning to do to you in Los Angeles."

Bucky wanted to whine and ask why not because the cuffs looked intriguing but knew better than that by now. Steve was smiling at him. ''What?''

''It’s just… I thought you were going to have a stronger reaction to them.'' Steve explained. ''Like, you would freak out or something but from what I can tell, you really like them, don’t you?’’

''Yeah...’’ Bucky breathed out, trying not to imagine any future scenarios where the cuffs would be used. ''I do like them, thank you.’’

''Don’t thank me yet.’’ Steve said. ''There should be one more thing in the box.’’

Oh? There was? Bucky looked around for a moment, only to notice that whatever it was that was left in the box had basically camouflaged itself on the bottom of the box as it was just as black. He held it up in his hand. ''What is it?’’

''What do you think it is?’’

Bucky twirled it around in his hand. ''Looks like a hairbrush without the bristles.’’

To Bucky’s embarrassment, Steve burst out into laughter that everyone in the plane, including the pilot, must have heard. Bucky pouted and placed the thing back in the box.

''Oh my god.’’ Steve gasped, wiping tears away from his eyes. Finally, he noticed the way Bucky was pouting and tried to calm himself down. ''Oh, I’m sorry, baby. It’s just… God, I love your mind.’’
Bucky puffed out his cheeks and gave the other man a glare. ”Whatever, just tell me what it is.”

Once Steve had finally got himself together, he grabbed the thing out of the box and slammed the wider end of it against his palm, creating a loud smack. ”This… is what’s going to happen to you if you keep being a brat.”

Bucky looked down at the thing, up at Steve and back at the thing, before blushing furiously.

”It’s a paddle, sweetheart.”

”Yeah, I got that.” Bucky squeaked out.

Steve took the box in his hands and put all the things back in it before moving it completely out of the way. He held his hand out for Bucky to grab and undid his seatbelt before dragging him on the seat next to him.

”We don’t have to use it until you’re ready though,” Steve whispered to him. ”We don’t have to do anything until you are ready. I guess that box was just my way of saying that… I’m ready.”

”I’m ready too.” Bucky whispered back, snuggling against Steve as best as he could. He heard Steve sigh against his hair. ”… Can we really not use the cuffs on our first time?”

”No, we can’t. I already told you.” Steve said softly. ”Let’s start slow, okay?”

”But Stevie…”

”What did I say about whining, you brat?” Steve asked with a small laugh, only a tiny edge of strictness in his voice. ”If you keep acting this way, you’re going to get to try out the paddle before the cuffs or anything else in that box.”

For some reason, to Bucky that didn’t sound like such a bad idea.

Bucky watched as Steve worked on something on his laptop and let out a small sigh. His boyfriend looked cute looking down at the screen in front of him, eyebrows furrowing in concentration. How the man managed to work after the present he had given Bucky and the things he had said to him, he had no idea.

Bucky hadn’t been able to think of anything else ever since then. When Steve had shown him the paddle and told him that he was going to use it if he kept acting like a brat, he had begun to feel floaty, like his head was as high up in the clouds as they were right at this moment.

The feeling was different. Nothing like he had ever felt before with anyone else other than Steve. He liked the feeling, even though it made thinking and talking difficult. It also made him feel small and they had already talked about the fact that Bucky liked feeling that way.

”Steve?”

His boyfriend looked up at him. ”Yeah?”

”I feel weird.” An expression of worry immediately spread on Steve’s face and Bucky couldn’t help curse at himself in his mind.

In a hurry, Steve placed his laptop on the seat in front of them and turned all his attention towards Bucky. ”Do you feel sick? Are you going to throw up?”
"No, no, I..." Bucky let out a small laugh. "First of all, calm down. I’m okay."

Now Steve just looked confused. "You just said you feel weird, baby. Maybe you should have something to eat."

"Just..." Bucky pulled him back down on his seat when he stood up to get a flight attendant to help them out. "Just let me explain, okay?"

Steve looked at him for a while before nodding. "Okay."

"I feel... floaty. Well, not anymore but did so a while ago." he explained, knowing well that he probably wasn’t making any sense to his boyfriend. "I’ve felt that way before... the first time it happened..."

"Yes?" Steve asked.

"Was when I uhh..." he glanced over to make sure no one else was in the main cabin with them, even though they had been left alone for the entire flight so far. "I was thanking you properly."

"Alright..." Steve replied, nodding slowly as he tried his best to understand what was going on.

"It feels good." Bucky mumbled, now playing with Steve’s fingers. "And I feel small and like nothing makes sense but everything makes sense at the same time and it’s never happened before until I met you and I just-"

"Okay, take a breath, babe." Steve interrupted him, seeming a bit more relaxed now that he was sure nothing too serious was going on. "Do you feel like you can’t think properly when this happens? As in... In a good way. Like there is nothing you have to worry about and you can just relax?"

That sounded about right. "Yeah, I think so."

"Oh." Steve mumbled to himself and seemed to get lost in his thoughts.

"What?" Bucky asked, feeling slightly scared. "Is that a bad thing?"

Steve’s eyes widened and he pulled Bucky close to him. "No, of course not. I just can’t believe I didn’t notice."

"Notice what?" Bucky asked, now feeling slightly annoyed.

"Subspace, baby."

"What does space have anything to do with this?"

"Not space space." Steve told him. "Subspace is... Gosh, how do I explain it? Well, usually it’s a state of being experienced by a submissive person in a BDSM scenario. Obviously that’s not exactly what’s going on with you since we haven’t really done anything too intense yet."

Bucky blinked. A state of being experienced by a submissive person in a BDSM scenario? "Is that... Is that what I might have been feeling when I told you that I liked feeling small?"

Steve nodded and placed a kiss on his forehead. "It’s possible. Even though we haven’t done anything even close to BDSM-"

"Yet."
Steve gave him a small glare before continuing. "It’s possible that you’ve slipped into some sort of subspace. It might have not been the deepest subspace but still something."

"It always kind of happens when you tell me what to do." Bucky explained, still trying to wrap his mind around it. "And when you just do things to me."

"Are you okay with that feeling?" Steve asked carefully, eyeing him up and down.

"Yes!" Bucky exclaimed, a little too enthusiastically. He blushed. "I mean… Yes, it feels good. I like it when you take care of me."

"Have you ever..." Steve started, now seeming a bit worried again. "Have you ever felt down after the floating feeling went away?"

He shook his head. "No, no, I don’t think so. Why?"

"Okay, that’s good." Steve let out a sigh of relief. "I wish you would’ve told me sooner, dear. Subspace isn’t really something to play with. I mean, it’s great and everything, it’s just that... You need to be taken care of when you’re in it and I didn’t know..."

"Hey." Bucky stopped him and placed a kiss on his cheek. "You’ve been taking care of me perfectly, subspace or not." The word still felt so foreign and weird and like he didn’t know how to use it properly.

"We’re going to have to talk more about this before we do anything at all, okay?" Steve told him. "I need to know exactly how you act when it happens so that I know what to do in that situation. Oh, and the reason why I asked if you were feeling down afterward was because of sub-drop."

"Sub-drop." Bucky repeated.

"Yes." Steve said. "It’s when you sort of fall out of subspace. If it happens suddenly and the submissive isn’t being taken care of, the way they need to be taken care of, it might end badly. That’s why they usually need aftercare."

"How could it end badly?" Bucky asked.

"It’s normal to feel strong emotions coming out of subspace, even crying." he explained. "But if they don’t get the proper aftercare, it’s possible that those feelings will turn negative. That’s why we need to figure out what you like."

Bucky shrugged, snuggling closer to his boyfriend. If only the poor flight attendants knew what they were talking about. "I mean… Whenever we have done stuff and you’ve just cuddled me, that floating feeling has just slowly disappeared."

"Okay, that’s good." Steve replied, kissing him all over his face. "That’s really good, baby."

Bucky giggled quietly at the kisses. "And it always makes me feel good when you tell me I’ve done a good job."

"Yeah?"

"Mmh." Bucky replied. "Thank you."

Steve looked down at him. "For what, baby?"

"Explaining all of this to me." Bucky said. "How do you know so much anyway?"
Steve chuckled. "I’m way older than you, kid. I’ve had more experience."

Bucky wasn’t sure if he liked that at all. "Oh… Has someone you’ve been with before had… this?"

"Kind of. It was just one time though. After that, I did a lot of research." Steve said, smiling. "Don’t you worry about that though, you’re the only one for me, okay? We’ll talk more about this and everything else when we get to the hotel after all the work I have to do. Does that sound good?"

"It does, daddy." Bucky replied, closing his eyes and leaning against his boyfriend, suddenly feeling tired.

He wasn’t sure if he was nervous or excited about the talk.
You know... apparently, every time I say that my life's good, some shit happens... So the thing that I was worried about earlier, that I thought had been dealt with, is back to being my problem now. That's the reason why it's taken me so long to update. I apologize for that. Also, I felt like this was a meh chapter..... :)

I will be posting a new fic very soon and because you guys are my dear readers, I would like to give you the title and the summary of the said fic:

Title: Wild Embers (if you saw another title here before, it's because I ended up changing it... Woops.)

Summary:
Surely, battling loneliness and unfulfillment with moving in the middle of nowhere, sounded insane.

But it was working.

aka

Bucky Barnes quit school, took all the money he had and left behind the city he'd lived in his whole life. One day, when a woman from the farm he works at, tells him to bring food to a man who lives higher up in the mountains, Bucky meets Steve. A fire lookout.

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