the sweetest kind of poison

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the sweetest kind of poison

by yellow_crayon

Summary

Between running an orphanage with his over-protective brothers and Colonel Steve Rogers's increasingly inappropriate advances, Bucky's life is...complicated.

(Bucky participates in the Annual Hunt to get the cash rewards and meets Steve who wants him bad. AU)
One

"Put this on."

The man in charge turns and gives Bucky a thin black lacy thing closely resembling a pair of ladies lingerie and stands back, his face devoid of any expression. He's a beta, and a seasoned professional at that it seems, because the blond man doesn't even bat an eye at the onslaught scent of a young unmated omega in the middle of its heat.

"That's it?" He asks hoarsely, hands shaking around the flimsy black silk. He has to fight the primal urge to run up to the man and rub his aching body against him, the omega part of him actually feeling insulted that he doesn't even get a reaction. The still-functioning rational part of his brain kind of wants to die of embarrassment. The silver blond beta smiles thinl, but it doesn't really reach his slate grey eyes.

"Put that on first." He murmurs and averts his gaze politely when Bucky drops the fluffy white towel around his waist. The luxurious bathroom reeks of his cloying sweet scent. He winces and wipes at the leaking wet moisture between his legs with an annoyed huff when it runs down one pale smooth inner thigh.

"Leave it. The alphas will like it if you're wet." The man suddenly speaks up again and this time Bucky can hear the tiny strain in his voice. He peers up between dark lashes at the man and sure enough, there's a slight bulge in the junction between his legs under the neatly ironed trousers. The thought sends a shiver of pride through his body and he hurriedly slips the lacy underwear on, groaning at the cool silk against his wet sensitive flesh.

The butler wordlessly hands him a heavy cloak, a heavy red cloak. Bucky stares incredulously at the thing. Seriously? The metaphor can't be any clearer.

"I will escort you onto the hunting grounds." The blond man says when he finishes with the three buttons at his chest and squirms a little when a new trail of moisture runs down his leg. Bucky follows on unsteady steps, the blood red cloak rubbing against the sensitive pink nubs of his nipples.

They pause by the archway, the blond beta drawing him close and gently fastening a cool white ivory half mask over his eyes to protect his identity. Bucky draws the red hood over his still-wet silky brown hair and steadies himself.

He can do this. It's nothing, just getting his man-cherry popped that's all. He would be paid fifty thousand dollars for the whole ordeal, and his and the alpha's identity would be safely protected. It would be unorthodox for them to see each other's faces. He'd heard about the annual Hunt from Clint, who was another omega from the slum districts and Clint has had no trouble after his first time. The only downside, according to Clint is that it's a one-time only thing. The rich higher-up alphas only want their first untouched heat. Thankfully Bucky has kept his virtues mostly intact during his time living in the shady parts of the city.

The grass feels cool under his bare feet. Bucky keeps his gaze forward as he stumbles after the blond butler like a newborn calf. There are five omegas, all decked out in identical red cloaks. The only difference is the color of the brooch around their neck. Bucky has a brilliant blue sapphire fastened around his throat by a golden pin. He can't help but glance around curiously, noting that the other omegas all have their heads down, shoulders slumped meekly and radiating the innocent lamb-like vulnerability bound to make an alpha's blood boil.
He keeps his head up, watching curiously as the five alphas in dark shirts and expensive designer pants approach from the other side of the field. They stop about five feet from the omegas who all shudder collectively at the dominating scent of five strong virile alphas, Bucky included. He wiggles his bare toes restlessly on the grass when his slick drips down in a steady stream, showing just how eager his body is for mating.

The four male alphas are about the same height, the brunet one on the left maybe a tiny bit shorter, the female redheadalpha being the shortest of the group. They all have on black masks, opposite the white ivory ones the omegas are wearing. The simple black masks cover the upper parts of their faces, but since they have no hoods, it's easier to discern which is which. There're two blonds, one with long tumbling locks of gold and easily standing the tallest, with his broad shoulders and huge hands in clear display. Bucky squirms longingly at the sight of those muscular arms. The alpha turns and gives him a small smirk when he catches Bucky's curious gaze and his cheeks flame red with embarrassment when he tears his gaze away.

The other blond man is somewhat slighter, with short cropped golden hair and standing across from him with his legs parted in a familiar military stance. The alpha has his sky-blue gaze averted and firmly on the grass at his feet, jaw clenched tightly as if he doesn't particularly want to be there. Bucky's eyes linger on the alpha for a second, wavering between the two blonds. Shorter-hair looks up suddenly when he feels the weight of Bucky's curiosity and their eyes connect for just a second, blue on blue. Bucky feels his knees weaken a little. The alpha has crystal-blue eyes. His blush deepens and the blond alpha's lips twitch up slightly when Bucky hurriedly drops his gaze and starts fidgeting restlessly with his hands again, grateful for the heavy cloak that covered his body.

The four omegas shift uneasily next to him, their collective sweet smell already making the alphas opposite them excited and ready to rut. Blood pounds in Bucky's ears, sweat trickling down his neck and a sweet empty ache settles between his thighs. He clenches his moist legs together and both blond alphas zoom in on the gesture, their bodies tensing, ready to spring into action. He feels a spike of fear. He hadn't meant to attract both of their attentions.

"Assume your positions, now let the games begin!" The words echo loud and final. Dread settles like cold lead in the pit of his stomach. Bucky hears the gunshot that signaled the beginning of the Hunt. It's finally begun.

The omegas are given a fifteen minute head start before the alphas are allowed to move. It's just a kink they liked, get the alphas really excited and riled up before the mating by allowing them to hunt down their own omega, but Bucky suddenly wants to get as far away as possible.

He takes a deep breath and runs for the woods, feeling the weight of the heated stares on the back of his neck.

He's kind of running out of places to hide, the blood-red cloak painfully obvious in the dark green backdrop of the forest. He is wet and aching and leaving a trail of enticing musk behind him. It's not going to take much work to track him down. The other omegas have already given up, judging by the sounds around him, but Bucky doesn't really want to be pressed face first into the ground and fucked like an animal by some rich snobbish alpha. He thought he could do this, but it seems so fucked up now.

He thinks about taking off the cloak, but then there would be nothing to shield his scent from them.
anymore, so he grits his teeth and forces his shaky legs to move. The sky is already starting to turn red around the edges. Sunset would not be far off.

The bushes behind him rustle loudly and Bucky whirls around, heart pounding. His gaze settles on the long-haired blond alpha and the huge intimidating alpha takes a step closer, his lips stretched in an excited grin. Bucky covers his lower face with his hands and turns to run, managing to take a few shaky steps before he feels strong muscular arms circle around his waist like steel bars. He is promptly pulled against a solid chest and the alpha presses his face against Bucky's neck, inhaling the sweet addictive scent of his heat. It feels all wrong. He doesn't want this alpha.

"Stop, please..." He tries to struggle and feels one of the large calloused hands dip in between his thighs, rubbing firmly at the wet moist heat. He cries out, legs twitching feebly and lets them fall open with a groan of pleasure when the digit slides against his sensitive flesh. The alpha makes to move him onto his back, and Bucky sees his chance.

He wriggles his way out of the man's hold and scrambles down the small slope, plowing through a scratchy bush and slamming headlong into another body. Bucky struggles to untangle himself from the other alpha, cursing his bad luck as he goes. The heavy red cloak gets thrown over the alpha's head, obstructing his face, but Bucky can still make out the familiar scent anyway. It's the short-haired one with the beautiful sky blue eyes. A hand clasps around his wrist firmly, stopping him in his tracks as the alpha pulls the cloak off his head with a small huff.

They both freeze when their eyes meet each others.

"Oh." Bucky manages to say stupidly. His body releases a new wave of wet moisture at the enticing sight of the alpha, his masculine scent making the persistent empty ache become almost unbearable.

"You're hurt." His voice is really nice, Bucky thinks airily, his eyes fluttering shut when he feels a gentle thumb brush against the shallow cut on his cheek. He doesn't see the other blond alpha poke his head out from behind a bush and give them a thumbs up and a wink before turning on his heels.

He feels the hand on his cheek slide down slowly, raising goosebumps along the way as it trails to his pale collarbone, barely peeking out beneath the collar of the cloak. Bucky's legs seems to have stopped working. He leans into the touch and sighs when gentle hands draws back the hood of his red cloak and reveals his tousled brown hair and the pale ivory mask.

"Beautiful." The alpha sighs against his lips and Bucky opens his mouth to allow the kiss. It deepens and he groans shakily when the strong arms tighten around his body, one hand snaking down to fondle him between his pale wet thighs. He cries out and clutches at the blond alpha's broad shoulders.

He's quickly pressed down to lay on the grass, his red cloak unfastened to provide a temporary blanket. Bucky closes his eyes to avoid looking at the naked hungry in the alpha's eyes, but he is pleasantly surprised when the alpha asks him politely for permission to continue. Bucky nods his consent with a blush, after all the alpha is paying him for it.

The alpha presses comforting kisses along his cheek and neck first, using his larger and heavier bulk to press down against the omega underneath him. It's a clear show of dominance and Bucky's legs fall open on their own accord, his hips arching up to rub against one clothed thigh. His lips linger on the curve of his neck and Bucky feels a small tingle of fear, he's not supposed to bite down, the contract clearly said no bonding marks were allowed to be made. The alpha moves past his neck and sucks a sensitive nipple into his mouth, worrying at the pink flesh with his teeth. Bucky ignores the small twinge of disappointment. The black mask on the alpha's face feels cold to the touch when it presses against the flesh of his abdomen. The hot tongue dips into his belly button, mimicking
thrusting motions as the alpha looks up at him, their eyes connecting. He's leaking uncontrollably now, soaking a dark wet patch through the red cloth underneath him, but Bucky is past caring now.

A finger hooks in the soaking wet lace panties and the alpha above him pauses to raise an eyebrow, his lips quirking up at the sight. Bucky manages an embarrassed scowl and avoids his amused blue eyes, cheeks burning.

"They made me put it on, damn it." He mutters and the alpha laughs, his gaze warm and tender as he slowly eases the panties down and leaves a small trail of fluttering kisses along Bucky's wet inner thigh. He's lucky to have gotten such a nice alpha, truly lucky. Alphas are dominating by nature and most would simply rut the omega without any consideration or foreplay, but this alpha seems more in control of his urges. Bucky eyes the prominent bulge in his pants and raises one slender foot, pressing it over the swell in between the alpha's legs. It's inappropriate for an omega to challenge the alpha in the middle of mating and sure enough, the blond male growls in the back of his throat and surges forward, teeth closing over Bucky's neck in warning. He spreads his legs and moans softly, a silent submission. The teeth leave his neck with an almost reluctant pause.

He isn't prepared for the hot mouth that descends over his aching hole, licking and sucking at the sweet slippery lubrication there. Bucky clutches at the grass and bites his lip to stop the cry of pleasure. Two fingers thrust inside his pink hole and crook upward, making him see stars. The alpha growls when Bucky clamps down on his hand and shudders, wet fluids gushing out of his body as he orgasms for the first time with someone else's fingers deep inside his ass. It actually makes the empty ache worse, he feels feverish and unsteady, blood pounding in his ears. Everything is tingly and oversensitive. He blushes red and tried to close his legs. The alpha tightens his grip on Bucky's hip and he stills obediently, a distressed whimper slipping past his abused lips.

"What is your name, sweet little omega?" The alpha murmurs against his ear, hips grinding down on Bucky's pelvis. He groans at the heat of the alpha's cock and wraps his arms shyly around the blond alpha's neck. Names are personal, he doesn't really want the unfamiliar alpha to know too much.

"James." He whispers instead. It's a common enough name, and there are about six James' in his crappy neighborhood alone. His friends all know him as Bucky. Without his last name, he's not worried the alpha would be able to single him out of the crowd and trace it back to James Buchanan Barnes. Not that he would try anyway.

The alpha's blue eyes are soft as he leans down to kiss him. Bucky tastes himself in the man's mouth, a heady bittersweet scent.

"Call me Steve." He whispers hotly against Bucky's neck. It seems too personal, but he rolls the alpha's name on his tongue and decides he likes the sound of it. It suits his big blond alpha.

"Well, James, care to continue this inside?" Steve asks, his arms tight and possessive around Bucky's naked body. He blushes, heart skipping a beat at the barely contained hunger in the alpha's voice. Bucky nods and allows the alpha to pull him up into his arms.
Two

Chapter Summary

Bucky's first time, Steve is very sweet.

His blond alpha sets Bucky gently down on the huge mahogany four-poster bed and leans over him for a long lingering kiss. Bucky's cheeks flush with embarrassment when he catches himself secretly wanting this to last forever. It's probably just the omega pheromones driving him crazy. He's never once submitted to any alphas in their shady little neighborhood, and it's well-known to all that he and Clint can hold their own against a whole group of people. He's even beaten Brock Rumlow, the local badass and gangster, but then, Rumlow doesn't dare to actually hit back. They'd all grown up in the same little orphanage together and embarrassing childhood memories were as good as the sharpest knives to idiotic alphas like him.

"Am I boring you?" Steve murmurs softly against his cheek and Bucky jumps at the wet tongue on the sensitive shell of his ear. He ducks his head, flushed and embarrassed. His mind had wandered to Rumlow of all people, jeez.

"M'sorry alpha..." He mumbles, fingers latching onto Steve's sleeve and rubbing his burning skin against the silky fabric.

The blond alpha gives a huff of laughter and kisses him again, their tongues tangling lazily. "Say my name, James. I want to hear it from you." He whispers, the bare undertones of a growl rumbling through his chest and Bucky shudders in want. He's steadily soaking through the expensive sheets beneath him.

Steve draws back just long enough to pull off his black dress shirt and unbuckle his pants. Bucky's eyes catch the sight of a tattoo on his left shoulder, an eagle in black ink, all sharp edges and angles with five stars underneath. He feels apprehension settle in his stomach. Steve, or if that really is his real name, has served under the Alpha Ops and gotten the highest rank one can get out of joining the military and fighting for their country. So he's a soldier. No wonder he has such iron control over his desires.

"This is my first time participating in the Hunt. It's always seemed so crude and barbaric before." He says in that nice warm voice Bucky has already become addicted to and turns to give him a crooked little smile. Steve sits down on the bed and runs a large calloused hand up Bucky's left leg, up his pale thigh and disappearing into the shadow of the red cloak. Bucky closes his eyes with a shaky gasp when he feels pleasure dance up his spine. That hand is doing utterly sinful things to him while the alpha smiles at him with that innocent expression half hidden under the black mask.

"I've never found any that caught my eye faster than you, my beautiful little omega. They all pale in comparison to you." Bucky is only half listening to the rumbling words being whispered hotly into his ear. He leans into the alpha's touch, one of his own hands joining his under the cloak and moaning as he applies pressure. Steve eases the hood off his head gently and massages the nape of his neck with one hand, applying firm pressure and Bucky's already abused red lips fall open in a small desperate whine. He wants it, wants Steve's cock so bad. Wants his big strong alpha to just spread him open and knot him deep, fill the empty ache until he bursts at the seams.
"Your eyes and the angle of your jaw...wish I could take the time to capture it on paper." Steve leans forward and presses suckling kisses under Bucky's jaw, licking at the faint red bruises he leaves behind on the milky canvas of his skin.

Bucky lets out a soft laugh and reaches up a hand with a shy curl of his lips. "Do you always talk to your girls like this, Shakespeare?" He teases and Steve leans down to bite at his lower lip with a playful wink.

"Just my one girl." He says and unclasps the brilliant blue sapphire at Bucky's throat. His heart leaps at the words, even though Bucky knows it can't be true. A pure blood highborn alpha is allowed to have many bed partners before he has to settle down with his one bond-mate. Omegas born in high-class families aren't so fortunate, having to keep their virginity until they are married off to some rich asshole alpha to connect both families, which is why they hold the annual Hunts for the alphas to amuse themselves and blow off steam. It's surprising how many common-born omegas are willing to participate in the Hunt. Bucky's almost glad he was born in one of the slummiest districts in the city so he doesn't have to look at the soft spoiled people all day long.

Steve presses his face into the damp curl of Bucky's hair and rubs a thumb over his peaked nipple. He sighs and allows the alpha to move him onto his back, Steve staring down at him with this oddly tender expression on his face, and Bucky is suddenly struck with the strong urge to reach up and pull off the smooth black half-mask and check if Steve is as perfect and beautiful as Bucky imagines. Instead, he forces his gaze to the alpha's broad shoulder and tries not to squirm when Steve hitches one of his legs up and gets his hand between the junction of his thighs. The alpha lowers his head between his spread legs and Bucky arches up with an embarrassingly loud cry of surprise. Steve's tongue sends hot spikes of pleasure through his body as he laps at the moisture around Bucky's leaking erection, jutting up shyly between his legs and virgin pink. The noises are filthy and wet, and Bucky can't think past the insistent throbbing of his heart and the pounding of blood. Steve slides a firm finger into his aching hole and Bucky chokes back a scream as he comes a second time, body jerking and over-sensitive. The alpha above him seems to have let his composure slip a little, judging by his sharp heady musk. Steve's not far from losing control.

Steve's panting softly, his eyes almost black, the blue just a thin ring around his blown pupils. Bucky whimpers when he finally pulls off his pants and tosses them carelessly over one shoulder. Steve's lean and muscular, his cock already erect between his legs. He's bigger than most alphas Bucky has glimpsed before. He closes his eyes and fists the sheets.

Finally. He's finally going to get knotted by an alpha. He'd be lying if he said he's not scared. Bucky's heard all sorts of grisly tales and rumors about how a knotted omega would become the alpha's bitch and treated like some dirty sex toy. He's being treated like a blushing virgin right now, but who knows what kind of kinky shit Steve is into.

Steve's hands are surprisingly gentle when they meet his naked sweaty skin, sliding along the silky smooth expanse of his chest and settling at his hips.

"Don't be afraid, James. It's okay." He says in Bucky's ear and kisses him again, tender and sweet. He takes Bucky's hands and puts them on his hard cock, eyes sliding shut in pleasure. Bucky moves his fingers up and down, shy and inexperienced, but still managing to arouse Steve more than any other omega he's ever come across.

"Do you want my knot, baby?" Steve asks him breathlessly and his voice is like liquid sin. Bucky's vision is all blurred from the moisture in his eyes and his heat haze, but he nods feverishly against Steve's chest.

"Yes, please...breed me alpha..." He whimpers, not even recognizing his own voice anymore.
Everything is so wet and hot, and each tiny touch is magnified a thousand times more, so much that he feels like one raw nerve.

He's been swallowing down Steve's fingers for the last five minutes already, his aching hole ready for something a lot bigger. Bucky wants it, wants to have Steve's thick cock deep inside his body, wants to see the composed blond alpha lose control because of him, wants to feel Steve's knot stretching him open...

"Please, Steve..." It's his name whispered past sinful red lips that breaks down Steve's last reserve. Bucky arches up like a bow string when the powerful alpha spreads him open and thrusts home in one excruciating long thrust. He takes it perfectly, body molding around Steve's shape and clenching down on the alpha's huge cock. Steve gives a shuddering growl next to his ear and stills, panting like he's run a marathon. There's a drop of sweat running along his temple and Bucky feels a thrill of pride. His alpha loves the feel of his body.

Steve's clean scent surrounds him like a veil, safe and protected, he smells like the forest after a thunderstorm, the scent of faint gunpowder and motor oil, and something utterly dominating underneath, his own unique smell. Bucky knows his own scent, a sort of faint cinnamon-ish caramel apple smell that Clint complains always makes him hungry.

"So perfect...tight...my beautiful omega..." Steve's murmuring gentle praises along his neck, his breath fanning out in hot puffs. His gentle words and hands are in sharp contrast with the way his hips snap up and grinds deep, stealing Bucky's breath away with the harsh tempo of their coupling. The bed is creaking softly under their violent movement, and other than the pathetic rhythmic gasps, Bucky can't really force any words out of his constricted throat. His legs are wrapped around Steve's waist, hands grasping blindly at the alpha's broad shoulders.

Steve leans down and seals his mouth over Bucky's left nipple, toying with the sensitive nub until the omega is sobbing underneath him. Bucky's eyes widen comically when Steve growls filthy into his ear, sharp teeth biting down on his flushed earlobe. Of course the alpha can curse like a drunken sailor, he's been in and out of the army. But it does take Bucky by surprise and he clamps down in retaliation. Steve groans atop him and lets his arms buckle so that he's pressing his complete weight down on top of his omega. Bucky wiggles and tries to move away, he's pinned like a bug with a hard dick doing all sorts of magic inside his body. Steve laughs breathlessly against his neck and nuzzles him. Bucky's heart skips a beat at the intimate feeling and Steve pulls back to look down at him. His blue eyes are alight with amusement and Bucky thinks one could really fall in love with someone like him. Instead, he reaches up and pulls Steve down into a kiss and their hard relentless fucking starts again.

"We can spend the entire day in bed, James. I have you for twenty four hours, don't I?" Steve murmurs and thrusts up hard, watching with satisfaction as the omega underneath him arches up and gasps again. Bucky keeps his eyes on Steve's face, and it feels intimate and sweet even if they can't see really each other. He licks his swollen lips and Steve growls atop him, twisting his hips with his thrusts.

"Please...Steve, harder...harder." He's babbling nonsense now, letting Steve push his finger into his mouth and sucking on the digit, wrapping his lips around Steve's finger and letting his eyes flutter shut as the alpha picks up his pace, the wet slick sound of their skin slapping together obscenely
Steve growls and nearly clamps his teeth down on Bucky's neck when his orgasm approaches, the tendons on his neck standing in clarity as he forces his mouth away from the omega's neck. Bucky wraps his arms around Steve's neck and buries his face in the alpha's chest when he finally reaches his own peak, his body spasming and milking Steve's cock. The alpha growls and finally lets go, his strong hands gripping Bucky tightly around his hips and thrusts in one last time, so deep and so perfect and releases his hot seeds.

"Yes, knot me...please I want it so bad..." They're panting harshly into each others mouths. Steve's hunched over him, his eyes tender and longing as he thumbs at the edge of Bucky's pale ivory mask. Bucky's eyes flutter shut at the feeling of the knot, huge and dominating, just like Steve is. He feels a twinge of satisfaction and sadness. He's not a virgin anymore, and he's got this beautiful alpha to keep his first time, but they will never know what the other looks like.

Steve stills on top of him, grinding deep and letting out another wave of warmth deep within his body. He leans down and kisses Bucky again, gentle and passionate, just the way he likes it.

"Beautiful." Steve whispers into his ear and it sounds more like a confession and a prayer.
Three

Chapter Summary

Steve takes Bucky down to the party. Kinky games ensue.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: Public sex in front of a room of people. Things you should not normally do with old vintage wine. And nipple play.

That should be it. I think.

Leave me some love, guys! (Btw, I update a bit slow, so bear with me and subscribe if you like, should be weekly I think)

I feel embarrassed this is my first piece of writing on this site...and it's made of 90% porn...ugh.

Steve takes him from behind one more time after their first coupling, trailing hot kisses along his spine. He presses Bucky into the sheets afterward, his massive knot bounding them together for the moment, Steve whispering little praises in his ear, how sweet and tight he is, how red his lips are and the striking blue of his eyes. Bucky blushes and squirms under him, unused to and overwhelmed by all the flirting and sweet talk.

He had grown up in the bad parts of the city, learned how to defend his virtues with makeshift crowbars and had started stealing under Alexander Pierce at the mere age of ten. The pampered relaxed life of the rich was utterly beyond his comprehension.

And just when he thinks their activities are finally done, Steve coaxes him out of bed and dresses Bucky in a silky red button-down shirt and soft black pants. He runs his long fingers through Bucky's soft brown hair, his thumb lingering on the edge of his pale white mask and leans forward to kiss him, chaste and fleeting and making his heart flutter restlessly in his chest.

Steve pauses at the doorway, dressed once again from head to toe in black, his brilliant gold hair flashing under the chandelier as he smiles at Bucky from behind his own black mask. He holds up his hand and Bucky stumbles tentatively to his feet, their palms sliding together. Steve wraps his arm around his narrow waist and draws him close.

"There's a masquerade party downstairs." Steve tells him when they take the grand marble staircase down to the ground floor of the mansion and come across three women in sparkling dresses and animal masks.

Bucky gapes at them all, their gleaming dresses, wild makeup and glittering jewelry. Clint would have been ecstatic with all the stuff he could have nicked from them. Unfortunately Bucky doesn't have pockets.
All heads turn to Steve when he appears at the doorway to the massive ballroom, Bucky wrapped in his embrace and his sweet heated omega smell drawing the attention of the alphas in the room.

Steve greets a few of them, but obviously they are used to these sort of masquerade parties, because Bucky doesn't hear a single identifiable name uttered. A fiery redhead glides past in a gorgeous bareback sapphire dress, an elegant swan mask over her face. Steve nods at her when she pauses to kiss his cheek, her pretty green eyes lingering on Bucky. Bucky stares back with equal interest and her red lips twitches up in a soft smile.

"Enjoy the evening." She murmurs in Steve's ear, winking at him, and Steve's hand tightens around Bucky's waist possessively at the words.

Steve guides him toward one of the tables in the back, plunks Bucky into his lap and feeds him some food, chasing the last bits from Bucky's lips and asking in return for Bucky to feed him mouth to mouth.

"So how about a dance, beautiful?" Steve asks suddenly and Bucky nearly jumps out of his skin at the words. He blushes in embarrassment and the blond alpha laughs softly at the flustered omega in his lap, his large hand possessive on Bucky's upper thigh.

"I can't dance." He says peevishly and pokes a finger into Steve's chest, squirming a little on the alpha's lap. Steve's eyes are twinkling with fondness when he trails his thumb up Bucky's cheek. Bucky catches sight of the female redhead alpha that he had seen before in a tight black dress. Their eyes meet for a second when she pauses in the process of having her own male omega feed her a cherry. The other big blond alpha that had tried to rut him in the woods is sitting to the left of them, a pretty brunet omega girl seated in his lap. She's in an almost see-through dress and looking utterly tiny in his arms. The blond alpha turns his head to him when their eyes connect.

"They are all jealous of me..." Steve says with a huff of amusement and makes a big show of drawing Bucky down for a kiss, teasing his mouth open and slipping his tongue inside. Bucky flushes with embarrassment and the blond alpha laughs softly at the flustered omega in his lap, his large hand possessive on Bucky's upper thigh.

"Their dresses..." Bucky points out, making a face at the provocative see-through garb.

"Hmm..." Steve hums critically, his hand wandering back to Bucky's shirt and unbuttoning the top three buttons with deft fingers.

"I'd give up all of my money just to see you in one of those..." He sighs longingly and sucks one of Bucky's nipples into his mouth, running his tongue roughly over the sensitive nub and making the omega arch up with a mewl of surprise. His eyes are watering and the spot between his legs wet once again when Steve finally lets the poor swollen nipple slip out of his mouth. He can feel Steve's hard cock against his inner thigh and Bucky's body is aching for more, the heat symptoms rearing up again, but their little flirting is interrupted when the lights dim and the crowd parts to reveal the long-haired blond alpha.

He talks for a while, what an honor it is for them to come to his humble abode, wishing everyone a pleasant evening, congratulating all the alphas on finding their lovely omegas...But the man's deep booming voice is lost to Bucky's ears. Steve's hand has slipped back into his shirt, rolling his
sensitive nipple in his fingers, teasing and tugging on the little peaked nub until Bucky's whining and writhing on his lap to avoid the slow sweet torture.

Steve laughs in his ear and kisses the soft flutter of his pulse.

Clint did not tell him about the party or the games. Bucky had thought it was just going to be whoring yourself out for one night of fucking and that would be it. Just fucking. Nothing else. He would have definitely preferred it that way.

He doesn't really know how he got to this point, tied down by his wrists on a raised dais and trying not to close his eyes against the glare of the light above.

He remembers the blond alpha and the brunet one with the stylish goatee coming over to their table, laughing and greeting Steve with amicable smiles, Steve firmly shaking his head no when they suggested 'the games' and the two of them ignoring his protests and yanking the blond alpha to his feet. Bucky had been escorted to the back, asked to take his clothes off and put on the black silk gown.

And now here he is...lying on the cool surface of the raised dais and feeling tiny goosebumps break out over his skin. The blond butler pulls his hands over his head and secures them to the edge, the action parting the thin black material over his chest and revealing his bare skin, smooth except for a few tiny scars. Bucky's build is not like the typical omega, all tiny, slender and well-rounded curves. His body is compact, lean and muscled, the result of pushing to the limits just to survive, but the thin black silk against his parted legs creates stark contrast and a delicate feminine beauty that makes his face flame in embarrassment. Bucky tries to close his legs, but the hot curling embarrassment remains. His cock is already half-mast, pink and wet between his thighs. Steve's nowhere to be seen and Bucky feels a spike of uncertainty.

He hears the crowd murmur in amusement when the three alphas half lead half drags Steve onto the stage, his face bright red behind the mask. Bucky can barely see him in the corner of his eye, but the sight of his alpha calms him a little. It also makes the heat in his abdomen more prominent.

"Tony, no. I don't feel comfortable with this. I doubt James would be..." Steve's saying, trying to push his way back. He stops struggling to leave when his blue eyes land on his omega, tied to the dais like a heavenly offering and goes completely still.

"Oh..." Steve manages to say, breathless and already aroused, his mind screeching to a halt at the lovely sight before him. His beautiful omega looks like a Greek goddess, with his pale mask, fiery red lips and his pale body encased in the dark silk.

Bucky rubs his legs together with a soft whine, his mouth parting and a pink tongue peeking out to lick nervously at his red lips. The brunet alpha slips a long black blindfold out of his pocket and winks at their audience before tying it over Steve's masked eyes.

"The Taste Game, Steve. You remember. With a little twist." The alpha says to the crowd and leads Steve over to the raised platform. Bucky jumps and groans in the back of his throat when one of Steve's hands wander onto his naked thigh. The blindfolded alpha swallows hard above him.

The brunet alpha's voice is a rush of white noise in the background, explaining the rules of the game, something about champagne and wine. Steve's hand is warm and firm on his skin, grounding his
nervous body to the dais.

"Tell me if you don't want this, James. I will tell them to stop." Steve's little whisper catches him by surprise, and Bucky feels a tug of affection. Steve's neck is flushed and his body aroused, but he's willing to stop just for him. He smiles slightly and spreads his legs a fraction wider.

Let them see. He's going to make the other alphas wish they are in Steve's shoes.

"It's okay." Bucky sighs and feels Steve's hand flutter against his leg, his blush more prominent now. Steve goes to stand between his spread legs and the butler elegantly raises a tiny glass of sparkling crimson liquid up in his white-gloved hand, pauses for all to see and tips the glass over.

The first trickle of the cool wine against his inner thigh makes Bucky arch up with a barely controlled shout of surprise. Steve's hot mouth and tongue follows a second later, lapping up the liquid from his bare skin and leaving a searing trail of tingling suckling kisses in his wake. Steve's head is buried between his legs, the edge of his soft blindfold rubbing tantalizingly against Bucky's skin.

Steve pulls back reluctantly, his head cocked to the side. "Richebourg, bottled in the eighties perhaps." He says slowly, waiting for the other alpha's conformation.

A ripple of applause goes through the crowd and Steve's lip quirks up a little at the sound, one of his palms rubbing soothing circles along Bucky's knee. The alcohol leaves a tingling fiery heat on his skin and Bucky closes his eyes when he feels the wave of moisture leaking from his body.

It would be so mortifying if he orgasm just from this.

The next glass is sparkling cold champagne, Bucky thinks. His eyes water when the butler pours it gently over his abdomen, the freezing liquid sending pleasurable electricity dancing up his spine. Bucky's muscles clench when Steve presses his mouth to his stomach, the cold champagne clashing with the heat of Steve's tongue. The blond alpha is half hovering above him now, his breath labored. Bucky knows Steve's probably straining against his pants, he himself is leaking everywhere, his sweet cinnamon scent more pronounced than ever. Past Steve's clean forest smell, Bucky can make out faintly the aroused scents of the guests in the room.

Steve's voice is an almost guttural growl when he says the next type and brand, and sure enough, he has it correct. Bucky's breath is coming out in little wet gasps. His body feels tingly and hot to his aching core. He feels drunk even though not a single drop of alcohol has passed his lips.

The next glass gets poured over his left pectoral, the cool drink sliding slowly down his skin and leaving behind that cold yet burning sensation. Steve licks and sucks at his nipple, his teeth worrying at the already sensitive flesh and Bucky arches up, rubbing his leaking erection against Steve's clothed thigh. It feels like his chest is on fire.

Steve takes his time with this one, licking and lapping at his abused nipple until Bucky is gasping for breath, eyes swimming from the pleasure-bordering-pain.

He gets it correct again, the words whispered like a prayer against Bucky's skin.

"Please...Steve, I..." He barely gets a few disjointed words out of his mouth before the alcohol splashed onto the other side of his chest and Steve bends down to kiss his skin again, his overwhelming alpha scent so thick and heady around him...

Bucky gives a single sob when his body shudders violently underneath him, his orgasm forcing his body to arch up, wet slick dripping down his thighs and his own seed painting his trembling
abdomen and Steve's dark shirt in thick white stripes. Steve gives a low pained moan on top of him and leans down to lap up the hot semen from his stomach in broad strokes. Bucky is beyond mortified now.

He came all over himself just from Steve's mouth on his body.

In front of a whole room full of spectators.

Suddenly he's extremely grateful for the white ivory mask concealing his identity.

"Loosen the cuffs." Steve's voice is like liquid steel when he yanks the blindfold from his stormy blue eyes.

Bucky feels the bindings loosen around his wrists and has a second of post-coital bliss before Steve pulls him up right, hitching his still-trembling thighs around his waist and claiming his mouth in a hot heavy dominating kiss, his tongue sliding heatedly against Bucky's shy one. Steve tastes like rich wine, the thick lingering aroma making him dizzy and lightheaded. Bucky wraps his arms around the alpha's neck, neck burning from all the wolf-whistles and applause around them. He can hear the brunet alpha's surprised laugh.

Steve barely carries him up the stairs into one of the many bedrooms before he slams them both into the wall, pulls his belt loose and thrusts deep into Bucky's aching body. He clutches around the thick hot intrusion and squirms at the hot toe-curling pleasure, locking his legs together behind Steve's waist.

Steve fucks him against the wall, each thrust hard and deep enough to make him see stars. His dark dress shirt is hanging off his shoulders, the buttons ripped out during their violent little tussle. Bucky bites his lips and scores red welts on Steve's broad back as he arches up to the relentless pounding. He's dripping onto the thick carpet beneath them, taking Steve's cock so perfectly with each thrust.

"God, baby, you feel so good..." Steve's whispering nonsense into his ear, hot searing kisses pressed along his cheek and lips. "...make me lose control..."

Bucky lets out a little scream when Steve pulls him close again and walks to the bed, still seated deep inside his warm tightness. The rocking motions make his eyes water and Bucky feels hot embarrassment when Steve sits down on the bed and he feels the soaked front of the alpha's pants underneath his ass. He's so wet for Steve's cock.

"Want to show the world you're mine, keep you chained to my bed...so gorgeous, James...all mine..." He presses Bucky down into the cool sheets, canting his hips up to get a better angle.

Bucky runs his hands unsteadily through Steve's soft blond hair, crossing them behind the alpha's neck and hangs on for dear life.

He knows Steve is only whispering sweet little nothings in the heat of the moment. Clint had told him once never to trust a man's words in the bedroom.

Without a bonding mark, a bite deep enough to break skin and scar, Steve's scent will wash off and fade from his body in a couple of weeks and Bucky will become just another one of many small pleasurable memories in his life, but he will be the only one in Bucky's

Bucky sighs and pulls the blond alpha close to him, parting his legs for Steve to have better access. He feels Steve's hard knot settle deep within his aching body and closes his eyes, feeling the alpha press gentle loving kisses along his cheek, his weight a safe secure shield against the world.
If only...
Four

Chapter Summary

The Hunt ends and Bucky returns to his old life.

Chapter Notes

Warning for this chapter: no porn. Just thought I'd even out the plot a bit. And give Steve's dick a rest.

Leave me some comments and kudos!

It's nearly noon when Bucky wakes, his eyes fluttering open and brain sluggishly trying to process his surroundings. There's a possessive arm thrown over his bare waist, warm and heavy. His body is still aching from last night's vigorous sex, but it's nice pleasant ache. He shifts a little and feels the alpha's calm steady heartbeat against his cheek. His head is pillowed on Steve's chest.

Bucky raises his head and freezes.

Steve's face is bare.

The mask must have slipped off last night after they fell asleep. It's the only explanation.

He hurriedly touches his own face, finds his own still there and breathes out a sigh of relief. Thank God. No one has to know he's seen Steve's face, if he could just ease the alpha's arm off and slip out...

Steve sighs comfortably and tightens his arm around Bucky, molding his larger body around his omega. Bucky waits until he settles again, his body stiff as a board and eyes firmly trained on the wrinkles sheets in his left fist.

It takes a few more heart-stopping shifts and careful wriggling to break free of Steve's hold. He slides a pillow under Steve's arm just in case.

He finds fresh clothes laid out on the dresser when he gets to his feet. Bucky catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror on his way past, his hair a messy crow's nest and hickeys and bruises covering his naked body. He feels a blush coming and quickly slips into the fine white dress shirt and black pants. The soft material of the shirt rubs against his over-stimulated nipples and he winces at the discomfort.

Bucky pauses at the doorway. He hadn't gotten a good look at Steve's face when he woke up. Maybe it's best that it remains this way.

Or maybe one peek won't hurt...
He walks back on light feet, a little giddy and his heart racing. Steve's lying on his back, the fine sheets bunched around his waist. Bucky's eyes linger on his broad shoulders and firm muscles, tanned skin and golden blond hair, mussed and falling into his eyes.

Steve's face is open and relaxed in sleep, golden lashes creating shadows on his cheek, and he is as handsome as Bucky imagined, if not more, with his straight nose, smooth cheekbones and deep blue eyes.

He smiles down at the sleeping alpha and leans down to press a soft kiss to Steve's cheek.

"Goodbye, Steve." Bucky murmurs and slips out of the room.

Steve's on the second floor balcony when Tony finds him, leaning on the cream marble banister in a dark blue shirt and grey pants, his golden hair tousled and unkempt for once.

"I take it you had a nice time? What did I say about trusting me?" Stark says smugly and takes a sip from his champagne glass. Steve doesn't answer immediately, his fingers tracing absently along the swirls in the stonework.

"Don't you think it's cruel?" He finally says in a neutral tone, turning his piercing blue gaze to the brunet alpha.

Stark raises one brow. "What is cruel?"

"These traditions." Steve says vaguely and steps back into the parlor. The guests had gone a while back and only Thor's close friends still remained.

The annual Hunt draws to an end when the sun sets.

Steve sighs and sits down on one of the fancy designer armchairs, a discarded white mask on the table catching his attention. Stark seats himself on the arm and narrows his eyes when Steve picks it up, tracing the curved edges of the white ivory mask with his fingers. The lingering scent of the omega remains, a soft rosy smell, sweet but not the one he so desires. James had left before he woke.

"Tell me his name, Tony." Steve says, and there's a tiny note of desperation in his voice.

"You know I don't know." Tony says.

"I wish to send an additional fifty thousand from my own accounts." Steve says. It's worth a try. If he can trace the bank account to James's address, maybe he would be able to see his sweet little omega again.

"Sorry, Rogers. I'll have Jarvis do the transactions, but even then, we're still not allowed to know their whereabouts." Tony pats him amicably on the shoulder and drains his glass. "The first one is always special, Steve, but you'll get used to it."

The first one.

It's the truth. James is his first omega. Steve had been too busy dealing with the military and campaigns overseas for most of his adult life. He's had ruts before, but usually used a high-quality suppressant to get rid of the annoying effects of his own desires. Now that he's served his country,
he's back to his old life of the rich and spoiled.

Tony had been urging him to participate in the games ever since he came back, 'to dislodge the stick up his ass' quote Tony. And this year Steve had thought it would be the same as last year and the year before: he would walk to the grounds, make a half-ass attempt and come back strategically empty-handed. But this year, he'd looked up and met those curious blue eyes, and Steve had felt it, that white hot burning feeling in the pit of his stomach.

*Desire.*

And everything had spiraled and derailed. His iron control had snapped just like that. He'd said things, filthy things, and done things he usually disapproved strongly of. Steve had let his dominant alpha instincts rule his actions, he'd taken an unknown omega's virginity like it was some casual fuck.

Not unknown.

James. Beautiful and so so sweet.

Only one night together, and Steve longed to wake up every morning to those playful blue eyes and rosy red lips.

Odds were, he would never be able to see his lovely omega again.

Part of him wished that he had bitten down and just claimed James during their mating and thrown all the rules out the window.

*But would James have wanted him to do so?*

"Sir, Mr. Stark's Bentley appears to have been stolen this morning. The surveillance has been inconvenienced." Steve looks up when the blond butler raps his knuckles politely on the door. Jarvis looks as composed and put together as ever. Steve raises an eyebrow.

"Really?" He asks in amazement.

"The thief left this." Jarvis holds up his long glove-encased fingers and Steve takes the pale white mask. He raises it up to his nose and takes a whiff.

The soft scent of cinnamon and caramel.

Steve looks down at the mask, his lips tugging up in a slow knowing smile. So James is more capable than he'd previously anticipated. The little minx. The blond alpha carefully pockets the ivory mask and stands.

"Tell Tony to take his pick out of one of mine and keep this between ourselves, Jarvis." Steve says with a smile.

"Bucky! You're back!!!!"

The delighted squeals take him by surprise and Bucky barely has the chance to drop his keys before the gaggle of children tackle him to the ground.
"Yo." Clint's grinning from the kitchen doorway when Bucky finishes kissing and hugging every one of the kids.

"Hey." He smiles at the other omega and accepts the hand that pulls him to his feet. Clint looks him up and down.

"Bucky, why do you smell funny?" One of the older orphans, Lizzie, peers up at him curiously, and Bucky blushes red at the words. Steve's more dominating alpha smell is still lingering strong on his skin, masking his usual scent.

"Sam says Bucky's a lady now." Bo pipes up knowingly and the children immediately explode into a loud argument.

"He's a boy, silly."

"Yeah, Bucky's a boy, only girls can become ladies."

"Yeah? How do you know for sure Bucky's a boy?!"

"What?! Of course he's a boy! Only boys pee standing!"

"Sam Wilson!" Bucky shouts above the commotion and untangles himself from the kids. He finds Sam in the kitchen, standing over a huge pot of spaghetti sauce. The dark skinned alpha turns with a grin and Bucky charges over to pinch his ear like he used to do when they were kids.

"Missed you too." Sam laughs and pulls his childhood friend into a one-arm hug. Bucky presses his chin onto Sam's shoulder and stands there for a long moment, half-draped on his friend's back.

"I stole one of their cars." He comments casually and Sam nearly drops his ladle in surprise.

"What?!"

Bucky shrugs and untangles himself to grab a piece of bread from the pantry. Sam follows him with worried eyes and Clint wanders back in curiously, shooing the half a dozen or so kids to the other room.

"Clint nicked a bunch of things last time and it turned out okay." Bucky points out reasonably.

"I'm actually good at leaving no traces, Buck. And a car isn't exactly subtle." Clint says smugly and ducks when Bucky throws a piece of the crust at him in retaliation.

"Don't waste the food." Sam reprimands sternly.

"Figures it's going to get us a bit more money if I sell it to Rumlow." Bucky continues, walking over to Sam and helping him take the pot off the stove.

"I thought we were done working with him." Sam says, displeased.

"Yeah, well there's another hole in Dot's shirt and I'm sick of having to dress these kids in tattered rags anymore." Bucky says and takes out ten plates, setting the table while Clint pulls the chairs over from their reading room to the rickety dinning table.

"Okay, but this is the last time, and I'm talking to the both of you." Sam says firmly. "We grew up together, but the man he's become isn't exactly noble."

"Promise, Sam." Bucky swears.
"So, how was it?" Clint nudges him in the side when he brushes past and Bucky blushes again at the memory.

"Ugh, I do not need to hear this. I can still smell him on you." Sam groans in the background.

"Tell you later." Bucky promises to Clint when he sees the three heads poking out curiously from behind the doorframe and beckons to the kids.

Dinner passes in laughter and light banter. Sam catches Bucky secretly giving his meatballs to skinny little Peter and slips his own onto the omega's plate.

Clint crawls into his bed during the night and Bucky scoots over on the lumpy mattress to give him some space. Clint throws a leg over Bucky's narrow hip and settles down comfortably.

"He was so perfect." Bucky says, eyes looking up at the shaft of moonlight peeking in from the tattered curtains above their bed. "Tall, even taller than that guy who works for Rumlow. Blond with blue eyes. And he laughed a lot. Wasn't demanding at all, he was so polite and caring."

Clint huffs out a laugh, tickling Bucky's neck. "Yeah? He tell you his name?"

"Steve." Bucky murmurs, smiling faintly at the memory of Steve's solid weight against his back.

"You fallin' in love with 'im?" Clint drawls playfully and Bucky pokes him in the stomach in retaliation.

He doesn't reply and Clint quickly drops off to sleep, breath evening out against Bucky's shoulder.

You fallen in love with him?

'Maybe. Maybe I have.' He thinks before nodding off to the memory of Steve's deep blue eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Sam Wilson is an AWESOME big brother!
Chapter Summary

Bucky discovers the delights of a knotting vibrator. Steve has a misunderstanding.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Bucky's heats are easy to interpret because whenever they come, they always find the orphans glued to his side on the bed, their faces buried in Bucky's inviting smell. Peter says he smells all maternal and safe, just like his fuzzy memories of his mother. Dot's there because she loves to cuddle with Bucky all the time and Annie says Bucky smells like candied apples and she loves candied apples.

"He's going to call in sick today, don't worry, Sam. I'll take care of it. You should go to work. We got this." Clint says and wanders closer.

"Yeah, but I'll get him up to take his suppressants, make it easier for you." Sam says with a huff of laughter and eases the brunet omega out of his nest of tiny bodies. The little ones make distressed noises and Clint sits down on the edge to soothe them back to sleep. Bucky leans on Sam's solid chest and yawns again when the alpha props him against the kitchen counter and checks his temperature. Sam hands him the little blue pills and a glass of cool water. He washes the pills down and loop his arms around Sam's neck and allows the alpha to carry him back to his puppy pile.

"Bye Sam!" The kids chirp in loud unison along with Bucky, and Sam grins at them, tossing the patchwork quilt over their wriggling bodies. He hears muffled shrieks and laughter. Clint smiles at him from the kitchen and Sam carefully shuts the backdoor to the old orphanage.

There's a sleek black limo parked outside the alley. Sam takes a curious look at the neatly suited man standing by the car. His head turns a little to follow Sam's movement, but the dark shades over his eyes conceals his identity.

Rich and definitely uptown. He curls his lips a little. The guy's probably going to get mugged before Sam even arrives at work.

Somehow the little blue pills don't work their magic as well as he'd hoped this time. Or maybe Bucky's just become addicted to actually being fucked now...

The thought makes him annoyed and embarrassed at the same time, cheeks flushing red and a tingle
of shamed pleasure twisting through his body. He hurries over to the sink and splashes cold water over his face. Bucky looks up into the mirror and makes a face at his own disheveled appearance and blown pupils.

Clint had ushered the kids into the safe proximity of the other room after he had caught Bucky trying subtly to rub his ass against the rough fabric of the couch. Clint had tossed him an unopened package before shoving his baby brother unceremoniously into the bathroom on the second floor with a clipped 'deal with it already, dammit'.

And now he's here. Alone with that thing.

Bucky seats himself on the toilet lid and stares at the knotting vibrator on the flat surface of the sink. It's blue. He licks his lips unconsciously and buries his face in his hands again.

He can still remember Steve's piney smoky scent and the feel of his hard muscular arms around his waist, the small slightly lopsided smile he gives when Bucky blushes under his hands. The thought makes the heated emptiness between Bucky's legs even more unbearable and he strips out of his old t-shirt and steps into the shower, turning up the cold water and trying to wash away the warmth in his gut. It doesn't seem to work.

He peeks at the blue vibrator sitting innocently in its unopened package again. He's never used one before, mainly relying on his pills and sometimes when he felt really really horny, he'd stick a finger inside and explore a bit...

Maybe?

After all, Clint uses them all the time...and besides, he's no longer a virgin...

Bucky feels his resolve crumble under his curiosity. He slaps a wet hand over his flaming face and grabs the sex toy.

Three hours later, Clint nearly jumps out of his skin when the door to the bathroom bangs open just as he passes. Bucky's standing there, face flushed and lips swollen and red, his eyes wide with wonder and hair all slicked up and messy. His shirt's hanging askew, one pale shoulder peeking out under the wide collar.

Clint raises an eyebrow and takes a whiff of the air.

He smells a lot less provocative now.

"This thing is godsend. I love it." Bucky declares approvingly with a dazed grin and stumbles past Clint with the vibrator still clutched tightly in his left hand.

"You okay?" He calls after the other omega. Bucky ignores the question and just slams the door to his bedroom and a second later, Clint hears the soft click of a lock.

Oh boy. Bucky never locks doors.

Clint sighs. He may have just sent his baby brother down the path of no return.

Sam's going to pitch a fit when he finds out.
Steve's sitting in a simple wicker chair on the balcony of the third floor, a thick sketch book resting on his thigh and a charcoal pencil in one hand, face scrunched in concentration and his golden blond hair in disarray from the soft summer breeze. He looks up occasionally at the pretty female omega stretched out on the opposite chair and makes a few minute changes to his picture.

Natasha Romanov clears her throat loudly from the doorway.

"If you're here to coax me down to the dinner, no thanks, Nat." He says out loud, not bothering to look up from his paper. "Turn your head to the side a bit, thank you."

The omega does as he commands and Steve goes back to scratching lines on his sketchbook. Natasha stalks into the room smoothly, her powerful stride graceful and sensual, and dismisses the girl with a click of her fingers. Steve makes a noise of protest when she unceremoniously yanks the sketchbook from his hands and looks down at the picture.

"If you're not even drawing the poor girl, why make her sit there without moving for three hours straight?" She asks dryly and slaps the sketchbook back onto his knee, taking the now-empty seat across from him and crossing her long legs with a frown.

Steve glares at her and closes the book. "Tony wants me to fuck her, she's a professional so it's hard to distract her from her mission. It was the only way she'd stay still for a while."

"What's his name?" She asks instead.

"And I'd appreciate it if you guys stop sending me these women and...men. I'm not interested." He says coolly, avoiding the subject.

"His name, the pretty brunet you're pining after like a lovesick puppy. One night, and you think you should provide for him for the rest of his life? And I thought chivalry was dead." She sounds amused. He rolls his eyes at her and looks down at his sketchbook. He sees the familiar curve of James's jaw, the graceful tendons on his neck and the playful light in those bright blue eyes that he just can't seem to capture on paper no matter how hard he tries.

"James." Steve says softly, raising his head and looking her in the eyes. "And it's not about chivalry, Natasha."

Natasha arches a smooth brow.

"And what's stopping you?" She asks pointedly. Steve huffs out a bitter laugh and stands, easily towering over the female alpha yet still, he's the first one to look away.

"It's not that simple. Tony had Jarvis do the money transfers, I got someone to trace the account." He walks back inside on bare feet and deposits the sketchbook in one of the desk drawers, swiping a weary hand over his face.

"Led to one Sam Wilson, 28 years-old, alpha, male." Steve joins Natasha on the balcony again and they both look down at the small group of people in his private garden.

"So you think that..." She begins.
"He already belongs to someone else." Steve says and the words sound even worse out loud. It wasn't rare for omegas to sell their virginity for the extra money before they settled down with their partners, Steve just hadn't anticipated how much it would hurt to find out that James already belonged to someone else. And worse than that, their difference in social status would make things even harder.

She doesn't reply for a long time.

He hears a polite knock on the door and they both turn to see Falsworth standing by the doorway, a smile on his face.

"A Miss Carter here to see you, Captain." He says amicably, still referring to Steve as 'captain' out of habit even though Steve's no longer his commander. His old team, the Howling Commandos had all remained with Steve after the long campaign overseas, settling down to take over various tasks in the Rogers mansion. They were his family and Steve appreciated that. Dum-Dum took up his hobby of cooking and fired Steve's old cook without even telling him, forcing Steve to keep the team together. No one minded anyway.

"Peggy or Sharon?" Natasha asks with an amused smirk and startling Steve out of his thoughts.

Peggy Carter was one of the toughest female alphas Steve had the fortune to ever come across, beating the crap out of him during the first week of military training and slowly becoming one of his closest friends over the years, but her cousin Sharon was an entirely different story. Even someone as emotionally dimwitted as Thor could tell she fancied him. She's a nice person, beautiful even, but Steve's never seen her as more than a baby sister.

"It's Peggy Carter, Cap." Falsworth's lips quirk up in that little lopsided smile, but Steve doesn't return the smile, running a hand distractedly through his blond hair and glancing around the room with a small frown.

"You guys go down, I'll be a minute. Gotta clean myself up." He says and Natasha follows the other man downstairs after shooting Steve a meaningful glance.

He takes his time getting dressed. Steve straightens his silver tie in front of the mirror and looks at his immaculate appearance. The side drawer by the bed catches his attention and the blond alpha walks slowly over to the bed, pulling out the second drawer to the left.

A pristine white ivory mask.

Steve looks down at the mask wistfully for a long moment, rubbing his index finger over the cool smooth surface. James's scent no longer lingered on the thing, but just looking at it, he can almost taste a ghost of cinnamon.

Steve shuts the drawer with a resigned sigh and walks out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

I love puppy piles. Squee!
Between paying back some of the debts they'd acquired in the past few years, buying some new furniture around the orphanage and getting the kids some desperately needed clothes and toys, the money dries up pretty fast. Sam's job as an auto mechanic, Clint's at the diner and Bucky's little desk job at the Omega Social Sevices Department don't add up to much. And with the government no longer paying for their charity group, the three of them has to scraped up enough money to keep the kids clothed and fed.

It's not technically mandatory to keep the orphanage running, no one had forced them to take up half a dozen kids to raise as their own, but the three of them (four, counting Rumlow) had grown up together in the same orphanage, run by a kind old nun who had taken them all in. Bucky had been the first one to pick up a kid, coming back home one day, shifty-eyed and twitchy as a squirrel. Sam had immediately noticed when he tried to sneak a loaf of bread out. He had found a dirty skinny kid out back hungrily wolfing down the food as if he hadn't had anything to eat in a long while. Bucky had always been the most compassionate one in their little group, picking up tiny stray kittens, puppies, wounded pigeons, squirrels and other little animals, cuddling them and nursing the little critters back to health.

It had escalated to picking up kids apparently, and by the next week, they had three more underfed homeless children sleeping outside their door. Bucky had begged Sam to start Sister Agnes's old orphanage again, and Sam and Rumlow had both always been powerless against Bucky's evil puppy eyes. And so they had started their own shelter for the kids, like Sister Agnes who had given them a warm place to stay on a cold winter's night. Things had fallen quickly into routine: the kids all warmed up to Bucky first, coming out of their shy shells and flocking around him like tiny eager ducklings. Clint was the one they went to when they wanted a high quality prank and a good laugh. Rumlow was the one who scared away the bullies and kept the monsters away. Sam took care of general things and managed their finances because he was the only sensible guy.

Years flew by, kids shot up like reeds, left when they wanted to, but they'd always have a home there.
Back in the days when it was the four of them, Sam and Rumlow used to partake in the shady underground alpha cage fights to earn them some quick money and keep everyone fed and clothed. Of course that was before their fallout: Rumlow leaving to take up Alexander Pierce's shady business and Sam breaking his wrist during one of the more vicious matches. They'd sobered up pretty fast after that. Although Bucky and Clint could still hot-wire a car in under twenty seconds and break into a house under thirty. They had grown up into adults, no longer the little punks who had flocked together because of the kindness of an old woman, so they'd gone and taken up day jobs, taking shifts to stay home and take care of the smaller ones.

On Wednesdays, Bucky is the one to pick up the two older kids from elementary school. Bo and Lizzie each take one of Bucky's hands and they walk back home together, chatting about their day and complaining about homework projects. Clint usually gets back around five and Sam a bit later than that.

Bucky finds the bathroom door locked when he gets back and he ushers the kids to their rooms. There's the sound of running water inside and when Bucky knocks, no one answers. He picks the lock in under three seconds, jimmying the mechanism open with a hair clip from Lizzie. His heart clenches when he sees who's inside.

Clint's face is a mess of bruises when he looks up from the sink, a corner of his lips still bleeding sluggishly.

"What happened?!" He rushes inside and ignore Clint when he tries to shove Bucky off.

"'S nothin', get off me." Clint mutters and avoids his eyes.

"That's not nothing. Who did this?" Bucky's furious. "I'm going to kill him!"

Clint sighs and plops down on the toilet lid. "They're cutting people, manager told me if I let him fuck me during a heat, he'll let me stay. I punched him in the face, and this happened."

"He didn't touch you?" Bucky asks, relief flooding through his body. Clint shakes his head.

"I got fired, by the way." He adds with an agitated sigh.

"It's okay, we'll think of something." Bucky says and dabs a swab of cotton gently over Clint's bleeding lip. He wraps his arms around his childhood friend and older brother's shoulder and draws Clint close, feeling the other omega tense against him before slowly relaxing and hugging back tightly.

"It's going to be okay." Bucky repeats the words Clint used to tell him and runs his palm soothingly down Clint's back.

Two days later, Rumlow comes to him with an old 'job proposal', aka one of his mysterious clients wants to acquire something at a high cost. Bucky used to run odd jobs for Rumlow, stealing and stuff. They'd split the profit four to six, with Rumlow getting most of the cash.

Selling his virginity wasn't going to pay the bills forever, but at least they'd paid all the debt from before. He thinks about Clint's sullen bruised face, Sam's wrinkled motor oil-stained clothes and the flock of wide-eyed kids waiting for him back home.

Bucky looks Brock Rumlow in the eye and says yes.

It's a normal job, some vintage motorcycle. Bucky's gotten away with bigger loots. Rich people and their odd tastes and fetishes.
He receives the address three days later. It's a huge beautiful beach house in one of the upperclass neighborhoods. Security is pretty tight, but the house seems unoccupied. Probably a vacation place for some rich guy.

Bucky does his usual careful rounds of reconnaissance before he chooses the day and time for the hit. It's the middle of the night and Sam's fast asleep. Bucky feels a little bit guilty for drugging his food. Just a tiny bit anyway, to help Sam sleep.

He's pulling on a tight black tee, stuffing his gloves and tools into his jeans when Clint strides into his room, all decked out in black as well. Bucky's mouth drops open in surprise. Clint gives him a pointed look, the bruises still showing faintly on his cheekbones.

"Not gonna let you go alone. Thought I wouldn't find out, Buck?" He plucks the car keys from Bucky's drawer and walks out. Bucky sighs in frustration and follows his brother out of the house.

It's supposed to be an easy job. Bucky has years of experience and Clint is a pro at breaking and entering. They don't expect to be caught.

But they are.

He's greeted with two angry faces, which is surprising because Brock Rumlow hasn't had to bail Bucky out since he turned fifteen. Sam's face is a dark angry pinched thing and his knuckles are bruised from where Bucky can see them under his rumpled sleeves. Rumlow has an annoyed expression on his face and an angry red mark against his jaw. Bucky's eyes dart between the two alphas. Clint sighs from his seat on the bench and stands up when the grumpy officer comes to unlock their cell door, ignoring the cat calls and whistles all around them. Clint flips them off with a scowl.

"What were you thinking?" Sam rounds on them the instant they're outside, the moon still a round white disk in the sky above.

"You set us up!" Clint glares at Rumlow who's still lagging behind. Sam sighs and shakes his head.

"He didn't set you up, he paid to bail you guys out." He sounds weary and grudgingly grateful at the same time. Bucky ducks his head and fights off a shiver. The night air feels chilly and he doesn't expect the heavy jacket to land on his shoulders. Rumlow doesn't look at him, but Bucky opens his mouth anyway.

"Thanks." He mumbles quietly and rubs the bridge of his nose.

Sam glances between them, lapsing back to their old habits, all of them looking out for Bucky who's the youngest. His face softens and Sam sighs a little, wrapping his own jacket around Clint's shoulders and squeezing gently. "You two still have to show up for the trial, I'm afraid. To negotiate the terms. Hopefully it's just a fine and not prison."

"We just wanted to take off some of the stress, caring and feeding the kids, and your day job. Clint getting fired..." Bucky ducks his head. Rumlow lags behind their little trio, his steps deliberately slower.

"I know. Thanks, but I told you not to do things like this anymore. Let's hope Colonel Rogers agrees..."
to settle. You did attempt to make off with his grandfather's vintage motorcycle." Sam replies grimly.

"We didn't do much damage." Clint mutters and Sam raises his eyebrow.

"Much?" His tone is brittle and dripping with sarcasm. "Aside from utterly obliterating the left front mirror in your haste to leave? That motorcycle is priceless apparently."

"Who's Colonel Rogers?" Bucky interjects curiously, absently rolling up the long sleeves and wriggling his fingers out.

"Some high ranking officer in the army. I heard about him when I served my two years with Alpha Ops, but never got to see him in the flesh. You guys are in heaps of trouble by the way, what were you thinking when you decided to break into his house?" Sam turns and glares at the two of them. Bucky hadn't paid much attention to the owner when he'd scouted the place. It had been empty after all.

Bucky slows his pace when they get to their neighborhood, waiting for Rumlow to catch up. "Wanna go upstairs for a drink?" He asks Rumlow, pausing at the gates and Sam and Clint both turn to look at him.

"Nah, don't belong anymore." He shrugs and turns to leave. "Keep the jacket." Rumlow says without looking back. Bucky frowns after him and Sam just scowls. It's been so long since the four of them have been together, but apparently Sam and Rumlow still hold their grudge. Stubborn assholes.

"You're still our brother." Bucky points out loud, but the other alpha doesn't bother glancing back. Bucky turns to glare accusingly up at Sam, who sighs and walks up to unlock the door.

"Forget about him, you've got bigger things to worry about, like the hearing." Sam doesn't look at him when he says the words.

Clint pats him on the shoulder when Bucky passes and they share a comforting smile.

It's going to be okay. Or at least Bucky hopes.

Chapter End Notes

Like I said in the first chapter, there's not going to be a villain, so Rumlow's kind of the grudgingly good/bad? brother. Yeah.
Seven

Chapter Summary

The trial and Steve meets Bucky again. Things don't go as planned.

Chapter Notes

I have no idea how a actual trial works, I tried to go online and find what I could, but there's school and I barely have enough time to rush my essays, so... There are mistakes. I probably screwed up the law. I'm sorry. Don't arrest me.

Enjoy and leave me some love!

He's late. The rich pompous asshole.

Bucky scowls and picks at a loose thread on Rumlow's leather jacket. He likes it, makes him look tough and it also has the advantage of smelling like an alpha.

Bucky casts a sidelong glance over at their temporary lawyer. "Hey you, did you even go to law school?" He asks dubiously. The guy pauses before he says yes. Clint snorts and Bucky rolls his eyes. They're so screwed.

Their trial had been postponed an hour because Colonel Rogers had been busy with the Secretary of Defense. The fucking Secretary of Defense. This guy's got parents, grandparents all high-rank military officers, and he's an old money purebred alpha from a powerful family. There's absolutely zero chances of getting out of this one without a heavy-ass fine or going to jail now that Bucky's old records have been dragged out.

He fidgets with his hands until one of the huge heavyset doors slide open and the female beta gestures them inside. Their lawyer straightens his tie and Bucky follows on hesitant feet. He ducks his head and seats himself next to Clint, not bothering to glance up at the judge. He hears the whisper of fabric as the jury file inside the courtroom.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it." Clint says and reaches over to squeeze his hand. Bucky squeezes back, sweaty and unsteady. He doesn't want Clint to pay for his own mistakes.

The door opens again, a soft murmur going up in the stand, but Bucky's too nervous to notice until a voice cuts in, firm and polite.

"My apologies, Judge Stanton. I was called away for an emergency."

It's familiar. Too familiar.

Do you want my knot, baby?

Bucky nearly jerks off his seat when it hits him, his stomach twisting instantly and cold sweat
breaking out over his skin.

Fuckin' hell.

It's Steve.

Clint gives him an odd look when Bucky flinches in his seat and ducks his head, pulling Rumlow's jacket tight over his shoulders. Bucky chances a glance over to the alpha, heart ramming madly against his chest.

Steve's dressed sharply in a black military uniform, all grace and power and neatly ironed lines, his dark lapel shining with honorary badges, stripes and stars. He looks distracted, sharp blue eyes distant and cool, not the warm smiling ones Bucky remembers so fondly, but then he'd be pissed if someone wrecked his gramp's bike too, not that he had one. Steve's hair is slicked back neatly, immaculately blond and perfect. He doesn't look over at them when he sits down, neatly draping his overcoat over the chair and pulling off his dark leather gloves. He seems impatient to get this over with.

The dark-haired equally sharply dressed woman walks over and introduces herself as Maria Hill, Mr. Rogers's attorney. Their lawyers shake hands. Bucky bites his lower lip so hard he tastes blood. Why was it that God was always out to screw with James Barnes?

An idea suddenly occurs to him. He'd seen Steve's face after their...thing, but Steve hadn't seen his. If he doesn't open his mouth, keep his shoulders hunched and not draw any attention toward himself, surely Steve wouldn't notice or recognize him. With that thought firmly planted, he hunches down even further. Their trial begins but none of the words register in his panicky state and Bucky's fidgeting with his hands, lost in his own thoughts and cold sweat stinging his eyes when Clint nudges him.

"Wha-?" He looks up abruptly to see the judge, his lawyer and Clint all staring expectantly at him. Judge Stanton clears her throat and Bucky feels dread settling deep within his belly. *Oh shit.*

"Mr. Barnes, your account of the events, please." She says and his mouth goes dry.

He can't speak. If he does, Steve will surely notice. Bucky swallows painfully and the minutes tick by excruciatingly slow.

"Mr. Barnes, if you choose not to speak-

His eyes dart toward Steve, lightning quick and panicked. The blond alpha isn't paying any attention, looking down at his hands and fiddling with a slim silver pen, deep in thought. Maybe the alpha wouldn't notice, after all he'd mostly spent his time with Steve moaning rather than talking.

"What the hell?! Talk already, we went through this." Clint jabs at his ribs with an urgent whisper and their lawyer is glaring fiercely at him.

Bucky panics.

"Umm...I...I'm sorry." His voice wavers, a reedy pathetic thing and Bucky flushes, mortified. In the corner of his eye, he sees the blond alpha pause abruptly in his writing and turn his head to look over at them for the first time.

He doesn't know what is coming out of his mouth, whether it's a lie or a confession or just plain gibberish, he doesn't know anymore. He just hears the hot hard pounding of his heart in his ears. There's a burning prickly feeling of eyes on him and sure enough, Steve hasn't looked away.
Steve listens to him stammer for a little while, his expression unreadable. Then he beckons to his female lawyer in the edge of Bucky's vision and she walks back to him, their heads bending together to discuss something. Bucky prattles on, feeling a drop of cold sweat trickle torturously slow down the curve of his spine under his clothes. Maria Hill draws back in surprise, brows drawn down in a frown, but the blond alpha nods firmly.

Bucky risks a furtive glance toward them. Steve catches him looking and arches a brow. Bucky flushes to the roots of his hair and his words dribble to a pathetic stop. There's an awkward pause.

Maria Hill sighs long-sufferingly and Steve gifts her with a polite almost pleading smile. The female lawyer walks up to the judge and leans up to whisper something to her. Judge Stanton raises her eyebrow disapprovingly. Clint looks puzzled and Bucky feels frozen to the spot. What is happening?

"Are you sure, Colonel?" The judge sounds displeased.

"Yes, your honor." Steve says firmly.

"Mr. Rogers would like to drop his previous charges and settle this in private. Court dismissed." She slams the anvil down impatiently and both Clint and the lawyer turns to stare at Bucky's wide-eyed pale face, their expressions of identical amazement. The people in the room are shuffling impatiently, filing back out of the small courtroom while Judge Stanton rolls her eyes and mouths 'you owe me big, son' at the blond alpha with a stern frown.

"Did I imagine that?" Clint asks with a short burst of hysterical laughter, jumping up from his seat. Bucky's still standing to the spot, alternating between burning hot and freezing cold.

"What the fuck was that all about? You stand up and say a few words and suddenly he drops all his charges? Holy shit, baby brother. You've got the gift." Clint pinches Bucky's pale cheek with a cackle of laughter, still unaware of his frozen baby brother's panicked expression.

"Come on, Buck. Let's go." Clint impatiently drags him out the door toward the exit when Bucky hears his name being called.

"James, wait."

Bucky flinches and curses his crappy karma. He tries to walk faster. Clint pauses at his side, much to Bucky's horror.

"Who the hell is James?" Clint asks out loud just as a large hand closes firmly over Bucky's wrist and stops him in his steps. He turns around to face the blond alpha, heart hammering in his chest.

"James." Steve repeats and smiles at him. Bucky's heart skips a beat at the sight of the tall blond alpha, his hand still warm and solid around his wrist. Clint squints suspiciously between the two of them.

"You forgot your coat, Colonel." A dry voice says behind him and Steve's lawyer comes striding into view, a not-so-pleased expression on her beautiful face.

"It's you isn't it? Your voice, I could tell when you opened you mouth." Steve ignores Hill and keeps his striking blue eyes trained intently on Bucky's face. Bucky stares up at him and a suddenly very inappropriate memory flashes into his panicked mind. Steve's hard muscular abs and that heavy red cock hanging between his thighs. His face lights up like a Christmas tree and Bucky can't help when his gaze flickers down toward Steve's neatly pressed trousers and zero in on the spot between his legs. He drags his eyes back up to Steve's face hurriedly and gulps nervously, red as a tomato, twitchy and guilty as hell.
"You're more stunning than I imagined you to be." Steve whispers, his words a low rumble that sends goosebumps racing down Bucky's arms. Steve reaches up and runs his thumb over Bucky's cheek, eyes wide with wonder. Bucky lets out a shaky unsteady breath, biting his lower lip nervously.

"I don't..." He tries, it only comes out as a tiny hoarse croak, not at all convincing.

Steve's too close, his fresh piney scent already making Bucky dizzy, or maybe that was the lack of oxygen because he suddenly seems to have forgotten how to breathe. Apparently the close proximity also allows Steve to smell him, or the lack of him, since Bucky's currently wrapped up in Rumlow's old leather jacket. One sniff of another foreign alpha on his omega has Steve's expression darkening, his hand slipping down from his smooth cheek to tip Bucky's chin up, exposing the pale milky column of his unmarked throat. Steve's stormy blue eyes linger on the skin there, above Bucky's scent glands. Still unmated.

"End it." He says, voice still polite but hard as steel and equally unyielding.

"...what...?" Bucky's trying to concentrate on the words, but Steve's thumb is rubbing little pleasurable circles under his jaw and it's kind of distracting. Steve tips his face up and Bucky meets his eyes slowly.

"End your relationship with your alpha." Steve repeats firmly and reels him in with a firm grasp on the back of Bucky's neck. Clint and Maria Hill are both staring at them with un concealed shock on their faces. People are pausing around them to stare at their little group of people.

Bucky doesn't have the chance to answer because Steve strips the jacket off him in a few rough jerky movements and drops his own overcoat around Bucky's shoulders before he leans over and claims his lips in a searing kiss. When they finally pull apart, Bucky's clutching at Steve's dark uniform with unsteady fingers, pretty blue eyes glazed and red lips utterly ravished and swollen.

"Much better. Now that I've found you, James, I'm not going to give up so easily. Steve murmurs with a hint of a satisfied little smirk, briefly tightening his hold on Bucky's waist possessively. Bucky's mind had screeched to a stop at the kissing part and has yet to come online.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!" Maria and Clint both look like they are on the verge of throttling Steve and his crazy unorthodox behavior.

The blond alpha draws himself to his full height and looks Clint in the eye.

"I, Steven G. Rogers, captain of the Howling Commandos and colonel of the Alpha Marine Corps, hereby state my intentions to court James B. Barnes, and I accept any challenges from prospective alphas." Steve declares in his serious military commander voice.

A hushed silence settles over the small group, everyone frozen in various states of shock and disbelief. Bucky fights the strong urge to palm his burning face. Steve beams proudly down at him, completely oblivious of the bomb he's just dropped in the room.

Bucky's in so much trouble.

Sam's definitely going to burst an artery now.
Chapter Summary

Steve's courtship doesn't go as planned.

Chapter Notes

Okay, I promised I'd explain the concept of the world I'm building, so here it is. Because I read a lot of Hannibal fics, the traditional alpha courtship thing sort of comes from there, if anyone is interested.

Basically in this A/B/O verse, there is a distinct line between purebred bloodlines and the rest of the population, which can be reflected in the districts where they live. Bucky's neighborhood is very poor and can be pretty dangerous, for outsiders that is. There are clear distinctions between every social class (there are many), and it is considered a taboo for them to mix. The Annual Hunt is the only chance for the two vastly different classes to meet. But they're not allowed to reveal their identities.

Courtship: basically I made it so that a traditional alpha will have to pay a visit to the omega's family and pay the price they ask of him, like a dowry, except it's from the husband's side. (Does that make sense?) and only when both sides of the family accept the offer can the couple bond and have kids etc. Normal alpha and omega relationships do not require the process of courtship. Steve's old-fashioned.

Is this weird? Honestly I did not expect so many kudos and comments and hits for my first piece on this site, and I'm both flattered and terrified at the same time because I really do not want to disappoint all my lovely readers with my writing. This started from my internal itch to write some porny action to get away from the stressful workload in school for a couple of hours every week, and now it's grown into a monster. I even have a translation! epp! I'm not an English major and yeah, it's daunting.

Enjoy And leave me some love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He hadn't expected his pretty blue-eyed omega to fling his coat back in his face and run, leaving him and Maria Hill standing in the court hall looking like two idiots. He couldn't understand why James would run, a public courtship claim by a rich respectable alpha like himself was like winning the lottery to a life of luxury. Steve supposed he could have been a little less 'loud' in his declaration, maybe he had just startled James.

_Or maybe it's because you're breaking centuries of traditions and is getting punished for it_, a little whisper echoes in his mind.

"Didn't think you had it in you, ya old dog." Tony Stark punches Steve in the arm, pulling him from his thoughts, and sprawls down on the vintage sofa with a wide smirk on his smug face. Steve
graciously ignores the distraction and continues to write his letter to the Admiral.

"Polishing off your love letter there, Rogers?" Tony just won't quit. He pauses in his writing and looks up.

"No, I'm detailing my request to Nick Fury for a few days away from duty." Steve points out dryly and picks up his pen again. Stark wiggles his eyebrows in delight with a cackle of laughter.

"So you can have more time to properly court your pretty omega?" He teases and Steve briefly wonders whether punching Howard Stark's only heir in the face would land him into even more trouble than he already is in.

"A mysterious sexy affair with a poor yet beautiful-" Tony stops when he sees the expression on Steve's face.

"You're serious about this." He accuses, smile gone. Steve rubs at his face gently and doesn't grace the other alpha with a proper answer. Tony wanders over to perch on Steve's table edge, brown eyes studying his face intently, and Steve's suddenly reminded just how smart Tony Stark really is behind all the stupid playboy appearance.

"Pepper's going to be furious." He remarks.

Steve snorts. "Already is. Had a delightful conversation with her on the phone. Lots of shouting and violent death threats. She's flying from Tokyo on Friday."

"Even worse than the time I tried to sleep with Rhodey and got punched in public?"

"You tried to sleep with Colonel James Rhodes, Air Force? But he's an alpha." Steve points out bluntly and pauses to stare.

Tony waves the amazement away with a casual hand. "That was ages ago. We're close friends now. It was at a fundraiser and I was bored. He looked easy and I was smashed. Rhodey punches hard. Anyway, long story. Remind me to tell you when there's more booze in my system."

Virginia "Pepper" Potts was their publicity agent, or mainly Tony's, because Steve rarely if ever got into any trouble. But he had slipped. Steve felt a headache settle behind his eyes. This was why he always tried to keep a firm hand over his emotions and impulses. He usually didn't let his control slip, but one look at James had blown all his self control to pieces. The twist of hot jealousy in his gut when he caught the scent of another male alpha on his omega had nearly blindsided him. He had wanted to bite down and claim right there and then, consequences be damned, and he'd probably have done it, if not for James hurling his uniform jacket back into his face.

A brief knock on the door has both alphas turning to see Peggy Carter stride inside, clad in a pair of sharp breeches and leather boots. Steve's on his feet, crossing the space between them in three long strides, before pulling his friend into a tight hug.

"And you were so distant last time we met." Peggy laughs and smacks his shoulder playfully.

"I had an image to keep up in front of all the guests." Steve says, smiling. She smiled back fondly and Tony ambled over to join them.

"Well, Sharon's here to see you, Steve, and she's been counting the days since the last visit. Would you be so kind as to entertain her for a while?" Peggy's words make Steve's stomach twist, and he can't help but glance over at the half-written letter on his desk. Tony raised his eyebrow at him.
"Yes, of course." He says instead and plasters a warm charming smile onto his face as he offers Peggy his arm.

A week had passed and things were mostly settled. So to speak.

A tiny part of him had wondered what would have happened if he hadn't pulled out of Steve's arms, thoroughly disgracing the alpha in public by running off with Clint that day. They'd both agreed not to tell Sam about the last part with Steve and a week had passed with nothing. He hadn't received any court orders, fines or any kind of message, and Sam had been too distracted by some other business involving Clint's past and a circus to really focus his attention on Bucky's problems, or the suspicious lack of. They'd taken the rusty old Ford and left Bucky to take care of the kids for a few days. Sam hadn't told him much about where they were going, muttering assurances and hurrying about with a pinched expression on his face, but Clint had told him to call Rumlow if he had any trouble. It was obviously going to take a while and Bucky had been doing fine until today.

The sky had been dark all morning, but somehow the rain still hadn't arrived. Bucky could almost taste the electricity in the air. Dot had thrown a tantrum when her hair poofed up in a halo around her head because of the incoming storm and Bucky was trying his best to keep the kids under control. He was failing miserably. It was just one of those days when the kids just refused to listen anymore and he was severely outmatched against seven hyperactive little monsters.

"Bo! Peter! I swear I'm gonna lock you guys in the yard if you squirt me with that water gun one more time!" Bucky bellows at the top of his lungs and crashes his hip into the corner of the table in his haste to grab Dot who's streaking around in nothing but her bright orange underwear and shouting at the top of her tiny lungs. Annie had gotten her head stuck between the second floor banisters and Wade's trying to lick paste off the floor again. Lizzie's doing her homework thank God, and he'd lost track of Jack's whereabouts fifteen minutes ago. At least nothing's on fire. Yet.

"Shit...oww!!" Bucky's cursing up a blue streak, hopping around and massaging his throbbing hip when he hears the doorbell. Wiping tears of pain from his eyes, he hobbles across the hall, nearly slipping on the water puddle on the ground in his haste and yanks the door open.

"Clint, Sam, thank God you're bac-" Bucky gasps and stops dead when he sees who it really is.

Steve Rogers is standing there in a formfitting designer suit, immaculately clean and extremely handsome as usual. There are no words to describe how weird it is to see Steve like this, without his mask and fancy military uniforms, and he realizes this is the first time he's paused long enough to really take a look at the blond alpha since the Hunt.

Bucky gapes wordlessly at the colonel, eyes red-rimmed, his dirty paint-stained shirt hiked up unevenly on one side and hair a wild tangled bird nest above his head. Steve's anxious smile droops a little at the sight and Bucky discreetly closes the door a fraction, shielding Steve's curious eyes from the chaos within. Dot's wild Tarzan scream echoes past him and Bucky closes his eyes briefly in despair.

"Bad timing?" Steve asks awkwardly. Bucky snorts out loud at that.

"You have no idea. What are you doing here Steve?" His heart is pounding in his chest, but Bucky tries to keep his cool.
He had told himself not to feel disappointed when things had settled back to their old routine. There
was no point. The blond alpha had probably been kidding when he said the words, a heat of the
moment thing. Nothing else. Rich people did that sometimes, make grandiose claims that they'd
forget in the blink of an eye. Clint had told him before. He should just move on, pretend that nothing
had happened. There was absolutely no way Steve would remember him...and yet here he was.

"I've come to talk to you, James." Steve says, all serious and formal.

"Did you park your car in the neighborhood?" Bucky asks instead.

Steve blinks, confused. "Huh?"

Bucky waves his hand dismissively, pulls a tiny paper plane out of his rumpled hair distractedly and
crumples it in his fist. Steve gapes at him, the little fancy speech he'd prepared beforehand completely
forgotten.

"Don't bother going back for it, probably already stolen. You don't belong here, Steve. You'll get
jumped and they'll steal your stuff. You know how to handle yourself in a fight? No, don't answer
that question. You think your ass is covered because you served in the army. Fat fuckin' chances.
You know how to fight dirty? How about using a crowbar, a broken beer bottle? Fuck. I could jump
you right now. Jesus Christ." Bucky pauses to suck in a breath of air and shakes his head. "Look,
I'm really really sorry about your motorcycle, I screwed up and I swear I'll try to pay back how ever
much it will take to fix it, but-

"Not exactly how I imagined our first conversation." Steve lets out a low whistle and scratches his
nose awkwardly when he finally gets over the shock.

"What were you expecting?" Bucky can't help but ask.

Steve looks down at his shoes and shakes his head with a helpless shrug. "Less subtle threats to mug
me and a lot less cursing." He admits amicably and Bucky flushes in embarrassment. Damn it, he'd
humiliated himself again.

"I don't want you to pay, I just wanted to get to know-" Steve starts earnestly, but a huge bucket of
water suddenly pours from the open window on the second floor, crashing down on the blond
alpha's shoulders and drenching him from head to toe.

Bucky's mouth drops open and he almost sways on his feet, brain unable to comprehend just what
had gone wrong in three short seconds. Steve's staring down at his dripping sleeves and wet leather
shoes, eyes wide and hair plastered to his face. And to add insult to injury, a fat drop of water
splatters onto the ground, followed by a gust of wet breeze and a curtain of rain. The storm's finally
upon them. Perfect fucking timing as usual.

Bucky looks up at the window ledge and sees four little heads poking out. Bo is busy methodically
reeling the bright red bucket back inside with a thick rope. Bucky feels a throbbing migraine settle
behind his eyes.

"YOU LITTLE SNOTS!!!! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!" He shouts up at the giggling kids.

"Clint says to waterbucket any blond guys if they turned up at the door." Wade shouts back down
and wriggles back inside before Bucky can reply.

"I am so so so sorry. They're just kids. They don't know what they're doing. God, I-" Bucky babbles
helplessly.
Steve looks up at him with wide eyes, water dripping down his lashes, off his chin and ruined clothes. Bucky groans mentally and pulls the soaked alpha inside the house, shutting the door behind him before the rain could make things even worse.

Chapter End Notes

The kids at the orphanage are named Dot, Lizzie, Annie, Peter, Bo, Wade, Jack. Yes, I wanted a Peter and a Wade in here. Lol.

Spoilers for next chapter? What can two people get up to when they're all alone? Don't answer 'play twister' or I will hurt you.
Chapter Summary

They cross a few boundaries. Quite a lot actually. Bucky just can't help himself.

Chapter Notes

God, this chapter is soooo long. (For me) I was typing away at the porn for days. Ugh. Absolutely loved all the comments on what they can do together. And yes you guys guessed right! PORN.

Enjoy! I evened out the porn and plot again. I think.

NOTES: Traditionally, the alpha and omega are not allowed to have bodily contact before both families accept the courtship and they make it official. Usually the first heat after marriage is when they have sex for the first time (for the purebred omega, that is). So what Bucky and Steve are doing is considered bad and unorthodox. But Bucky doesn't know too much about purebred rules, and Steve's control keeps slipping every time they meet, so that's my flimsy excuse for writing more porn.

Yeah.

"Damn it, Bucky you can do this." Bucky stares at his own reflection in the mirror and slaps some water over his face. He'd combed his hair down a bit, put on a moderately clean shirt and rushed the curious kids to clean up after themselves. Steve had taken one glance at a wildly naked four-year-old Dot and politely averted his eyes the entire way up the stairs to the bathroom to wash up. Bucky had shoved three of his own fluffy towels into Steve's arms and closed the door behind the startled alpha.

And now he's holed up in the other bathroom, trying to calm himself down.

"Is he your secret boyfriend?" A soft baby voice asks nonchalantly.

"No." Bucky says without looking away from his reflection.

"Is he gonna be your secret boyfriend?"

Bucky turns to face Dot, who's perched on the toilet lid, swinging her short chubby legs gently and holding Jeff, her stuffed giraffe under her arm, now finally fully dressed and...sober.

"Done enough damage?" He asks sternly with hands on his hips.

She nods.
"You gonna behave now?"

Another nod.

Bucky sighs and pulls her up into his arms, plants a kiss on her forehead and walks out of the bathroom, just in time to see Steve step out of the other one, hair still dripping from the shower and half naked with a towel around his hips. He gets an eyeful of wet glistening muscles and dark tattoos.

If not for the arms around his neck, Bucky would have dropped Dot right then and there.

"The shirt's too small." Steve explains apologetically when he sees a frozen Bucky standing awkwardly in the hall. Bucky keeps his eyes firmly on Steve's face as he backpedals to his room for something bigger. Steve had coolly declined Sam's shirts when Bucky asked. He'd realized his insulting mistake of trying to give Steve another alpha's clothes, so Bucky went and gotten him one of his own. Steve had accepted it with a smile, but apparently the colonel's shoulders were broader than Bucky's.

He rummages in his closet for the large sweatshirt and pants Clint had gotten him a year ago (so they could stuff more stolen stuff down their clothes during a job) and runs back to hand them to Steve. The shirt is still a little bit tight, but at least it fits. Bucky breaths a sigh of relief and hops down the stairs to check on dinner. Rain is still lashing at the window, the air wet and cool. Steve wanders down after a few minutes, his blond hair still wet and in messy spikes and Dot trailing after him like a tiny curious puppy.

The food is only slightly burnt and Bucky counts that as a win. He goes on to make the honeyed carrots and sweet pumpkin while the kids all gather around Steve curiously in the living room. Bucky keeps an eye on them while he prepares the food in case anyone tries to bite the colonel or set him on fire. Just in case.

"Do you need another towel?" Lizzie asks innocently.

"Oh, thank you." Steve accepts the towel with a smile.

"Who are you?" Dot asks bluntly.

"Don't be rude, Dotty. Sam says we have to be hospital." Annie reprimands.

"Hospitable, stupid." Bo says.

"Don't call me stupid. You're stupid."

Steve clears his throat loudly and all heads turn to face him. "Well my name is Steve Rogers and I used to be a soldier, James's-"

"Friend. Steve's a friend." Bucky cuts in just in time. Steve looks up at him and he tries to keep the blush off his face. The kids glance back and forth between them curiously. There's an awkward pause.

"Who's James?" Wade asks, breaking the silence.

"Call me Bucky. People don't usually call me James around here." Bucky mutters and nearly trips over a fallen toy in his haste to retreat back into the safety of the kitchen.

"So what do you do?" Dot tugs Steve's attention back to her by wriggling into his lap, Jeff tucked carefully under one arm.
"Well, I train young soldiers now." Steve says with a smile. Dot blinks slowly up at him with big hazel eyes.

"Why?"

"Umm, because I've served my years as a soldier and instead of retiring, the Admiral asked me to stay and help out." Steve tries to keep his answers simple and easy to understand for the curious kids.

"Why?"

Steve frowns a little, trying to come up with something. "Ah, because it's what I'm good at and our country needs my services."

"Why?"

"Dot, stop annoying Steve with endless questions." Bucky hollers from the kitchen.

"Okay, Bucky." She shouts back before turning her eyes back to Steve and says in a reasonably lower voice. "Why?"

"Because...umm...how about a story instead?" Steve's running out of answers. Dot stares at him for another excruciatingly long moment.

"Okay." She finally agrees.

When he's nearly done, Bucky pokes his head out of the kitchen to find the little ones all plopped around Steve on the lumpy couch, with Dot nestled in Steve's lap, the four boys seated on the floor, and the two girls curled on the couch seat. Jack's chin is propped contentedly on Steve's left knee.

"Did you really ride an elephant in Africa?" Bo's asking in an awestruck voice and Bucky smiles despite himself, feeling hot bubbly warmth settle in his chest at the sight.

Steve's grinning down at the captivated kids, gesturing around with his hands and telling them about his old war buddies and of the adventures he'd had during his years in service. Peter's mouth has been hanging open like the busted screen door to the back of the orphanage for the last five minutes, his eyes shining behind his glasses.

Bucky clears his throat, a little regretful about ending the fun. "Grub time, little monsters. You too, soldier." He smirks at Steve and the blond alpha sends the kids running off to the kitchen with the promise of finishing his stories after dinner.

"Thank you." Bucky says sincerely when Steve walks over to him.

"It's my pleasure. I had no idea you had so many kids under your wing. It must be really hard. I'm sorry, I didn't know." Steve replies with a sympathetic frown and Bucky thinks one can really fall for this guy. Easy on the eyes and a great personality. God have mercy.

Dinner passes pleasantly and Bucky laughs when Steve compliments his cooking with genuine sincerity. He cleans the table and plates while Steve herds the kids to their room for more stories. He's nearly done when Steve comes down the stairs again and it's suddenly just the two of them together. Bucky doesn't feel nervous or agitated like the times he'd been caught alone with other
alphas in the same room. Steve's piney scent is a calm secure weight around him and he drops the dish rag back in place before turning to face the alpha.

"The little ones went to bed. Thank you for dinner and letting me use the shower." Steve says with a lopsided smile and sits down on a kitchen chair. Bucky jumps up on to the table and dangles his legs next to Steve's knee.

"Thank you. You are a lifesaver. And I'm so sorry about the bucket of water, I really don't know what's gotten into them lately." Bucky says with an answering grin and rubs the back of his head ruefully. They lapse into an easy comfortable silence and Bucky swings his legs a little.

"I'm sorry for intruding like this. It's-." Steve starts and Bucky cuts him off before he can say the rest of his words.

"S okay. You can leave tomorrow morning. We have a few spare rooms." Bucky says with a dismissive wave of his hand. They pause for a moment, Steve staring at his hands and Bucky concentrating his eyes on the faded whorls on the wooden table.

"I apologize for startling you the other day." Steve starts again. Bucky raises his eyebrow pointedly and the alpha falls silent again, embarrassed.

"Startle is not the word I had in mind." He says dryly.

He's not an expert on traditional alpha courtship rituals, but Bucky's sure Steve's not supposed to want someone like him, a nobody from one of the shittiest districts in the city. Steve stands up from the chair and Bucky's skin prickles with sudden nervous energy. He's alone in the house with an alpha, the alpha who took his virginity. They're not supposed to be left alone like this, even if he agrees to the courtship, Steve still hasn't met Sam or Clint yet. They're not supposed to...

"I'm sorry. I just couldn't let you slip away again." Steve slides a gentle hand under Bucky's chin, forcing him to look up into his serious determined eyes. Bucky studies him, his handsome purebred alpha, so earnest and so eager to have him even though they knew next to nothing about each other.

"This isn't right, you're just confusing chivalry with affection." He points out, but Bucky doesn't pull away when Steve reaches onto the table and takes one of his hands, thumb lingering on the delicate skin of his inner wrist.

Another line crossed.

"This is not just chivalry, James. Before you refuse me, at least give me the chance to get to know you a little." He says, low and sincere. Bucky looks up and their eyes connect, Steve's already dark with uncontainable desire.

I am the flame and he is the moth.

The shocked realization makes Bucky's heart skip a beat and he licks his lips distractedly, a hot anticipating shiver dancing up his spine. Steve's eyes follow his movement and zeros in on his wet red lips. The moment hangs suspended like a dewdrop on a gossamer web.

Then it breaks.

They move at the same time, Steve crowding forward and Bucky dropping off the table, hands flying to cup each other's face and mouths coming together in a searing desperate kiss.

'Fuck. I've just tossed centuries of traditions and rules down the drain.' Bucky thinks dazedly as he
hitches one enthusiastic thigh over Steve's waist and allows the blond colonel to slide a large warm hand under his shirt.

Bucky doesn't know how they manage to get up the stairs with their mouths glued together like that and his ankles crossed behind Steve's waist, the alpha's strong arms keeping him upright. He gets pressed against the wall in the hall, panting into Steve's mouth as he slides his left hand down the colonel's sweatpants and palms his cock. Steve growls in his ear and nips at Bucky's neck, sucking on the skin under his jaw.

"My room. Bed." Bucky manages to gasp and stifles his squeak of surprise in Steve shoulder when the alpha hoists him up by his ass and carries him inside, kicking shut the door behind them. Bucky slithers off his chest and locks the door carefully before turning to look at Steve with wide blue eyes, hair disheveled and lips red and swollen.

What am I doing? I'm supposed to say no, send him on his way and forget about him. Bucky thinks inside his head, but doesn't hesitate when Steve draws him close for another hot open-mouthed kiss. He grinds himself against the alpha's thigh and takes in the predatory scent rolling off Steve in waves and drops to his knees in front of the colonel. Steve's breath hitches in his throat when Bucky peers up at him behind thick lashes and licks his sinfully red lips. He's never done this before, sucked a man's cock, but he's always been a fast learner. Bucky mouths at the prominent bulge and takes in Steve's scent. There's a lingering smell of himself in the clothes and it's nice. He likes the thought of his own scent on the alpha's skin.

Steve's cock is hard and wet when it springs free from the confines of his pants, flushed red. Bucky flicks his tongue out in tiny curious kitten licks, lapping at the salty precome and Steve groans in the back of his throat, hand going to the back of Bucky's head and threading in his brown curls. "I'm sorry, 's my first time..." He murmurs apologetically, a thin strand of saliva connecting Bucky's lips to Steve's cock. Steve groans again, letting his head thump back against the wall when Bucky opens his mouth wider and experiments with taking him deeper. Steve's too big and Bucky's got saliva everywhere, drool trickling down his chin and a heavy pink flush crawling up his neck from the lack of oxygen, his right cheek bulging out like a chipmunk while he tries to go deeper.

"God baby look at you, taking my cock so good." Steve thrusts a little and Bucky's eyes water at the thick hot intrusion. He's flushed and hard himself, guilt and arousal at war internally. Bucky pulls off the alpha's cock with a dirty wet slurp, wet lashes fluttering against his flushed skin as he stands up.

"We shouldn't be doing this. This is wrong." He whispers breathlessly against Steve's lips before slipping away from him and moving toward the bed. The alpha follows with a low possessive growl and pins him down onto the sheets, his hard muscular body a heavy dominating weight above him. Bucky moans and arches underneath him.

"Should I stop now?" Steve breathes against his ear, pulling away to press hot insistent kisses against his neck and shoulder. "When we're both like this?"

Bucky squirms underneath the alpha when Steve palms his erection through his pants and rubs at his sensitive nipple with his other hand. "We're not supposed to do this." He sighs into Steve's neck, running his palms down the hard planes...
of his abs and sliding his hand under the waistband of Steve's pants to wrap around his hard length. The blond alpha falters above him, his breath hitching as he thrusts into Bucky's tight grip, dark eyes fluttering shut in pleasure and clenching his jaw to muffle his groan.

"We've done so much more than this, beautiful. I've taken you in more intimate ways..." Steve rasps against his lips and Bucky opens his mouth to accept the hot heavy kisses, their unsteady breaths mingling. Bucky's heart is pounding hard in his ribs. This is wrong, he's not supposed to let Steve touch him again after the Hunt, but Bucky only closes his eyes and parts his lips invitingly when the blond colonel spreads his naked thighs open and slides his fingers into the warm wet heat of his body.

Steve fucks him with one hand, the other pushing his wrists together and pining them over his head. Steve's hair is mussed and unkempt, golden bangs falling into his dark blue eyes and sweat dotting his brow, no longer the polite and immaculate Colonel Rogers. Steve looks wrecked, wide-eyed and feral, but Bucky's too desperately aroused to really appreciate the picture.

Steve's mouth feels rough and borderline painful on his skin, sucking and biting at his flesh, his fingers making Bucky's hips jump when they press hard into his prostate. He spreads his legs and cants his hips up, swallowing those fingers down to the second knuckle.

"Fuck me already." Bucky challenges breathlessly.

"You're a little troublemaker aren't you, James?" Steve growls into his ear and crooks his fingers. Bucky bites off a moan when he sees stars.

"You gonna punish me?" Bucky licks his lips, pulls up one knee and grinds it against the alpha's bulging erection, fluttering his lashes with an innocent smile. "Want me to call you sir, colonel?" He breathes.

Steve swears and tightens his hold on Bucky's wrists until he gasps from the spark of pain, arching up underneath Steve's body.

"So the innocent lamb was all an act?" Steve sucks on the pulse point in his neck and Bucky's breath hitches in surprise at the heat and pleasure.

"I'm going to take you so hard you will be feeling me for days." Steve growls in his ear and Bucky's eyes flutter shut in anticipation. Steve's got three fingers in his ass now, spreading him open. He's already wet, the arousal making his body react accordingly. Steve licks his nipple and sucks the little nub of flesh into his hot mouth, sucking at his chest like he's actually trying to feed from him. Bucky's eyes water at the feeling of a flat tongue lapping at the abused nipple, belly tightening from the stimulation. He can't come like this. He would literally die of embarrassment. Steve pinches the other one with his fingers and he arches up with a muffled moan, body clamping down on the fingers in his ass as his cock pulses out thick hot moisture all over his chest.

"Oh..." Bucky breathes, mortified. Steve lets out a pained groan and leans down, lapping at his skin and licking away Bucky's warm seed in broad strokes, his breath coming out in harsh pants. Steve lifts his head from his abdomen and pulls him into a hard desperate kiss. He can taste himself on Steve's tongue. They strip off the rest of each other's clothes in jerky unsteady movements, mouths still sealed together and unwilling to part. Steve moans against his lips when Bucky's fingers wrap around his straining erection and gives it an experimental pull.

"I'm sorry, baby. I can't hold back anymore-" His mind doesn't really get to register the apology before Steve roughly spreads his bare legs, cants his hip up with one large hand and thrusts home hard. Bucky bites his lip so hard he tastes blood, fingers scoring hot welts down Steve's shoulder.
blades as the alpha seats himself deep within his body. Steve lets out a loud curse and noses blindly against his neck, his large hands coming to rest on Bucky's hips and pressing bruises into his skin. The first rough thrust wrings out a strangled sob from him and Bucky has to muffle his loud cries of pleasure against Steve's shoulder, reminding himself that there are seven kids still asleep in the house.

The walls are hardly sound-proof.

Bucky doesn't know how long they've been doing this, his brain high on euphoria as sparks of pleasure dances up his spine. Steve's thrusts are deep and unrelenting, squeezing the air out of his lungs and making the bed creak softly with their rocking motions. He's trying to muffle his wanton cries with the pillow when the small knock registers past the frenzied haze of their rough coupling.

"Bucky, are you asleep yet?" A small voice calls out and Steve stills atop him with a soft groan when Bucky's body clamps down on his cock hard enough to hurt.

"Oh god. Shit! The kids are awake!" He whispers, frantically slapping at the blond alpha's shoulder and trying to push him off. Steve's eyes are wide as well, but he doesn't budge.

"Get off, Steve. Ngh, stop..." To his utter horror, the alpha starts circling his hips in gentle thrusts again. Bucky has to bite his lips not to sob out loud, embarrassment warring with arousal.

"Bucky, there's rain leaking from the ceiling in the reading room." God, it's Peter.

"Is...your room...okay?" He manages to gasp out loud, biting down on his fist when Steve sucks his nipple into his mouth, hips moving faster now. He's too sensitive, hyper aware of how wrecked his voice sounds. Hopefully Peter won't be able to tell the difference in his sleep-muddled state.

"Yeah." Peter says and Bucky muffles his huff of relief against Steve's cheek. There's a hesitant pause before Peter speaks up again. "Are you okay? Where's Steve sleeping?"

He freezes at that, panicked eyes meeting Steve's. Bucky swallows painfully, blood pounding in his ears. Steve obediently stills his hips this time when Bucky presses his palm over his lips. "I'm fine...Umm, he's in Sam's room." Bucky manages to say.

There's another pause.

"Sam's door is open. There's no one there." Peter says, sounding confused.

Steve raises his brow at Bucky silently and he squeezes his eyes shut with a low curse. Shit. Sam and his stupid tendency to leave open doors in his wake. "Uh, he probably went to the bathroom...go back to sleep, Pete. I'll...ngh...fix the leak tomorrow...K?"

"Okay, night Bucky." Peter calls out softly.

Bucky buries his burning face into Steve's shoulder when the boy shuffles back to his own room and they both hear the sound of a door clicking shut. It takes Steve three more uncoordinated thrusts for Bucky to come untouched, too mortified and wound up to hold himself back anymore. A few more rough snaps of his hips and Bucky feels Steve's hot release deep inside his belly. The blond alpha tucks his face into the crook of Bucky's sweat soaked neck and drops his weight down on the omega, pinning him to the sheets after their vigorous coupling. Steve's still breathing hard and Bucky can feel the quick pounding of his heart against his skin. There are bruises and hickeys scattered all over Bucky's upper chest and jawline.

"God, I hate you." He moans brokenly into Steve's ear and wraps his arms tightly around the alpha's broad shoulders. The blond colonel kisses his cheek apologetically and Bucky lets out a soft resigned
sigh and closes his eyes.

He'll just have to worry about their problems later, because right now there's a warm body cradling him close and his skin is tingling pleasantly in the aftershocks of sex. Steve's nice piney scent is all around him, calming and comforting. Bucky buries his face into Steve's neck and drifts off to sleep.
Ten

Chapter Summary

The day after. An unexpected visitor interrupts.

Chapter Notes

Notes: I made Sarah Rogers a female alpha in this one. And Steve was still a sickly little toothpick when he was a kid.

Sorry for the long wait guys. Leave me some love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The gentle warmth of the sun is what wakes Bucky. Taking a few moments to stretch his aching limbs and roll around in the sun-warmed sheets, Bucky sighs sleepily, body pleasantly sore from last night. His brain snaps back online at that thought and Bucky raises his head to look around the room, noticing that Steve's not in bed anymore.

His legs nearly give out when he rolls out of the soiled sheets, face hot and heart thumping harshly behind his ribcage. There's a dull ache between his legs and Bucky tries to focus his attention on something else as he quickly pulls on a t-shirt, brushes his teeth and heads down the stairs.

He hears them before he sees them.

"It says here you need to microwave it." Jack's voice says helpfully.

"I want a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, Steve. Make me a sandwich." That one's Wade.

"Are you sure it's supposed to swell like that?" Steve sounds alarmed. Bucky rounds the corner on bare feet.

The bright light of the morning sun throws Steve's hair into a soft golden halo around his head, for once tousled and sticking up in funny directions instead of the immaculate way he usually wears it. He's in one of Bucky's white wifebeaters, expression serious as he looks over the instructions for warming the frozen corn-dogs. The toddlers are all gathered around him, peering into the microwave with interest. Dot's head is sporting a mountain of bright hair clips. The telltale 'pop' comes from within the microwave two seconds later and Bucky can't help but laugh out loud from the doorway.

Steve turns to him with a small puzzled smile. "Is it supposed to explode like that?"

"You're supposed to take it out of the foil wrap first, doofus." Bucky yawns and hip-checks Steve out of the way, a grin spreading over his face. The alpha rubs at his nose with an embarrassed laugh.

"Good morning, James." Steve murmurs softly, his hand sliding to rest on Bucky's hip, body
pressing against Bucky's, warm and inviting.

Bucky looks up to see seven pairs of curious eyes staring at them in fascination. He flushes bright red and opens his mouth a few times, but nothing comes out.

"You two smell the same now." Lizzie comments with a puzzled frown, breaking yet another awkward silence.

"That's weird." Bo says and the blond colonel opens his mouth to explain.

"Right, breakfast!" Bucky shouts and slaps his hands together, successfully startling the flock of children into motion and removing himself from Steve's distracting heat.

"I want cereal."

"Can I have a sandwich? Peter wants a sandwich, too."

"What about my corn-dog?"

"I want a sandwich, too."

"Can you tell us another story, Steve?" A shy tug on the colonel's arm.

Bucky bites his lip to stop himself from laughing and meets Steve's amused blue eyes over the heads of the kids.

He's not supposed to, but to Bucky, Steve already feels like family.

"Believe it or not, I was a tiny ratty little thing when I was young, always getting sick and having to stay in bed for days." Steve comments distractedly as Bucky hands him another nail. "Thanks."

The kids are in the yard and the other rooms, leaving the two of them alone to fix the leak in the ceiling. Bucky had fished out their ancient toolbox and a rickety ladder. and now Steve's trying to patch the hole while Bucky hands him supplies and stuff.

"Really? Forgive me if I doubt that very much." Bucky replies, hands going back to keeping the old ladder still so Steve can hammer the thin wooden board over the leaking ceiling. He can't really picture an eight-year-old Steve, wearing shiny little shoes and his thin sickly stick-like arms poking out of neatly ironed shirts, not when he's so tall and broad now, skin glowing with health and life.

Steve laughs softly and swipes a dirty hand into his messy hair. "I used to be homeschooled. A separate tutor for every subject, Latin, French, German, the piano and so on. Not the best childhood."

"Yeah? I started running around in the streets when I turned four." Bucky drawls with a grin and hands Steve the last nail, turning his face up to admire the flex of Steve's abs. The alpha stuck a thick circle of sturdy waterproof tape around the damaged area and made his way down the ladder.

"That should hold for a few days. I'm going to get someone to come and fix things up here." He says and wipes his hands on the towel Bucky hands him.
"I'm not some charity case, Steve." Bucky scowls.

"You're not some charity case, you're my charity case." Steve says, an easy smile on his face as he steps closer. He cocks his head to the side. "Besides, I really like the kids and they need a good living environment."

Bucky can't really argue with that, he knows the kids need more, it's just that he's never accepted money like this before. He usually steals, not that that method of acquiring cash is appropriate, but...

"I never fought anyone before, you know, in the streets, being homeschooled and all." Steve speaks up from his spot by the toolbox, putting everything back in, neat and organized.

"I started beating people up with my big brother when I turned seven." Bucky replies distractedly.

"Yeah? You have a big brother?" Steve asks, folding the step ladder shut and leaning it against the opposite wall. "I didn't have any siblings. Not many friends either. The cook's son was my friend once I think, but my mother fired them when he'd forgotten about my allergies and gave me something to eat that made my throat swell shut. Two weeks passed before I was allowed outside again and by that time, they'd packed and left."

"How do you do it?" Bucky asks incredulously. Steve looks confused.

"Do what?"

"Live without ever getting your knee scraped, never running around outside in the sun with other kids, or taste your mother's cooking?" Bucky elaborates, waving his hands in the air. Steve shuts the toolbox with a soft click and stands, the expression on his face carefully neutral.

"My mother isn't exactly the type to cook anything for anyone." He says with a mirthless smile, turning to look at the dappled spots of golden sunlight on the faded floorboards. "You get used to it, the disappointment, that is." He says softly and the conversation trails off.

Bucky hops off the rickety table in the corner of the room and walks over to the blond alpha, pulling him out of whatever depressing childhood memory with a gentle touch to his cheek. "Hey."

"Hmm?" Steve turns those crystal blue eyes to his face. Bucky looks up at him.

"It's not too late, you know." He says solemnly.

Steve smiles. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I've got seven kids here." Bucky shrugs. "If you wanna get a taste of a proper childhood, all you have to do is hop on the crazy bus."

Steve laughs softly, ducking his head and takes one of Bucky's hands. "Sounds like fun." He says with a dazzling smile.

Bucky returns the smile with one of his own, blue eyes shining in excitement. "We'll make a list. Do all the things you've ever wanted to do. It'll be awesome."

Steve is looking at him with a sort of quiet wonder on his face, smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "Let's start making the list now."

"Yeah? What's the first thing you want to do?" Bucky asks.

Steve leans down and seals his lips over Bucky's. It's a chaste fleeting little thing, just a soft tender
press of skin on skin, none of the roiling passion from last night. Bucky thinks he quite likes it.

"This." Steve murmurs with a smile.

"Yeah? There's plenty where that came from." Bucky shoots back, smiling as he loops his arms around the colonel's neck and goes in for another soft sweet lingering kiss.

They're still enjoying the lazy intimate kiss when Bucky hears the loud knock. Three rapid taps followed by the sound of the doorbell echoing through the house. He drops his arms and jumps back from Steve with a startled curse, eyes wide and heart thumping in his chest.

"No no no, they're not supposed to be back yet. This is impossible." Bucky wipes at his slightly swollen lips and meets Steve's wide blue eyes.

"Go hide somewhere!" He mouths frantically at the blond alpha before charging down the stairs three at a time. Bucky plasters what he hopes is a convincing smile onto his face and yanks open the door.

It's Rumlow.

"Huh." Bucky says, taken aback.

Rumlow's wearing a black leather jacket, dark blue shirt tails peeking out above rumpled jeans. He looks uncomfortable. "Clint phoned a dozen times for me to check up on you. Everything okay in there, Kid?"

He lets out the breath he'd been holding and shoots the older alpha a genuine smile this time. "Yeah. Everything's fine." Bucky says and makes to turn back inside when Rumlow reaches out and runs a thumb under the shadow of his jaw, his gaze lazy but assessing. Bucky swallows nervously.

"Lots of mosquitos around lately, huh?" He comments casually, dark piercing eyes flickering to Bucky's shirt collar.

"Yeah...I guess. So, the kids are fine..." Bucky tries to sound calm past the panic welling in his throat. Rumlow's still staring pointedly at him. "I should get back to watching them." Bucky breaks the awkward silence and makes a move to shut the door.

Rumlow's left hand lashes out and catches his bare wrist, warm dry fingers tightening briefly over his racing pulse and Bucky feels his stomach drop in dread. He'd never been able to lie to Rumlow successfully before.

"I just remembered something. Clint borrowed one of my switchblades last month and I really need it back, should be in his room. Could ya get it for me, Kid?" He drawls, face still too calm and expressionless for Bucky to get a glimpse of what he's really thinking about.

Bucky knows he can't really refuse the request without drawing even more suspicion, but he can't just leave the door open like this. There is no way Rumlow can see Steve, because Bucky can't even imagine what that would look like. Rumlow isn't like Sam, who's loud and grumpy all the time, but secretly a softie on the inside. He's quiet, dangerous and smart, a deadly combination. And unfortunately, fiercely protective of the two younger omegas he grew up with.
Bucky can still remember that one time some random guy had tried to grope his ass in a nightclub, his sibling had sent the guy to the ER with three broken ribs, a shattered jaw and a handful of broken fingers. Rumlow had casually wiped the shining blood from his knuckles after the vicious beating and drove Bucky home before Sam's curfew. And that reaction had only been to Bucky getting groped, which is nowhere near what he and Steve have been doing.

The thought of him finding out about Steve is...terrifying.

And getting a switchblade for him really isn't the best plan of action right now.

"Do you, ah, want to come inside?" Bucky asks.

Please say no, please say no...

"Nah, I'll wait here." He says instead, crossing his arms and leaning against the door frame.

Thank God.

"Yeah, I'll be down in a sec." Bucky says and carefully inches the door shut with an awkward "Mosquitoes, you know."

He doesn't pause long enough to see the unimpressed look on Rumlow's face. Bucky flies up the staircase to Clint's room. Steve's nowhere to be seen. He just hopes the colonel will stay hidden until Rumlow leaves.

Clint's room is a pigsty. There's garbage and large piles of unwashed clothes mixed in with clean ones, socks and random objects strewn across the floor. Bucky trips over an empty beer bottle concealed underneath a pair of boxers and nearly goes sprawling to the floor. He digs through the pile of clothes and dumps them onto Clint's bed. There are no switchblades anywhere in the room. He shifts through the messy pile of clothes, feeling in every one of the pockets and shaking out all of Clint's shirts. He's breathing hard and trying to think past the rush of blood in his ears when a terrible idea suddenly occurs to him.

Bucky drops the pair of shorts he's holding and bolts for the stairs, thumping over to the front door and yanking it open.

He's not there anymore.

Shit.

He should have just shut the door properly instead of leaving it partially closed.

"Rumlow? I couldn't find the thing, where are..." He rounds the corner and freezes in his tracks when he sees Steve standing by the kitchen sink, body tense. Rumlow's across the dinner table, his expression calm, but Bucky knows he always looks calm when he's about to beat the shit out of someone.

They both turn to face him when Bucky skids into the kitchen. Rumlow's lips twitch up into a menacing smirk. "Looks like I forgot, Kid. Clint returned it last week." He says dismissively and flips the sharp switchblade in his fingers, dark eyes flickering toward the blond alpha standing in the corner. Steve's jaw clenches, his expression darkening.

The two alphas lock eyes, the atmosphere suddenly thick with tension. Bucky feels his stomach twist in dread. He has to do something before actual blood gets spilled.
Bucky swallows thickly.

"Guys, I can explain." He says.

Chapter End Notes

Rumlow and Bucky's relationship is purely brotherly. Just thought I'd make it clear.

Poor Steve.
Chapter Summary

Rumlows not happy about his discovery.

Chapter Notes

Good Rumlow for a change! This really is an AU. I get to play around with the characters! HA Hope you guys like it! And Jack is tiny little Rollins. Lol. Adoration from the start.

Leave me some love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Let me see." Bucky pries Steve's fingers away from his bruised cheek and clicks his tongue in annoyance at the sight of the rapidly darkening skin. Steve hisses lightly when Bucky presses the pack of frozen peas over the right side of his face.

Across the room, Rumlow makes a loud unappealing gagging noise.

"Don't." Bucky swivels around and pins Rumlow with a withering glare. His older sibling is sitting in one of the high back chairs, his forearms resting on the back of the chair and legs spread casually.

"How come I don't get the same treatment?" He asks with a dark scowl.

Bucky scowls back, unconsciously pressing into Steve's side. "You weren't the one who got punched." He points out icily.

Rumlow looks at Steve with a nasty glint in his eye, "my hand hurts. His face is hard." He bites out through clenched teeth. Steve's shoulders are stiff and tense under Bucky's fingers, but the colonel seems too well-mannered to resort to petty name-calling and insults like a third grader, which is exactly what Rumlow is doing right now.

Bucky sighs and looks at the two of them, "well I guess I don't have to introduce you guys to each other anymore."

Rumlow snorts out loud at that and Steve's shoulders become even more tense, if possible, underneath Bucky's palm.

"Steve, meet Brock Rumlow, my brother. Rum, meet Steve Rogers-"

"The guy you slept with?" Rumlow asks sarcastically.

"You shouldn't have punched him," Bucky scolds despite the hot blush on his cheeks. The last thing he'd expected was for Rumlow to leap across the dinner table and tackle Steve to the ground.
"He fucked you, how is that not personal? 'Sides, guy should be able to take a few punches if he intends to stick around." Rumlow mutters darkly and shoots Steve another menacing glare.

Bucky sighs and removes himself from Steve's side, walking over to his older brother and dragging Rumlow upright by his jacket sleeve. "We need to talk. Now."

He shoots Steve a small nod and pulls Rumlow out into the hall.

Rumlow looks agitated, shoulders hunched and eyes hard. Just as Bucky had expected, he's already pulling out his lighter.

He hasn't seen Rumlow smoke since that angry fight with Sam years back. Sam had been in the ER with Clint after the cage match had gone wrong. And when Bucky had stumbled up the stairs of the house, he'd found Rumlow sitting on the couch, cigarette butts strewn all over the ground near his feet, shoulders hunched and head bowed, his face hidden in the shadows of his palms... Rumlow had packed and left before the others could get back.

His anger toward Rumlow evaporates in an instant.

"Don't. I'm sorry." He finds himself saying, plucking the cigarette from his older sibling's fingers and carefully putting it out before turning to look at him. Rumlow studies his face for a moment, expression unreadable.

"Do the others know?" He asks, voice strained.

"Know what?"

"About him?" The older alpha jerks his thumb toward the dining room, lips pulled down in a displeased frown.

"Yes and no." Bucky says carefully. Clint and Sam knew about the Hunt and he'd told Clint about Steve, but none of them knew what they'd been up to lately. But Bucky's hardly going to tell Rumlow that. "Please don't tell Sam." He adds as an afterthought.

Rumlow doesn't answer. Instead, a finger hooks into his shirt collar, pulling the material down to expose the dark hickey and bruises along the milky column of Bucky's throat. Rumlow tips his chin up with the other hand, obviously looking for bonding bites.

"How long?" He asks.

Bucky scowls and slaps his hands away. "We didn't bond, okay?"

"How long?" Rumlow repeats the question, eyes hard.

"Just last night." Bucky mutters, crossing his arms defensively.

There's a little homicidal tic on Rumlow's face, his fists clenched so hard Bucky can almost hear the bones creak in the foreboding silence. "I'm gonna kill him. It looks like you got mauled by a fucking bear," he growls and turns toward the kitchen again.

"No! I like him," Bucky insists stubbornly. "Stop trying to solve every problem with your fists!"

"You don't know a thing about him!" Rumlow glares back, angry and exasperated.

"I know he's great in bed," Bucky blurts out honestly without thinking, and the resulting horrified expression on Rumlow's face is almost comical.
"That is...disgusting..." He looks nauseous, swaying a little like the words coming out of Bucky's mouth are physically causing him pain.

"He's a nice person, I really really like him," Bucky insists, still a little flushed.

"You're just a baby, you don't know anything about rich assholes like him. You're gonna get hurt, and we'll be the ones picking up the pieces."

"I'm not a baby!"

"I used to change your diapers!"

"That was only once! It was Sam-"

Rumlow's cellphone chooses that moment to go off, interrupting their petty argument. It's Clint again, and Bucky watches as Rumlow rolls his eyes to something Clint says before his expression sobers and his eyes flicker toward the clock on the mantel.

"Yeah, I got it. Bye." He hangs up tersely and sighs. "He's got to go."

"But-"

"No buts, they're going to be here in two hours. You want them to see your little boy-toy, feel free to keep up the craziness." Rumlow cuts in firmly.

Bucky knows he's right. He bites his lips and nods silently. Rumlow studies his face for a second's pause, sighs again and pinches the bridge of his nose like it's physically going to kill him to say the next words.

"Look, kid. I don't know what's going on here, but if you think he's a decent guy...jeez, what am I saying?" He ducks his head and bites his lip, a reddish flush crawling up his neck. "You're a good kid, everything the rest of us aren't. You deserve to have the best... And if he makes you happy...just don't fall for him and hurt yourself..."

Bucky feels a smile tug on the corners of his mouth. He reaches out and squeezes Rumlow's hand. It's warm and solid, calloused, just like he remembers. "Don't forget to steal his wallet before dumping him?" He prompts with a grin, warmth settling in the pits of his stomach. Rumlow tries to seem cool and indifferent all the time, but always fails when it comes to their little dysfunctional family.

"Atta boy, knew I taught you well." Rumlow mumbles approvingly, ruffling Bucky's hair with a gruff hand just the way he used to when they were little. Bucky laughs and tackles him in a hug, ignoring the squeak of protest and soaking in the warmth and familiarity. After Sam and Rumlow's little fight, he'd stopped coming round and it feels nice, having him around again. Rumlow pulls away first, probably in fear of losing his masculinity. Sam had always been the touchy-feely group-hug kind of guy.

Bucky grins at him and he grudgingly smirks back.

"Now I'm gonna give him the most terrifying shovel talk of his life," Rumlow says with a nasty glint in his eye and steers Bucky back toward the kitchen.
"Steve's gone?"

Rumlow's in the middle of trying to pry an excited Jack off his waist. He looks up to see Bucky in the doorway, freshly showered to get rid of Steve's scent and wearing a sweater with a higher collar. The dark-haired alpha grunts an affirmation and gives in, hefting Jack into his arms and allowing the little boy to wrap his arms contentedly around his neck. Dot's wriggling around in Rumlow's jacket, the sleeves way too large for her tiny arms and Wade is trying to slip the switchblade from Rumlow's pocket while the rest are all gathered around him.

"You scared him off?" Bucky walks over to join him on the couch, curling up to Peter and Lizzie. He tries not to sound too disappointed. He hadn't gotten to say goodbye, but all things considered, it had gone better than he'd anticipated.

"You have less than thirty minutes till they come back, the house reeks of you guys fucking. Sam's gonna have a fit when he sees." Rumlow gives him the stink eye and Bucky bolts upright. He had forgotten entirely about the mess in his bedroom and the stains on the sheets...

Rumlow raises an eyebrow. Bucky's shoulders slump in defeat.

"Be right back." He says sheepishly.

"Don't forget to open the windows." Rumlow sighs after him.

"You're a lifesaver!" Bucky shouts behind his shoulder, pounding up the stairs to deal with the crime scene.

By the time Clint tumbles through the doors, Rumlow and Bucky had successfully tricked the kids into keeping Steve's visit a secret and gone over all the details to make sure they hadn't left out anything.

Sam's smile falters a little when he sees Rumlow on the couch next to Bucky, the kids scattered all over the rug or in Jack's case, draped over Rumlow's thighs. Clint nudges him out of the way and nearly crushes the both of them when he drops down onto the couch, complaining loudly about Sam's crappy driving skills. He crosses his ankles in Bucky's lap and drops his head onto Rumlow's shoulder with a contented smile.

"I'm going to drop things off in the kitchen." Sam says stiffly after a pause, evidently noticing the lack of space on the couch. The kids are staring back and forth in that synchronized way they always do when something they don't quite understand is happening. Clint huffs out a breath of laughter when Sam trudges off, shoulders stiff and sullen.

"Thanks for dropping by, Rum."

"No problem." Rumlow says. And after a pause, gently extracts himself from the little dog pile they've managed to create on the old lumpy couch.

"I should go." Rumlow says awkwardly. Jack makes a sad little noise and Rumlow drops a hand over the kid's head, ruffling his short dark curls. The other kids take turns hugging and kissing him, much to Clint's amusement. Bucky stands and follows him to the door, a little disappointed that Rumlow's leaving so soon.

"You should visit more." He says quietly and Rumlow pauses on the steps, his expression grim. He looks like he's struggling internally about something. Bucky cocks his head and Rumlow sighs.
"Before he left, that stupid asshole-"

"His name is Steve."

"That prat-"

"Steve."

"Steve. Happy?" Rumlow bites out, rolling his eyes. "Before he left, he gave me this. Said it was my choice to pass it on or throw it out."

His older sibling reaches into his pocket and reluctantly draws out a slim silver card. He looks uncomfortable.

"Just don't get hurt, kid." Rumlow says, voice quiet.

Bucky takes the card and turns it around.

There's a phone number written in clear neat print along with Steve's name in beautiful cursive.

He looks up into Rumlow's eyes and smiles.

"Thanks." Bucky says and slips the card into his own pocket.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is Steve's POV.
Twelve

Chapter Summary

They go on a date for the first time.

Chapter Notes

NOTES: Bucky convinced Steve to wait for a while before trying to approach Sam, so they're kind of having a secret relationship right now. Oooooooh, it's an affair...

Also, the city is kind of split into different districts, and without identification or someone from that district to invite you in, you don't usually get to visit another district. This is very strict for the upper-class districts, but the middle and lower class districts are open to basically anyone. Bucky lives in one of the lower class districts and the only chance for someone to visit the rich districts is to participate in the Hunt as a virgin, or to have an upperclass citizen invite them in for a visit.

He never had a proper childhood.

Born into a prestigious family, he was a total disappointment, tiny and sickly, a weakling not worthy of the Rogers' name. He'd never known his father. Mother's barely veiled disappointment stopped hurting after Steve turned seven. He would never live up to her standards anyway. So he spent most of his time soaking up the books in the family library, avoiding his tutors and trying not to get sick every other day.

The only part of his lessons he truly enjoyed was the hour or so when his art instructor took him out to the back garden, the huge garden with various statues of previous famous members of his family. He got to sit in the shadow of his great-great-grand-something and draw, capture the beauty of nature on paper with the thick charcoal pencil in his thin fingers. It was the only thing he was good at.

Mother forbade him from talking to the servants in the house, not that he had many opportunities to do so. They pitied him, but most of them were too afraid of Mother's legendary temper to warm up to the tiny sickly blond child. He hadn't been allowed to play with the servants' "lesser children" either. The only people around his age were Thor and Tony, both of whom were so full of themselves that Steve almost wished he had never set eyes upon the golden heirs of the Odinson and Stark families.

Thor was the perfect child, physically. Tall, golden and handsome with a smile that made women swoon even when he was only seven years old, Thor was the embodiment of all of the finest alpha traits. Steve, with his knobby knees, pale face and limp hair, looked like a tiny drowned rat next to the Odinson child. Tony Stark was not much better. A genius like his father, Tony started drawing up inventions for Stark Industries around the age of five. He was a well-put-together child with slick brown hair and a permanent snooty look etched onto his chubby face. Steve disliked him the moment baby Stark stuck out his hand and introduced himself with a haughty glint in his brown eyes. They were both seven years old for God sakes.
Most nights, Steve sat by himself in the corner while the other parents showed off their fine children at those extravagant parties. His mother had never asked him to accompany her, choosing instead to bring random omega partners. As time went on, he stopped attending Mother's parties all together, staying home at the mansion while she worked her way steadily up the ranks. The only form of relief and amusement came from his grandfather, but the older Rogers was busy with national security affairs and would often be unavailable for weeks.

Childhood took the form of a lonely stick-thin boy with wild unruly hair, defiant blue eyes and stiff stuffy clothes a size too large for his sickly body.

It was never about fun.

"Steven, what do you think?" The sudden weight of Thor's palm against his shoulder brings Steve back to the present. He's sitting on one of Thor's huge fur-lined sofas, legs cross at the ankle and reading a leather-bound book. Steve shuts his book and looks up at the other man. Thor is covered in frills and abnormally large lacy collars. Natasha turns to give Steve a pointed look across the table, her silver earrings flashing in the light of the chandelier.

"Do you plan to serenade her from the balcony window?" Steve asks, eyebrows arching incredulously when Thor does a swooping bow at the redhead female alpha, the lacy suit collar wobbling dangerously around his neck.

"Loki informed me it looks very handsome and dashing," Thor sounds confused.

"Loki is only ten," Steve points out mildly, "besides, I don't really think he likes Miss Foster."

Thor looks crestfallen, the lace deflating dramatically upon his chest. Natasha chuckles softly and Steve has to muffle his smile behind the book.

"I do believe you are right about Loki not liking Lady Jane," Thor says glumly and finally pulls off his ridiculous collar, opening the top three buttons on his dress shirt and collapsing next to Steve with a frown.

"Perhaps you should send her some flowers." Steve suggests absently. He tries to focus his attention on his friends, but finds his mind wandering back to James from time to time. It's not an affair, not when they're both without partners, but Steve has to admit there is a certain flavor of a forbidden romance to it, a sinfully addictive taboo...

"You've been switching cars a lot lately, Steve." Natasha's cool sultry tone cut in, startling Steve out of his thoughts. She has that familiar calculating look in her eyes. Steve shrugs nonchalantly and gives what he hopes is a confident enough smile.

"I've been placing bets with Stark," He lies. Natasha doesn't look convinced, but Steve's not about to tell her he'd lost three cars by now visiting James's neighborhood.

"Aye, Anthony is a sly one," Thor laughs good-naturedly beside him. Steve's phone buzzes in his left pant pocket. He gives them a tight little smile and stands quickly.

"I'm afraid I have some urgent business to attend to. Don't wait for me, it will probably take all night," Steve says formally, keeping his expression serious and business-like. Natasha raises her
"Wow, you don't look all high and mighty for once, Mr. Rogers." There's a hint of laughter in James's pleasant voice when Steve greets him at the flashing gates of the amusement park. Steve smiles at that and pulls the omega into his arms, their lips meeting in a deep slow kiss. James's skin's flushed red when they part, his brown curls rumpled and messy. Steve's hand falls naturally to his omega's waist, pulling him close and letting his alpha scent engulf James's senses. Tonight, they're just like every other alpha-omega couple, out for a night of fun.

Steve had taken James's advice and worn something casual, a faded jacket his grandfather had given him long ago and one of Monty's numerous scarves. Dum-Dum had volunteered his bowler, but Steve politely declined, much to everyone's amusement. Monty had a knowing glint in his eyes when he wished Steve a good night. He hadn't told them about James yet, but Steve had a feeling most of the men already knew.

"Much better. You'll be able to finally blend in with the peasants, my king." James laughs and cards his fingers through Steve's neat hair, ruffling the blond locks into a casual mess. Steve's bangs end up tickling his eyes.

"Ah, so the hair is the main difference, my queen?" He shoots back, grinning.

James pulls back, an excited bounce in his steps as he takes Steve's hand and leads him toward the sea of lights and music. "I told Sam and Clint I was crashing at Rumlow's place tonight, so we have the whole night to ourselves."

Rumlow, James's overprotective older brother. Steve hadn't forgotten, not after the dark-haired alpha pulled him aside for a quick word after he'd punched him. Steve could still remember the 'lovely little chat' he had with Brock Rumlow and the not-so-subtle death threats. He'd been grudgingly impressed by the other alpha. They were clearly very protective of James, the 'baby' in their dysfunctional family. He'd felt a tiny bit envious of them, being able to grow up with people who genuinely loved and cared, people who accepted each other for who they were and people who would risk their lives for each other. Steve never had any of that. He only had the things money could buy.

"I'm going to have so much fun corrupting you tonight." James laughs and squeezes his hand.

Steve smiles and follows him into the crowd.

The night air is thrumming with life and the exotic aromas of different things blending together to create a distinct excitement in the atmosphere. Steve sees laughing faces everywhere he looks, James's comforting warmth pressed into his side, their fingers threaded together. He's never been in contact with so many people at the same time and the experience is exhilarating and terrifying.

James gets them candied apples, the salty-sweet caramel still warm. The aroma is similar to James's addictive scent and Steve has to force the thought of licking caramel off of the omega's skin out of his mind before he embarrasses himself in public. He tries a number of things, giant pretzels, cotton candy and cheap pizzas, things he's never had before. A young boy weaves through the crowd, brightly-colored balloons trailing behind him. A teenage couple brushes past them, hands entwined
and giggling over something the boy says. A man holds out a giant stuffed teddy toward his delighted daughter. All around him are people, happy people, so full of life and laughter.

Steve takes all of it in with a sort of quiet wonder. All his life, he'd been locked away in a gilded cage, never allowed the freedom of flight.

James nudges him.

"What do you think?" He shouts into Steve's ear, bright blue eyes sparkling like sapphires in the lights of the park.

"It's beautiful, I love it." Steve shouts back with a laugh. He hasn't felt this relaxed in a long time.

"Let's go on the ferris wheel. I bet you've never seen the city from the sky." James tugs him toward the giant spinning Ferris wheel and they get there just in time to squeeze into the last empty carriage.

He really hasn't seen the city like this, a sprawling glowing thing in the night, the walls separating different districts stark white against the inky backdrop of the sky.

"Come look, Steve. See that dark little patch? That's where I live." James pulls him to sit next to the window, pointing to the spot he mentioned. He looks down at the beautiful city lights and the smile on the omega's face is absolutely breathtaking.

"It's beautiful isn't it?" James whispers happily, but Steve's gaze isn't focused on the city lights.

"Yes you are..." He murmurs in wonder, hands reaching out and guiding James's attention back toward him. Steve's words finally register in James's mind and he flushes in embarrassment, averting his eyes with an awkward little chuckle.

Steve tips his chin up and kisses him, James's lips parting to grant him entrance. His omega makes a low needy whine when Steve's hand drops onto the back of his neck, parting his thighs and allowing Steve to pull him down to sit on his lap. The urge to bite down and claim James as his own is so strong Steve has to pull away before he loses control and does something James probably won't like. James makes a confused sound when Steve closes his eye and quickly counts to ten, reining in his primal urges, but the thought is quickly forgotten and they go back to necking like a couple of teenagers.

"Come back with me..." Steve urges between slick open-mouthed kisses, running his thumb along the smooth pale column of James's throat. His pulse is pounding, just like Steve's. "Just for tonight, let me have you again..."

James sighs into his neck and Steve sets his teeth against the scent gland on the right side of his omega's neck, applying a tiny hint of pressure. He wants to bite down, but a bond mark can only be successfully established during an omega's heat. James's mouth falls open in a silent groan, hips grinding down on Steve's erection. His hands clamp around James's waist, lifting his hips in response and thrusting shamelessly against his ass.

The screech of the carriage door sliding open has the two of them jumping apart as if electrocuted. The guy motions them out with a wry grin and throws a wink at Steve, who flushes in embarrassment at getting caught with his hand up a lady's skirt. Metaphorically speaking. Not that he's imagining James in a skirt...

Steve attempts to smooth down his rumpled shirt, trying to look less like a horny teenager and more like the colonel he really is. He doesn't need to look twice to see he's failing miserably.
James yanks him over to the face-painting stall, grabs a brush and slides onto Steve's lap, his grin utterly evil. Steve holds still while he lathers his face with wet paint and glitter. If Nick Fury walked by the tent at that moment, Steve's pretty sure his other eyeball would also end up under an eyepatch. James laughs, the sound genuine and happy, his blue gaze twinkling in amusement as he swirls painted whiskers onto Steve's cheek. He grins down at Steve when he's done. Steve has a vague idea of what he's drawn onto his face and it's not pretty.

"Are you happy?" He finds himself asking all of a sudden. James gives him that soft smile he usually reserves for the kids and smooths down a rebellious piece of hair on Steve's head.

"Are you?" He asks back and Steve really doesn't have to think before the answer tumbles out of his mouth.

"When I am with you, yes." He says earnestly and James laughs again.

"Okay." He whispers.

"Okay what?" Steve asks back.

A thumb traces his jaw and there's a flash of uncertainty in those blue eyes before James opens his mouth again.

"Okay, I'll go with you." He says.
Chapter Summary

Bucky finds a kid in the bushes.

Chapter Notes

Note: One of Thor's houses is adjacent to Steve's. this is important.

Hope this chapter was longer...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Steve's mouth feels like a searing hot brand against the side of Bucky's neck, his arms tight and possessive around his waist, one hand sliding up Bucky's loose black shirt to toy with a peaked nipple. Steve's rubbing glitter all over Bucky's clothes.

"Steve, people will...ugh...see us!" Bucky pants urgently into the alpha's ear, one hand fisting Steve's messy blond hair and arching against him with a breathless gasp when Steve pinches the sensitive nub between his fingers.

"Don't care. Bedroom is too far away." The colonel's stubborn reply sounds muffled against Bucky's skin as he sucks another hickey under his chin.

They stumble inside the mansion, nearly knocking over a heavy six-foot tall decorative china vase in their haste. Bucky grunts in surprise when Steve pins him against the spotless wall and slips a hand down his pants, his eyes rolling back in his head when a finger slides into his already wet entrance. Steve grinds his hips against Bucky's parted thigh, his breath coming in hot uneven pants.

"Captain Rogers, you're smearing your 'tribal face-paint' all over your partner's face and neck." A clipped British voice says dryly.

Bucky's eyes fly open to see a tall middle-aged man with a smart-looking mustache and a slim Asian man standing at the foot of the stairs and watching them with bland expressions on their faces. Steve pulls away reluctantly to squint blearily at their intruders and Bucky slaps away his wandering hand with a mortified groan, carefully adjusting the material of his pants around his erection.

"Monty, Morita? It's three in the morning, why are you guys still up?" Steve splutters, his face rapidly turning red. He shifts to shield Bucky from sight and hurriedly fastens his own belt again with an awkward cough.

"We've known you for nearly a decade, Captain, and there are some situations we've resigned ourselves to never catch you in." Monty smiles thinly and walks up to them, producing a clean white towel from behind him and offering it to Bucky politely. "Caught with your hand down an unmated omega's pants is one of them."
Bucky ducks his head with a muttered curse, his face flaming red under the tacky glitter smeared on his skin. Steve makes a strangled unintelligible sound and runs his hand through his messy hair. He tries to speak, but only manages to open and close his mouth a few times.

"Where are my manners?" The British man says suddenly and takes one of Bucky's hands, brushing a light kiss over his knuckles and doing a fancy little bow. "This is Jim Morita," he gestures toward the other man, "and my name is James Montgomery Falsworth. You can call me 'Monty' for short." He smiles at Bucky and winks.

Bucky smiles back, heart still thumping and face heated with embarrassment. "Uh, I'm a James, too. James Barnes. Nice to uh, meet you."

"I must apologize for our good captain's unorthodox behavior, you see, he's never held an omega's hand before." Bucky allows the dark-haired alpha to take his hand politely, grinning a little at Steve's displeased scowl. Morita falls in step next to Steve, giving his former commander a playful nudge.

"Captain?" Bucky prompts curiously and Monty laughs.

"Ah, yes. He was a captain before becoming the colonel. We served under him during our campaign as the Howling Commandos." He explains.

"Sounds fierce." Bucky throws Steve a small teasing smirk and the blond colonel crosses his arms, still scowling.

"Don't let the name fool you, our captain got his ass handed to him by a woman on the very first day." Morita pipes up and ducks away from Steve just in time to avoid his hand.

"She was an alpha." Steve mumbles under his breath and avoids Bucky's eyes, his obvious embarrassment making Bucky laugh.

"Tell me the others are asleep, Monty." He moans, desperate.

Monty shakes his head with a rueful smile. "Nope, I'm afraid the girls are all waiting for the juicy gossip in the kitchen, Captain. Including Dum-Dum, who insisted on breaking out the champagne."

"Oh God." Steve palms his flaming face.

Monty laughs, "oh you're not getting out of this one so easily, Captain."

Bucky doesn't get much sleep that night, sitting at the kitchen table with Steve's old army buddies and listening to them swapping hilarious stories about Steve during his overseas campaign. Steve spends the time vehemently denying all accusations and embarrassing stories, his face pink and exasperated. Bucky laughs so hard he almost cries. By the time they're done, the sky is already pink around the edges, the golden light of the sun peeking impatiently from the edge of the horizon.

Steve is in one of the rooms on the second floor when Bucky steps out of the shower. The room is huge and painted a comfortable creamy white color, all the furniture matching the backdrop of the walls. A beautiful grand piano sits in one corner, the dark-red velvet cloth draped over it the only splash of color in the room besides the huge oil painting on the opposite wall.
He finds Steve leaning against the balcony railing, freshly showered and blond hair still wet.

"They seem like nice people." Bucky says amicably and joins him, peering out at the rising sun, it's warmth already a comforting caress against his skin. The summer air carries the soft fragrance of roses and a hint of jasmine. Out in the large garden behind the house, Dernier is working in a patch of flowers in full bloom.

"Glad you think so." Steve murmurs back pleasantly, leaning close and brushing a lingering kiss against Bucky's jaw, nuzzling into his neck with a contented sigh when he catches the scent of his own shampoo on Bucky's skin.

"I should be getting back." He says regretfully. Bucky had told Sam and Clint he was crashing at Rumlow's place that night, but it was bound to get suspicious if he didn't go back soon even though it was the weekend.

Besides, he'd made the mistake of neglecting to inform Rumlow beforehand.

Steve pulls back with a frown. "So soon? But you just got here."

"I didn't tell them that I was staying, I have to-" Bucky starts, but Steve cuts him off with another knee-weakening kiss. He really is a fast learner for someone who's never held an omega's hand before. Or maybe the guy's just a natural, Bucky thinks sluggishly, curling his arms around Steve's neck and pressing their bodies together.

They're still glued at the lips when Bucky hears someone cough, and Steve pulls back with an annoyed huff to find Morita standing in the doorway.

"Sorry to interrupt, yet again. But there's an urgent matter you must attend to, Captain." He says with an apologetic smile, rubbing the tip of his nose awkwardly.

Steve looks a bit agitated, but walks briskly over to the other man. Bucky watches them curiously. Steve's expression is drawn and serious, nodding along with something the Asian man suggests.

"Tell the others to meet downstairs and search the grounds. He couldn't have gotten far."

"Steve I really should go-" Bucky starts, but Steve cuts him off distractedly.

"It won't take long," he says and gives him an apologetic smile. "Wait for me."

Bucky gapes after him as the colonel follows Morita down the stairs. He ends up pacing restlessly after five minutes of doing nothing. He really should be going by now. Bucky really should have remembered to bring his cellphone along with him.

If Sam gets worried enough to drop by Rumlow's apartment to check on him, then he is so dead.

The thought pushes Bucky into action, taking the glossy marble stairs two at a time and slipping out the front door without anyone noticing.

The grounds look different in the daytime, and Bucky had been too busy kissing Steve last night to notice the path they took while driving inside and up to the front door. He's trying to navigate his way through the maze of marble statues and beautifully pruned bushes when he hears an odd rustling noise off to the side.

He really shouldn't investigate. Really shouldn't. Sam had repeated the story of how Curiosity killed the cat to every orphan in their house at least five time, each time with a more gruesome ending than
the last, but Bucky had always been bad at following orders.

Wouldn't hurt to take one quick look.

He sighs internally and ducks under an archway covered in pink and white flowers, past a fountain and some pretty marble benches and arrives at the heavy wrought iron gates separating Steve's property from the neighboring estate.

Just as he suspects, the rustling starts to get louder. Bucky can hear soft curses and labored breathing. He takes another turn and stumbled upon the source of the curious noises.

It's a small dark-haired boy, his pale face flushed and pinched, wriggling madly like a landed fish. It takes a moment for Bucky to realize the kid is stuck, a bent spoke poking through the fine fabric of his shirt and keeping him hooked on the heavy metal gates like a small floppy Christmas sock. He has to stifle a smile at the thought and clears his throat to catch the kid's attention. The black-haired child freezes in the middle of a particularly artful wriggle, his jade green eyes widening in panic. Then to Bucky's surprise, the panic is quickly replaced by pompous indifference as the kid sniffs distastefully and opens his mouth, his expression haughty.

"Get me down from here, servant," The child commands, folding his stick-thin arms over his chest. Bucky raises an eyebrow at the tone and mirrors the action, not bothering to speak.

"I command you to get me down from here, you wretched..." The kid looks angry now. Bucky makes a big show of casually stuffing his hands into his pockets and turning back toward the path where he came. He really should be long gone by now.

"Wait!" The kid sounds panicked now. Bucky ducks his head and smirks. If there's only one thing he's good at, it's taming little kids. He pauses in his steps and turns around to face the child. The dark-haired brat seems to be going through a hell of an internal struggle, his eyebrows drawn together thunderously. Bucky doesn't make any moves to help him down from his spot on the gates. The kid heaves a loud sigh and lets his shoulders slump in defeat.

"Can you help me down from here..." He grits his teeth with a pause, "...please..."

"Name's Bucky." Bucky says with a dry smirk and grabs hold of the kid's flailing legs, gently easing him down to the ground. The kid eyes him with a shifty sort of expression on his small oval face, and Bucky barely manages to dodge the vicious kick the kid aims at his kneecap.

"Seriously? Doesn't your mother teach you manners?" He mutters, grabbing the small child by his ear in warning.

"Ow ow ow! Let go of me!" He struggles for a while, kicking and cursing up a storm before going completely still, eyes red-rimmed and moist but too stubborn to actually cry. Bucky sighs and squats down to the boy's height. If he'd thrown a tantrum and cursed like a sailor back in the days, Rumlow would have dragged him over to the sink and washed his mouth with soap, literally.

"What's your name?" He coaxes gently, brushing bits of dry grass from his black curls.

"Thor." The kid says quickly, refusing to meet his eyes. Bucky raises his eyebrow silently and the child sighs, finally caving in.

"Loki...okay? I swear that's my name..." He bites out, crossing his arms again and digging his heels into the ground. "Are you going to tell on me for running away again?"

Bucky studies the sulking child. The kid's wearing a fine white shirt, neatly ironed trousers and shiny
leather shoes, his black hair well groomed. There's a spot of ink on his chin and a thin red welt rising on the pale smooth skin of his cheek from crawling around in the rose bushes. Probably some rich guy's son. He reminds Bucky of the pictures of a younger Steve Dum-Dum had so fondly shown him last night, stick-thin and glaring defiantly at the rest of the world, scared and uncertain and in need of someone to offer a tiny bit of kindness.

"Nope, not gonna tell on you," Bucky says and ruffles Loki's hair, grinning at the look of surprise on the kid's face. "But you should invest in an alternative way of sneaking out," Bucky frowns at the small red lines on the boy's arms and the rip in the back of his shirt.

"Who are you?" Loki's voice is layered with a hint of suspicion, but also disbelief as Bucky shrugs out of his jacket and drapes it gently over the kid's thin narrow shoulders. He really needs to get back to the house before Sam and Clint both get worried and suspicious, but he can't just leave the kid on his own like this. Noticing his pause, a flash of disappointment crosses the kid's face. Bucky makes up his mind with an internal groan. He is going to get into so much trouble. Bucky prays Rumlow won't rat him out if Sam indeed pops in for a visit.

Bucky coughs to catch the dark-haired child's attention.

"I'm a woodland fairy." He declares with a smirk and holds out his hand. "Come on, let's get you washed and put some band-aids on those cuts."

"You're not a fairy. Fairies have fancy names. A fairy can't be called 'Bucky'." Loki snorts dismissively, but he does take Bucky's hand, threading their fingers together hesitantly and following him down the path toward the mansion.

Chapter End Notes

Don't you like it when the villains turn out to be good guys in AUs? I do. :>
They're nearly there when Bucky hears the sound of a man's voice, deep and booming, calling Loki's name. The child next to him shrinks back and suddenly starts to struggle wildly against Bucky's grip, his eyes wide with panic.

"Whoa, easy there, kid. What's going on?" Bucky has to bend down and pull Loki into his arms to stop the kid from plunging back into the bushes.

He's breathing hard, twin spots of red on his cheeks and his thin chest rising up and down rapidly. "I don't want to go back home with Volstagg! Please don't let him take me back!" He whispers fiercely, stubborn angry tears threatening to spilling over again.

"Okay, okay. We'll go round back alright? Be extra quiet and follow my instructions." Bucky whispers back, smoothing down Loki's wild hair and giving his hand a comforting squeeze.

They sneak round back and Bucky picks the lock to the patio door within seconds with a borrowed paperclip from Loki. He grins at the kid's awestruck expression when he eases the door open and promises he'll teach Loki all his tricks in the future.

The mansion is empty when they run up the gleaming staircase to one of the bathrooms. Bucky sets the boy down on the granite tabletop and retrieves the first-aid kit, carefully disinfecting all the shallow cuts Loki received while wriggling through the rose bushes and undergrowth. To his credit, Loki doesn't make any sounds of pain or discomfort.

"What's going on, hmm? Why don't you want to go back home?" Bucky murmurs curiously, pressing a band-aid over one of the deeper cuts on Loki's left arm.

"It's none of your business." Loki says automatically and flushes in shame when Bucky pins him with an unimpressed look. His shoulders slump in defeat.

"I don't belong, okay?" He finally says glumly. "Father's never there, and when he is, it's impossible to please him and he never smiles. Mother's too busy dealing with the new baby, Balder. Stupid
Thor's chasing after that woman who pretends to like me, but I know she doesn't..." He bows his head angrily and twists at his pale fingers until they're motley red. Bucky tries to think of something comforting to say.

A quiet cough startles both of them and Bucky whirls around to see Steve standing by the door, his face slightly flushed and hair disheveled. He doesn't look pleased. Loki tenses next to him, his thin fingers clamping down on Bucky's wrist, green eyes wide and panicked.

"I'm sure you are aware that your entire household as well as my men are down in the grounds searching for you, Loki." Steve says stiffly. He sounds out of breath and Bucky sees a bit of dry twig in his fine blond hair.

"They're all looking for him? Why?" Bucky frowns and walks over to Steve, pulling out the tiny twig from his hair.

"Because he ran away from home this morning. Again." Steve mutters tiredly, plants a brief kiss on Bucky's cheek before skirting around his lover and gathering a frozen Loki into his arms. "I'm going to tell them to call off the search."

Bucky doesn't know what makes him walk to the doorway and put his hand over Steve's chest, stopping the blond colonel in his steps. Steve blinks at him in surprise and Bucky shrugs a little.

"Dragging him back like this will only make things worse." He says slowly. Loki visibly brightens up again in Steve's arms, expression hopeful.

"You have a better idea?" Steve sounds genuinely intrigued by the possibility of not having to search the grounds again.

"Let him stay for a while," Bucky suggests carefully. "There's gotta be a reason Loki doesn't want to go home."

"He told you his real name? He must really like you." Steve sounds grudgingly impressed. Loki huffs quietly, but accepts Bucky when he opens his arms to take the kid from the blond alpha. He wraps his thin arms around Bucky's neck and lays his head on his shoulder, thick black lashes fluttering shut. Steve shakes his head in amazement when Bucky grins back with a wink.

"Hey Loki, I'm going to listen to James and trust you to be a good boy, okay? If you don't behave, I'm going to call your brother to take you back home." He bends down and meets Loki's eyes, voice firm. The tiny child scowls before reluctantly nodding his consent. Steve flashes Bucky a brief smile, takes a deep breath to steady himself and disappears down the stairs to explain the situation to the Odinson's worried housekeeper. Bucky watches him go with an armful of sullen child.

"Hey, I know what it's like to feel unwanted," he says quietly and the arms around his neck tightens, "if you ever need someone, I'll be there, kid. I got your back."

There's a beat of silence before Loki pulls back to stare intently into his face, those big bright green eyes drilling holes into Bucky's face.

"Who are you?" Loki asks him again, awe and skepticism warring in his voice.

"You're welcome, kid." Bucky says easily.

"I didn't thank you." Loki tucks his head under Bucky's chin again.

"You're still welcome." He repeats and feels the small curl of a smile against the nape of his neck.
Rumlow untangles himself from the rumpled sheets when the pounding at the door becomes unbearable. The female omega in his bed shifts onto her side and goes back to sleep. He groans at the painful throb in his head and stumbles to the door, a pair of boxers hanging low on his hips.

"Is he in?" Are the curt words that greet Rumlow when he yanks the door open. Clint Barton folds his arms across his chest and glares openly at the dark-haired alpha.

"Huh?" Rumlow squints at the sunlight reflecting off the doorknob and rubs at his face wearily. He has absolutely no idea why Clint's suddenly decided to pay him a visit.

"Is Bucky with you?" Clint asks impatiently.

The words are enough to shake Rumlow out of the mind-numbing hangover from last night and his thoughts jump immediately to that rich blond guy Bucky's been seeing secretly.

Stupid son of a-

"Well, is he here like he said?" Clint jabs an index finger into Rumlow’s chest. The older alpha shrugs vaguely and leans his hip against the doorframe.

"Maybe, why should I tell you?" He opts for the safest answer, trying to buy a little bit of time to come up with a decent excuse for the stupid irresponsible kid.

Clint narrows his eyes threateningly. Rumlow crosses his arms over his very naked chest and silently regrets the pair of bright blue boxers hanging low off his hips. He probably doesn't look very intimidating at all.

"Get out of the way, Rum." Clint mutters just as a high-pitched scream sounds from his bedroom. Rumlow stumbles back inside, closely followed by Clint.

The omega in his bed has the sheets bunched against her naked chest, her eyes huge as she stares at-

Rumlow groans internally and fights the urge to palm his face when Bucky tumbles into his room via the window, twin spots of red on his cheeks from the climb up to the third floor balcony. Bucky's eyes land on the naked woman just as Clint sees him still half-tangled in the curtains.

All three omegas turn their accusatory glares on Rumlow. A drop of cold sweat slides down his spine.

"Look, this is totally not what it looks like." He says to the room at large.

"He lied to us about spending the night at your place!" Clint shouts at him angrily.

"I can't believe you're sleeping with random people again!" Bucky's accusatory voice cuts in.

"Three! You have three omegas in your apartment. This is over! I never want to see your face again, you two-timing asshole!" The girl in his bed screeches, hurl's Rumlow's jeans in his face and stalks out of his bedroom in a storm of rage.

Rumlow has to take a moment to wrap his mind around the situation, failing to understand how his normal day has suddenly gone down that road straight to Hell.
"What the fuck is wrong with you people?!” He bellows at the remaining two omegas standing in his bedroom. Bucky sidesteps his older sibling and makes his way toward the door.

"Oh no you don't," Clint's voice has a steel edge to it, laced with barely controlled anger. Bucky stops reluctantly in his tracks. Rumlow makes a small frustrated noise behind them.

"Both of you in the living room. Now." Clint says tightly. He takes a disgusted look at Rumlow's bright boxers, "for the love of God, put on some pants."

- 

"I didn't do anything."

"I have nothing to do with this."

Clint stops his tense pacing to shoot both of them displeased glares. Bucky sighs under his breath. Normally, Clint is the one getting scolded for pulling crazy shit and getting in trouble, and it's disconcerting as hell to see him doing the disciplining for once.

"I need a glass of water," Rumlow says suddenly. "Hangover from last night, remember? I think I'm gonna puke." He presses a hand over his mouth and charges for the bathroom, leaving Clint and Bucky alone.

Bucky braces himself for the onslaught of shouting and Clint's usual colorful language, but his sibling surprises him by sitting down in Rumlow's space. Clint is uncharacteristically silent for a moment.

"Buck, I know what you've been up to," Clint starts calmly. Bucky opens his mouth to argue, heart pounding in his chest, but Clint stops him with a shake of the head.

"After Sam and I came back, you remember that day?" He says with a dry little laugh, "I have to give it to you for cleaning up most of the evidence, but that alpha you had over, he dropped a silver cuff link under the sofa."

Bucky's stomach drops.

"I don't know how you managed to convince Rumlow to keep it a secret," Clint continues, hazel eyes watching Bucky's colorless face. "I imagine he threw a fit when he caught you two in the middle of something?"

"I-" Bucky croaks hoarsely. Clint just continues to study him, his face devoid of any expressions. No disappointment, anger, no anything. Bucky would have taken a fist to the face any day rather than this neutral silence.

"I'm sorry," He finally says quietly.

"I was joking when I asked you whether you'd gone and fallen for him." Clint mutters darkly.

Bucky hesitates at this.

"Wait, this guy is the one you met at the Hunt right? Or are you-" Clint starts, horror settling over his features.

"What? No! I'm not sleeping around with random people like Rum!"

"Why am I even in this conversation?" Rumlow's unhappy voice cuts in. He's back, leaning in the
doorway in a pair of loose black pants. "Coffee, bitches?"

"Black, two sugars." Clint says without looking away.

"I know how you take your coffee," comes the reply from the kitchen.

"Bucky, you have to ask yourself, is this going to last? Is he willing to shame his family name and abandon all of his luxuries in order to properly court you?"

Bucky drops his gaze back to his hands when he hears Clint’s words. They’re harsh, but true.

Is Steve willing to abandon his fortunes and luxuries for him? Will they be happy if he does?

"Attraction happens all the time, Bucky." Clint points out. "My first alpha was attracted to me, but there wasn't a real bond."

Bucky has never heard Clint mention his Hunt experience before. Rumlow walks back into the living room, passes them two mugs of coffee and drops down on one of the chairs lying around. Clint scratches his nose with a careless shrug and takes a slow sip.

"Weirdest night of my life," he shakes his head with a wry smile, "hell, I couldn't name half of the shiny leather stuff she used."

Rumlow chokes on his coffee. Bucky feels his face heat up with embarrassment. Clint shrugs with a small smirk.

"I, ah, didn't know I was into bondage," he confesses, "but-"

"Okay, stop. I can't do this." Rumlow cuts in before Clint can finish his sentence. "His Blondie sounds so much better than your Mistress of Pain."

"I didn't ask for your opinion, Rum."

"I need to be completely wasted to continue this conversation."

"So, what happened?" Bucky ventures, stopping the playful banter.

"Well, she was interested in me purely because of the sex. Made me an offer to stay as one of her 'companions', basically a term for glorified sex partner." Clint turns his steady gaze back to Bucky's face. Rumlow is oddly quiet.

"Either this Steve Rogers is completely unfamiliar with their customs or he's smarter and even more trouble than that redhead alpha I met. At least she was straight-forward about it."

Bucky bites his lip and clenches his fists hard enough to feel pinpricks of pain. His head throbs in sync with his pounding heart.

He thinks about Steve's smile, the way his blue eyes light up at the smallest things. His fingers, warm and solid around Bucky's.

But...what if?

"So which is it? Does he truly love you?" Clint asks.

"I..." Bucky swallows thickly. "I don't know." He admits.
Clint is more realistic when it comes to these things.
Chapter Summary

Chapter Fifteen. I suck at summaries.

Chapter Notes

This fic has really become a monster... So long... And so much plot... Not enough porn. I will rectify that soon enough, Chapter seventeen should be it. Lol.

Leave me some love!!!! Comments really make my day!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve tries not to fidget too much inside his immaculate steel grey suit. He knows he looks sharp and well-put-together, but there's still the lurking suspicion that the Odinsons still see him as the tiny weak child his mother despised so much. He doesn't particularly want to attend the Odinson's dinner party, but Odin himself had insisted and Steve really had nothing on the calendar to use as an excuse.

It's been almost a week since he's heard from or seen James. Steve knows he's not supposed to panic because the omega probably has other things to do. When they were teenagers, Tony had stressed to him on numerous occasions that a clingy partner was one of the biggest reasons for breakups and Steve was trying his best to "play it cool".

But he really doesn't think he's going to last much longer. Steve fingers his dark blue tie restlessly and accepts a sparkling glass of champagne from one of the smartly-dressed waiters. He watches Sif, the Odinson's Head of Security, slip into the room in a dark suit and quickly makes herself invisible. Steve tracks her movement with his eyes, so absorbed he nearly snaps his glass in half when a small shiny leather shoe connects with his ankle.

Loki glares up at him and crosses his small thin arms, crinkling the little black suit someone probably forced him into. His hair is carefully slicked back from his pale face and there's a mint-green bow tie under his chin. Steve sets his glass down carefully and rubs at his throbbing ankle.

"Nice to see you too, kid." He mutters under his breath. Loki's glare is way too homicidal for such a tiny child.

"You said he was going to come and play with me again, it's been two weeks! You lied to me!"

Steve sighs and stands, carefully smoothing down his suit and glancing around. Odin is standing by a pale marble statue with a bunch of wealth men in suits.

Steve sees the impending tantrum in Loki's face. Lightning quick, he snatches a piece of apple tart from a passing waiter and stuffs it into the child's mouth before dragging a flailing Loki onto an empty balcony.
"I'm sorry, okay? But James has other things to do, Loki. Remember I told you he runs an orphanage? He's busy." Steve kneels down in front of the small dark-haired child and offers what he hopes is a comforting smile. "Finish chewing before you open your mouth, buddy."

Loki's expression of disappointment quickly turns into embarrassed anger as the child huffs and stomps his foot. "Fine, I don't want to play with him anymore. There are so many kids, he probably forgot about me anyway," he mumbles, shoulders slumping.

"How about you come over tomorrow and play hide and seek with Dum-Dum and the others?" Steve offers, brushing a small crumb from Loki's chin with his thumb. The small child studies him for a moment, uncharacteristically silent.

"Promise?" He asks in a small voice, and Steve suddenly feels a rush of pity for the middle Odinson child. Thor is always promising him things and forgetting them just as easily.

"Promise, pinkie-swear." Steve declares firmly, exchanging a solemn pinkie-swear ritual with the small child.

"Okay, Steve." Loki says finally and offers the blond colonel a tiny smile.

"Good, then it's settled." Steve says, ruffling the child's carefully gelled hair. Loki squawks in protest and attacks his ankles with small kicks. Steve laughs and hoists him up with both hands, letting his tiny legs pump uselessly in mid-air.

"How about I get one of those raw shrimp things for you? Or do you want the one with the fish eggs?" Steve teases.

"Noooo!!! I'm not eating them, they're disgusting, you evil man!!!!" Loki howls, laughter glittering in his green eyes.

A dainty cough startles both of them and Loki's knee connects painfully with Steve's thigh as they both turn to see Frigga standing there in a low-cut sapphire dress, her face pulled into a wide knowing smile. Loki turns stiff as a board in Steve's arms.

"Looks like my favorite son is finally having some fun." Frigga says and walks over to gently straighten Loki's bow tie and smooth his hair back. Steve greets Frigga with a polite kiss on the back of her hand. She smiles at Steve who feels a rush of embarrassment.

"Steven, how is your mother these days?" Frigga inquires, changing the subject and allowing Steve a quiet breath of relief.

"She's still in Paris," He answers, "Mother doesn't call much, and it's been three years since my grandfather passed away. She's still getting over his death." It's not true, Sarah Rogers is probably going through her fiftieth boyfriend or something, having grown up alongside Howard Stark. Sometimes it still shocks Steve how similar his mother and Tony's father are when it comes to love. He's grateful he didn't turn out to be like Tony, with insecurities and daddy issues a mile long.

"Well, if she does come back for a visit, you must tell me," Frigga takes Steve's arm and much to Loki's disappointment, leads the Rogers heir back inside. "It's been ages since Sarah and I took a walk in the gardens together."

"Of course, Mrs. Odinson. I will pass on your words to my mother when she calls." Steve promises, giving Loki a small apologetic smile.

"Mother! Steve! Over here!" Thor's booming voice easily carries across the large room, and the
towering blond alpha excuses himself from Jane Foster's side and strides toward them, a wide bright smile upon his handsome face. Thor kisses his mother on the cheek and clasps Steve's hand in a firm handshake.

"Loki, where have you been, little brother?" Thor turns his attention to Loki, who's hovering by Frigga's side and sweeps the child into his arms, landing a kiss loud enough to make Steve cringe upon Loki's forehead. He laughs when his little brother makes a strangled gagging noise and sets Loki down again.

"Come Steven, I must share the good news with you, my friend." Thor claps Steve's shoulder amiably and drags him over to Odin while Frigga shakes her head reprovingly at the sight of her eldest son.

"Miss Foster," Steve kisses Jane Foster's hand when she shyly offers it to him. Thor beams at them and wraps his arm around her waist.

"Jane has accepted my proposal, Steve, we are to be wed in three months." Thor smiles as he declares. Jane smiles back and squeezes his hand. Steve opens his mouth to congratulate them on the engagement when he sees Loki's horrified face in the corner. The little boy bites his lip before bolting for the door.

"So, what do you think, my friend?" Thor asks. Steve turns his attention back to him.

"Congratulations to the both of you," he says smiling as Thor beams happily. Steve zones off again when Thor starts talking. After seeing the younger Odinson take off like that, Steve can't shake the feeling that Loki is going to do something monumentally stupid. Steve swallows uneasily before finally excusing himself. Thor's smile fades a little when Steve turns to leave. Steve races up the grand staircase, turns two corners and pushes the door to Loki's room open.

Loki's room is empty, the curtains fluttering in the summer breeze. It looks like a small hurricane had swept through the room, various items of clothes strewn across the bed and floor. Steve rushes over to peer out of the window.

There's a long rope fashioned from bed sheets hanging from the window frame.

Shit.

"Your heat is nearly here. Don't forget to take your suppressants, they're on the table," Clint mutters as he walks past with a laundry basket cradled against his chest. Bucky ignores him in favor of curling up on the couch.

After the little confrontation at Rumlow's, they'd been fighting. Fights between Bucky and Clint didn't involve fists like the fights between Sam and Rumlow, they just ignored each other until one of them caved in and apologized. Six days ago, Sam had gone off again. Clint refused to accompany him this time, opting to stay and keep his eyes on Bucky. Without Sam to ease the tension, they'd been going at it for a while now, even splitting the children into different sides, Team Barnes and Team Barton. The truth was, he wasn't really mad at Clint. Clint had only asked him whether Steve really loved him. Bucky wanted so much to say yes, and he hated himself when the words didn't come.
He looks down at his hands, stained with dirt and callouses, not the hands of a beautiful wealthy omega, but the hands of a laborer. Maybe they don't belong together, Steve with his golden charm and wealth, Bucky with his criminal history and shameful background.

It's been exactly six days since he's seen Steve, and there hasn't been a single phone call.

He presses his forehead against the cool glass of the window and watches his breath fog in front of his mouth. The cold feels good on his warm skin.

"Bucky, your phone is buzzing." A small tug on his arm alerts him to Lizzie, who's holding his vibrating cellphone cautiously. Bucky's heart nearly stops when he sees the caller ID.

It's Steve.

"Hello?" He says breathlessly.

"James! It's me, Steve Rogers." Steve sounds like he's running, the sound of static and his panting breath loud in Bucky's ear. He fights not to roll his eyes at Steve's stiff formal words.

"Yeah, I know it's you, it's been a week, not ten years, Steve." He tries to sound sarcastic, but Bucky's heart is hammering in his chest and his skin heats up at the sound of Steve's voice.

"Listen, I'm sorry but Loki's run off again," Steve starts, and Bucky hears the distant voices of people shouting, the loud barking of dogs. He glances out the window at the dark sky.

"Is there anything I can help you guys with?" Bucky asks, forgetting about his thing with Clint in an instant.

"Steven, he's not here!" Bucky hears a man's booming voice shout, "Loki, where are you?"

"I can't shake the feeling that he's somehow gone off to find you," Steve says after a pause. He sounds apologetic. "Loki asked whether you were going to come and play with him again, he seemed to really like you, so I thought..."

Bucky's bolting upright before his mind catches up with the action, "Jesus, Steve! Our neighborhood is dangerous, what were you his thinking letting him run off like that?"

"It's a long story," Steve sighs through the phone.

"I'll go and see if I can find him, how long has he been missing?" Bucky balances his phone against his cheek while tugging on his shoes.

"About an hour, I think." Steve says.

"Okay, got it." Bucky gives Lizzie a small silent gesture and scribbles down a hasty note on the whiteboard by the fridge before slamming the door behind him. "Don't worry about it, I'll call you when I find him."

"Thanks, his brother and I will be there in half an hour." Steve says gratefully.

Bucky pulls out Clint's flashlight and starts down the alley, completely unaware that he'd forgotten to take his suppressants.

Chapter End Notes
Poor Sam's always going on "errands" to cater to the need of the plot... I am so sorry, Sam.
Sixteen

Chapter Summary

Steve comes to the rescue.

Chapter Notes

It took me a WHOLE MONTH to update!!! So sorry guys... There was the start of school and I got a raging fever...and a cold...

Anyway, I haven't abandoned this story! There will be some angst later in the story, I think. Extra large update this time!!!

Leave me some love!

Steve blows past another red light, narrowly swerves to avoid an incoming limo and rights the car just in time. Thor nearly smacks his forehead against the dashboard when they come to a screeching stop, the Bentley’s wheels making rough grating sounds against the asphalt loud enough to make Tony Stark weep. Steve taps his fingers restlessly on the steering wheel, jaw locked tight with tension and eyes glued to the stoplight. He can't shake the weird feeling that something bad is going to happen. Steve just knows he needs to get them there as fast as possible.

"Why are we going to another district when we should be looking for my little brother along with the others?" The blond alpha next to him asks with barely veiled impatience.

"Because your brother's not inside the grounds of the estate anymore." Steve replies in a clipped voice. The light turns green and the car shoots forward.

Thor straps himself down with a scowl, fingers flying to clutch at the seat when Steve does another narrow turn, "and how do you know this?" He demands, curiosity now warring with impatience. Steve entertains the notion of telling Thor just how much Loki hated living in the Odinson manor, but decided not to. The elder Odinson son had enough to worry about at the moment.

"Just trust me, okay?" Steve mutters distractedly, "let's focus on finding Loki first and ask questions later."

Thor nods his reluctant acceptance and pulls out his phone when it starts vibrating in his pant pocket. He makes an angry sound when the calls ends and glares down at the lit screen.

"Stark says Loki must have destroyed the locator chip in his cellphone. It's untraceable. How in the world are we to find him in another district?" Thor glances out at the darkness and scowls tensely.

"Smart kid, that one." Steve says distractedly, not noticing Thor's indignant glare.

"What do we do now?" Thor asks.
"Tell him to do a trace on another number," Steve says after a moment's pause. "James might have found him by now."

"Who's James?" Thor asks in puzzlement, but he reaches for his phone anyway. Steve ignores the question in favor of rattling off a string of numbers. Thor dials Tony's number and a moment later, his expression brightens visibly.

"We have a location forty-five minutes away from here." Thor tells him.

"Steve glances at the dash and tightens his grip on the wheel, "let's see if we can get there in thirty."

"Loki, where are you?" Bucky's voice echoes and bounces off the old brick walls of the dark alley, the flashlight dim and next to useless in his fingers. He pulls his jacket tightly around his shoulders and jerks the hood up to conceal his face. Bucky knows it's dangerous for an omega to be outside alone in their little part of the city, but he's bulkier and taller than the average omega, Bucky's hoping he can pass off as a lone beta or something. He's got a small switchblade in his left pocket, an eighteenth birthday gift from Rumlow, so he's not that worried about being jumped.

But Loki's alone, and Bucky knows the kid's got one hell of a mouth on him and a real knack for pissing people off. Combine that with his defiant little attitude and there's bound to be trouble. He just hopes he can get to the kid in time.

"Hey, got any smokes?" A low rumbling drawl splits the silence and Bucky freezes for a fraction before moving on, figuring his best choice would be to ignore the man and hope the guy leaves him alone.

"Talkin' to ya, ain't too polite to ignore somebody," he hears heavy footsteps behind him and tenses, one hand slipping into his pocket to grip the switchblade. A hot palm lands on Bucky's shoulder. He moves without thinking, twisting around and jamming the knife under the man's jaw, a move Sam had taught him, and growls threateningly.

"Dude! Relax, I just wanted a cigarette," the man, a thin dark-haired beta, holds up his hands and stammers. Bucky eyes him long and hard, the soft plump curve of his lips twisting into a hard thin line.

"Don't got any cigs or matches. Now scra..." He mutters darkly and shoves the man away from him. The beta stumbles away, cursing and clutching at his neck. Bucky feels a small thrill of uncertainty. He's not supposed to draw any attention to himself, it's the first thing Rumlow taught him about surviving in their neighborhood. Don't draw any unwanted attention.

Bucky turns and leaves hurriedly, feeling imaginary pinpricks of eyes following him the whole way.

He's only been jogging along for a few minutes, but already there's a tight cramping weight settling in his lower belly, beads of moisture collecting along his brow. Bucky pauses and wipes at his forehead, trying to regulate his breathing. He must really be out of shape to get all worked up like this just after five minutes of running. Bucky pauses to clear his head and catches the sight of something black and shiny half-hidden under a dumpster.

It's a small leather loafer, shiny and new. The expensive kind he's seen Steve wearing.
Heart pounding, Bucky squints down the dark narrow alley. "Loki? Are you there? It's me, Bucky." There's a tense pause, and only silence greets him. He takes a deep breath and opens his mouth again. "Your woodland fairy, remember?" Bucky adds softly, feeling ridiculous.

He takes a few hesitant steps into the dark, smacking the malfunctioning flashlight against his thigh. Something scuttles out from behind a clump of trash bags and tackles Bucky tightly around the midriff, knocking the breath out of his lungs.

"You came for me!" The familiar voice, laced with tiny hiccuping sob sends relief coursing through Bucky's chest, and he crouched down, pulling the messy mud-stained child into his arms, tight and secure. Loki melts against him, his heart fluttering lightning-quick in his thin chest. Bucky pulls back to gaze disapprovingly at him, and Loki roughly wipes embarrassed palms over his moist eyes, still trying to suppress his soft hiccuping breaths.

"I'm sorry," Bucky says, and he sees in the child's jade green eyes the evident surprise. He's expecting a loud scolding, not an apology.

"I'm sorry I broke my promise," Bucky says, pushing back messy black curls and wiping a smudge of dirt from Loki's pale brow, "I'm sorry I got here late, but it's going to be okay, I swear."

Loki manages to keep the scowl in place for all of two seconds before his big green eyes go all watery and the tiny boy throws himself into Bucky's arms and starts sobbing in earnest, big fat drops of tears soaking up the material of Bucky's shirt.

"Whoa, it's gonna be okay, Loki." He pats the kid awkwardly on the back of his soft curly head and rocks from side to side. Loki's violent sobs gradually turn to small hitching gasps and subsides finally after ten minutes, his small pale fists tight around handfuls of Bucky's hoodie.

"Where's your other shoe, kid?" Bucky asks him, noticing the little dirty socks on Loki's feet.

"Some dumb kid jumped me and stole my stuff..." He mumbles into Bucky's neck and sighs, burrowing closer and rubbing the bridge of his nose behind Bucky's left ear now, "you smell really good, like really really good."

"Thanks, but did you see who-" Bucky starts and freezes suddenly, Loki's pale face still tucked under his chin, his small body curled almost entirely in Bucky's lap.

Then it hits him in a dizzying rush of gut-dropping warmth and goddamn it, he'd forgotten to take his fucking suppressants. Almost as if on cue, the accumulating heaviness in his belly explodes into a full-on heat wave, tingling and dancing up his spine. Loki makes another contented little purr against his skin and Bucky subtly shifts to close his legs, ignoring the sudden rush of throbbing wetness and trying to swallow the whine of discomfort.

He has to get back to the orphanage before someone catches his scent. He's not a virgin anymore, but he's still young and unmated, and that's enough to draw alphas like vultures to a slab of fresh meat in the middle of the freaking desert. Not that he's comparing himself to a slab of meat, but-

"We gotta go, Loki, like now." Bucky says urgently and Loki peels himself off with some difficulty, opting instead to take his hand.

"Okay," Loki agrees, rubbing at his eyes, "where are we going?"

Bucky forces his wobbling legs to obey as he stands upright, a warm trickle of moisture slowly sliding down his inner thigh. At this rate, the seat of his jeans will be soaked in a matter of minutes. His skin is prickling. Bucky grits his teeth and takes Loki's hand, "we're going back to the
orphanage."

"Is that where the other kids are? Will I get to play with them?" Loki asks curiously. Bucky nods absently and quickens his pace, a little guilty for making Loki stumble along with him in only one shoe.

They're nearly past the junction when Bucky catches the scent of an unfamiliar alpha. No, a bunch of alphas, with a few betas mixed in. Dread settles like lead in the pit of his stomach, heavy and cold.

"Hey, beautiful. Got some smokes?" A familiar voice calls out from behind and Bucky whirls around to see the beta from before. Only, he's got a small gang of men behind him.

Loki tenses in fear next to him, his small fingers a constricting vice around Bucky's hand. Bucky sees the gleaming tip of a knife's edge amongst them and bites his lip. His own hand, the one not clutching Loki's fingers, closes over the switchblade in his pocket.

"Fuck off." Bucky growls, squaring his shoulders. He'd be more convincing if his body wasn't currently giving off waves of "come fuck me into the ground" vibes.

One of the alphas whistles, "you're a long way from home, beautiful."

Bucky glances around him at the darkened streets, mind struggling to fight past the heat haze and come up with a good escape plan. Loki stares wide-eyed at the approaching men. Heat throbs between Bucky's legs, the slick already soaking through his jeans.

"We just want to help you, babe, fill the empty hole," A tall dark-skinned alpha calls out to Bucky, a wide confident smirk on his face. Bucky catches his scent when the breeze lifts Loki's black curls, and the feral smell is enough to set his stomach roiling with nausea. Unlike Steve's fresh piney scent, this guy's scent is dark and dank, like rotting wood.

"Pretty little omega like you should be locked up inside, fucked into submission," the alpha says. Loki's pasty white with fear and Bucky hates the idea of the kid hearing this crap. The alpha's getting closer. Bucky can see the naked excitement on his face. He grits his teeth.

"Then make me submit."

The words are barely out of Bucky's mouth when the alpha charges him, but he's ready for it.

When Bucky was little, Sam and Rumlow had taught him how to fight while Clint sat on the back steps with a paperback book and a bag of frozen peas to numb his aches and swollen knuckles. His older brothers were ruthless asshole and Bucky had limped around the house like a wounded puppy for almost a month, but he got better at it. He didn't have the muscle mass of the larger alphas, but he did have speed and agility on his side, and by the end of their second month of training, Clint had handed the bag of peas to Sam instead, his hazel eyes sparkling with silent laughter while Rumlow blinked at them with his blackened eye. Bucky could remember the four of them wincing and sitting around the backyard like it was just yesterday.

Fighting comes naturally to him, Sam's words echoing in Bucky's mind, telling him how to bring a man to his knees in two moves. The dark-skinned alpha goes down clawing at his throat and gasping for air. Bucky knocks him unconscious with a well-aimed punch and wipes his dirtied knuckles against the side of his pants. His body's natural reaction to alpha pheromones is a huge disadvantage, but Bucky ignores the tingling wet warmth between his thighs and pulls out his switchblade. Loki watched him with wide wide eyes. The rest of the men are eyeing him with a weariness that hadn't been there before.
"Who's next?" Bucky asks, heart pounding in his chest as he stands.

He sends two more alphas collapsing to the ground before the beta from before tackles Bucky around his waist, bringing both of them down. Bucky's knife gets wrenched from his fingers. There are hands on his torso and he bites back the panic rising in his chest.

"You little bitch! You're gonna be sorry when I'm done with you-" Someone swears above him, recoiling from the sudden pain. "Fuck!"

"Get off of him!" Bucky hears Loki's shaky voice.

Bucky knees the alpha in the groin and punches the beta in his disgusting face. Loki's standing over one of the alphas that had been pawing at Bucky's stomach a moment ago, the broken beer bottle clutched tightly in his pale hands. His eyes are wide and his face ashen, but he gives the alpha another solid swing of his makeshift club when the man tries to stir.

"Thanks, kid." Bucky says as he pulls himself to his feet, grimacing in discomfort. The seat of his jeans is now completely soaked through. Bucky's back hits the dirty brick wall and Loki huddles against him. He swallows when he sees the five men still standing turn to face him. Two of them had a busted pipe in their hands and Bucky catches sight of the silver glint of metal in another man's fingers.

_God, please just..._ Bucky bites his lip so hard he tastes blood.

Then a familiar-looking tall blond man dressed in an expensive suit rounds the corner, his golden hair bound in a low tail behind his head.

"Loki?" His eyes land on the kid next to Bucky.

"Thor!" Loki shouts back, dropping his beer bottle with a loud clatter, positively vibrating next to Bucky.

Someone else rounds the corner and Bucky's legs go weak at the sight of him, relief and a sense of utter safety instantly coursing through him. A small strangled sob claws out of Bucky's throat.

_It's Steve._

Steve's blue eyes flicker between Bucky, the downed alphas and the rest of the men. Realization dawns and Bucky watches Steve's face turn into a blank mask of fury. His rage feels like a solid weight, a palpable wave of anger that sends a nervous shudder through the other alphas present. The omega in Bucky preens at the dominant power rolling off of his alpha and Bucky has to close his traitorous legs against the tingling sensation between his thighs.

"Brother, look out!" Loki's voice breaks the tense silence and three of the five men rush at them. Steve dodges a wild swing, his movements coordinated and graceful. The rusty pipe clatters to the ground when Steve jabs a hand hard into the man's diaphragm and slams both palms against his temple. The man collapses like a broken puppet. The long-haired blond is busy punching another man with a fist the size of Loki's head.

Bucky dodges one of the men that tries to grab him, glancing up when he hears a cry of pain. Steve's friend is holding his arm with an annoyed grimace, red rapidly soaking through the white shirt. One of the men must have called for backup or something because there are definitely more people around them now.

Loki struggles out of Bucky's arms and runs to his brother. Bucky pushes himself to his feet
unsteadily. The mixed scents of alphas and betas are making his head swim, but he gets to Steve in time to kick the weapon out of the hand of the man sneaking up on Steve.

Steve's arm wraps around his middle, pulling Bucky tight against his chest when one of the men tries to take a wild swing at him. Steve blocks the punch and wrestles the crowbar out of his hands. His comforting scent makes Bucky want to drop to his knees and...

Bucky shoves him off with a small embarrassed growl and Steve turns to give him an almost knowing smile. Bucky pulls a busted pipe from one of the unconscious men and slams it unnecessarily hard over an alpha's ribs. Steve drops a few more with the crowbar and it's over. Bucky doubles over panting for breath when the rest of the men start running. Steve drops another one with a well-aimed throw, his crowbar hitting the man in the back of the head. Bucky winces. He almost feels sorry for the poor guy.

Loki's seated on the ground, eyes red and watering in pain, one hand clutching the back of his head. The giant blond alpha is nearly bent double over his baby brother, blowing gingerly over the egg-sized bump on the back of Loki's head.

"I'm fine, Thor! Your arm, you have to go to a hos-" Loki's trying to shove his overbearing brother away, one small hand splayed over Thor's lower face.

"It's fine, just a cut, let me see your head, little brother." Thor coaxes gently. Loki clamps his hand over Thor's mouth in an attempt to shut him up and squeals in disgust when his older brother licks his palm in retaliation.

Warm arms wrap around his waist and Bucky gets drawn tightly into Steve's embrace. Bucky buries his face against Steve's neck and inhales the calming scent of his alpha.

"I'm sorry we got here late, I'm so sorry," Steve breathes, pressing soft apologetic kisses into his hair.

"It's okay," Bucky whispers back, peering up at Steve's pained blue eyes. He traces Bucky's bloodied lips with gentle fingers. Bucky closes his eyes and lets Steve brush a soft kiss over his bruised knuckles. "It's okay, you came..."

Steve kisses him, pours all of his apologies and devotion into that one gentle gesture, his hands warm and heavy against the nape of Bucky's neck. Bucky makes a pained noise in the back of his throat, opening his mouth to his lover and threading his fingers in Steve's soft blond hair.

Steve's pupils are blown huge when they break apart, still reluctant to move away from the embrace. Steve noses at his cheek and groans, his eyes fluttering shut. He's hard against Bucky's hip, the hot length of his dick pressing into Bucky's leg.

"I want you," Bucky whispers in his ear and slots his leg between Steve's thighs. "I'm so wet for you, Stevie, please..."

Steve pulls away with a choked gasp, his cheeks flushed red and eyes comically wide. He glances around uncertainly and swallows hard.

"Right here, right now...?" He whispers back, looking a little scandalized. Bucky laughs and kisses him again. His big strong alpha, so innocent and naive. Who would have known?

He threads his fingers through Steve's and presses their foreheads together.

"Not here, silly. Home, come home with me, and I'm all yours, Steve." Bucky peers at him, grinning.
Steve breaths a soft laugh against his lips, "home..." He repeats the word, eyes never leaving Bucky's face. A warm hand traces Bucky's cheek lovingly.

"Home." Steve murmurs again and Bucky's heart goes off in a series of rapid thumping and cartwheeling inside his ribs.

"Yes, home." He replies and takes Steve's hand tightly in his.

He should have known the answer to Clint's question had been there all along.

Completely and utterly.

Yes.
Seventeen

Chapter Summary

When Clint hears the pounding at the door, he's waist-deep in fresh laundry.

Chapter Notes

Extra long Smex chapter you've all been waiting for. XD
Steve finally mates Bucky!!! Yay! But its not over yet...
Poor Clint. Poor kids. Poor everyone else.
Enjoy and leave me some love!!!!

When Clint hears the pounding at the door, he's waist-deep in fresh laundry.

"Bucky, get the goddamn door!" He bellows at the top of his lungs when the banging continues, and when no one answers, Clint struggles his difficult way out of the clothes, swearing under his breath about useless little brothers and unexpected night visitors. He goes flying when he finally tugs his ankle through a poor mangled laundry basket and nearly brains himself against the banister.

"Coming, I'm coming! Hold your damn horses, geez." Clint mutters darkly under his breath as he hops down the steps. Bucky is no longer curled up on the couch by the window.

"Buck? Where are you at?" Clint calls out again and this time, Lizzie answers him from her spot in front of the TV. Peter and Jack are both pressed against Bo on the lumpy couch. Jeff the Giraffe flies from Dot's arms and smacks one of the boys in the face when the youngest wriggles off her seat and patters over to Clint.

"He went out," Lizzie says simply and Clint's brain is still trying to wrap itself around the words when he takes Dot's hand and walks over to open the door.

The sight that greets him makes all higher function screech to a gut-wrenching stop. He gapes and gapes some more.

Then Clint carefully puts a hand over Dot's curious eyes.

"Hi, Clint." Bucky pulls his lips away from the other man's face with a loud wet smack to greet Clint, who's still frozen in the doorway, his hand spasming around the doorknob. Bucky moans like a two dollar whore and glues his face back against the blond man, trying to shove his tongue down the poor guy's throat with maddening enthusiasm.

Clint's left eye twitches as he tries to figure out a way to put his remaining hand over both of Dot's ears.
"Um, hi," a man's deep voice coughs and Clint's eyes snap up to meet the eyes of another blond alpha, his hair bound in a low tail behind his head and a dark bruise slowly forming on one cheek. There's a small dark-haired child curled in his arms, his face buried against the tall man's neck.

"May we come in?" The blond alpha asks politely. Clint automatically takes in the expensive clothes, the glimmer of a gold watch on the man's wrist and the lingering aura of "pure-blood alpha" on him. He shifts the child in his arms and Clint sees the red blossom of blood on his upper arm. He snaps into action.

"Yeah, sure. Sorry." Clint says sheepishly, hoisting Dot onto his hip and stepping aside to let the tall blond alpha inside.

Bucky's still in the process of grinding his entire body against the other blond alpha and sucking red marks all over his jaw and neck. He's crowded the man against the side of the house, one thigh hooked enthusiastically over his hip. Clint recalled having met the guy in the courthouse, a Colonel Rogers or something. The man's face is beet red, expression warring between lust, embarrassment and helpless dopey affection. Colonel Rogers's immaculate golden hair is in utter wild disarray from Bucky's tugging fingers. Clint would have found the situation hilarious if it weren't his own baby brother doing the pulling.

"James, stop-" Colonel Rogers tries gently to push Bucky away from him, desperate mortification flashing in his bright blue eyes as he stares straight at Clint's expressionless face over Bucky's head of messy brown curls.

"Hi, Mister Steve." Dot calls politely from her perch in Clint's arms. Steve, right, that was the guy's name, Clint's brain makes pleasant commentary as the rest of him utterly freaks out.

Bucky makes a loud disapproving sound at the attempted interruption and the next moment, the alpha's words choke off in a breathless gasp of surprise, a small shudder running through him. Clint's eyes flicker down quickly, snapping up hurriedly when he sees Bucky's left hand slide into the colonel's pants to palm his stiff cock.

Clint coughs loudly, anger slowly building inside his chest.

"GET OFF OF THE COLONEL, JAMES BUCHANAN BARNES."

Bucky heaves a loud exasperated sigh, fingers twitching against the blond alpha's ruined collar before slowly sidling away. His little brother's hips grinds against the blond's dirty and slow once more, sucking hard on the man's lips. Then, bright-eyed and flushed from the onslaught of his heat, Bucky turns to face Clint and folds his arms across his chest. Colonel Rogers takes several deep breaths, runs an unsteady hand through his tousled hair and peers down at his missing shirt buttons in embarrassed dismay. Clint is suddenly struck with the strong urge to laugh and scream himself hoarse at the same time.

"Inside NOW, don't make me drag you both by the ears because I will." Clint snaps his fingers at Bucky, keeping his expression serious.

His baby brother scowls but moves to step inside. Colonel Rogers follows him after an awkward little pause. He's obviously trying to contemplate whether or not to greet Clint like a civilized human being like he's been trained to do when Bucky reaches back, hooks a finger through his loosened tie and drags him inside the house.

Clint feels a huge migraine coming.
"I went to look for Loki, forgot my pills and Steve found me," Bucky explains shortly. He's bright-eyed and flushed, squirming on the couch and giving off the heady scent of an omega in heat, all musky, cloying and sweet. Colonel Rogers shifts restlessly on the other end of the couch and tugs on his gaping collar, trying subtly to hide his raging boner from his secret lover's older brother.

Clint knows they're both itching to fuck each other senseless and are probably only seconds away from doing just that, witnesses be damned. He knows it's probably too late for Bucky to take a whole lot of pills, grab his favorite vibrator and spend the night tiring himself out. Bucky's trying to scoot closer to the blond alpha, throwing little demure yet smoldering come-hither looks at the man from under his thick lashes. Clint opens his mouth to speak.

"Excuse me, but I think my little brother is hurt," the larger blond alpha he'd let in a few moments earlier pokes his head out of the kitchen and interrupts Clint before he can get a single word out. Bucky shoots him a desperate pleading look and Clint gives up. Sam can come back and sort out all this shit.

"Just, ugh, keep it down and don't scare the children." He relents with a sigh. Bucky grins, grabs colonel Rogers's hand and hauls him up the stairs with practiced ease. Clint watches with narrowed eyes when a few of the kids poke their little heads out of the kitchen to say hello to a mortified Steve Rogers. It seems this is not the first time Colonel Rogers has graced their halls with his presence. Clint is going to have a very long conversation with one James Buchanan Barnes tomorrow.

Sighing, Clint wanders into the kitchen. The kids are all gathered curiously around the two strangers, watching the child in the man's arms.

"He's hurt," the huge blond alpha says with a worried frown and Clint walks over to peer at the pale child in his arms. The kid stirs a little and huffs out an annoyed sigh.

"I fell on my head because you fell on me, Thor." The tiny black-haired kid snaps impatiently.

"I was trying to shield you from the man with the blunt stick, little brother!" The huge blond alpha deflates like a punctured balloon, broad shoulders sagging and an unhappy frown starting to form.

"He wasn't coming at me in the first place!" The kid rolls his green eyes so hard Clint thinks he must have sprained something and slaps his older brother sharply on the forehead.

"It's not too serious, just a bump. Do you feel nausea? Dizziness?" Clint cuts in before the argument can escalate. The child jerks his eyes away from the epic glare-down with the alpha and shakes his head, wincing a bit afterward. Clint needs something to take his mind off Bucky and whatever is happening upstairs, so he grabs one of the ice packs from the freezer, wraps a thick towel around it and gently presses it to the back of the child's head.

"What's your name?" He asks.

"Loki," the kid says, peering around the kitchen with interest.

"Well, Loki, why don't meet the gang while I take a look at your big brother's arm?" Clint gives the small child a firm pat on the shoulder. The blond alpha looks vaguely worried, but he sets Loki on the ground without a word. Loki wanders over to the orphans and is quickly surrounded by Clint's kids, their quiet chatter melting into a comforting background noise.
"So, Thor is it?" Clint asks, pulling out a first-aid kit from one of the kitchen drawers, "you gonna fill me in on what happened?"

Thor blinks at him for a moment, embarrassment flashing across his face, before he coughs and starts talking. Clint helps the tall man with the buttons on his ruined shirt and pauses to whistle at the sight of the impressive abs on the alpha. Thor smiles a little at his reaction and Clint flushes. It's been quite some time since he's seen someone this attractive.

"It's quite a long story," Thor confesses when Clint dabs at the cut with a cotton swab.

"No problem, we've got all night," Clint returns dryly.

They barely make it up the stairs to Bucky's room before Steve growls and pulls the enticing omega against his chest, caging Bucky between his solid body and the wall. Steve buries his face into Bucky's neck and inhales the deliciously heady scent of his omega. Bucky's soaked through with slick, agitated and sensitive as every omega in heat. He aches for it, the empty void in desperate need to be filled. He wants Steve's cock, Steve's wonderfully thick cock.

"Mine, mine, you're mine," Steve licks a moist strip up Bucky's exposed neck and sucks on the wild beat of his pulse underneath the pale smooth skin. He crushes Bucky against his chest and buries his face in the omega's soft brown hair, "I almost lost you to those bastards today... I'm so sorry, so sorry..."

"Steve, I'm here, it's okay, I'm right here," Bucky cups his cheek and kisses Steve gently. A new wave of hot slick slides down Bucky's inner thigh and he shudders when Steve's hand brushes the sharp curve of his hip. They're just rutting and scenting each other right now, but Bucky really can't take it anymore, not when the alpha he loves is so close. Grabbing Steve's loosened tie, he jerks the alpha's attention back to his face. Bucky cups his cheeks and stares him straight in the eyes.

"I need you to fuck me right now, Steve. Hard and fast, right now, okay?" He whispers against Steve's lips. The blond alpha shudders and closes his eyes, a rumbling growl fighting past his clenched teeth.

Bucky rips his own shirt off, stumbling out of his jeans and soaked boxers before falling onto his bed. Steve sends the rest of his buttons flying when he hurriedly strips the white dress shirt off his broad shoulders. Bucky rolls onto his elbows and knees, spreads his legs and cants his ass up in the air, cheeks flushing in embarrassment despite the urgency of his heat. He's fucking presenting to the alpha, the one thing he'd promised himself to never ever do.

Bucky doesn't need much preparing, he's sopping wet and practically begging for it, but Steve still prepares him just in case, sliding his fingers to the third knuckle into Bucky's spasming heat and scissoring them dutifully.

"Just fuck me already!" Bucky snaps impatiently and presses back, "don't make me get my vibrator, because I will."

Steve freezes above him before his entire weight bears down on the trembling omega, sharp canines grazing the back of Bucky's neck in clear warning as he rut's his leaking dick between Bucky's wet thighs.
"What's this about a vibrator?" He asks, voice mild.

Bucky doesn't get to reply before Steve sheaths himself in one deep thrust, punching the air out of the omega's lungs and forcing his body to arch up against the alpha. Bucky bites his lips and buries his face into the rumpled sheets, his soft whimpers of pleasure muffled as Steve grabs his hips in those huge warm hands and starts to thrust in earnest. Bucky's old bed is creaking and banging against the wall from their coupling, but he's too lost in the feeling of Steve inside him to care anymore.

Bucky can barely hear Steve's soft whispers of encouragement and praise past the loud pounding of his heart in his ears and the feeling of utter completeness in his chest. It feels right, Steve feels right, their mingled scents feel right. Steve flips him onto his back and Bucky's heart skips an unsteady beat when the blond alpha tangles their fingers together and presses a soft trail of kisses along Bucky's inner thigh, over his flat belly and up his chest. Steve sucks a bruise into the side of Bucky's neck, so very close to his scent glands. His chest tightens in anticipation.

"I love you, Steve." He whispers before he can stop himself. Steve's eyes soften into liquid blue pools of warmth as he leans down to kiss Bucky.

"I love you too, so very much..." He nips at Bucky's swollen lips, licks past them when the omega gasps and allows him entrance. "I love you, James. I love you."

Steve picks up his pace and pounds into Bucky until he's sobbing, legs wrapped loosely around the alpha's waist and clutching weakly at his shoulders. Steve's scent is everywhere, the strong scent of fresh pine and warm spices. Bucky looks up at him and cups Steve's cheek. He wants...

"I can't anymore, James. I need to mate you, please..." Steve kisses his open palm, and takes Bucky's hand tightly in his. "Please let me have you, I-

Bucky's mouth drops open in a breathless moan, "yes...yes, I want...mate me."

Steve's teeth sinking into the scent glands on his neck sends Bucky over the edge, orgasm spilling thick and hot between their stomachs. The alpha stills above him, arms wrapped securely around Bucky's shoulders. He feels searing liquid warmth spread deep within his belly as Steve's knot begins to swell in his wet passage.

Everything seems to click into place, a hot warm humming contentment setting deep within his chest. Steve pulls back with a groan and kisses Bucky passionately. He smiles down at the omega and tips his own head to the side for Bucky to return the favor.

"I love you," Steve whispers when they're both supporting matching mating marks. Bucky sighs contentedly into Steve's skin.

"I love you too, Alpha, I want more..." he purrs and clenches, milking the come out of Steve's cock. Steve draws in a sharp breath and raises an eyebrow.

"Are you sure?" He asks innocently.

"Bring it," Bucky grins, nipping at his alpha's lips.
"I can't anymore...please Steve please..." Bucky's entire body is drenched, soaked with sweat and semen and flushed pink, nipples swollen and red, deliciously dark handprints on his waist and his legs spread limply around the blonde alpha's undulating hips. He can't come anymore. The onslaught of pleasure is simply too much. His fingers slide weakly through Steve's tousled blonde hair, falling to rest on his broad shoulder.

"Please...Steve...Steve..." He doesn't know what he's saying anymore, senses zeroing on the thick hard cock bruising his prostate with each brutal thrust. It feels like Steve's trying to breed him, drown him with his cum and fill him with their pups. The thought makes Bucky spread his trembling thighs even more, broken whine catching in his throat as Steve sheaths himself impossibly deep.

"One more, baby. You can do it. I got you, it's okay." Steve whispers encouragingly in his ear and changes the angle of his thrusts. Bucky sobs brokenly, body responding and arching up in pleasure. He can't come anymore. There's nothing left. Everything feels too sore and over-stimulated.

He can't.

"Come for me, baby." Steve growls in his ear as he leans down and sinks his teeth into the fresh mating mark. Bucky's body clenches around him with a silent scream, his vision whitening out as he comes, hot moisture sluicing down his thigh. His limp cock gives a feeble twitch, drooling clear liquid, and Bucky buries his face against Steve's neck, chest heaving with over-stimulated sobs and gasps while Steve's hips jackhammer into him in a few messy uncoordinated thrusts. He goes limp at the feeling of the searing hot cum deep within his body and Steve muffles a loud curse above him, brows drawn together in pleasure as he stills, buried deep and jaws tightening as his massive knot locks them together. Bucky's trying to catch his breath in little hiccuping gasps. It's like he'd been crying for hours and it's beyond mortifying.

The wet slide of their bodies has Bucky's face flushing red with embarrassment when Steve settles his weight on top of him. He's so full of Steve's cum, so full it comes leaking out of his wreaked body in warm wet gushes despite the knot plugging him close. Steve's still breathing hard, his eyes dark, hair unkempt and sweat glistening on his skin. Bucky reaches up a hand and draws the alpha close, letting him bury his face against his sweaty neck. Steve's arms come to wrap around his waist, one large hand resting on his lower abdomen, protective and possessive as he licks the bleeding bite mark on Bucky's left shoulder.

"Better than your vibrator?" Steve's the first one to break the post-coital silence. Bucky raises his head off the alpha's chest with no small amount of effort and glares at him with tired red-rimmed eyes.

"My vibrator has an off switch and knows when to stop." He mutters hoarsely with a scowl. Steve has the nerve to laugh.

"You asked for it," he points out reasonably.

Bucky sinks his teeth into Steve's neck in retaliation.
Eighteen

Chapter Summary

"Why do you have so many children?" Clint pauses at the sink and turns around to find the small dark haired child leaning against the fridge. Loki's cheeks are still pink from laughing with the others, but he'd wandered away from the group and is now peering curiously at Clint, waiting for him to reply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Why do you have so many children?" Clint pauses at the sink and turns around to find the small dark haired child leaning against the fridge. Loki's cheeks are still pink from laughing with the others, but he'd wandered away from the group and is now peering curiously at Clint, waiting for him to reply.

"We run a home for orphans and kids who need help," he says easily, "want some hot chocolate, kid?"

"Father doesn't like it when I have too much chocolate," Loki recites in a monotone. Clint frowns and pulls out a hot tray of chocolate chip cookies from the oven, noticing the way Loki's eyes widen in the edge of his vision. Clint grins.

"What do you want?" He asks as he hoists the small child onto the kitchen island and sets the mug of hot chocolate down next to him.

Loki smiles slowly and picks up the dark blue mug with careful fingers. "A cookie."

Clint grins and sets a tray of hot cookies next to the child. Loki takes a cookie with a polite word of thanks.

"So what do you do for a living?" The kid asks curiously after a comfortable pause.

"I'm in between jobs at the moment," Clint answers. He dries another plate and sets it down next to Loki. "My last boss fired me."

"Why?"

"It's complicated. The world is unkind to us omegas," Clint replies. Loki takes a careful bite of his cookie and cocks his head.

"I like you, and I like Bucky too." He says.

"Thanks, kid. I like you too, and your hunky brother." Clint answers with a grin and takes a gulp of his own hot chocolate.

"Too bad he's engaged already," Loki says with a frown and takes another cookie.

"Yeah, too bad indeed." Clint returns distractedly. The prospect of Sam finding out about Bucky's
little secret has him feeling restless and agitated.

"Well then I may have to rethink my engagement," an amused voice comes from the doorway and they both turn to see Thor leaning against the door frame, arm bandaged and sleeves rolled up neatly.

"Yeah, I'd make one hell of a trophy wife," Clint sasses as the giant blond alpha walks over and takes a bite of Loki's cookie, much to the child's annoyance.

"These cookies are delicious," Thor compliments him with a bright smile. Clint shrugs nonchalantly and hands him a warm cup.

"How are you feeling?" Thor turns to his younger sibling and asks.

"M' fine." Loki mumbles through a mouthful of cookies.

Clint glances between the two of them. "I'm gonna go feed my pack of rabid hyenas." He says and excuses himself from the kitchen.

The kids are all huddled on the lumpy couch, staring up curiously at the ceiling overhead. Clint feels his head throb painfully at the idea of explaining. So he shoos them off the couch and into the backyard, hoping the busy sound of the nearby highway will muffle any strange noises they may hear. He hands out snacks and drinks and lets Lizzie and Dot huddle close. They talk about the stars and take turns telling each other stories. Clint sits there on the stairs to the back porch and takes it all in. The children's chatter fades into indecipherable background noise and he remembers sitting in the same spot, fifteen years ago, and then ten, five and imagines sitting there for the next five, ten, fifteen years...

Clint had been the last to join their little ragtag group. He'd been a wild-eyed child wary of everyone around him. Sister Agnes had found him curled up behind a dirty dumpster after a night of pouring rain, feverish and thin as a stick. There's a hazy memory in the back of his mind of a young Sam, peering down at him with a wide gap toothed smile, the rising sun a bright golden halo behind his head.

"We're brothers from now on," Sam had said when he took Clint's hand in his, and Clint had mistaken Sam for an angel. That particularly embarrassing memory had stayed with him long after faces started to blur and dates melted into one long heap of memory. He remembers Bucky at the age of five, soft round face, wide blue eyes and ruby red lips. Clint had once decorated his curly brown hair with red poka dot bows and put him in a girl's dress before Sam caught him. Bucky was and would always remain the baby of their group. They'd both looked up to Rum, already intimidating and scary at the tender age of ten, Rumlow grew up to fight most of their fights.

They grew up together and Clint accepts their little flaws and loves them anyway. It's the only thing in his life that will never change, he's sure of it. And when he thinks about Bucky and his handsome stranger, there's a tightness that won't loosen in his chest no matter how hard he wills it to go away.

"Hey." The voice startles him from his memories.

"Hey yourself," Clint answers when Thor shuts the screen door behind him and sits down beside him on the dirty porch steps. The kids had gone inside one by one, yawning and half asleep. They're silent for a long time. Clint closes his eyes and enjoys the cool breeze dancing over his skin.

"I have never noticed how bright the stars are at night," Thor breaks the comfortable silence and turning to give Clint a warm grin.

Clint shrugs and takes a deep breath, "yeah, well, you're probably too busy doing other things,
Perfect life, endless parties and beautiful people etc." He points out reasonably.

"Yes, well, it's not perfect." Thor seems pretty content to dirty his designer pants on the dusty steps, his bright blue eyes twinkling in the light of the moon.

"As the oldest and heir, my father expects me to uphold the family name, and all the responsibilities that come with the title of eldest son." The blond alpha explains in a neutral tone.

"Do you like it? The responsibilities?" Clint can't help but ask, peering curiously at Thor.

"There is no like or dislike, I just do it, unlike Loki, who is forever going against Father's wishes."

"Your little brother is a troublemaker, but he's a good kid. I can tell. Bucky's good with little rebellious troublemakers like him." Clint leans back to gaze up at the sparkling stars.

"Bucky? You mean Steve's lover?" Thor asks.

"Yeah, about that, it's not going to be a long term thing, I mean, its unheard of, cross-district relationships. They're going to grow tired of it, or something. Bucky's never had an alpha before, so I guess it's pretty overwhelming to him right now," Clint says with a shrug.

"And you, have you had an alpha?"

Clint sits upright at the question and turns to see Thor regarding him with curious eyes. Clint raises his eyebrow. "Once, I guess. Don't want one, I get on well enough without someone bossing me around everyday for the rest of my life just because their biology automatically makes them better than me."

Thor's silent for a long time before he says softly, "I'm sorry."

"What for?" Clint asks.

"For all the alphas that have wronged you," he says seriously. And yeah, Clint thinks this guy's unbelievable, a bit dense and too noble, but he smiles back in thanks anyway, warmth settling in the pit of his stomach.

They go back inside, after it becomes too cold and Clint's throat is hoarse from talking, to find the kids all asleep in a pile on the two lumpy couches in the living room. Loki's pressed between Lizzy and Wade, with Dot curled up against his chest, Jeff the Giraffe poking out from between them. Clint can't help the smile when he sees them and motions for Thor to keep quiet as he gently tucks the large patchwork quilt under the children's chins. The two of them end up snoozing side by side at the kitchen table.

Bucky wakes up with his face pillowed against a warm chest. One of Steve's arms is draped possessively over his bare waist and the sheets are bunched around their torsos. He shivers at the cool morning air and burrows closer to Steve's comfortable warmth. The arm around his waist goes to his back and Steve's warm palm cups his messy bed head as the alpha leans in to press a soft kiss to Bucky's forehead.

"Am I still dreaming?" He asks without opening his eyes. Steve breathes a soft laugh against the top
of Bucky's head.

"I sure hope not," he replies gently. Bucky shivers again when Steve skims his lips over the angry red mark on his neck. Everything from last comes crashing back in a wave of embarrassing images, the heat, Loki running off, Steve coming to the rescue and Clint.

"Shit," Bucky cracks his eyes open and pops up, eyes landing on the equally obvious bite mark on Steve's neck. "We mated?!"

Steve's eyes were concerned but determined when he sat up and cupped Bucky's face in both hands. "What's wrong? Don't you want this?"

"I do, I want this with my entire being, but-" Bucky's heart is thumping in his ears. The tightness behind Steve's eyes vanish, replaced with only warmth and affection. He leans forward and kisses Bucky gently on the lips before slipping out of bed.

"Good, get dressed, Bucky." He says with his back to Bucky. To his utter embarrassment, there are angry red lines scored down Steve's back and a litany of hickeys dotted around his chest.

"You called me Bucky," he manages to say stupidly.

Steve turns with a lopsided smile, "well, you are mine now, so I thought I'd drop the formalities." He sits down again, half-dressed and sleep-rumpled, "or do you prefer I call you by your birth name? Maybe something else. How about darling? Sweetheart? Honeypie? Creampuff?"

"No, Bucky's fine." Bucky grits out with a scowl. Steve laughs and steals his shirt. Bucky tosses his pillow at him in retaliation. They make their way down the steps to find the house empty. There's a messy note in Clint's handwriting telling them that he'd taken Thor, Loki and the kids out to buy groceries.

"Clint says there's food in the kitchen," Bucky tells Steve, dropping the note when the blond alpha sneaks up behind him and hoists Bucky up over his shoulder and manhandles him into the kitchen. Bucky's breathless with laughter when Steve props him against the kitchen island and presses in between his legs.

"You're finally mine," Steve says in this ridiculously smug tone. Bucky laughs and messes up Steve's hair with both hands, settling them over his broad shoulders.

"I am," he breathes into Steve's mouth. The contentment of finally finding his mate settles warm and heavy in his chest. For a single moment, Bucky forgets the consequences and rules and just basks in their simple and pure happiness. Steve presses a kiss against the mark on his throat and takes in a slow deep breath. His arms are tight around Bucky's waist, his face pressed into the soft curve of Bucky's shoulder.

"I feel like I'm finally home," Steve whispers into his skin.

Bucky smiles and threads his fingers into Steve's soft golden strands.

"Me too," he says back and feels the alpha's lips pull up into a smile.

"I was thinking-" Steve starts when he pulls back, but a soft knock on the door catches Bucky's attention.

"Your brother?" Steve asks when Bucky tenses and jumps off the counter.
"No, Clint and Sam both have keys and Rum doesn't come by often," he replies absently as he walks toward the door with Steve following close behind.

When he opens the door, Bucky is utterly amazed to find James Montgomery Falsworth standing there in a smart three-piece suit, complete with a pale mint handkerchief in the breast pocket. Steve's former teammate takes one look at their equally disheveled appearances and swallows nervously.

"Oh dear," Monty says faintly.

"What are you doing here, Monty? I asked Thor to call the house and tell them I would not be going back last night," Steve frowns as he looks the man over, "and why are you all dressed like that?"

Monty glances between the two of them again, rubs his hands together agitatedly and exhales noisily.

"I am afraid I have some sudden and very unexpected news, Captain." He says in a low voice. To Bucky's discomfort, Steve stays strangely quiet. Monty takes a deep breath before opening his mouth once more.

"I'm afraid your mother arrived rather unexpectedly at the manor last night, sir."

Chapter End Notes

there is going to be some angst later on. But not too much.
Chapter Summary

Steve frowns at his reflection in the gleaming mirror. His face, somehow unfamiliar now, frowns back. He looks immaculate, his short blond hair neat and slicked back in the old-fashioned way that usually generates scorn and laughter from Bucky, his dress shirt a slate grey under the formal form-fitting black suit, and there's the soft reassuring gleam of his grandfather's silver watch upon his left wrist. There's not a hair out of place.

Chapter Notes

Summer is here and I finally have some time to sort things out. My gran is recovering from surgery and I got to see her. Thank you all for the encouraging comments and well wishes. I cannot begin to describe how grateful I am. The dark times are hopefully behind us. I won't abandon this fic, so don't worry. This is like my firstborn. Lol XD

Enjoy and leave me a comment! They really do help me write faster. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve frowns at his reflection in the gleaming mirror. His face, somehow unfamiliar now, frowns back. He looks immaculate, his short blond hair neat and slicked back in the old-fashioned way that usually generates scorn and laughter from Bucky, his dress shirt a slate grey under the formal form-fitting black suit, and there's the soft reassuring gleam of his grandfather's silver watch upon his left wrist. There's not a hair out of place.

"Sir, may I recommend the black tie? It's the safest choice, I am sure madam will not be displeased," Monty suggests subtly. "And the mark, sir. Please do cover that up until you have the perfect moment to explain things?"

The Englishman gives him a pleading look, but then, everyone who's been in the general proximity of Sarah Rogers always seemed a little nervous. It's just the effect Steve's mother has on people.

"I'll wear the navy blue one," Steve finally decides and judging by the horrified little inhale Monty tries to smother, he's hit the jack pot. Mother will definitely be displeased, but Steve finds that he doesn't particularly care anymore.

"Sir, are you sure-" Monty begins.

"She's only been back for a single day and already she's gotten all my men whipped?" Steve tugs on the thin fabric of his tie with an agitated hand, itching to reach up and muss up his perfect hair.

"Of course not, Captain, but madam is more pleasant to be around if she gets her way, you know that," Monty says honestly. Steve heaves a loud sigh and rubs his hand over his face.
"I apologize, Monty." He says and takes a deep breath before making for the door. "Let's get this over with."

"I see that Paris has been treating you well, Sarah." Frigga's pleasant voice carries a hint of curiosity.

"Oh, it's not the city treating her well, it's the money." A man says dryly, his words making the ladies around him chuckle with amusement.

And that would be Howard Stark, his mother's arch nemesis and best friend.

Steve grits his teeth and fights to keep his discomfort from showing upon his face as he steps past the large swooping arches into the beautiful garden.

Sarah Rogers, fifty and counting, looks radiantly beautiful in her white ornate chair, her long legs crossed regally in front of her. She's in one of those pale fur coats Steve personally finds atrocious, her hair a gleaming chestnut waterfall upon her shoulders. Steve almost falters in his steps when she turns her cool assessing blue eyes upon him, but he catches himself at the last minute.

"Mother, what a pleasant surprise." The words taste like wax upon his tongue as he strides forward and kisses both her cheeks in greeting. He does so for Frigga and two of Sarah's female friends from Paris and shakes Howard firmly by the hand.

"He's quite well-mannered and so handsome. Oh Sarah, you have the perfect son," one of the woman, who'd introduced herself as Irene, gushes. Sarah seems pleased by the comment until her eyes land on her son's tie. Steve feels a tiny hint of satisfaction to see her lips flatten into a disapproving line, but the feeling quickly evaporates when he sees Dum-Dum, bowler hat absent and awkwardly stuffed into a hideous black waistcoat, pouring them tea and carefully avoiding Steve's gaze.

"So, Steven, I hear you are in the military?" The other woman (he'd forgotten her name), young and blonde, smiles flirtatiously at him. Steve nods curtly but does not return her smile. Howard raises his eyebrow at Steve's obvious lack of interest in the conversation.

"Young, strong and so very handsome, not to mention such a promising career. The girls must be all over you," the blonde woman says. Sarah Rogers pauses in her hushed conversation with Frigga and for a moment, and their eyes connect. Steve feels his stomach clench when his mother smiles thinly and takes an elegant sip of tea.

"My line of work does not permit me to meet many girls," Steve returns stiffly, finally giving in and tugging agitatedly at his collar. "Excuse me, Rachel, but I believe I have something to attend to."

He stands abruptly, ignores the sudden pause in the boring smalltalk and quickly makes his way out of the garden. Steve can feel his mother's gaze on the back of his neck.

"My name's Nicole." The blonde calls after him.

"I don't care," he mutters underneath his breath and turns the corner.
Bucky picks up on the third ring, breathless with laughter. There's more laughter and shrieking in the background and a man's exasperated voice telling them to be quiet. Steve's heart does an embarrassing little flutter when he hears Bucky's voice.

"Hey," he says, feeling calmer already.

"Hey yourself, Mister 'I Have To Leave Because My Mother Arrived'." Bucky teases on the other end and Steve runs a hand through his hair before he catches himself.

"Yeah, well, I'll make it up to you, I promise." He says with a soft laugh and makes a face at his sticky hand.

"How is she, by the way?" Bucky asks, his voice becoming concerned as the noise in the background fades away. "Are you okay with her there?"

Steve exhales loudly. "She has the Commandos all dressed up like her personal butlers and she's hosting little tea parties in the back garden, but other than that, nothing sinister has happened...yet..." He trails off and Bucky makes a sympathetic noise.

"I'm sorry," he says.

Steve sighs into his cellphone again. "It's just been a long time since I've seen her in person. I am a little disappointed really, she hasn't changed one bit."

"Tell you what, play nice and make it through the week, and come spend the weekend here. It's Dot's birthday on Saturday. Sam's not going to be back for another two weeks I think, something came up."

"Is he going to be alright?" Steve can't help but ask. Sam Wilson was the only one he hadn't met yet and Steve was quite curious about the man.

"I think so, it's got something to do with his old Air Force buddies. He told us not to worry though." Steve can practically hear Bucky's frown over the phone.

"Well, if you need me to ask around, just say the word." He says sincerely.

"I need you to be Mummy's good little boy and make it through the week without throwing a tantrum," Bucky teases in a posh British accent. "I'll reward you after, luv."

Steve laughs and shakes his head. "Just you wait, Buck, just you wait till I get my hands on you."

Steve's still grinning stupidly when he turns around to find Sarah standing by one of the marble statues behind him. His smile fades at the sight of her, his mother's tall elegant form cutting an intimidating shadow over the yellow roses as she strides over to him. She's nearly as tall as Steve in her heels. His heart sinks a little in dread.

"It's been quite a long time since I've seen you smile like that, Steven." Sarah reaches up and brushes a few strands of Steve's hair away from his forehead. The gesture is tender and loving, but the warmth does not reach her eyes when she peers up at her son. "Who were you speaking with, darling?"

Steve thinks about just telling her the truth, about the Hunt, about meeting his soulmate and about falling head over heels in love.
Instead he says, "no one, Mother. It's nothing more than an acquaintance."

*You do not expose your weaknesses to your enemies, Steven. Do not give them the chance to destroy you,* Sarah had once told him.

Steve knows his weakness, so he needs to hide Bucky from his mother's prying eyes, at least for now. She smiles up at him and he smiles back.

"How long will you be staying, Mother?" Steve asks, directing her attention away from the subject as he offers her his arm. Sarah seems pleased as she takes it. They take the long way back to the mansion.

"As long as I need to, darling," she says, "I have quite a few things to do. I do hope you don't mind me staying with you, Steven. It's been quite a while since I've seen my lovely boy."

"Of course, Mother. I'd be delighted," Steve says, dreading the prospect of finding out exactly what she was going to be 'doing' here.

"Hey hey hey, keep it PG in the house, assholes. There are kids." Rumlow swats Bucky in the back of the head on his way to the kitchen, little Jack Rollins trailing like an eager puppy behind him. "Alright, little man, I'll grab the chicken wings and you grab the paper plates and cups."

"Yessir!" Jack yells at the top of his lungs. Rumlow ruffles his floppy brown hair affectionately and Jack preens under the attention.

Bucky laughs and pulls his lips away from Steve's neck as the blond alpha guiltily slides his palm out from under his sweater.

"When's your next heat?" Steve asks between little biting kisses. Bucky hisses and threads his hand through Steve's golden hair.

"In three weeks, perv." He laughs when Steve pauses to give him an affronted look.

"My scent is already fading," Steve sounds like he's on the verge of pouting like a sullen child.

Bucky sighs longingly and pets the fluffy blond head in his lap, pressing a loud kiss to the alpha's forehead. "You know the bond takes three heats to form, Steve. It's not instantaneous."

"Wish it were," Steve's muffled reply gets lost in a sea of shouting as the kids come flocking inside, dragging a ruffled Clint with them.

"Okay, lovebirds, don't make me stab one of you. Bucky, go set the table with Rumlow out back; Colonel Rogers, in the kitchen with me." Clint snaps, hooking a finger in Bucky's collar and jerking him away from the blond alpha.

Bucky follows Rumlow reluctantly out into the backyard, where the table is currently being set. Rumlow silently hands him a corner of the insultingly pink unicorn tablecloth (complete with glitter and rainbows). Dot, their birthday girl, is all decked out in a glittry princess outfit, complete with a real diamond tiara, sparkling necklace and pearls. Steve had insisted that little princesses needed real jewelry. Bucky was pretty sure the tiara alone cost more than their house. There was a humongous
stuffed giraffe (already dubbed "Jeff Senior") taller than Bucky sitting in the living room, courtesy of Loki and Thor. It was the best birthday ever, Dot had declared with a royal flounce.

"What's Clint doing?" Bucky can't help but sidle up to the older alpha and ask. Rumlow shrugs and tries to shake some of the glitter out of his dark shirt, but to his dismay, the stuff stays stubbornly in the fabric.

"I don't know, Kid. You should have thought about that before you invited your rich boy toy over again." He hands Bo a stack of paper plates and helps Lizzie pour the drinks.

"Do something before the kid dies," Rumlow jerks his chin toward one of the lawn chairs with an exasperated sigh. Bucky looks up to see Wade giggling madly in the corner, his voice all squeaky after inhaling two of the helium balloons. Peter watches with clear apprehension and seems extremely relieved when Bucky marches over and confiscates the balloons.

They come out in a couple of minutes, and Bucky smiles back when Steve gives him an encouraging nod and wanders over to help him with the food. Clint rolls his eyes, but the tension in his shoulders are gone. He leans over and whispers something in Rumlow's ear.

It's a great birthday party, full of laughter and song. Dot goes around kissing the cheeks of every adult, and even Rumlow grins when she magnanimously names Steve her knight in shining armor. They end up smearing most of the cake onto each others' faces.

"Do you really have to leave?" Bucky asks when Steve, cheeks still flushed from laughter, reluctantly shrugs on his dark coat by the doorway. His alpha, tall and handsome as ever, sighs sadly and pulls him into a soft loving kiss. Steve's arms are tight around his waist and Bucky buries his face against the man's lapel, hoping vehemently that his distress isn't too obvious.

"I'll be back next weekend, I promise." Steve whispers into his ear. "And the weekend after."

"When can you stay for good?" Bucky pulls back to ask.

Steve bites his lip, "soon, Love. I promise."

"Be sure to put in a good word for me with Sam when he comes back?" He tries to sound light and teasing, but Bucky hears a note of worry in Steve's voice.

"I will," Bucky vows and they kiss one more time before Steve steps out. Bucky stands in the doorway until Steve's dark Bentley turns the corner and disappears from sight. He shuts the door and tries not to feel disappointment settle into his chest.

Bucky's flipping through the late-night talk shows on TV when he hears the knocking.

"Coming," He calls out and makes his way to the door. Maybe Steve had forgotten his scarf or something, he thinks as he opens the door.

It's not Steve.

The beautiful woman looked to be in her early forties, her long shiny brown hair pulled up elegantly behind her head and decked out in an expensive red coat. Going by the state of her appearance, she definitely does not belong in their neighborhood.

"May I help you?" Bucky asks, a little taken aback. Her eyes are assessing as she quickly takes in his casual appearance. Bucky suddenly feels extremely self-conscientious of his messy hair, rumpled sweater and sock-clad feet.
"Oh, yes. I got lost in this part of the city, you see," she begins, her subtle disdain of Bucky's neighborhood evident in her cool voice. "If you could be so helpful as to point me to the main road, that would be wonderful."

"Sure, umm, let me put on some shoes first," Bucky says, offering her a small apologetic smile. She smiles back, but the expression does not reach her eyes.

"Take a left down the next street and then two right turns, drive to the end of the street and you'll see the highway," he follows her down the steps of the house and points down the path Steve's car had taken.

"Thank you so much, young man," the woman says, "if I may ask your name?"

Bucky blinks, slightly taken aback, "uh, James, James Barnes, ma'am."

"Thank you, James." She says curtly and slips into her car.

Bucky watches the sleek silver convertible disappear down the road, his hands deep in his pockets. The car seemed somehow familiar, he couldn't help but think. But where had he seen it before? On a magazine? Or had he nicked a similar model before?

Shrugging off the nagging feeling of déjà vu, he makes his way back into the house.

Chapter End Notes

Steve bb, you really have to be more careful around your mother. :( 

Btw, I made some changes in the whole ABO premise. The bond has to be strengthened three times to hold. (No this is NOT my excuse to write more PORN, SERIOUSLY PPL)

Oh and please don't write awful comments about certain characters. This is an AU, so keep in mind that in the canon setting, they are probably quite nice. Societal discrimination is the bad guy, not Steve's mom. :)
"Would you like some more tea?" Loki grounds out with a scowl.

"Yes, please." Across the table, Steve answers awkwardly, nodding politely at the small dark-haired child. He plucks his tiny empty porcelain cup from its saucer and takes an imaginary sip.

Sam had called earlier and Clint had left to deal with the problem, leaving Bucky and the kids alone. Steve had come knocking with the younger Odinson brother in tow and had whisked them off to his beach house. So here they were.

"This is stupid. I hate this game." Loki finally says after a long torturous pause. Steve quickly sets his own cup down in relief.

"You know, for two people who've never had proper childhoods, you guys are surprisingly picky about games." Bucky drawls with a disapproving frown as he steps out of the kitchen holding a gleaming silver plate, the warm sweet scent of chocolate wafting after him. He sets the plate down in front of them with a pleased smirk and leans his hip against the table. "I had to make do with some other ingredients, but it should taste the same. I used some of that expensive chocolate I found in one of the drawers."

Loki leans forward to take a curious sniff. "What is this brown stuff?"

"Cookies, kid. They're chocolate chip cookies." Bucky clarifies, insulted.

"I've never seen such lumpy misshapen-" Bucky takes a piece of the still warm cookie and crams it into Loki's mouth, cutting off the rest of the words. Loki splutters but chews obediently, his bright green eyes widening as he swallows.

"Better than it looks?" Bucky asks smugly. The kid nods enthusiastically, picking up another piece and stuffing the soft sweet chocolate chip cookie into his mouth. Steve laughs and takes a piece himself.

"Can I please join the other kids now?" Loki grounds out with a scowl when Bucky makes a big show of crossing out the words 'Imaginary Tea Party' on their list. Steve laughs and nods. Loki hops off his chair and races for the patio doors leading to the private beach outside. Bucky ignores Steve's puzzled glance when he drags the alpha away from the plate of cookies. He counts to ten silently in his head.

Bucky's at six when the gaggle of sugar monsters come bursting inside, their noses picking up the smell of chocolate like sharks honing in on to blood. They dog-pile onto the table like the world's cutest puppies. Dot, who's too short to reach the plate, turns her pouting displeased face toward the two watching adults and makes insistent grabby 'pick me up' motions.
Steve laughs so hard he chokes on his cookie. Bucky sighs, pounds him on the back and steals his lumpy cookie. Steve looks forlornly at his empty hand when Bucky hoists Dot up onto his hip.

"We can share," The small girl says, taking pity on him.

They have a lunch of sandwiches and ice-cream cake on a picnic blanket on the beach, the cool weather warmed by the blazing sun in a clear blue sky. Bucky starts a game of tag with the gaggle of sugar-high children, which ends with all of them chasing Steve around on the beach before capturing him and burying the colonel in the sand. Bucky shapes two lumpy breasts onto the chest of the mermaid sand cast they'd piled over a resigned Steve and laughs himself sick.

Conveniently when the sugar wears off, Clint finally arrives, with Thor in tow, which Bucky hadn't anticipated.

"I ran into him on my way here," Clint explains, watching as Thor is quickly buried under the flock of children. They'd taken quite a liking to him when they realized he gave amazing piggyback rides. The tall alpha laughs and waves at them with a bright grin on his face and three kids dangling on his arms. Clint rolls his eyes.

"Is Sam gonna be alright?" Bucky asks worriedly. Clint's smile disappears and he wipes a exhausted hand over his face.

"I think so," he finally says. "Some higher ups in the Air Force are looking into him for some reason."

"Why?" Bucky asks.

Clint shrugs, "I wouldn't be so worried if I knew why. Sam's record is clean, no criminal history, no thefts and he was discharged years ago. I don't get it."

Bucky is about to speak when the girls come rushing toward them and Clint gets dragged off by Dot and Lizzie. He watches them go with a frown on his face. After a moment of hesitation, Bucky sighs and makes for Steve. It's about time they dig the colonel out of the sand before the waves carry him off to sea.

Bucky finds Steve in the garage out back when he he finally settles the kids down for a small afternoon nap. The blond alpha is bent over a gorgeous vintage Harley, all aged leather and shiny chrome. It looks vaguely familiar. Then Bucky spots the left front mirror, which is all twisted and bent.

Oh.

Steve turns when he hears him and his face splits into a wide smile. "Hey," he beckons to Bucky, who beyond mortified by now, has flushed beet red and is blushing to the roots of his hair.
"You didn't get it fixed..." Bucky mumbles, averting Steve's warm gaze. The blond alpha drops the cleaning cloth he'd been holding and straightens up.

"Truth be told, this particular model isn't worth as much as Maria had said," he starts, "I mean, yes it's old and in great condition, but you can probably buy one at an auction if you looked hard enough and not end up emptying all your bank accounts."

Bucky struggles with the words in his mouth, guilt and mortification at war in his chest. "What are you trying to say?"

Steve smiles gently and walks over to him, "what I'm trying to say is that the external price tag isn't what makes this Harley precious to me, it's the fact that it was owned by my grandfather and the memories that come with it, those are what matters to me."

"And I damaged it," Bucky swallows thickly and ducks his head in shame, "Steve, I'm sorry, I really am-"

"Don't you understand, Bucky?" Steve surprises him by taking his hands in both of his, a soft smile on his face. "I'm glad you damaged that mirror. If you hadn't, I would have never found you again."

Bucky gapes at the smiling alpha for a second, uncertain if Steve really meant his words. Then he groans and buries his face in the colonel's chest, his ears flaming red.

"Are you for real?" Bucky half moans half laughs. Steve laughs along with him and wraps his arms around Bucky's shoulders.

"That bent mirror is what makes everything perfect," Steve says sagely, dropping his chin onto Bucky's head.

"I'm still sorry," Bucky mumbles, tightening his arms around Steve's warm torso.

"And I forgive you." He presses a kiss atop Bucky's head and sighs contentedly.

After a brief pause, Steve pulls back with a quizzical look, "I think I may be coming down with a cold or something," he says with a puzzled frown. "Your scent smells a little dif-"

Someone coughs in the doorway and they both turn to see Thor leaning against the doorframe with a big smile. "Everything's ready, Steven."

"Thanks." Steve lets out a huge breath, running his fingers nervously through his hair. He leans over for a quick kiss, takes Bucky's hand and pulls the confused omega out onto the beach.

It's getting dark outside, the last rays of the sun painting the clouds on the horizon a deep fiery orange, like the dying embers of a fire. Bucky blinks at the sight of everyone gathered in a loose semi-circle. Clint looks vaguely annoyed and resigned, but the children are positively buzzing with excitement.

"I know everything between us has been, well, kind of moving too fast, not to mention my inappropriate behavior at the courthouse. What I'm trying to say is that." Steve swallows, glances over at Thor who makes an encouraging flapping motion with one large hand, and takes a deep steadying breath.

Then, in front of all their friends and children, he slowly gets down on one knee and reaches into his pocket.
Chapter End Notes

And pulls out a banana.

Nah, just pulling your leg, it's a proper proposal! Plot should pick up in the next chapter.
Twenty-One (Tony's POV)

Chapter Notes

Apparently all it took for me to get back to writing was the Civil War trailer. Stucky for life.

Sorry for the long wait. And Happy Thanksgiving! I hope everyone is with family and friends, or somewhere comfortable, warm and has lots of delicious food.

This chapter is in Tony Stark's POV and it picks up right after Steve's beach proposal.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tony Stark catches the familiar scent of cool peppermint when the doors to his bedroom slide open, followed by soft footsteps as Jarvis walks inside.

“Sir, the guests are arriving,” The tall blond beta pauses by his messy king-size bed and sighs at the sight of his master, half buried underneath a thick comforter and one lumpy blue sock-clad foot sticking off of the edge of the bed. Jarvis gently removes the haphazardly placed pillow off of Tony's rumpled bed head.

The brunet alpha feigns sleep for an extra second before cold fingers worm under the collar of his shirt to pinch the warm skin on the back of his neck. Tony's eyes fly open immediately, bolting upright from the shock of cold. He glares half-heartedly when he finally rolls over to face Jarvis, seated expectantly on the edge of the bed. His manservant is already dressed in a fancy three piece suit, pale blond hair carefully brushed back from unamused grey-blue eyes.

“It is approximately four in the afternoon, Sir. And I have been outside in the snow all day in preparation for the dinner party tonight.” Jarvis says reproachfully. Tony spreads his limbs in a luxurious stretch and raises his eyebrows challengingly. “You were the one who told me to go to bed.”

“And now I am telling you to get out of said bed, Sir.” Jarvis answers dryly.

“You're supposed to pamper me, dumpling,” Tony accuses, wiping an imaginary tear from the corner of one eye. Jarvis doesn’t reply, but his lips twitch upward briefly as he stands and stalks purposefully toward Tony’s giant closet. His butler throws open the closet doors and pulls out the set of clothes Howard had prepared for Tony beforehand. The older Stark had not bothered to reveal what the special occasion was, only that it was going to be taking place at their mansion and that it had to be extravagant. As always, Tony had stopped listening to Howard after the initial thirty seconds.

At Jarvis’s pointed stare, Tony reluctantly pulls himself out of bed and pads over to the blond man. Jarvis is a full head taller than him without shoes. Tony makes a face at his own reflection when Jarvis smooths a floppy rebellious piece of hair out of his eyes.

“I can dress myself,” Tony points out, but allows the manservant to fret over him, long tapered fingers sliding gently through his rumpled hair and working out all the knots.
“I am afraid Mr. Stark insisted that I take over the task this time to make sure you look presentable, Sir.” Jarvis’s dry voice rumbles next to Tony’s ear. Mr. Stark was Jarvis’s name for Howard. Tony scowls and pulls his faded slightly stained t-shirt off and allows Jarvis to hand him the magenta dress shirt.

“You’re not Jarvis Senior, you don’t take orders from my dad,” He scolds, buttoning up the shirt quickly and shimmies out of his loose sweatpants. Jarvis pauses for a fraction of a second before he goes back to selecting a tie for Tony.

“Of course, Sir. I am yours to command.” Jarvis murmurs.

Humming absently to himself, Tony buttons his trousers and turns to study his reflection.

He still remembers that fateful day when his father had called him down to the parlor and Tony had stood there, brimming with curiosity as their silver-haired manservant led a thin blond boy into the room. Even at the tender age of five and smelling faintly of cool peppermint, Jarvis had been slightly taller than Tony, who at eight, was three years older and a lot more chubbier. It had been the first time Jarvis had called him “Sir”, but before the word had slipped out of those thin pale lips, Tony had already known. He’d never been so certain about anything in his eight years of existence. Jarvis was going to be his best friend, his eyes and ears, and his most loyal companion. Introducing Jarvis into Tony’s life had been the best birthday present his father had gotten him since his mother’s death. However, the euphoria had dampened a bit when Jarvis had started forcing him to eat all of his vegetables.

“Sir, you seem distracted tonight,” The weight of cool fingers against his collar drags Tony back to the present. Jarvis slides the silver tie over Tony’s neck and expertly ties a Windsor knot, large palms smoothing down the fabric of Tony’s shirt.

“No I’m not, Starks never get distracted, we’re just practicing mindful meditation.” Tony says cockily, holding out his left wrist for Jarvis to attach his silver cuff links.

“Of course, Sir;” Jarvis says dryly, fixing the edge of Tony’s rebellious collar before stepping back for the young alpha to see his reflection.

Tony smiles at his immaculate appearance and meets the blond beta’s slate blue eyes in the mirror. “Alright, time to go down and make people swoon, Jarvis.”

There are men and women dressed in the charcoal grey uniforms of the Federation and a few in the rare pitch black uniforms of Steve’s old Alpha Ops team when he finally gets downstairs. Tony feel a nauseating heaviness settle in the pit of his stomach at the sight of so many soldiers and government officials. With the exception of Rhodey and Steve, he’d never really liked Nick Fury’s bunch. The brief pressure of Jarvis’s gloved fingers at his elbow helps ground Tony a bit. His smug careless mask is firmly in place when the closest woman, a pretty beta in a gorgeous red dress, notices the arrival of Anthony Stark, sole heir of Howard Stark, genius weapons expert and the “Merchant of Death”.

“Please behave yourself, Sir. In the mean time, I have other duties to attend to, although I strongly advise against sampling the fig tarts.” Jarvis whispers helpfully in Tony’s left ear and disappears into the crowd shortly after. Before Tony can make a smart comment, the gorgeous brunet woman is
He makes small talk until he spots a familiar blond alpha stuffed into a well-tailored charcoal suit standing alone at the entrance to the ballroom. He excuses himself from the woman and approaches Thor Odinson, who whirls around with a delighted grin when Tony calls out his name.

“Ah, you look very handsome tonight, my friend!” Thor’s heavy hand lands on Tony’s shoulder. He tries his best to hide the wince, suddenly regretting his instinct to approach his friend. Thor is roughly the same height as Jarvis, but the extra sixty pounds of muscle makes him loom like a giant. Tony takes a sip of his champagne and looks around. Thor frowns, affronted, when Tony asks casually what the occasion is.

“It is Lady Sharon Carter’s twentieth birthday,” Thor tells him. Just in time as it seems, because Howard Stark leads Steve Rogers and an older couple that Tony recognizes as Sharon’s parents over to where his son and the Odinson heir are standing together. Tony mimics Thor and kisses Mrs. Carter on both cheeks before shaking hands with Senator Carter. He nods to Steve minutely when his childhood friend’s eyes land on him. It has been quite some time since Tony last seen the other alpha.

Steve is dressed in his dark Alpha Ops uniform, the lapel shining with honorary badges detailing his many accomplishments during his time serving in the overseas campaign. He seems a little confused as to why Howard had dragged him along with the Carters for the round of introductions. Tony briefly feels sorry for the man as he watches them meander through the crowd toward some other boring government official his father wants to introduce. Thor flags down a passing waiter with a silver patter in one hand.

“Oh, Jarvis said not to try the fig tar-” Tony starts when the blond picks up a tart. “Never mind,” he mutters when Thor pops it into his mouth and chews. The tall alpha blanches. Tony offers him a napkin.

The thing about fancy dinner parties is that they get old really fast, Tony thinks distractedly. It’s not even twenty minutes in and he’s already itching to retreat into the basement with his blueprints and prototypes, trading snark back and forth with his butler. Jarvis is just about the only human being capable of giving Tony a run for his money when it comes to verbal banter.

Tony’s listening to one of the older women talk about her adorable grandkids and fiddling with his cuff link when he spots the attractive brunet omega, looking a little out of breath and standing out painfully in his slightly disheveled suit and crooked tie. He’s already drawing attention as quite a few guests has turned to stare at him curiously. Tony excuses himself from the clutches of the old lady, grabs a sparkling glass of champagne, strides across the room and smoothly slides one arm around the brunet’s waist. The omega stiffens at the contact, fingers balling into tense fists at his sides. Tony decides to test his hunch and opens his mouth.

“If you’re here for Steve, don’t make a sound and come with me.” he murmurs before the man decides to throw a punch at his face and draw more attention.

“Who are you and how did you know?” Tony gets shoved away the moment they’re alone in the hallway, the omega’s dark blue eyes narrowed in weary suspicion. Without a word, Tony calmly holds out the glass of champagne. He struggles for a moment before taking it and draining the glass
in two long gulps. Letting out a huff of agitation, the pretty little thing drags his awkwardly knotted tie loose and runs an unsteady hand through his hair. Tony catches the familiar flash of silver on his right hand that he’d spotted all the way across the room.

“To answer your questions, my name is Tony Stark, I am the owner of this mansion and host of the party. As for how I knew you were looking for Steve, and not a more gorgeous and wealthier alpha like me,” Tony reaches out and in an extremely inappropriate gesture, takes the omega’s right wrist, pulling his hand up to confirm his suspicions. “You’re wearing the Rogers’s family ring on your finger.”

He smiles widely and the omega wrenches his arm out of Tony’s grip, cheeks flushed and glaring in hostility. Tony shrugs carelessly. He’s been caught doing worse things. He’s probably butchered the traditional etiquettes of the higher class right about now. Grandpa Stark would would be rolling in his grave if he found out.

“My turn to ask questions. What’s your name, how’d you get in and why are you looking for Steve?” Tony asks.

“Why should I tell you?” The omega shoots back defiantly.

“Because, one, Jarvis is the head of security in my house and I am his boss, who can easily, let’s say, put in a call to ‘remove’ an unwanted intruder upon the premise. Two, I admit to being intrigued about your undoubtedly scandalous relationship with Rogers, who is by far the most upright alpha I have ever had the misfortune to meet and I want some dirt on him. And three, I need a break from listening to stories about disgustingly cute children and the best brand of formula.”

The omega’s mouth had dropped open nearing the end of Tony’s miniature rant, his stiff posture a little less tense. Tony gives him a charming smile and repeats his question. Steve’s mysterious friend ducks his head and bites his lip, fingers twisting agitatedly at his sides as he tenses up all over again.

“Steve asked me to come meet him today. He’d talked about it before, about introducing me to his mother.” He says uncertainly, pulling out a familiar invitation, fancy golden letters spelling out ‘Mister James B. Barnes’. Tony doesn’t recognize the last name. He frowns and thinks back to Steve’s confused expression when they’d greeted each other earlier. Rogers hadn’t looked like he was anticipating anyone. He'd just looked a bit bored about the whole affair.

Soft footsteps are coming down the corridor, so Tony swallows his curiosity and quickly steers James into the back of the garden. It’s cold and snowing slightly outside, but they are completely alone. He can hear the sounds of the party coming from inside, blurred into a soft murmur in the background. James doesn’t seem to mind the cold, actually appearing more relaxed once they’re out in the open.

Tony studies the omega thoughtfully and thinks of Howard’s sly smile, the sudden appearance of the Carters and all the important government officials present today. Since when had a Stark held a birthday celebration for a Carter? Something nags at the back of his mind.

“Did Steve tell you this in person?” He asks instead.

James looks over at him and shakes his head, “he sent me a letter with this inside.” He points to the invitation in Tony’s hand.

“I assume you two are involved? You’re the one he’s been ditching the rest of his friends for these days?” Tony asks, his suspicions confirmed when James fluffs up like an agitated cat, the tips of his ears flushing red. He crosses his arms and glares. Tony fights the strong urge to laugh or ruffle the
omega’s hair.

“You smell like him. Don’t get me wrong, I’m sure your own scent is very attractive, but other alphas can tell when an omega’s been claimed.” Growing up, Tony had been told he had a very sensitive nose and a heightened sense of olfactory. Otherwise, why would he be able to tell that Jarvis smelled faintly of peppermint and Pepper of fresh strawberries when most believed betas to be scentless.

“Which family are you from and why hasn’t Rogers introduced you to us yet?” Tony continues, grinning. He has to admit, it’s quite fun to ruffle the feisty omega’s feathers and he is a bit of a gossip like his old man, but before James can reply, Tony’s phone goes off in his pocket and Jarvis’s slightly agitated voice is telling him to ‘get back inside right now, Sir. The event is starting’. James chooses that moment to sneeze. Tony glances hurriedly at the omega and sighs.

“Right, let’s go back inside and get that tie fixed before you catch a cold.” He herds James back inside, flags down his harassed butler and introduces the omega to Jarvis, whose pale blue eyes widen in surprise. James seem equally spooked, much to Tony’s confusion.

“Sir, what are you doing?” Jarvis seems like he wants to say more, but trails off when he sees Howard approaching. He’s in the middle of a heated conversation with Steve’s mother Sarah, who is dressed in a gorgeous silver dress. Howard spots Tony and pulls Sarah over to them. Tony greets the female alpha politely, and his father’s best friend smiles and praises Tony for his manners before turning to Jarvis, who’s standing beside Tony and conveniently blocking James from sight.

“Jarvis, thank you for the preparations tonight,” Sarah says, and the tall blond beta nods. Then to Tony’s surprise, she turns her intense gaze upon James, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips.

“Sarah Rogers, I believe we’ve met, James,” she says lightly, and to Tony's shock leans forward to peck James on both cheeks. The Brunet omega seems to have completely shut down with shock. Sarah ignores his obvious distress and takes one of James's hands, putting it around her arm. Tony feels a headache coming when Howard’s dark eyes linger upon the flash of silver on James’s finger. Sarah ignores him in favor of whispering something in the omega’s ear and patting his hand affectionately.

“Walk with me, child,” Sarah says, leading the silently panicking omega away. Tony watches them go with a frown on his face. Jarvis is a tense pillar behind him and Tony is itching to ask him what is wrong, but his father coughs and gestures after Sarah and James.

“Shall we, son?” Howard asks.

Chapter End Notes

Tony thinks Bucky is from one of the more obscure families. So no, he has not recognized him from the Hunt. As for the scent change, mated omegas only smell attractive to their own alphas.
Please leave nice comments guys. This means no awful words about certain characters. I've mentioned there won't be any villains. Everyone has a reason for doing what they do. Maybe except for Howard, who just likes to create drama.
Chapter Summary

“What now? Where do we go?” Bucky asks.

Steve smiles and takes his hand, “anywhere.”

Chapter Notes

I updated. See? I can be quick XD

Comments and kudos make me write faster.

Its good to be back, guys. Thank you all for waiting for me.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve’s alpha senses are going haywire.

He doesn’t know if it’s due to the fact that he’s partially mated and the lizard part of his brain keeps snapping back to his omega, but Bucky’s sweet alluring scent is everywhere even when he’s obviously not here.

And it’s driving Steve insane.

He doesn’t realize he’s zoned off again until Senator Carter touches his arm, and Steve snaps back to the present, hiding his distraction with a small cough.

“Sorry, Senator. You were saying?” He prompts apologetically, one hand going to tug uncomfortably at his tight collar. The senator repeats his question and Steve answers politely. He does his best to pay attention to Tony’s father and greet everyone properly. All the while, that achingly familiar smell lingers at the edge of his senses. Steve doesn’t realize he’s clenching his teeth and perspiring slightly until Howard Stark pauses in his conversation with an elderly woman and asks whether Steve is okay. The blond alpha nods hurriedly and scans the crowd distractedly.

Bucky had said yes that fateful day on the beach when Steve had gotten down on one knee and pulled out the small velvet box with shaky fingers. He’d fumbled a bit, nearly dropping his family ring in the hot sand, face burning and heart pounding. Something hot and heavy had settled in Steve's chest when he slid the tarnished silver over Bucky’s graceful finger. It had been the perfect fit, and when Bucky had crouched down and kissed him amidst the cheering and excited laughter around them, everything had slotted into place.

All they need now is time for the bond to form completely. The alpha part of him purrs at the prospect of Bucky’s next heat. They would need to go through two more heats together before Bucky would be his forever and no amount of synthetic drugs or treatment would be able to reverse
the process. The hot swell of possessiveness leaves Steve reeling slightly.

“I need a little fresh air,” He tells Howard and the Carters before draining his champagne glass and making his way to the entrance. Steve pauses occasionally to nod and smile at familiar faces. He spots Jarvis weaving gracefully through the crowd, conducting his staff effortlessly as he speaks in his earpiece. Steve had seen Tony earlier, surprisingly well-put-together and sober for once. The younger Stark had a penchant for creating scandals and hitting on fellow alphas while drunk (and usually getting hit back, literally). His manners had improved immensely with Pepper’s presence in his life.

Steve nearly knocks into an elderly gentleman in pinstripes when he catches Bucky's familiar scent again, now laced with faint stress? Steve pinches the bridge of his nose, shrugs on his overcoat and finally steps outside, taking a few deep breaths of the frosty air to steady himself. He pulls out his phone and dials Bucky’s number. He just wants to hear his lover’s voice and inform Bucky he’s going crazy without him. The call goes to straight to voicemail. Steve frowns.

“Steven.” Someone calls behind him. It’s his mother’s voice.

Steve braces himself mentally and turns around, a neutral smile on his face. “Mother, Sharon. Lovely to see you.”

He kisses Sarah on both cheeks and smiles down at Sharon. The young woman surprises Steve by blushing and holding up one slender hand, bare of any gloves. Steve stares, uncertain of what to do. Unmated omegas of Sharon’s status did not allow alphas to touch their skin without at least one layer of cloth between them.

Sarah clears her throat and Steve’s eyes flicker to his mother as she jerks her chin minutely. He takes Sharon’s hand in his and watches her blush deepen. Steve brushes his lips briefly over the back of her hand and pulls away immediately. Sharon seems somewhat disappointed at his curtness. Both women peer up at him expectantly and Steve fights the strong urge to sigh and roll his eyes.

“Happy birthday, Lady Carter.” Steve says stiffly and shuts his mouth. Judging by the expression on her face, Sarah seems to be fighting the urge to smack him over the head with a rolled up newspaper.

“Well, I shall leave you two to get reacquainted. Sharon has not had the chance to speak to you since January, Steven. I’m sure you have much catching up to do.” Sarah pins him with a warning stare. Steve stubbornly refuses to avert his eyes. She reaches over and squeezes his arm, “meanwhile, I have a beautiful omega to meet.”

Sarah turns on her heels and leaves the two of them standing awkwardly next to each other. Steve stares disbelievingly after his mother. Another omega? Sarah and her flings were too numerous for him to keep track of in the past. But in the last few years, his mother had mellowed down quite a bit and Steve hadn’t seen a single omega on her arm since her arrival. Sharon places her hand shyly on Steve’s arm and draws his attention back to her.

“Let’s take a walk?” She suggests, large blue eyes almost pleading. Knowing it was pointless for him to take his anger at Sarah out on Sharon, Steve schools his face into a polite smile and holds out his arm for her to take.

“Certainly, Lady Carter. Are you currently seeing anyone?” Steve tries to make small talk.

“No…” Sharon looks a little crestfallen, “and please call me Sharon.”

“I see,” Steve mutters distractedly.
“And…are you?” Sharon pauses to ask him, her pale beautiful face tilted up expectantly. A light snow had started to fall around them and she wasn’t wearing much more than a long-sleeved dress. Steve shrugs out of his black overcoat and slides it over Sharon’s narrow shoulders. He doesn’t answer her question.

“Oh…shall we?” Sharon asks instead. She stands on tiptoes and brushes off some of the snow in his blond hair with a small hand, letting her fingers trail boldly over his jaw on the way down. Steve ducks his head to brush down his uniform jacket, conveniently tilting his face away from her fingers. He avoids looking at her. Steve’s always seen her as a younger sister and he always will.

“Yes,” Sharon finally says, disappointment heavy in her voice.

On his way back inside, Steve brushes past Tony standing together with his old man, Jarvis a tall worried shadow hovering at his master’s shoulder. Tony blinks at him and Sharon stupidly, and Steve somehow catches Bucky’s scent again as he passes them. The younger Stark opens his mouth to speak, but Howard beats him to it and rushes over to escort Steve and Sharon into the banquet hall. Steve’s last glimpse of Tony is Jarvis leaning down to whisper frantically into his ear.

Steve gets led over to the table at the center of the room. When he sees the Carters and Peggy already seated expectantly, something sinks in his chest. Mechanically, Steve takes his coat off of Sharon’s shoulders, passes it to a waiter and pulls out her chair for her. The smile on his face feels painted on when he sits down beside her. Peggy gives him an appraising look. Steve avoids her eyes and peers around the hall as all the important men and women find their seats. A few of Steve’s old Alpha Ops members nod and smile at him. Even Fury is here. He spots the Odinsons, Loki scowling at Frigga’s side, his hair slicked back and wearing a dark green bow tie, seated farther along. Thor frowns in confusion when he sees Steve sitting with Sharon. Steve clenches his fist under the table and takes a few careful controlled breaths. Senator Carter is trying to speak to him, but Steve can’t hear him above the rush of blood in his ears. He has no desire to sit through this torturous dinner affair.

Then he sees them and everything seems to screech to a jarring halt.

His mother and Bucky.

Sarah leads his flustered mate off to a corner, her lips pursed slightly as she expertly adjusts his tie and straightens his shirt collar. So Steve hadn’t been hallucinating when he’d caught Bucky’s scent earlier. He wishes he had been.

Before Steve can get up and excuse himself from the table, Howard claps his hands together and gestures for two waiters to close the heavy doors to the banquet room. Sarah pulls out a chair for Bucky, but the omega is obviously too anxious to notice Steve’s eyes on him as he sits stiffly.

“Mind if I join you guys?” A hand lands on Steve’s shoulder, making him jump. Tony doesn’t wait for a reply before he slides into the seat next to Steve.

“Ask my butler to get you another seat, okay?” Tony says to the confused man whose seat he’d taken. “He’s the tall handsome blond standing by the naked marble statue.”

“How is everyone doing?” Tony offers the Carters a wide charming smile, one hand clamping down on Steve’s wrist under the table when the blond alpha makes a move to rise again. Steve stares at his friend in disbelief. He stills when Tony quickly taps his finger over his skin, Morse code for ‘stay put’ and ‘I know’. Bewildered, Steve stays seated, but he can’t help but glance at Bucky, who’s nervously sipping at his glass of wine and listening to something Sarah’s saying.
The dinner drags by excruciatingly slow. Steve tries to keep up with the boring small talk, but Tony covers for him when he fails miserably. The waiters are the only ones flitting back and forth amongst the tables, setting course after delicious course in front of Steve. He barely touches anything, pushing the food around on his plate aimlessly. Across the hall, his mother is still in deep conversation with Bucky, who hadn’t touched anything on his plate either. Tension is radiating off every inch of his mate’s body and Steve hates it. He longs to gather the omega into his arms and kiss away all the tension and stress.

Steve doesn’t realize Howard’s risen to his feet and has his wine glass raised for a toast until applause breaks out over the guests, and suddenly all eyes are on him.

Bucky’s face drains of all color when he looks up and sees Steve. His eyes flicker briefly over to Sharon, whose small dainty fingers had somehow snuck up against Steve’s left hand. Tony kicks him under the table and Steve snatches his hand away from Sharon, tearing his eyes away from Bucky and scanning the suddenly silent crowd. Senator Carter is staring expectantly across the table at him.

“We are honored to have you as our future son-in-law, Steven dear.” Mrs. Carter explains kindly. Sharon reaches out and squeezes Steve’s limp hand, a radiant smile on her face as Peggy looks at them approvingly.

“What?” Steve chokes out.

There’s an odd ringing noise in his ears as Howard announces something else in a booming voice that makes more applause break out over the guests. His neck feel like a rusty door hinge when Steve turns to look at his mother and Bucky’s table.

Sarah’s still applauding along with the other guests, a faintly satisfied smile on her lips. Then Steve sees the look on Bucky’s face and-

The screech of his chairlegs against the floor is deafening when Steve stands up abruptly. He doesn’t even realize he’s on his feet until the room goes silent and Howard stops talking. Steve’s eyes refuse to leave Bucky’s face.

“Uh, Steve. Buddy, you don’t want to-” Tony says uneasily, tugging on his uniform sleeve.

Steve jerks his arm loose and stalks over to his mother.

“Steven,” Sarah’s eyes harden as he approaches them.

“Is this your idea of a joke?” His voice is surprisingly level and quiet, but Steve has always been the level-headed and calm type when angered. It’s one of the reasons why he’s such good soldier. Sarah narrows her eyes and opens her mouth, but Steve turns his attention to his mate.

Bucky avoids his eyes when Steve carefully kneels down in front of him and puts a warm palm against his cold colorless cheek.

“Sweetheart, look at me.” His words are soft and pleading. Someone gasps behind him and Steve hears scandalized whispers and Loki’s loud hiss of ‘Thor, it’s Bucky!’ followed by Thor’s muffled ‘Oww, I can see, little brother, stop kicking me’, but he focuses all his attention on the omega. Steve smiles encouragingly and runs his thumb tenderly over Bucky’s cheekbone when his mate finally meets his eyes.

Bucky looks lost. Something in Steve’s chest snaps.
“Keep your eyes on me, sweetie.” He puts his other hand on the back of the omega’s neck and squeezes reassuringly. “Let’s go home, okay?”

“Steve-” Bucky’s blue eyes flicker helplessly to his mother, and the blond alpha rocks forward on his heels, pulling his mate down to seal their lips together. Bucky gasps and shudders against him. A ripple of shocked whispers pass through the crowd.

“Thor, let go of my face! What’s happening? I wanna see!” Loki’s voice again.

“Steven Rogers!” Sarah’s voice is laced with quiet fury as she glares up at him. “You are no longer my son if you walk out of that door.”

Steve pulls Bucky to his feet, ignoring his mate’s panicked expression and cups his face with both hands. “I’ve been wanting to do this.” He confesses grimly, his expression determined.

Steve strips off his Alpha Ops uniform and drops it cleanly onto his mother’s stunned lap. The room is awash with noises. He can hear Senator Carter’s angry voice shouting something in the background, but Steve’s had enough.

“I quit, Sarah.” He says to his mother. Across the room, Howard stares in stunned silence.

Bucky makes a choked noise behind him and Steve grabs his hand and squeezes reassuringly.

“Sir, your coat and car keys.” Jarvis greets them at the door. Behind them, Steve hears Tony’s delighted laugh. He gives his friend a grateful salute, and without turning back, pulls Bucky out into the swirling snow.

“You’re insane!” Bucky shouts at him when Steve drops his heavy coat over his shoulders. Snow falls in a heavy white flurry around them. Steve laughs breathlessly and presses his face into the warm crook of Bucky’s neck. It feels surreal, but he hasn’t felt this light in forever.

“You love me anyway!” He shouts back, his heart pounding.

“What now?” Bucky asks when they slip into the warm interior of Steve’s car. His cheeks are flushed from the cold and there is snow soaking into his curls, but his blue eyes are sparkling.

“Where do we go?”

Bucky looks stunningly beautiful.

Steve smiles and takes his hand, “anywhere.”

Thirty minutes later, Rumlow opens his front door, squints at the two men standing expectantly outside of his apartment, and backpedals violently.

“Oh, Hell No.” He says.

Chapter End Notes
Lol, btw, Steve meant his job and duties when he said he quits. :)))

Preview of next chapter: Rumlow saying he's not taking shit from anyone, and ends up taking shit from everyone.
Poor Rumlow.
Twenty-three (Rumlow POV)

Chapter Notes

Okay I lied. There will be a bit of mpreg. Only a bit, I guess. Blame my muse. She's a menace.

This chapter is in Rumlow's POV. Bucky and Steve will seem a bit OOC because Rumlow is a very sarcastic dude so everything's kinda exaggerated and extra mushy in his eyes.

Enjoy and leave me a comment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rumlow’s head hurts.

“Wait, back up for one second,” He pinches the bridge of his nose and takes a deep breath to compose himself, “so you took off your uniform in front of all your mother’s rich stuck up friends and just walked out with him? Even I know that’s not the smartest plan of action, and I’ve never even served in the army.”

Bucky shoots Rogers a concerned glance and inches closer to his mate on Rumlow’s couch. Rogers has this hard determined look in his eyes when he says, “the only thing that matters is that we’re together now.” They clasp hands tightly and the blond alpha gazes adoringly into Bucky’s wide blue eyes. The sheer amount of sappiness in the room is enough to make Rumlow want to regurgitate his dinner into someone’s face.

“And you want me to do what exactly?” He asks, rubbing at his eyes wearily. “Please don’t tell me you two lovebirds plan to elope to Europe or some shit and want me to make you fake IDs.”

Bucky blinks up at him innocently. Rumlow groans and fights the urge to tear out the hair at his temples. “Kid, you do realize that only works in the movies, right?”

“No, we just need a place to set up a plan,” Rogers interrupts before Rumlow can go off on a rant about how rom-coms are rotting Bucky’s brain, “Bucky said you were the best choice, considering your line of…business.”

“My line of business.” Rumlow repeats slowly, raising one eyebrow. Rogers has the shame to look vaguely guilty.

“Okay, fine, we just needed a place to stay for a while!” Bucky hurls the small throw pillow Clint had gotten Rumlow last Christmas at his chest in frustration. He catches the pillow and Bucky stubbornly turns his head like the noble unicorn he is when his stomach rumbles loud enough to wake the dead.

“And food, I take it.” Rumlow says, unimpressed. Bucky sniffs disdainfully, but the tips of his ears turn pink under the older alpha's knowing gaze. Rumlow sighs and tosses Clint’s pillow into Rogers’s lap as he makes his way to the kitchen. He’d had leftover pizza for dinner, but apparently Bucky the Noble Unicorn would not be satisfied with such-
“I want lobster ravioli, Rum.” Bucky calls after him eagerly.

“Don’t have no goddamn lobster,” he shouts back, annoyed.

“Any ravioli then, but you have to make it. I’m not eating the ones from the store,” Bucky replies in that spoiled bratty tone especially reserved for Rumlow. And then to his curious mate, he whispers enthusiastically, “Rum is the best cook ever. Just you wait.”

He rolls his eyes with a loud sigh, and despite them pulling their crazy shit and roping him along for the ride, Rumlow finds himself smiling a little as he takes out fresh tomatoes from the fridge.

“Oh my God, I love you so much right now.” Bucky moans over a mouthful of food. Rumlow cracks open a can of cold beer and hands it to Rogers, who nods gratefully and pushes his empty plate away. He sits down and eyes Bucky dubiously.

“Slow down, Kid. No one’s fighting you for the last bite.” Rumlow mutters, trying not to laugh at Bucky’s bulging squirrel-like cheeks and his attempt at cramming more into his mouth. “Shit, I almost forgot to add the dried parsley you love so much,” he says suddenly, getting up from the chair and rummaging around in the cupboards.

He’s taken aback when Bucky turns the color of sour milk at the sight of the small bottle of dried herbs in Rumlow’s outstretched hand. Then his younger sibling scrambles up, pushes past a concerned Rogers and bolts for the bathroom. They both race after him when they hear the sound of loud retching. Bucky’s crouched in front of the toilet, his neck flushed red from the painful dry heaves he’s making.

Rogers crouches down and gently pulls his mate’s hair back from his sweaty face, rubbing a large palm soothingly over Bucky's back. Rumlow leans against the doorframe, eyes narrowed and brain churning at top speed. There’s a scary thought tugging at the back of his mind, but he doesn’t want to contemplate it without a full bottle of scotch sitting in his stomach. Bucky’s gulping in small careful breaths, the heel of his hand rubbing unconsciously against his own abdomen while the blond alpha presses a hand against his forehead.

Rogers pulls back with a concerned frown and feels his own skin, “Bucky, you’re burning up!”

“I have a thermometer,” Rumlow says, excusing himself from their presence. Was it possible? He doesn’t know much about omega anatomy, but even Rumlow knows what to associate with a sudden change in the omega’s tastes and odd cravings. He suddenly regrets answering his door and letting these drama queens in.

Bucky’s bundled on the couch in one of Rumlow's blanket when he comes back. Rogers has this pinched expression on his face that he quickly hides when Rumlow hands him the thermometer. He knows what that’s all about. The idea of having another alpha’s scent all over his mate is psychologically unpleasant, but it can’t really be helped since they’re in his apartment, and Rumlow doesn’t really give a shit about what Rogers wants. Not now anyway.

Bucky yawns and licks his lips thoughtfully. “Can I finish my ravioli first?” he asks hopefully when Rogers hands him the thermometer. He pouts and sticks the tip into his mouth when the blond alpha shakes his head sternly.
While Bucky’s waiting for the familiar beep, Rumlow pulls Rogers over into the hallway. The other alpha seems mildly curious, but he’s obviously more worried about Bucky’s unexpected fever. For a second, Rumlow tries to think how to bring up his theory without sending Rogers into cardiac arrest or giving the guy a stroke. He really needs a cigarette, damnit.

“He got sick over the scent of parsley.” Rumlow says instead, voice pinched. Rogers blinks slowly.

“And…” He prompts.

“It’s one of his favorite herbs…” Rumlow hints, hoping against hope the other man would catch on. Rogers gives him a blank look and gestures for him to continue. Rumlow thinks their child probably won’t receive any Nobel Prizes any time soon.

“And now he threw up when he smelled it…” He’s going in circles, Rumlow knows, but he can’t seem to force the ‘P’ word out of his mouth no matter how hard he tries.

“Do you think it’s a stomach bug? I think Bucky’s coming down with a cold from running in the snow tonight…” Rogers confesses guiltily, scrunching his brows up worriedly.

“For the love of God.” Rumlow wants to punch Bucky’s stupid boyfriend in his perfect teeth. He takes a deep breath and braces himself. Maybe there is a slim chance that it’s just a stomach bug and he’s just overthinking things. So he changes the subject and asks hopefully, “Are you both on birth control? Or have you been using protection when you…” He trails off with a pained groan when Rogers turns an interesting shade of red and sputters. Then his shoulders sag a little and he says no in a tiny guilty voice.

“Jesus Christ…” Rumlow breathes through his teeth, peering past the man into the living room. He’d rather not imagine them boning without proper protection. Bucky’s no longer on the couch, the thermometer abandoned on his blanket.

The omega jumps guiltily and whirls around wide-eyed when both alphas appear in the doorway leading to Rumlow’s kitchen, his mouth crammed full of food and the spoon still clutched defensively in one hand. Rogers’s jaw drops a little when his mate ignores him and goes back to eating. Rumlow pats the man sympathetically on the shoulder.

“You might want to invest in a pregnancy test some time soon, because that sure as hell isn’t normal.” He advises sagely before escaping the soon-to-be war zone.

Rogers sways on his feet.

Rumlow stares up at the flashing lights of the general store just three blocks from his apartment. The snow had melted a little around him as the temperature had risen since that afternoon, and the thick flakes were starting to turn into cold wet drops of moisture on his frozen face, but Rumlow still hasn’t found the courage to go inside and purchase the only item on his shopping list.

Why was he always the one who got caught in the crossfire?

“Really?” Bucky’s face had been flushed with wonder and nervous excitement when Rogers had rushed into the kitchen, swooped the startled omega up into his arms and kissed him hard on the lips before whispering something into his ear. The alpha’s eyes had been a bit red-rimmed when he
cradled his mate close and pressed soft reverent kisses into his hair. Rumlow had retreated into the safety of the living room before he went blind.

It hadn’t been safe for long.

“I don’t feel any different…” Bucky had said, jerking his shirt up to peer curiously down at his lean stomach after they’d come back into the living room. Rumlow quietly lamented his fraying sanity when Rogers got down on his knees in front of Bucky and kissed his flat abdomen like he was worshiping some Greek Goddess or something. They’d pretty much forgotten his presence.

“You should probably make sure before…” Rumlow trailed off when the innocent kissing had started to go someplace else entirely.

“Steve…” The breathy little moan had been the last straw. Rumlow had gotten to his feet, grabbed his jacket and slammed the door behind him before he could overhear anymore shit.

And now his feet had unconsciously carried him here.

Maybe he could grab a pack of cigarettes on the way? He hadn’t really smoked since the fallout with Sam all those years back. When they’d still been living together, Rumlow mostly lit up a cigarette just to spite the older alpha, to see the little crease of worry between Sam’s brows when he’d rush over and tear the bud out of Rumlow’s mouth, scolding him for being an idiot.

He’d never really liked the acrid bitter taste anyhow.

Sam’s not here to fret over his well-being anymore. That fact shouldn’t really bother him after all these years. Except, it kind of still does. Like a phantom ache that's always in the back of his mind. Of sorts.

Rumlow takes a deep breath and walks into the store.

There’s aisle upon aisle of products. He wanders past each, squinting up at the signs on top. Should the items be under ‘female products’ or perhaps ‘sanitary products’?

“May I help you, young man?” A pleasant voice asks and Rumlow blinks, turning around to see an old lady in one of the store's red vest uniforms peering up at him with a warm smile.

“Uh, do you have any of those umm… tests where you can pee on the stick and…” He trails off helplessly, face spasming. She laughs a little and pats him on the hand, her dry wrinkly palm surprisingly warm.

“Right this way,” She guides him along, smiling at Rumlow’s flushed face. “Are we expecting good news?”

“It’s for my little brother, actually.” He confesses, embarrassed. She shoots him a surprised and approving look.

“You must love him a lot. I’ve never seen an alpha buying pregnancy tests for their omegas before. Usually the poor dears have to come over themselves.” She says. He shrugs wordlessly and thinks about how grateful he is to not be in his apartment right now.

She introduces the different kinds of brands and Rumlow decides on the one with at least fifteen in the box, no even glancing at the price tag. He figures they might want to average their results just to make sure. Not that Bucky would be willing to pee twenty separate times.
He thanks her and says goodbye before approaching the checkout area. Rumlow stops dead in his tracks when he spots the cashier.

Jasper Sitwell in all his smug bald glory, standing there by the register with his smart little red cap and vest.

“Well well well, looks like somebody’s in trouble.” He says when Rumlow walks over with a scowl. Sitwell eyes the box of pregnancy tests in his hand and whistles.

“How many did you knock up?” He asks, viciously delighted.

“I didn’t knock anybody up.” Rumlow glares sullenly.

Sitwell covers the ‘O’ of his mouth with an exaggerated flourish, his eyes mockingly round behind his silver-rimmed glasses. “Did you get knocked up?”

“Just ring the goddamn thing up,” Rumlow ignores Sitwell's biologically impossible guess, “And throw in a pack of cigs for me.”

“Cigarettes are bad for the baby,” Sitwell winks at him when he hands the brunet alpha the receipt. Rumlow contemplates his chances of getting arrested if he punches Jasper Sitwell in his smug face.

Pity, really.

When Rumlow steps out into the soggy street, snow had been replaced with rain. Pulling out a thin cigarette, he sticks it between his lips, not bothering to light it up, and steps into the rain.

Rumlow pauses at his front door, hand frozen on the handle and key half twisted in the lock.

As it turns out, it’s the best choice he’s made so far today.

He takes a deep breath and calls out, “I’m coming in in five seconds and I better not see anybody’s exposed junk. Pants up where I can see them.”

There’s the sound of frantic rustling from within and Rogers’s low curse, followed by Bucky’s smothered gasp. Rumlow gives them more than five seconds, for his own sake really.

“Seriously, just how horny are you two? You’re literally minutes away from discovering whether you guys are gonna be parents.” He mutters in disgust, tossing the pack of omega pregnancy tests at the blond alpha when he steps inside and takes off his soggy coat.

“Thank you.” Rogers says gratefully, cheeks still pink and blond hair falling into his eyes as he quickly smooths down his wrinkled shirt.

Bucky tears open a packet curiously and peers up at Rumlow.

“You have to pee on the end I think…” The older alpha says awkwardly.

Bucky licks his lips thoughtfully and peers down at the instructions. “I think it says you’re supposed to stick it up your butt. Do I stick in all twenty or just one?” He looks like he’s contemplating the answer to the universe. Rogers chokes on his spit, eyes widening in horror.
Rumlow throws up his hands in defeat and pulls out his cellphone. “Okay that’s it. I’ve had enough. I love you to hell and back, Kid, but I am not answering that question. We need backup.”

He dials Clint's phone and moans, “I can’t do this anymore, Clint. Help me before the stupid kid drives me insane.”

There’s an odd silent pause on the other end, and something in Rumlow’s chest sinks with dread. Then he hears Sam’s quiet cold voice.

“So Bucky’s with you right now?”

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

Sam found out! Eek!

Lobster ravioli is an actual thing, and it's Amazing.

Blame SW for sassy Sitwell.
Twenty-Four (Sam's POV)

Chapter Summary

The sound of something heavy falling and the shower head being turned on reach the couple still sitting on the couch. Bucky shrugs when Steve gives him a confused look. “I have a weird family.”

Chapter Notes

First update of the new year! Hope everyone had a great holiday. I promise I will update the other stories in due time. I've been steadily easing myself back into the game.

So the backstory for Sam and Rumlow's fallout is that Rumlow had started hanging out with Alexander Pierce's 'shady' people after they began competing in the underground alpha fighting rings for extra cash, and Sam hadn't approved. So, Rumlow took over for Pierce and didn't show up to the last fight, and Sam got injured really badly fighting on his own (it had been rigged because they kept winning), and got discharged from the Air Force when he lied about his injuries in his medical report. So Sam blamed Rumlow for ruining his dream of becoming a fly boy.

The Federation is the form of government in this AU. Think of umm... like The Hunger Games where there's different districts? Feel free to ask me in the comments if anything seems confusing.

“Will you please listen to them first?” Clint says for the twelfth time, his expression tense as they stand in front of Rumlow’s apartment door.

Sam doesn’t bother replying. The quiet rage bubbling in his chest over the last half-hour threatens to spill as the door slowly swings open and he sets eyes on Brock Rumlow for the first time since Clint and Bucky’s stint in jail. That had been over three month’s ago.

“Where are they?” Sam’s surprised at how steady his own voice sounds. Rumlow scowls and jerks a thumb toward his living room silently. Sam ignores the way he and Clint try to communicate via their eyes behind his back and shoves his way inside. Bucky’s curled up on the couch, his cheeks flushed and eyes wide with apprehension. Seated next to him is the alpha Clint had been trying to tell him about during their car ride here.

Colonel Steve Grant Rogers, captain of the famous Howling Commandos.

Sam remembers hearing about the man during his time with the Air Force. He’d been the Academy’s golden boy, the youngest alpha in the Federation’s three-hundred-year history to reach the ranks of Colonel. Rogers was a personal favorite of General Nick Fury and the Council. Back then, Sam had really wanted to meet the living legend personally. They couldn’t have been that many years apart in age, and he had been very impressed by all of Captain Rogers’s accomplishments.
Now, all he wants to do is punch the guy in the goddamn teeth.

“Sam,” Bucky says worriedly, his body tensing when Sam’s hands unconsciously curl into fists.

“I don’t believe we’ve met properly, my name is-” The colonel stands, shifting in a way so as to subtly shield Bucky from Sam’s wrath. His deep blue eyes are calm, but Sam sees the way his tense body is braced for confrontation.

“I know what your name is.” He bites out, agitated.

“Sam, Rum told me what happened,” There’s a hint of amazement in Clint’s voice when he grabs him by the arm and jerks Sam away from the stare-down between his older sibling and Rogers. Sam frowns at Clint when he drags him out into the cold to explain. Rumlow hovers near the doorway, but Sam ignores him.

“He what?” Sam can hardly believe his ears when Clint tells him the colonel had taken off his uniform right in front of a roomful Federation officials and whisked Bucky off into the night like that. It’s bound to cause them trouble later on, but Sam does have to give the colonel a point for his devotion alone.

“Well, at least he’s loyal to Bucky.” Sam mutters darkly, his breath fogging a bit from the cold. He doesn’t mean to make the words sound so acidic, but they come out dripping with bitterness.

“This isn’t about them, is it?” Rumlow speaks up suddenly, his voice angry as he closes the door behind him, shutting all three of them off from the warmth within the apartment.

“No, Sam. Now’s not the time to-” Horrified realization dawns in Clint’s eyes.

“If you have a problem with me, just say it. I’m sick of this crap from you, Wilson.” Rumlow’s voice cuts in coldly.

“Yeah, I have a problem.” Sam whirls around to glare at him. “You were the one who talked him into the fucking motorcycle job, weren’t you? They’d never have had the chance to meet again if you hadn’t! And Bucky wouldn’t be possibly pregnant with a child before even getting properly engaged.”

“Yeah? like you’re one to talk, pawning off your omega siblings for easy money.” Rumlow shoots back, his harsh words making Sam recoil as if he’d been slapped.

“Hey, that’s not true. Sam was against it! Bucky and I were the ones who decided-” Clint tries to stop the argument from escalating, but neither of the two angry alphas are paying him any attention.

“How can you even run an orphanage for kids if you can’t even get your own shit together, Wilson?” Rumlow hisses at him accusingly. “You pretend like you’re fine, but that’s just all a bunch of bullshit, isn’t it?”

“And who’s fault is that, Brock?” It’s a low blow, but Sam’s so angry he can’t think straight. Everything that had built up in the past few years is threatening to spill over and consume him.

“Who was the one that left?” He continues, advancing on Rumlow and shoving the younger alpha accusingly.

“Okay, I’ve had it with the both of you.” Clint cuts in again, shoving past them and opening the door. "This is ridiculous. Why does this happen every time you two are within five feet of each other? Either kill each other or kiss and make up. Bucky and his runaway groom is the priority here,
not your little pissing contest.”

He slams the door behind him, leaving them alone in the wet cold.

Sam doesn’t remember who throws the first punch, or how they’d ended up sprawled on top of each other in the dirty back alley behind Rumlow’s apartment. His face hurts and he can barely feel his fingers, but they’re too busy rolling around on the cold wet ground and trying to punch the shit out of each other.

"You left me there!" Sam’s left fist connects with Rumlow’s cheek. His brown eyes are alight with fury. "You left me there to fend for myself during that match and went to take over Alexander Pierce's fuckin' shady business!"

He winces when the force of his punch jars the old wound in his arm and a small twinge of pain shoots along his bad wrist. Rumlow takes advantage of Sam's hesitation and flips them over on the wet asphalt, his white shirt now a filthy brown sheet plastered over his abs. Dirty drops of half-melted snow drip down clumped strands of his hair, stinging Sam's eyes. Freezing rain/snow falls silently around them, soaking both alphas to the bone.

"If I didn't take over his business, you'd still be paying up thousands for protection, asshole!" He shouts back as Sam struggles to free his arms. "I did you guys a fucking favor!"

"I don't fucking need your favors!" Sam grits out, breath whooshing out of his lungs when Rumlow drives a knee into his stomach to keep him still.

"You think I don't regret it, Wilson?" Rumlow bares his teeth, bloodstained and savage. He fists Sam's torn shirt with both hands. "You think I wanted your wrist shattered in that fight? You think I wanted you discharged from the Air Force? I know it was your dream." His voice breaks. "I'd break both my arms to have a chance to do it all over again."

They glare vehemently at each other for a single heartbeat, eyes tortured and so many emotions unable to be expressed through words.

"I'm sorry, Sam." Rumlow whispers, icy water running down his cheeks.

Sam goes limp at the words, heart pounding too loud in his ears, the aches and bruises from their scuffle suddenly catching up to him. Sam drops his hands to the wet muddy ground and closes his eyes. He's sore all over. Rumlow drops his forehead against his shoulder, breath coming out in harsh noisy pants. It's cold, the rain and the snow, but Sam feels oddly warm and tingly. It's probably the adrenaline.

"I'm sorry." Rumlow says again in a low voice barely audible over the blood rushing in Sam’s ears.

"Yeah well, there's someone else I feel like beating up right now," Sam admits wearily, suddenly feeling the strange urge to laugh. Rumlow drops down on the ground next to him, body spread-eagled and eyes screwed shut, letting the rain wash away the blood and dirt from his face.

Sam can't help it. He laughs out loud, the wheezing sound echoing in the narrow alley. Rumlow joins in a few seconds later, his lungs burning from the moist frigid air and ribs throbbing in pain from the force of his laughter.
They drag themselves over to a dirty brick wall with some protection from the rain and Rumlow fishes out the soggy pack of cigarettes he'd bought earlier that night. Sam reaches out without even thinking about it and yanks the cancer sticks out of Rumlow's hand. It's a habit ingrained in his DNA. Sam Wilson will always be the mother hen of the family. He's come to accept that now. Sam tosses the cigarettes into the muddy slush under a nearby dumpster and pins the younger alpha with a stern glare. He doesn't expect Rumlow to laugh, his expression oddly content.

"You punch like a girl." Rumlow remarks sarcastically after a comfortable silence. Sam rolls his eyes and glances dismissively at the other alpha's bruised face.

"We can see if I punch like a girl when your face swells up like a baboon's ass tomorrow." He mutters darkly and digs his elbow into Rumlow's ribs hard enough to make the younger alpha wince.

"So we're good...you and I?" Rumlow asks quietly, and it's almost tentative, like how he'd been when Sam first found him, a thin malnourished child crouching barefoot in the shadows of a filthy dumpster, wide-eyed and clutching a piece of moldy bread tightly to his chest. Palm up, Sam, a gesture of goodwill and peace, the old nun at the orphanage had taught him. Rumlow had taken his offered hand, his own small hands had been soft and cold, but Sam had warmed them for him, cradling those dirty little fingers in his while the child stared at him in amazed disbelief. He'd been Sam's first little brother, his best friend and most loyal sidekick...

"Yeah, we're good." Sam replies after a pause. His eyes are stinging a bit, but it's a good warm sort of sting. Rumlow exhales noisily, tension easing out of his shoulders. Sam sits there for a while, enjoying the wet whisper of rain against his aching body and sore muscles. His chest feel oddly full, even though he no longer feels angry. The two of them has always communicated better with fists than words.

"We're gonna be bad-ass uncles, Wilson." Rumlow stands with a wince of pain and turns to offer Sam a hand. He takes it with practiced ease, all the memories of fighting alongside one another rushing back. Rumlow's fingers are strong and calloused, clamped tight around his. Everything somehow slots back into place and for the first time since forever, Sam grins.

"We sure are." He agrees and squeezes back.

Bucky's still curled up on the couch with Clint and his alpha, his face pale and tense when the two of them stumble back inside, dirty, shivering and bloodied. Clint's on his feet in a heartbeat, slapping Rumlow's hand away so he can inspect his swollen eye and split lip. Bucky tries to rise, but Sam gets there first.

"Hey, hey, it's okay, Buck. It's gonna be okay," he wraps the covers tighter around the young omega and tries to smile. "We're good, Rum and I. Everything's going to be fine." He places a hand over Bucky's warm forehead and tucks him back into the mountain of blankets.

Behind them, Rumlow sneezes loudly and rubs at his red nose. Sam snaps his finger at the man and gestures to the bathroom. "Go take a hot shower before you freeze to death. Clint, make some hot tea. With ginger if you can find any. Rogers, you and I are going to have a long conversation."

Clint and Rogers peer curiously between Rumlow and him, and Sam sighs long-sufferingly when none of them moves. He gets up from Bucky's side, pushes Clint toward the direction of the kitchen.
and grabs Rumlow by the arm, forcibly dragging the stubborn ass into the bathroom after mouthing a “stay right there” at the blond colonel sitting next to Bucky. There’s the sound of a struggle coming from the bathroom.

"Sam, you'd better not be hitting him again. He needs medical attention.” Clint shouts from the kitchen, his voice annoyed.

“I won’t if he cooperates and get his ass in the goddamn shower.” Sam calls back. Then he says in an impatient voice, "I used to bathe you as a kid, Rum. I've seen you naked before."

“That was twenty years ago! Wait, what are you doing?! Wilson!"

The sound of something heavy falling and the shower head being turned on reach the couple still sitting on the couch. Bucky shrugs when Steve gives him a confused look.

“I have a weird family.”
Twenty-Five

Chapter Summary

“Tony, what’s wrong?” Steve asks, one warm palm settling over Bucky’s lower back, grounding him.

“Your mother and my old man are coming,” Stark says quietly. “Hey don’t look at Thor like that, he’s not the one who ratted your address out.”

“So what do we do?” Clint finally asks. Steve exchanges a quick glance between Stark and Sam before replying in a firm voice.

“We wait for them to get here.”

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the long wait. Real life is trying its hardest to screw me over. Ugh.

Leave me some love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Bucky doesn’t remember falling asleep, but when he next wakes, it’s to the comforting familiarity of his old room back at the house and his entire body feels like it’s on fire. He doesn’t realize he’s made an uncomfortable noise until Steve’s calming scent washes over him, the firm body he’s spooning against shifting to make room between the two of them.

“Bucky? Do you feel better?” A cool palm settles over his sweaty forehead, smoothing back the strands of hair from Bucky’s flushed face. The blond alpha nearly jumps out of the bed when Bucky smacks his hands away impatiently and makes straight for the man’s crotch. He lets out a protesting whine when Steve catches both his wrists.

“Bucky, are you awake?” Steve’s using the ‘colonel voice’ on him, blue eyes full of concern in the darkness of Bucky’s bedroom.

It’s the last straw.

He wriggles out of his loose cotton boxers and kicks it away, whole body vibrating with desire.

“Bucky?!” The colonel sounds alarmed when he starts humping the man’s leg, gasping a little at the rough texture of Steve’s army-issued pants against his bare skin.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me,” He finally confesses when Steve stills his frantic movement with both hands to his waist. “I was really hungry at Rum’s, and now I just want to borrow your… for just a few minutes…”

“Buck, it’s just the hormones. You have to calm down, your body can’t take the stress right now.”
Steve tries to tell him in a patient voice, one broad palm rubbing gentle circles over Bucky’s flat abdomen.

Bucky grabs his hand and guides it between his wet legs, “Just a couple of fingers, please Stevie. This is killing me.”

“Bucky, you could be-” Steve begins, but Bucky twists around to glare at him.

“You said it yourself, those tests are inconclusive. You said that funny little alpha with the fancy beard once peed a plus sign when he was high on drugs.” He points out, attempting to ground him ass against Steve’s pelvis. He hadn’t bothered to ask why there had been pregnancy tests at one of Stark’s parties.

“Yes well, Tony’s something of an enigma…I just don’t want to hurt you, sweetie.” Steve sighs wearily, letting Bucky push his halfhearted protests away and flip them over.

“You’re hurting me by not touching me,” He groans as he sinks his teeth into Steve’s bonding mark, grinning when he feels the alpha’s length harden against his thigh.

“Your family is sleeping a few doors away, Buck.” Steve points out, softly slapping his bare bottom with one big hand. Bucky squeals in surprise and glares down at the smiling alpha.

“You didn’t seem to care that last time,” He accuses, narrowing his eyes and leaning down to nip at Steve’s nose.

“I have to care now. Sam’s threatening me with physical violence if I hurt a single strand of hair on your precious head,” Steve says as Bucky unzips his trousers with a groan of anticipation. He barely gets both hands around Steve’s impressive cock before the blond colonel flips them back over so that Bucky’s pinned underneath his heavy warm body.

“Finally!” He grins cheekily up at his lover.

Steve smiles tenderly down at him, reaches over to the nightstand to grab something and brandishes the thermometer in Bucky’s face.

“Let me take your temperature first,” He says with a straight face. Bucky blinks up at the alpha.

“After tonight you’re never getting sex from me again.” He promises with a scowl.

Steve just laughs and kisses his forehead.

The thirty seconds for the thermometer to spit out his temperature seem to stretch on for ages. Steve lifts his eyebrows when Bucky pumps a fist at the familiar beep.

“I’m seconds away from getting my vibrator, Steve.” He warns the alpha as Steve carefully reads the temperature off of the small glowing screen, purposefully teasing him.

“We’ll think of something better,” the blond alpha promises, placing the thermometer on the bedside table and turning to smile at Bucky. He shivers a little, biting his lip in anticipation.

It’s been so long since...
Bucky licks his lips and reaches up to wrap his arms around Steve’s neck.

“Do you regret tonight?” He suddenly asks, staring up at the alpha towering over him.

“Never,” Steve presses the single word firmly against his lips.

Bucky’s body is screaming for release, but he finds himself relaxing into the innocent kiss, Steve’s strong steady heartbeat beneath his palm. When they part, he feels considerably calmer than before.

Steve smiles at him and flicks Bucky on the tip of the nose. “Still want to continue?”

His alpha laughs softly at his vigorous nod.

“I don’t want to hurt you without knowing for sure, Buck,” Steve stops him before he can protest out loud, “like I said, we’ll think of something better.”

“Something better?” Bucky blinks curiously at him when the colonel moves to settle between his spread legs. Under his puzzled gaze, the blond alpha leans down and presses his mouth over...

“Ohhhh…” Bucky throws his head back and shuts his eyes.

“Good so far?” Steve asks, blue eyes glimmering with amusement as he lifts his head up from between Bucky’s twitching thighs. The lower half of his face is wet with the omega’s release.

“Fantastic,” Bucky agrees quickly, still reeling from his last orgasm. Steve presses a hot wet moist kiss against one pale thigh and Buck moans at the sight of the alpha reaching down to touch himself as he laps at Bucky’s limp cock, a thumb rubbing at Bucky’s aching hole.

The thing is, alphas aren’t supposed to do these degrading things for their omegas.

Bucky tugs gently on his lover’s hair. Steve pulls off his length with slow hot suction, cheeks flushed and eyes wild. He squirms a little as he reaches over to kiss Steve.

“I wanna…” Bucky rubs his leg against Steve’s erection, licking his lips as he peers up into the alpha’s eyes. Steve smiles down at him and shakes his head.

“No baby, not tonight.” He kisses Bucky’s crestfallen face and guides the omega onto a lying position on his side, settling behind him.

“Close your legs,” Steve tells him, voice a little hoarse. Bucky bites his lip and brings his knees together. His breath hitches the Steve presses his hard length through the narrow space between his wet thighs, the head of his cock nudging against Bucky’s perineum as he thrusts loosely. Bucky presses his knuckles into his mouth to keep the sounds from leaking out his mouth as Steve picks up his pace, hot breath panting in Bucky’s ear.

It somehow seems even more intimate than their regular heat-induced sex, the way Steve’s cock feels sliding against the soft inner thigh, and the wet sounds of skin over skin...

He’s close to coming again, what with Steve sucking love bites into his mating mark and rough fingers playing with the sensitive nubs on his chest. The alpha’s pace has picked up considerably, the force of his thrusts rocking Bucky’s hips forward and making his body ache in that tempting way just
before release.

“Steve, Steve, Steve…” He babbles drunkenly, twisting for a desperate kiss. The blond alpha’s hands are digging into his hips, but Bucky doesn’t really mind the small pinpricks of pain. Steve tenses behind him after a few more hard thrusts, his breath hitching. Bucky flushes to the roots of his hair when he feels the man’s hot release between his legs.

“I love you, Buck,” Steve whispers against his lips.

“I love you too.” Bucky tucks his flaming red face into the alpha’s chest and mumbles back. Steve’s laughter is a warm vibration against his cheek. Bucky falls asleep to the calm beat of his heart.

When he wakes again, the sun is a bright halo of light outside the window, and he’s not feverish anymore, which is a relief, but Steve is no longer at his side. Bucky rolls over in the warm sheets and breathes in the lingering scent of his alpha.

Steve can’t have left for more than five minutes, Bucky thinks with a faint smile before slipping out of bed and heading to the bathroom for a shower. When he tiptoes his way down the stairs, the house is strangely empty, but Bucky hears laughter and voices coming from the kitchen.

“You got those plates, little man?” Sam’s voice, warm with laughter.

“Yeah!” Peter’s eager reply. “Can Steve sit with us? We want to hear more stories!”

“Sure, buddy.” Sam say easily, then in a softer voice, “Colonel, if you could escort Pete to the table, that’d be great. I don’t want to lose all our plates in one day.”

Bucky hides his laugh behind his palm when he peeks into the kitchen and finds it packed. He spots Clint bent over the stove, stirring something in a bubbling pot as he chats away with Dot and Lizzie. Sam is leaning against the kitchen island, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows. And Steve-

Steve is laughing at something Sam is saying, his blue eyes crinkling with mirth as Sam shakes his head.

He ducks back outside, ears ringing and heart so full it feels seconds from bursting. He’d never in his wildest dreams, thought Sam would approve of Steve, let alone become friends with him. Bucky slides down the side of the wall and buries his flushed face in his knees.

What has he done to deserve such kindness?

“Bucky? What’s wrong? Why are you on the ground?” It’s Sam who finds him first, his voice laced with concern as he quickly crouches down to inspect the younger omega. Bucky tackles him in a tight hug, knocking Sam off-balance and sloshing the leftover coffee in his mug onto the floor.

“Whoa, buddy. What’s the matter?” Sam grunts and flicks him on the back of the head, but Bucky only clings tighter.

“I’m just really happy and grateful to have you guys and the kids, s’all.” He mumbles into Sam’s shoulder, soaking in the scent of home and family.

“Yeah? Well, your alpha’s watching us, baby bro. Might want to let go.” Sam says with a laugh,
passing his palm over the top of Bucky’s head.

“My alpha, huh?” Bucky smiles into Sam’s shirt.

His older sibling sighs, arms coming to wrap around his shoulders. “Yeah, your alpha. He’s a decent guy.”

“And?” Bucky pulls back, expression hopeful. Sam rolls his eyes.

“And I give you two lovebirds my blessing,” He says with a resigned little smile. “Now get off of me so I can clean up this mess.”

Sam ruffles his hair before pulling away. Bucky peers up between his loose bangs at Steve, who’s standing there with a faint smile on his face.

“Hi,” Bucky says.

“Hey,” Steve answers, crouching down in front of him. Bucky leans into his touch when Steve cups his cheek. “How are you feeling?” His alpha asks, hand reaching down to settle over Bucky’s flat belly. Bucky curls his own fingers over Steve’s.

“Better. I always feel better when you’re here.” He tells him, ears reddening.

“Ahem,” Someone coughs behind them, “as much as I would love to see the two of you making out, breakfast’s ready, so…”

They pull apart reluctantly and Bucky laughs at the mildly disgusted expression on Clint’s face. Steve, ever the gentleman, immediately reaches out to take the heavy dishes from the grumpy omega.

“You’ll have to do better than that to get my blessing,” Clint’s mouth twitches as he desperately tries to keep the amused smirk from surfacing. Bucky pinches his arm and they both watch Steve’s biceps flex under his thin dress shirt as he carries the food over to the dining table. Clint whistles.

“But I have to admit, he’s pretty hot.” He says bluntly, ruffling Bucky’s hair.

“I hate you.” Bucky scowls, following Clint into the dining room.

Brunch is a light affair, filled with laughter and amusing stories from Steve. Bucky swirls his spoon through his maple syrup as he watches the wide-eyed, slack-jawed kids ask the blond colonel endless questions. Occasionally, Steve would glance his way and their eyes would meet, and a warm spark would travel down Bucky’s spine as Steve’s eyes crinkle in a smile.

He’s still sipping half-heartedly at his coffee when they hear the loud knock at the door. Sam’s busy wiping chocolate sauce off of Dot’s shirt, since she’d refused to wear a bib in Steve’s presence, and Steve’s helping the kids clean up after themselves, so Bucky pushes away from the table to investigate, closely followed by Clint.

When he pulls open the front door, they’re greeted by the sight of the brunet alpha Bucky had met at the banquet that afternoon and Thor.

“Something smells delicious, gorgeous, and I’m not talking about you.” Stark drawls, winking at
Bucky. Thor shoots him an apologetic look as Stark pushes his way inside. Clint raises an eyebrow at the tall blond alpha when he calls out a greeting. Clint rolls his eyes, beckons the man over and reaches up to brush away the half-melted flakes of snow in his golden hair.

“What’s going on, Tony? What are you doing here?” Steve’s voice floats over to them as he strides from the dining room, Sam following close behind.

“You are in so much trouble right now, Romeo,” Stark beckons at him, bouncing restlessly on his expensive loafers. “And seriously, this neighborhood is insane. Some random guy immediately tried to steal the car when we got here. With us still in it! Jarvis is standing guard outside just in case. My poor sweet butler, all alone out in the cold cold snow.” He sniffs dramatically, "Oh and congrats on the whole rebellious golden child thing, I never thought you’d have the balls to do it, but man, last tonight’s performance was spectacular.”

“Where’s Loki?” Behind them, Clint elbows Thor in the ribs and asks. The tall alpha shrugs, rubbing at the spot.

“He has a piano lesson this morning.” He leans down to whisper in Clint’s ear.

“Did you tell him you were coming over?” Clint asks.

“Ah, no.” Thor says after a tiny pause.

“You know he’s going to throw a hissy fit when he finds out you came to see Bucky without him.”

“If he finds out.” The alpha points out brightly.

Clint shoots the blond giant an unimpressed look, “Oh, trust me, he will.”

Thor swallows, color draining from his face.

“Come on big guy, stop chatting up Steve’s in-laws. That’s not what we came here for.” Stark snaps his fingers at the tall blond alpha before turning to Steve with an uncharacteristically serious expression on his face.

“Tony, what’s wrong?” Steve asks, one warm palm settling over Bucky’s lower back, grounding him.

“Your mother and my old man are coming, just thought we'd come and warn you in advance,” Stark says quietly. “Hey don’t look at Thor like that, he’s not the one who ratted your address out.”

“Your friend is right. Sarah, I mean Mrs. Rogers, was here before,” Bucky says, wincing a little at the memory. “She knocked on our door to ask for directions. It didn’t really occur to me that she was your mother.” He tells Steve, feeling the alpha’s arm tighten around his waist.

“So what do we do?” Clint finally asks. Steve exchanges a quick glance between Stark and Sam before replying in a firm voice.

“We wait for them to get here.”

Chapter End Notes
The next chapter's not going to be angsty actually. :)

Chapter Summary

"I see that spark in you two. Even a blind man would be able to tell my son is completely in love with you, child. You should see the way he looks at you when he thinks no one is watching. Good Lord, Steven practically glows.” Sarah laughs softly, “and sometimes I wish I had half the courage he has. Perhaps things would have been different, perhaps he would’ve loved learned to love his mother.”

Bucky reaches out and pulls her close, wrapping his arms tightly around Sarah’s shoulders and burying his face in her soft golden hair.

“Maybe it’s not too late,” He whispers.

Chapter Notes

Told y'all it wasn't going to be angsty. I'm a sucker for fluffy shit and misunderstood people.

Sarah and Steve's personality just do not clash well together (part biology, part misunderstandings), but hopefully with Bucky acting as a barrier in between (lubricant? no, that can't be right), things will be better.

Leave me some love, my fellow Stucky shippers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Steve’s whole body tenses when the soft knock sounds at the door.

Three clean raps.

Just like his mother’s style, simple yet commanding.

To Steve’s surprise, Bucky pushes the colonel back into his seat and rises instead. “Stay here, let me get the door.”

It takes all of Steve’s willpower to stay seated as Bucky stands and moves toward the front door. Sam shoots him a sympathetic look, and Steve is suddenly so very grateful to have Bucky’s family present.

“Mrs. Rogers, Mr…” He hears Bucky’s muffled voice say.

“Stark, Howard Stark, dear. May we come in?” Howard asks just as Sarah says lightly, “James, I believe I told you to call me Sarah.”

Steve’s hands clench at his sides when his mother appears at the doorway, her arm linked elegantly in Bucky’s. She’s in a beautiful peacock green dress, a chain of pearls at her throat and a thick
cream-colored coat around her shoulders. Howard appears behind them, brushing snow from his suit. He takes her coat like a proper gentleman.

“Steven,” Sarah says, turning to face him. Her eyes are cold.

“Mother,” He glares back, shoulders stiff. Steve’s inner alpha instincts are screaming at him to pull his mate away from his mother.

“Tony.” Howard nods at his son. Tony’s legs are propped up on the coffee table, his hands pillowed behind his head, one of Dot’s colorful bibs tied crookedly around his neck.

“Old man,” Tony flashes him a grin. It’s all teeth and no humor. “We’re kinda busy here, so if you could just show yourself out-”

“You are a fool, Steven. All in one night, you’ve ruined the Rogers name with your little outburst,” Sarah’s cold voice cuts in. She turns to Tony’s father, her expression one of quiet fury, “You know what, Howard, you deal with my son. I would like to speak to James alone.”

“No!” Steve’s on his feet in the blink of an eye. To his surprise, it’s Bucky who tells him to sit back down.

“It’s alright, Steve,” Bucky says, straightening his spine and looking him in the eyes. There’s no fear in Bucky’s eyes, just a calm determination that makes Steve’s heart tighten with worry. Then his mate turns to Sarah, smiles firmly and gestures to the stairs. “Would you like to go somewhere more private, Mrs. Rogers?”

“What did I say before, James?” Steve’s mother does not move, but oddly, her eyes soften a little when she turns to look at him.

Bucky flushes a little as he says in a low voice, “to call you Sarah.”

She pats him on the arm approvingly and allows the omega to lead her off. Steve stares after them, his mouth slightly parted. He’d expected her to shout at him, force them apart and shove Sharon into the Bucky-shaped space. Instead, Sarah had ignored him completely.

“So, this is a typical weekend for the eldest Odinson?” Howard opens his mouth in an attempt to break the gloomy silence. He raises an eyebrow at Thor who’s busy digging through the kitchen cabinets for the elusive jar of Barton’s Homemade Cookies. The muscles in his back bunch and shift underneath the white shirt as Thor reaches up for the highest cupboard.

“You’re never gonna find it, big guy.” Clint calls out to him without turning his head.

“I know it’s here somewhere. You always hide it when I come over,” Thor shouts back, undeterred, “I will find it, Clint. You know I always do.”

Howard’s eyebrows look like they’re actually making an attempt to escape his forehead and into outer space when Clint replies, “I wish you the best of luck then.”

Steve sighs, ignoring Tony’s poor attempt at keeping a straight face. Sam pokes the brunet omega, jerks a finger at Thor, who’s steadily demolishing their kitchen area and mouths the word ”go.” Clint rolls his eyes and pushes up from the couch, walking over to join the tall blond alpha in the kitchen.

“Stop it. Seriously, you’re over six foot tall, you’re not allowed to give me that kicked-puppy look.”

“Right,” Howard coughs, focusing his attention back to the serious problem at hand with some difficulty. “First of all, Steve. I must apologize for what happened today.”
“Yeah, you tell him, old man. Tell him what you did.” Tony’s tone is practically dripping with sarcasm. Howard heaves a pained sigh and pinches the bridge of his nose.

“Your arranged marriage…with Sharon Carter…was actually my idea. In fact, your mother wasn’t even aware of it until recently.” Howard confesses guiltily.

“What?”

Strangely, Bucky feels no fear or anger in Sarah Rogers’s presence. He thinks maybe it’s because of the ingrained idea that the person who can bring up someone as noble and kind-hearted as Steve can’t possibly be all that bad. She doesn’t smell like her son, but there’s a weird familiarity between his mate and Sarah that makes Bucky relax despite the nervous ache in the pit of his stomach.

“The boys are in these two rooms, the girls sleep on the opposite side of the hall, and this room is our makeshift library/playroom,” He introduces each room out of courtesy, face warming when Sarah’s blue eyes roam over the well-worn books, toys, and chairs.

“Steve patched that piece there,” Bucky blurts out without thinking when Sarah sees the spot of new paint over the ceiling of the reading room. He bites his lip when she raises an assessing eyebrow.

“He did an awful job,” She says shortly, voice sounding almost amused. Bucky blinks, taken aback by the edge of humor.

Sarah guides him into the room with a gentle tug on his arm, stepping gracefully over the various items strewn carelessly across the floor. Bucky almost wishes they'd called in advance so that he could have time to clean things up a bit beforehand. They settle down by the window seat, and Bucky wraps his arms around his knees unconsciously, curling in on himself in her presence. Sarah sits down elegantly, crosses her long slim legs at the ankles and smooths down the silky fabric of her dress before turning to face Bucky.

“I apologize for the spectacle my son made last night. You must have had quite the scare, James. I had intended to settle things with the Carters in private,” Sarah says. He bites his lower lip and looks down at the street below. He suddenly remembers that first night, Steve in his tailored suit, his face a mask of anxiety as he stood in front of Bucky’s door. The children had dumped a bucketful of cold water down upon his unsuspecting shoulders from the exact same spot they’re sitting in right now. His amusement must have shown on his face because Sarah pauses suddenly, her eyes curious as she follows the direction of his gaze.

“Steve, the first time he showed up at our doorstep, the kids dumped a whole bucket of cold water over his head right in the spot we’re sitting in now,” Bucky explains, pressing his cheek against the cool glass and smiling at the memory. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. “They loved him instantly, though. The children, they don’t get the chance to meet people like Steve very often.”

“People like Steve, what does that mean?” Sarah asks softly. She reaches out to brush a strand of his hair away from his forehead, and Bucky who’s never felt a mother’s touch before, can’t help but lean toward the gesture.

“Pure lineage, noble, too perfect to be true, people like you,” He murmurs, not realizing that he’s gotten too close until his cheek grazes Sarah’s silky blond hair. Bucky flinches back, mortified. “Oh, sorry, Mrs. Ro-”
She surprises him by gathering him close and letting him drop his head against her shoulder. “Are you afraid of me like my son believes you to be, James?” She asks, carding soft fingers through his hair.

“No, you were very courteous at the dinner last night,” Bucky shakes his head, “Steve’s very... protective of me, I guess.”

“Protective, yes. Stubborn like a mule, even more so.” She sighs in frustration. Then Sarah says suddenly, “you know, I always wanted an omega child.”

“Why?” Bucky lifts his head curiously. She smiles at him.

“Oh, I don’t know, I think you’d make quite an agreeable son, James,” Sarah tells him. Bucky can’t help but blush a little at the praise. “Steven was always fighting to please me, all his life. He never showed me any form of vulnerability, because it was what I taught him. And I know I should’ve been kinder to him growing up, but this was how my father raised me, and I wanted the best for him. I wanted to push him to his full potential. But along the way, I suppose we both ended up hating each other.”

“Steve doesn’t hate you,” Bucky tells her seriously, “he’s wary of you, yes, but only because he respects you. You’re his mother,” he swallows thickly, “a son will never be able to hate his mother. I grew up without one, but what I wouldn’t give to see my own mom.”

Sarah cups one of his warm cheeks and Bucky peers up at her. “You think?” She asks. Bucky nods solemnly.

Sarah smiles. “Let me tell you a story, James.”

“What do you mean it was your idea?” Steve demands, his face red, “she was aware of your plans, wasn’t she?”

“Steve, your mother let me handle your affairs when she went on her second and third tours overseas. You were only twelve at the time, you were so sickly and... small that I feared you wouldn’t-”

“He thought no respectable omega would want you, so he paired you with the equally runty and sickly Sharon Carter.” Tony interrupts bluntly, “Naturally, the Carters feared the same thing, so they immediately said yes. Then you went and hit puberty, turned into a walking sex-dream overnight, of which no doubt the Carters were quite pleased about.”

“Anthony-” Howard starts.

“Tell me I’m wrong.” Tony snaps. Howard buries his face in his hands and sighs noisily.

“This is unjust. Steve should have had a say in things,” Thor exclaims, hand still stuffed in the jar of cookies Clint had reluctantly given him. He obligingly presses a cookie into Tony’s waiting mouth when the other alpha leans back and crosses his arm triumphantly.

"What did my mother say when she found out?” Steve asks after an ominous pause.
“Well, she didn’t see anything wrong with the arrangement, so we...decided to continue with the plan,” Howard tells him guiltily.

There’s a pause. Steve is still staring at Tony’s father with scandalized betrayal on his face.

Then Sam coughs and opens his mouth for the first time since Sarah Rogers and Howard Stark entered their house. “I think the crucial question is what happens now?”

“You know, James. I see a hint of myself in my son,” Sarah’s first words make Bucky’s eyes widen in surprise. Past the steely intimidating mask of control, her voice holds a hint of longing. “I was 22 years old at the time, and my troops were stationed in Europe. At the end of the tour, we had planned to stop in Paris for a week before coming back. I saved him from a nasty beating. It was a bar full of drunk alphas and one foolishly defiant omega, not that I was any better, but something about him drew me in. Perhaps I was a tad bit less intoxicated than the other alphas.”

Bucky sucks in a sharp breath. Sarah’s eyes are sparkling with mischief when she asks, “It was fifteen against one. More alpha than my son, no?”

He nods vigorously.

She laughs softly and passes a hand through her flawless blond hair. “He was wary of me, naturally. But all I did was pass out on top of him halfway to my hotel room and puke all over his shirt. When I woke, he’d dragged me all the way to his apartment. He made breakfast as thanks, all the while blushing so hard I swear blood was going to start pouring from his ears at any second.”

Bucky can’t help but smile at the words.

“He asked me if he could paint me a portrait as a gift. I knew he wanted to express more than just gratitude with that little gesture, but I said no. We were schedule to leave in three days. Even if I had wanted to pursue something with him, Father would have never approved. He was a nobody, a poor painter trying to chase a ridiculous dream of opening his own art gallery in the City of Love. And I, I was…well, I was engaged to a pureblood omega already.

So, no. Nothing magical came of it. I left Paris three days later, and in two months, I married Steve’s father. Granted, I did come to love Joseph, but it just wasn’t the same. There was never that spark like that night in the bar, James. I think Father knew, but he never really said anything, not until his late years. Although he adored Steven, we were never really close. I told myself I never wanted to be like that with my son, but distancing myself was so much easier than being a responsible guardian.”

"That's why you were always going off to Paris," Bucky blurts out, heart pounding in his chest.

Sarah smiles wistfully at him, "Yes, and you know the funny thing is, his little dream came true. He's got an art gallery in Paris now."

"Does he know you still visit? Is he married?"

"No, and no. This engagement with Sharon, James,” She sighs, regret heavy in her voice, “You must understand that as parents, we naturally wish the best for our children. Howard did what he could for Steven. I understand his intentions to be good, but upon my arrival, I saw that my son had clearly already given his heart to another, and no amount of our meddling or angry Carters will be able to
change that. I was wary of you at first, James. I admit. What with your impressive resume and background in breaking and entering.”

Bucky’s cheeks flush with embarrassment, but Sarah bops him on the nose teasingly.

“My worry was clearly not needed because I see that spark in you two. Even a blind man would be able to tell my son is completely in love with you, child. You should see the way he looks at you when he thinks no one is watching. Good Lord, Steven practically glows.” She laughs softly, “and sometimes I wish I had half the courage he has. Perhaps things would have been different, perhaps he would’ve loved learned to love his mother.”

Bucky reaches out and pulls her close, wrapping his arms tightly around Sarah’s shoulders and burying his face in her soft golden hair.

“Maybe it’s not too late,” He whispers.

Chapter End Notes

Howie and Sarah meant well. :)

Also, I started ANOTHER fic. Ugh yes, I should stop digging new holes, but my plot bunny cage is full to bursting and I needed to bury a few of them before it explodes. Go check it out if you are interested in seeing Pre-serum Steve Rogers and the Winter Soldier take the ultimate road trip.

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!