OTP challenge!!! NSFW! Stucky and a pinch of Clintasha

Summary

Gonna do my best here, this is to help with my terrible writers block!
30 day challenge, where only 3-5 of these bad boys will be het-clintasha.

But Fluff-n-Porn. Mostly porn. But yeah, look for no majestic plots here. (I do like to give a good amount of start before the smutt commences.)

Notes

Cuddling (naked)
No smut, all fluff.
Stucky
Cuddling- Fluff (stucky)

I'm with you pal, to the end of the line...

His moms dead, and she won't ever be coming back.

Steve plans on wallowing in his grief for the rest of the night.

If you could even call it night yet.

Bucky decided to stay, despite Steve's half hearted protests that end in soft grateful smiles and gentle, lingering touches. A cacophony against the smooth September sky, the cool air that greets them now a reminder of what is to come.

Winter.

The weather is still just-only tolerable for the smaller mans poor lungs, he glances at Bucky who apparently had just finished washing up in the bathroom. Comes out with a small hand towel, running fingers through hair that is still slicked and surprisingly a lot more messier than before.

Steve, without provocation, had pushed the cushions together just as Bucky had suggested. Silently sketching in a nicely bound book that Bucky had gifted him on his birthday. It's already half full and perhaps if he's lucky he'll get one for Christmas. But he doesn't have any of his hopes up.

"Hey, no more of that." Bucky scoffs, tossing his rag into a wash bucket by the sink. "I can tell you're doin' it, losing all faith in things, getting all down on yourself."

Steve looks at him as if he's both the stupidest, and the most precious thing in the world. "Come of me Buck, I'm just drawing, don't have to read into things..."

"What is there to read into? You're totally a sour puss... I don't blame you though." His mouth forms a tight line, then he's sighing, sitting next to Steve cross-legged.

"Getting a bit close for comfort there, you wanna say that again, without the act?" Somehow, this kind of talk is just what he needs.

The room goes quiet again, Steve thinks it's just cause Bucky finally decided to shut his pie hole. When it seems from out of nowhere, he speaks.

"Your mom was one of the strongest people I know, and a blind man could see it..."

"I know Bucky." Steve murmurs, he doesn't look up despite the surprise that jolted through him at the confession.

"Yeah, but she pales in comparison to the strongest person I know."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Steve snaps, tossing his pencil into his book and giving the most impassioned, ticked-off glare. It'd never put fear into the hearts of anyone, anyone except for James Buchanan Barnes perhaps.
"You, Stevie, you...I'm talkin' about your no-good punk ass so keep on sketchin'." He was looking at Steve for much too long, so he looks away with some sort of hurt Steve can't place.

"Yeah, well, you're the stupid one. So I guess it fits."

"You calling me dumb Rogers?" He looks mildly impressed, moving into a position where he's laying and holding himself up with his elbows.

"Yeah, sure as hell am, Buck." Steve replies cheekily shoving his sketch book off to the side and finally getting around to loosening his tie and tossing it on top of his book. Bucky squints a little, wondering what his game is. But Steve never breaks eye contact.

It's a flash of movement, but Steve starts it. Pushing Bucky down to the cushions and pinning him down, but of course Bucky is letting him and it has nothing to do with strength right now. Purely play, and something they'd embark upon on occasion.

But Bucky Barnes can't stop paying attention to the younger man's chest. The tiny form tucked in two-sizes too-big clothing, a body that hardly portrays the man. And he is a man, Buck reminds himself. Because while Steve has the body of a 16 year old, (and that's putting it nicely.) His voice is deeper than Bucky's ever could be, perseverance and will stronger than any other mans' ought to be. But its Steve Rogers, with a smart mouth and a heart of gold.

He's so damn done for.

"Whats the matter Buck? Can't hold your own? Need me to baby sit ya?" They both know that's not true at all, but the fire in those blue eyes has him on some kind of ride. Like the Cyclone on Coney going over and over again.

"No way, pal, I'm just making sure you didn't hurt yourself just now." Replying smoothly, but this only seems to incense the situation further.

Steve straddles harder, his arms may or may not be shaking, but Bucky doesn't pay that no mind.

"Shuddap! You just love coddling me, you jerk!"

"Love it? more like it's my day job..."

With a low growl Steve throttles him, sort of, and Bucky decides to humor him and flip them over so Bucks ontop, and skinny legs are wrapped around him. His best friend, looks surprised a moment and then finally. "Oh fuck no! get the hell off of me!"

"Manners Stevie! You kiss your mama with that mouth?"

Steve looks a little forlorn for a moment, Barnes inwardly curses himself for the poorly chosen words.

But he's met with a swift punch to the chest. It doesn't hurt at all, felt like a dame slapping him at a party.

A really tiny dame.

Actually Bucky ain't ever danced with a dame as small as Steve.

He was caught off guard though...
"I got manners, but I don't need them around you and you know it!"

"Jesus and where you figure that?"

"Dunno, don't care, get the hell off of me buck!" He scrambles once more, punching a few more times until Buck decides he's had enough.

"If... you ask nicely."

"Well, fine... Please." Steve looks up and into Bucky's eyes, it's softer, pleading, even though the blonde's lips are just pressed into a flat line of apathy.

Steve stopped struggling, so now they're just looking at one another with the weirdest gaze, Bucky only stopping when he realizes he's hard and wrinkling Steve's shirt.

"Dammit Steve, you gotta job interview on Monday and our hot iron broke..." He snaps up off of the younger man, and Steve looks flushed, totally shaken out of their miniature moment. If you could call it that.

"Yeah, I know, here, help me get these hung up. Don't wanna ruin them anymore than I have to." Helping is the easy part, its realizing both of their clothes need washing that makes it hard. And the fact they can't do that till tomorrow that makes it harder. Which ends up with Steve in boxers, and Bucky in his trousers.

Steve looks cold, and Bucky is too. So he takes off his own pants and hangs them up. Steve instantly looking flustered, "What the hell are you doing..."

"Taking off my clothes so we can go to sleep, what does it look like I'm doing?" Steady heat rises over his chest, speckled in patches of curly dark hair. Of course his young friends eyes wander, but he pretends he can't see that. Bucky's looking at him twice as much if not more, but maybe, maybe Steve will ignore just how much he's looking.

The lights go out, and he can feel Steve shivering against him for a few minutes until he tucks the blonde in tighter and pulls him up closer.

"Buck!" the tone shocked, scandalized.

"You not like this?"

"Thats not... wait, do you?"

"Course, otherwise I'd toss you out the window. Shut up and go to sleep."

"Mmn'Alright..."

They're 'sleeping' when Bucky trails his hands down in smooth motions over the lower part of Steve's back. 'Asleep' when Steve presses himself closer to Bucky, groin to groin, his head on Bucks' shoulder. And neither one of them notice one another's hot arousal flush and firm together only guarded by thin fabric.

*You never gotta do this alone...*
Kissing (in the nude) Stucky

Chapter Summary

It's short, its simple, and sweet...a little teeny bit more sensual than the last but I think it gives us a flash of POST-CATWS Film.

Stucky, Naked Kissing commence

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

/Kiss me once, kiss me twice, and kiss me once again.../

Every time before now, their kisses we're subdued, hidden, and in the crevice of an old tent. Fully clothed, and somewhere in the middle of nowhere Europe, close to the enemy line. They weren't the worst, but they also weren't the best situations ever.

They had close calls, but it never got to a dangerous point. Even if the commandos caught them, Steve was certain they wouldn't say a damn thing. Europeans man, Europeans.

But now, in the privacy of their own quarters in Stark tower, over top smooth sheets and a too-soft mattress. It's tentative, its reminiscent, and heaven sent.

It wasn't even his second kiss since 1945, but it was definitely the most memorable.

“Ah-n Steve... where the hell'd you learn to do that?”

Bucky pants, running his metal hand through his own hair as if trying to shrug off the total shiver he just got down his spine.

“From the best, of course.” Steve smiles, tilting his head, gently nipping on the plump lower lip of his returned lover. Hands up to cup at Bucky's squared jaw, and kiss on the bold edge leading to the cleft.

Bucky, for once, takes the shy edge. “Steve...”

“Shhh, I'll be careful, we don't have to go any further than this, I just want...”

Bucky's lips come crashing when he least expects it, prying apart his Captain like it was the day before he shipped out to London. Like there was nothing greater on the planet then Steven Grant Rogers. Though in Bucks' eyes, that was the gospel truth.

“You just shut your pretty mouth, I was only gonna ask if we could strip. I'm boiling in this thing.” Fair enough, its a large sweater. Steve's sweaters seemed too long and bulky for the brunette, who didn't look swallowed whole, but you could tell it didn't exactly fit.
“Alright.” Steve murmurs, “Just relax, I don't care if it takes us all night...”

“Well I do, I still haven't taken my jog...”

“Bucky its 12:45 in the morning...”

“So?”

With a soft chuckle, and after Bucky had removed his clothing, Steve presses against him and pushes the shorter man back into the mounds of pillows. A bigger bed than either of them could ever dream of.

It gets so fast, so heated, that Steve's clothes get lost in the process.

So do they.

Clean, naked, bodies that grind and press and gyrate into their own sensual ministrations. Unable to get enough of one another.

“Oh God, Buck, you're the only one for me. You're my guy now, right?” He rasps, kissing along that face he loves so much.

“Sure thing Stevie, I've always been your guy...”

“Bucky...” Steve’s heart breaks does a funny thing, where it drops to his feet and his stomachs full when he hasn't even eaten.

“Don't think that ever changed, even as I am now.”

“Buck...”

“Just shuddap, kiss me some more.”

“Hey, you're not the one giving orders here, pal.” Steve tries to smile, teasing jovially.

“But...ts'been a long, long, time, Stevie....”

That song.

They start up the kissing again, with a fervor all their own. Naked and beautiful, scarred, mutilated, and mutated. Somehow the most beautiful tangle of tongue and limbs one could ever feast their eyes upon.

“I love you...” Steve whispers, Buck gasps at both the sensation and the words.

“Love'ya too, but I'm getting cold...” His go-to excuse when he needs more of Steve's touch.

“I have you, Buck, I got ya.”
“I know Steve, I know...”

“Buck..”

It becomes a moment of breathless admission, confessions that they never said before. Couldn't bear to to say before.

“I've loved you since I was 15...”

“I was 12...I looked like a...”

“I know... but I did... I couldn't help it but I did.”

“Bucky...” His voice gets impossibly soft, no one would ever guess how completely gentle the feisty Captain America gets.

“We have each other now, baby doll, s'all that matters.”

“Just, shuddup, and kiss me some more.” Cap says in turn.

He does, and it's the best moment of his life getting to press fully naked into his guy, for the very first time.

/It's been a long, long time../

Chapter End Notes

Any Critique? I'm accepting any and all critique!
First time (Stucky NSFW)

Chapter Summary

WOO, longest one yet. I tried to make this as realistic as possible.

Bring in the gay sex! NSFW STUCKY <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In five hours, Steven has to get to work.

He works in a repair and resale shop down the road who needs someone to clean, work at the front desk, do the days books, and chase out petty thieves with a broom. The poor guy has to do that more than not.

He goes in at lunch time today, to cover for a lovely lady named Pearla who had to stay in with sick children.

It's 7 A.M, Steve should be resting, but he can't find the ability to lay still.

Bucky would be mad at him, force him into bed because he'll be out and about in the October air til 7PM and that was grounds for Bucky to make a hot watery cider and hold him into the depths of the wet, cold, night.

There wouldn't be warmth, no cider, no company.

Because in a little less than 3 hours, James Buchanan Barnes will be in a plane on its way to London.

A good man, a best friend, a sergeant.

Steve would be stuck here, helping old ladies down stairs while Buck fought the good fight just as every other able bodied American man would be. The thought alone makes him clench his hands hard enough to turn white. It was hardly noticeable because his hands were already marble in color. A trait for which he despised in comparison to the olive hued, suave, gentleman that made him sick to his stomach for a variety of reasons.

Or, that could be his gastritis, he's totally unaware of how many health problems he has now.

In 2 hours and 27 minutes, Bucky Barnes will be well on his way to stop Hitler, stop Hydra, and defend their nation. Something Steve felt that was in his blood, his right, his destiny.

But this isn't an old fairy-tale book, or something from mother goose.

The poor 2nd generation Irish immigrant, was emaciated, orphaned, and terribly alone. His only purpose for living now, his best friend. Although, he'd never tell him that cause it'd go right to his
thick head.

He heaves an asthmatic cough, because his heart rates gone up considerably. The Anxiety has taken its toll on his body. Even as the attack wrecks his form, Steve pulls the worn quilt off of the dining room chair and lays flat on the ground as he tries to calm himself and live through this attack.

1 hour 52 minutes.

Bucky's not gonna come back from dancing last night.

That was their good bye.

Steve holds back a dry sob, making himself cough harder.

Steven Rogers doesn't cry, he never cries.

The door latches open, and Steve slips up onto his side, then up when he hears murmurings, feminine laughter. Then, a jocund looking Barnes talking to the two dames he left with last night.

“I gotta pick up a few things before I ship out, otherwise, I'd be out and about some more, doll.”

She quivers her lip a little, not even seeing Steve who is now at least 5 feet behind Bucky and in the small dining room.

“Awww but Buckyyy do ya have to?” Whining, Steve rolls his eyes still breathing heavily and pushing fallen blonde bangs up out of his eyes. He manages to take a strong stance, nothing defensive, or introverted. His shoulders straight and hands clenched at his sides. Chest rattling, and brows clenched defiantly.

“Yes, I'm sorry, but I'll be thinkin' of your pretty face while I'm all alone out there in some tent.”

She giggles, the other looks a little peeved. Or a mixture of uncomfortable and shy.

Whatever, that dame is obviously blatantly ignoring him.

They leave, Bucky's got his satchel on his back, and as soon as he turns around after his sweet little goodbyes. Steve pretends his lungs are alright, and sucks in a breath. He's gonna make it through this no matter what, and he's gonna do it with his dignity in tact.

Buck, looks surprised to see him for a moment but his face instantly softens at the sight of Steve. Then, confusion rests in those bushy brows of his. “Hey, you alright?”

“I'm fine.” Steve lies, and he almost curses because he is not okay, and he's a terrible liar.

Bucky shrugs that answer off, “So full of it, Rogers, I didn't even plan on coming by today. So how about we skip past any crap and you man up, tell me what's the matter...”

Steve's eyes snap open, Bucky looks like he instantly regrets it.

“Stevie...”
“Don't you dare 'Stevie' me.”

Buck winces, “I don't gotta tell you anything, don't gotta let you know how I feel just like you didn't have to come by today. Which if you didn't plan on it, why are you here?”

“I left my favorite comb.” A fake, suave, air takes over the Sergeant's disposition and Steve see's right the fuck through it.

“You're so full of crap, Buck, so full of it, what is this? Some way to manipulate me...”

“What the hell are you talking about Steve?”

Steve turns red, and crosses his arms, cause suddenly he feels so vulnerable, so lost. Looking away for a moment, he continues. “I don't know, last night you made a show of ditchin' me, and now your back on in here like it wasn't a damn thing. Like you leaving isn't a damn thing.”

Bucky rolls his eyes, “You know what, I don't need this shit, Steve. You ain't my dame, ain't my girl. So I hardly understand why I need send a telegram every 3 hours once one of my plans change...”

“You trying to insinuate I'm some kinda dame?”

“If the shoe fits.”

“Oh put it where it hurts, Buck. You're such a floozy, got no right to tell me I'm some lady when you walk around Brooklyn like you got it by the tail. In fact, tail seems to be the only thing you care about.”

He steps up close, looking Bucky in the eyes with a cadence that says 'try me,' the most intimidating look he's ever worn. Even in the face of criminals, he's never been more than defiant and determined. But he's foul and mad, beyond upset.

“Are you kiddin' me Rogers? Kiddin me? I practically...” He chuckles dryly, scooping fingers through his hair as always. “I practically do everything but wipe your ass. I tried to have fun last night with you the night before I left but you wouldn't even take Mary on one go round on the floor. So then you expect me to read your mind and come on over for a visit before I ship off and fight in a war.”

Steve flinches.

Bucky almost cuts off at the last word, realizing what he just said. Because it's quiet now, and Steve's done holding in his breath.

1 hour... 18 minutes...

“Steve.”

“Fuck you.”

“Steve...”

“No, seriously, fuck you, go to war, go fight the cause Buck. I don't care!”
His ribcage is practically rattling with how angry he is, Steve's shaking so hard and his asthma is back but he's too angry to pay attention and doesn't care if he croaks over right now. So help him. Why is it the times he wishes he'd disappear, are all the times he endures and defies the laws of his puny, sick, nature.

“Steve I shouldn't have said that... Jesus, I'm sorry...”

“No! I don't accept that answer, and you gotta stupid plane to catch so how about you get on outta here!”

“Stevie, is anything gonna be good enough? I'm tryin' to say I'm sorry, and I'm gonna leave in a minute, and I really mean it okay? I'm just stressed...”

“Stressed?” Stevie chuckles, throwing his hands in the air. He's too weak to get them as high as he planned so they start to shake and fall back to his sides. The chuckling turns to coughing, and Bucky's at his side trying to calm him in a heartbeat.

“Hey, chill out, you gonna kill yourself.”

“So what... a-and stop that! Lemme go! Get your stupid paws off me you putz!”

Buck tries to support his frame and back like he typically would.

Steve smacks him in the face, probably the hardest he's ever hit. So intense that even the blondes eyes widen in surprise with the recoil.

He just pulled a muscle...

Buck steps back, pursing his lips up in the way that says he's been rightfully reprimanded. Pained for his transgression.

Even his perfectly shaven face, has a welting red imprint at the place of impact.

“Alright, Steve. I get it, lemme... lemme just get out of your hair...” His voice resigned, hand cupping his own cheek.

This whole time adrenalin and anxiety is pouring off of Steve in waves. Lungs begin to slowly calm and relax just from the tone of Bucky's voice.

Buck has to straighten his hat, he runs a hand over his uniform. Grabs his bags, and Steve just feels his heart sink, his body so slack and fierce, bleeding. Pain, runs through him like an unkempt fire.

“Buck...”

It sounds watery, and its hoarse and gross. Bucky is quiet as he turns around, ignoring him.

“Wait... Bucky...”

“Bucky...”

The soldier picks up his things, Steve's turning a new and impressive shade of burgundy.

“Fuck this, you're leavin' in an hour, you're leavin me and everyone and I'm jealous. It's gross, and stupid but I am. I'm tired, I'm so tired and I'm not gonna give up fighting this cause. But if there's one thing I'm not, is a coward. So hear me you stupid jerk!”
“I love you!”

“That's right, not even like a brother or a pal or something... I'm a queer!” Shaking, he continues without a stammer in his throes.

“A fuckin' fairy!”

“I got it for you *bad.*”

Okay, so he did not intend on doing that...ever.

But he figured Buck would never toss him in a waste can or something. The mans' leaving any way.

He's got nothing to lose but his life. Steve always figured he'd die really young any way.

Bucky was almost to the door, his hand on the knob, when he pauses sharply at the confession. Shoulders going stiff like a cat who's just been touched when he don't quite like it.

Steve buckles up, eyes closed, for the worst. But he stays standing, he doesn't move. Only focuses on his breathing.

It's a memory replayed, because when Bucky turns around he thinks his friends' gonna hit him. It wouldn't be the first person he loved to do so. It's like how his father would turn towards his mother and wail on her like she was nothing but a pile of linen.

Steve's hands grip tighter. Opening his eyes because Bucks' now right in front of him with the most unreadable look on his face.

“You're not just saying that, right? To get a rise out of me?” His friend just looks pained. Confused.

“N-no.”

1 hour 2 minutes...

Steve looks at him like he's stupid, who would joke like that? Lie about something like that? Bucky looks hesitant. This is such a weird look for him, especially after all that just went down.

“No, I'm not just saying that. I mean it.” Setting his jaw, Bucky looks shocked. As if it *just* sunk in, and settled to his head. This, was the face he was envisioning. Bucky starts to back the smaller man further into the house, back into comfortable territory, he knows what to expect.

Bucks silence is the scariest part, cause usually he's a loud mouth, usually he's obnoxious and sarcastic.

“You do not...” He finally looks something, exasperated... a little lost.

“You can't just say something like that an hour before I gotta head out...”

Steve's pressed against the wall, after almost tripping over a chair the soldier slid back under the table for two they found in a dumpster and fixed.
The smaller man is just as perplexed, what the hell?

His questions are answered, as Bucky pushes into him. Tilting his head at a positively sinful angle and pressing slightly closed lips against Steve's own. Brushing the slight tip of his tongue against the shapely pout on Stevens face.

Then pulling back, as Steve is too shocked to respond.

Both of them a bit breathless and Bucky looks at him, as if searching for answers or a sign.

He gives an exasperated sigh, about to pull away when Steve places a hand on his best friends shoulder.

“Don't go... n-not yet.”

55 minutes....

Steve struggles to get onto his tip-toes. Kissing at the side of the taller mans mouth.

It was the last straw.

Buck pushes Steve into the wall again, kissing him like a lifeline. Shoving a hand through blonde hair to move the mans head as he wills it. Steve's all for this, feeling too weak to instigate or ask questions.

Bucky slips a hand under the loose waistline of trousers, licks into Steve's mouth like there's something sweet there.

Steve, who's now had his first kiss, is realizing that Bucky's got his own trousers opened already. This is going better than he thought, faster than he originally would have planned.

50 minutes... he better jump to it!

“Y-you getting' sweet on me Barnes?”

“Y-yeah, yeah I am...I can stop if its...”

They're grinding hot and heavy, spaced out conversation through panting huffs and rolling hips.

“No, don't want you to... just wanna feel you one last time.”

“Never did feel me before, pal.”

Steve lets out a huff of laughter.

“Please, all those cold nights. We might have been clothed but...”

Breath hitching, his cock is pressed firmly against Bucky's.
“Christ Steve, you're huge, mhhhn! I want you in my mouth!”

That sends shivers up his overly-curved spine, makes his face go hot.

“Buck!”

“Yeah, oh yeah, dreamed about this. Common, roll your hips with me a little.”

Steve copies the special kind of rolling, his eyes widen large and owlish. Then go lidded in pleasure.

“Oh buck, so, so good... want you...”

“Yeah, oh yeah Stevie... me too, I want you too.”

Both of them are gripping onto one another for dear life. Grinding into one another in a frenzy, and Buck goes back to kissing him deeper. It's longer, the most passionate kiss the brunettes ever had.

It's like a rutting hysteria that settles through each of them.

When Bucky takes the both of them in one hand and starts to jerk them together, Steve stills. It's too intense, he's hardly ever touched himself being the catholic he is. So it's amazing, the most incredible thing he's ever felt when he climaxes and spills all over Bucky's hand and the floor.

“Christ, Steve!” The Sergeant hisses, just the sight of his best friend losing it has his groin tight and unsettled. Has him shooting out thick ropes all over Steve's waist and chest.

“Oh...” Steve mutters, falling back against the wall, spent and a bit more relaxed.

35 minutes...

“Shit! Bucky, you gotta go!”

Bucky, who'd been standing there breathing heavily with his eyes closed. Only nods a little and lets out a long sigh. “I-I know... I know, but it's okay...I...”

Steve scrambles weakly to zip himself up and grab a rag, going to clean them both up when he sees Bucky already beats him to his own hand. The soldier licking at his fingers for taste, “Yeah... no wonder why the dames don't like it.” Eyes squeezing in mild distaste.

If the blonde could get positively any redder right now.

“Oh relax Stevie.” He takes the rag from him and cleans off, zipping up his own trousers.

“I love you too, you know.”

It's probably not the best confession, both of theirs were rushed and sudden.

But Steve will take it.

“Write me.”

“Course.”
“Don't die.”

A moment's silence.

Somehow the soldiers hat had fallen off during the hectic scenario, so he bends over to pick it up.

“I won't.”

Somehow, it feels like a lie.

Steve lets it pass though.

Buck leans in once more, cupping Steve's face for a chaste yet adoring kiss.

Seconds later. “Gross, Buck. Drink some water or something and get your ass to that plane.”

Bucky chuckles, and smiles wide.

Grabbing his satchel, sliding his hat back on, and turning around to walk backwards with a salute.

“Yes, sir.”

The door shuts, and he's gone.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Critique? I know its some shortlived porn, but I feel like this story is graduating from fluff to full blown porny goodness.
Masturbation (Stucky NSFW)

Chapter Summary

Pr0n.

But I decided to do a masturbation scene, a little, differently.

This is my headcanon, I hope you enjoy.

PS: This takes place between the 1st and the 3rd chapter, if you want a proper time-stamp.
I could start dating these since I don't plan on going by any particular order.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He's a menace, and a terrible friend.

But, Bucky Barnes already has resigned him self to a special place in hell full of brimstone and fire.
He doesn't think loving a man can just automatically send you to the particular pit he's reserved.
No, he's not that old fashioned, but he does know having thoughts like his, about your best friend,
without him ever knowing about it.

Guilt has never been this intense.

Which is perhaps why Buck knows he's going to hell.

He's going to fight and kill in this war, leave Steve behind, and still lock himself in their bathroom
while Steve is just a door over in the living room.

Then masturbate, vigorously, till he's ejected every feeling he has for the infuriating, blonde, man
of wit and stubborn will.

It's so bad.

He shouldn’t be doing this.

Stroking down his naked chest with bare hands, touching his own body sensually, just how a spicy
dame would figure. Imagine slender fingers tracing at his shoulders, neck, then towards his groin.
Cupping at the place where his hip bones dip, along naked thighs and over his rear.
This perhaps, is why he's pretty sure that pit is gonna have his name on it and a first class pass to
eternal damnation.

Because he knows he could have sex with a woman and get off easier, have any dame he really wants. Still, it'd be wrong...this is so much more.

Holding back soft moans and biting at the inside of a swelling cherry colored lip. Bucky bends over the sink, and spreads his legs apart wide to a secure stance.

Taking both hands and reaching behind himself to spread his ass apart and knead at the cheeks in ways he'd only ever imagined. And man, did he imagine a lot.

Course he didn't always understand the mechanics of queer sex.

Till he got a view of it once at a bar... it's like not a man paid attention to the two men going at it roughly in the bathroom.

It didn't gross him out nearly as much as it should have, it awakened the beast. One of the few things that made him realize how stupidly in love with Steve Rogers he is.

Someone might as well carve 666 into his forehead then stone him dead.

Bucky finally takes one of his hands away from his rear, and in the cabinet above fetches the petroleum jelly.

With a good dollop, he presses it against his small hole and begins to work his way around its crevice.

Working his way in with a finger, spreading himself open with his other hand, while his chest is supported by the sturdy sink that he'd tested many times prior.

“Oh!” Buck gasps, biting on his lip so hard it bleeds. It's easy to ignore, and instead, push that finger deep into himself and haphazardly thrust into his own ass like its his last resort.

He loves this, so much, and he doesn't care.

The man would like to say he cares, imagine a world where he could truly feel repentant for his sins.

Bucky almost laughs at the thought, pushing a second digit in without a worry.

Sure there's a tight burning sensation at first, it's not the most pleasant, but he has an ache deep down that nothing else will satisfy. He has the biggest craving for a cock deep inside of his stretching hole.

To get on all fours, present himself to Steve like some kinda housewife fantasy and ask for it. Beg.

That's what he imagines.
Steve grabbing at his waistline, thrusting up and into him like they were nothing but mutts in an alley. Oh shit does that make him wet, his member dripping and pressing the tip up and into the sink a little while he fucks his ass and rolls into every thrust.

Loves it, loves being fucked out, but couldn't imagine any one else, but Steve.

“Mnnn... s-steve...” He whispers, wishing now more than ever that he was a woman. Stupid, it's fucking stupid cause he'd downright hate being a woman for life. Being limited in anything and everything that you did. Being forced to have kids and be some wife...

Not his style.

But just to be allowed.

To be allowed to have Steve once, and show the man just how much he's loved, adored, wanted, and cherished.

The fantasy gives shivers up his spine, makes his head fall forward and his eyes clench shut. This scrawny kid from Brooklyn does this to him, revert Bucky into a moaning pansy.

This thought still doesn't stop the way he's drilling his own stretched out ass.

Three fingers down, and it only makes him finally aim for that place deep inside of him. One that he never knew could cause such great pleasure till weeks ago. Honestly, it didn't make much sense to begin with.

But now, it does, it feels so good.

Why would God make something so sinful, feel so good?

Perhaps it is like eden? A test to his faith, just like every good man out there?

Whatever, he's not that religious, but he can't help but think this way.

Even while he's drilling himself halfway to sunday.

“Ohh!” Brushing and pressing up against his prostate once more, then finding a perfect spot to start fucking himself in the perfect rhythm. Arching his back, as his once-slicked bangs pool against he cold sink. His cock bobbing around without a single touch.

He knows he can get off on just this, strives for it because it's something he doesn't get all the time.

It's always over stimulation, a determined dame trying to prove her worth and Bucky having to coo and weave her apart into some relaxing state.

Dammit, he can't just take a broad without giving her pleasure, that'd just be rude.

So why the hell can't he please himself however he wants, in the privacy of his own apartment?
Because Steves next door, that’s why.

Biting on the edge of a pencil, wearing nothing but trousers and one of Bucky's shirts. Probably refusing to wear underwear today. Insisting on changing right in front of the taller man without so much as a blink of an eye.

Sporting a full morning wood, but not caring if Bucky notices or feels it pressed against the small of his back.

Pink, plush lips, and skin like a cloud, eyes blue like the sky.

Buck lets out a strangled moan, pants, gets faster as his cock strains and hangs there in a swollen wet mess. So close, the cold air and his bunched fingers make the feeling intensify.

Gather in the lowest parts of his body, makes him sweat.

When he finally comes, and stands up straight when he does just so that he can empty into the sink. Let the spunk hit the faucet and everything else because he's a freak, a demon.

But as he feels himself relax, and hears Steve's deep voice through the door.

“Hey Buck, you alright in there? You're not getting sick are you?”

He opens his eyes to the small crappy mirror on their wall, smiles like a wrecked nephilim.

“I'm good Stevie, just tired, I'll be out soon.”

This is the closest feeling to heaven he’s ever gonna get.

Chapter End Notes

Comment? Critique? It always helps and I'm up for suggestions.

Thanks guys
Blow jobs (Stucky-ish? NSFW)

Chapter Summary

Less porn, more plot, again I didn't wanna go with the typical. Steve gets into it with a hook up, Memories of the past ensue.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'Risky behavior' is practically Steve's censored title for 'Reckless as Hell.'

Few take the time to realize this.

Steve walks through Harlem for the hell of it on a Friday night, just to protect the innocent, and get his fill of punching criminals in the face.

He walks through back alley ways and spars on with the lowly gang bangers or NYC.

It wouldn't be a surprise to anyone that really, really, knew him that he was walking into a shady pub of a gay bar. At first, Steve’s surprised places like these are openly advertised and easily searched online.

This particular one had an address, a number, and 5 reviews talking about how unkempt it was.

Perfect spot.

Is all he thinks, because that’s the kinda place he'd go to back then. Sans the 'gay' aspect...

That really wasn't an open thing... then.

Now, its legal, people like him can get married.
That ordeal, really takes the cake for the new America he's woken up in.

It's been a few weeks after the debacle with the chitauri. A little over two to be exact. So things still surprise him. Overwhelm his muted senses, and memories that haunt him in broad daylight.

Ghosts in his eyes, nonexistent in reality.

He wears his old leather Jacket, collared shirt, slacks, and old boots. Looking nothing from 2008.

But he owns it, hair combed over and clean. Apparently something called argon oil is a thing, nifty.

His vintage bike is parked out front, and he strides into the no-good looking pub without a bat of an eye. Sitting at the bar away from a crowd of guys who are murmuring, some of it about him, some of it very innappropriate.

The blonde can't help but grin.

“Hey, what's the oldest you've got?”

“Highland park, Jeremiah weed, Glenfarclas...”

“Last one.”

“You got it.” The man who's wiping out the inside of a glass, nods. Heading to the back for the special bottle.

Scotch. Expensive Scotch but an actual brand he remembers from Europe. Something he remembers sharing with Bucky. Who didn't like that as much as he like beer and bourbon.

It all tasted the same now, and he only did it for memory.
“You're not from here, are ya?”

A familiar accent paired with an unfamiliar voice sends a pang through his heart.

Oh Brooklyn.

“No, how’d you figure?” Steve turns after his mind configures the words spoken. It's almost as if he's constantly pending, figuring this new time all out.

Now, he's a bit surprised at the sight. The man who started the conversation had his head shaved all the way around, and hair elegant, black, cradling his face in waves. Way-too-light icy blue eyes, lids covered in kohl black and face containing enough metal it throws Steve off for a second.

“Just your type, you look like you're from up north. Old money or something.”

Steve shakes his head, a small tumbler of scotch rested before him.

“You could say that.”

This man with high cheekbones, and a semi-squared jaw. He hardly looks like Bucky, but, his company will suffice. He's wearing skin tight leather material from nearly head to toe. Except for his shirt that cuts low and brings witness to speckling of chest hair.

Damn, he's hot.

“Too loaded to share drinks with a guy like me?” He's playing with some kind of metal piercing that’s... in his tongue?!

“I don't think so, not above a drink with any guy.”

“What about any girl? Cause honestly you don't look gay.”
“I'm not gay.”

The guy looks disturbed, “Then why the hell are you in here, pal?”

“I'm pretty sure the term is bisexual...”

This guy rolls his eyes, looking legitimately unenthusiastic.

“Oh fucking, please... you look like you've been knee deep in pussy all your life.”

“Never been with a woman.” Steve says a little coldly, taking a sip of his scotch with a wince. Tastes like shit. Women were a whole new ballgame for Steve. For one, he sucked at talking to them. Two, he just. Steve wouldn't feel right using a woman.

Sure, it'd be a mutual using thing. Call him old fashioned, call it a little misogynistic. Steve just respects women on a whole different kind of platform and always would.

This guy's very expressive, now going from disturbed to mildly impressed.

“You're a vet, aren't you.”

“Yeah.”

“Where did you serve?”

“Special operations.” Which isn't exactly a lie, but he doesn't wanna talk about it. Not at all.

“Oh.” Finally he sits next to Steve and orders a beer, biting at the other piercings in his lip. Why Steve finds these attractive, he'll never understand.
“Okay, so you're some rich, hot, bad ass... and your tastes in alcohol is crap. What else should I know about you before my lips are wrapped around your prick?”

Steve's shocked, cause, well, that was fast. He wasn't planning on it going down like this, but hell, he can't catch any diseases.

Not looking the man in the eyes at first, he sloshes the amber liquid in his glass around gently.

“Your lips?” Steve mutters, then looks sly as hell. “I rather it the other way around, pal.” The guy looks obviously surprised, “Sign me the hell up...”

Steve taps the bar, and buys the man another drink with a cheeky grin.

Doesn't take a long time for him to get this guy on his bike, in his bed, and more.

The guy is obviously wasted, but Steve made sure to get consent before the intoxication. Plus, at least he's on the receiving end. It wouldn't feel right just to fuck the man into the mattress.

“Mnn oh shit, man, you're lips... you have fucking 'chick' lips... mnnn!” Very vocal, in comparison to Steve who's a lot quieter.

Smiling into a few more kisses, then only maneuvering just enough clothing so he can start on his current fixation. Sucking on this guy's cock like he's getting a paycheck for it, and enjoying every minute.

Still quiet, perhaps besides the soft humming, sloppy wet sounds, the obvious little moans of enjoyment.

“Oh, oh my god, I wanna g-grab your head and just...”

Steve looks up and slides off the member with a soft popping noise. “Then do it, grab my hair, and just do it. I can hold my breath for a pretty long time.” Sliding back down on the punk, gaining a perfect reaction.
“Oh fuuuck...”

He's getting his face screwed into, pounded mercilessly and only because he asks for it. Pushes down and practically begs, silently, for his face to be fucked.

But all he can think of, is Bucky Barnes.

He was never this rough, always treated him like a treasure. Even when he was a super soldier, Buck would cup his face, pull out to kiss him. Spread his lips with his fingers, muss his hair.

With his eyes closed, Steve can pretend this is anyone he wants.

“Shit, I'm so close...”

Oh Stevie, you're mouth is so damn pretty. I'm the luckiest guy, baby doll. Let me fill those pretty lips right up. Oh yes! Yes, ffff yes, just right. Just, right, there b-baby. Oh Christ, gonna come! Want in on your face? in your throat? Ohhh!

This guy comes down his throat, its not too much and for that Steve is kind of grateful. When he slides off, all he can think of is one particular name... Bucky.

“Who the hell is Bucky?” The guy murmurs plopping back into the bed. Before Steve can really apologize or get a word in edgewise. Piercings-guy is snoring.

Figures.

When he wakes up at 5:30, Steve manages a jog, then returns home to notice the guy is still there, and dead asleep. Tucks him into some blankets, cause he feels bad, and at around 8 A.M Steve gets a call.

“Life Alert hotline, Natasha speaking.”
Steve doesn't get it. “Natasha? Everything alright?”

“Yeah, sorta, we have a mission up in Ontario. Ready to buy me a pint of maple syrup?”

“Why don't you ask Clint.”

“Don't know where he is...”

“...”

“Anyways, Shield orders, better hurry up Rogers.”

The line goes dead, Steve starts a pot of coffee and gets suited up. Makes a few other preparations.

He's standing in the kitchen, drinking coffee in his full uniform, when piercings-guy stumbles out of his bedroom.

“Holy...”

He falls on his ass failing at his attempt to put on his left boot.

“Holy shit you...You're fucking...Captain America...”

Steve doesn't look the slightest bit disturbed, dumping the rest of his coffee down the sink and sliding the mug into the dishwasher.

“I got you a ride to where ever you need, but I got to head out.” Sliding on his helmet with a clasp, then strapping his shield to his back.

He's gone without another word.
Coulson gets the *lovely* shock factor of taking that guy home.

So when they're half way through their mission up north and Natasha starts on him.

“What about that girl in engineering... she's understudied tony a couple times...”

“Definitely, not ready for that.” And after last night, he knows it to be true.

Chapter End Notes

I knooooow, it's shorter and I just had issues writing today. gahh, next will be better I promise.
"Woah woah wait---are we really doing this?" Clint asked, surprised to see the love of his life clinging all over him like a sloth to a branch.

Okay, so that was the most unsexy thought in existence but never say Clint was a situational oriented guy. He floated into space, and his words always hit the mark.

So realize that post mission shagging surely didn't happen like this, and most certainly didn't happen in a quinjet.

"We-- aren't doing anything. Blue eyes." She hums disapprovingly. She turns with those cat like reflexes, Clint at the helm and her hand at his cloth covered crotch.

"Oh..." A hiss of held in breath, his eyes firm on the readings as they fly back to headquarters.

Oh.

So this is what she wanted to--

Clint makes a wheezing noise that has Natasha's clever hands go cautious. He still manages the plane just fine, so she continues which was more than he really bargained for. Thinking its some sort of joke, when in all honesty for some crazy reason she wants to do this because she wants to do this. God how is he so lucky? The avenger in mulberry hardly sat still, his hips squirming as she unfastened his pants just to slip her hand over under but over too his under armor.

He gasps in shock, but maintains direction and velocity. His heart? That's another story entirely.

"Nat."

"Shh." A warm huff in his ear, sending thrills up his spine that leave his finger tips tapping against the steering port.

A choked moan, while she strokes and teases him over his clothing. So well in fact, that for minutes on end she ends up edging him just to the precipice.

In fact, he gets incredibly close when a call beeps on comms. Clint ignores it but after the third alert tone, Natasha let's him know he's being bad with a bite to his neck.

Shit.

"Barton here." He says clearly if not a bit stiff. Speaking of stiff? He's so fucking pent up and hard he feels as if he's going to blow but he just can't. Because this goddamn devil of a woman has him wrapped around her little finger.

And not even in the ways he desperately needs at the moment.

Fuck.

"So you're heading to headquarters."

Steves Fucking Rogers, managing to sound cheery and cherry pie no matter how shitty the situation.
"Yep." He says, brain to blood shortage was a real doozy. At least she slowed down a little for his sake.

"Look, next time in Brooklyn. I'll buy you a pie, pal. It's the least I could do for you having my back."

Jesus fucking Christ, a handie while Captain America pines? Fuck, talk about stroking his non-existent ego.

"Fuck."

He potato heads and says that out loud, "I... I mean of course buddy..." A nervous chuckle. "Sounds like a plan, I'm a little tied up at the moment..."

Steve is quiet for a moment, "Ha, Natasha stealing your pastry stashes again?"

"Like you wouldn't believe." managing a smile in his voice this time. Steve chuckles, "Well, don't do anything stupid. Steve out."

Clint nearly smashed the comms. off before gasping out. Visibly letting his neck relax, and now his girlfriend is picking up in pace.

The device starts blaring again.

Again?! It's never this busy... she stops his hand from picking it up when he realizes that's the permission granted. Coming in his pants like a Fucking teenager, her name on his lips in silent epiphany.

When the air returns, he's a free man, only hearing the feint crackling noise of paper. Which slowly dawns on him, reality not so much as a blur.

"Fucking hell, Nat. How did you find /that/ stash?"

Well, this is what he gets for being such a ho-ho.

He even laughs at his own puns.

Ah, Clint needs a drink.
A flowing head of hair on the cotton safe pillows in their room. God, yes he said it. Theirs. As in it is their room and theirs alone and no one could ever take that place.

Bucky sighs, scrolling along fan pages of the one and only Captain America. His fucking boyfriend, soul mate, whatever you call it now a days.

His heart grows nostalgic, even if he just got undressed to switch into pajamas. Forgetting to do just that while he scrolls inelegantly over instagrams, Reddit forums, tumblr feeds.

It makes him feel smaller, that moment when he wasn't the most important thing in Steve's life any more.

His shoulders slump, he messes with his hair. Then settles up from his nude, prone, position to run fingers through it and wonder if he should cut it. He hasn't eaten since last night, he excercised and showered this morning... he actually slept last night?

Congratu-Fucking-Lations Barnes, you're a fucking adult.

Mocking himself, his hair, his scars. He tosses the phone across the bed and it lands with a plop on the cushy rug beneath the bed.

When the scare he gets has him practically clinging to the ceiling in shock.

"All dolled up, ready for me? You shouldn't have." Steve's all suited up and not worse for wear. Some scuffs of dirt, scrapes, bruises... but nothing bad and certainly nothing Bucky would bat an eye at.

He has known the little fucker since elementary school.

The shit eating grin Steve wears?

Timeless.

"You better believe it, pal." Bucky wiggles his knees and Steve frowns immediately.

"What's wrong."

"What---" Bucky tried yet...

"Buck."

Properly chastised, Bucky bites at his lower lip as he thinks about what to say.

"You're-- I ever told you you're the prettiest damn thing I've ever fuckin seen?" He speaks lowly, almost shy, it's unusual and yet men in these times seemed not to mind.

Steve snorts, "Ha, yeah, well... tell that to the guy who watched you flirt the skirt off of every dame in New York who could carry a tune and dance like broadway."
A disbelieving look, "You're just saying that." Bucky denotes, looking almost disturbed about it.

Then a rough hand meets Bucky's chin, gloves and all. Pulling him to face Steve who swings his helm off to let it fall to the floor with a thud.

"Buck."

When ice meets the Atlantic, their both lost at sea. They collide like the storm and Bucky is gone for him, carried away.

"Steve."

Bucky breaches, pulling onto broad shoulders for security. No longer the trained killer, no longer a metal prosthetic, just a plastic fake and a good one at that.

Bucky's hands in tufts of blonde spikes, chuckling and giggling in wet and noisy kisses. Steve has his own job, fingers prying his boyfriend apart. Pushing and prodding open, deep and properly for an angle and makes the other gasp like he never thought possible.

When he gets his uniform pants out of the way enough to take him. When naked skin meets battle worn fabric in his country's hue. It's enough.

God its enough.

Everything was worth every moment, the touches to skin and the blood that stained it. He can hold Bucky, kiss Bucky, make love to Bucky... because he fought and died for it.

For this taste of freedom.

For Bucky.

Chapter End Notes

HAHA surprise betch! I bet you thought you'd seen the last of me hoe.
Skype- (Stucky NSFW)

A couple odd thudding noises, a screeching of a wooden chair on tile. A glass of water with a clunk to the kitchen table.

Bucky can hear everything, feels silly that he's listening so closely. Steve, who's across the planet in a dingy looking room adjusts what looks like a router in the room.

He's on their bed, elbows propped and hands holding up his head. Currently a mess of wavy chestnut locks, strand and stick against his skin from the nice hot shower he just had.

The camera focused, and there's Steve. Gorgeous, sitting up in a chair in someplace that looked like a hut crossed with a cabin.

"North Korea, middle of nowhere. Stark has the place e-secure-- whatever the hell that means."

His cheeks are dirty, blonde hair tucked neatly over in its fresh cut style. Despite this, he's not wearing a shirt and Bucky can't help but let his eyes wander.

Biting his lower lip, not realizing how long he'd been watching until he's knocked out of reverie by Steve.

"Ahem."

"Oh."

Steve lets out a burst of bright laughter, "Jeeze Buck, we were at it for hours just a few days aago."

"Yeah? So? I can't look at my best guy like he's all I want?"

Bucky saying that has just the right affect, flushed skin just barely detectable over Skype.

"You really are all I want, Stevie."

Steve, let's out a long suffering whimper, rubbing the heat from his face. (Well, attempting to.)

"Fuck, baby, you're so cute." Bucky grins, deciding to strip himself. He wasn't a brawny killing machine prepped for action anymore. Instead dark hair made its appearance on his chest again, and the muscles, while still there, aren't nearly as defined.

Solid gaze-fucking at its finest, it's slow and quiet movements as they watch eachother intensely. When Bucky kicks it up a notch and props his laptop on a pillow, spreads out, and begins to spread and taunt his naked body.

on his back, legs bent at the knees and spread with his ass on display. All he can hear is a muffled swear, the sound of a boot shifting on hardwood.

A rustle of fabric, a zipper and Steve breathing heavy. Biting at his fist that is currently propped up on its elbow.

Taking that as encouragement, Bucky grows more confident.

"Like what you're seeing, Steve?"
Steve whimpers, nodding a little

"Fuckin' want you inside me, so bad--- s'only been three days and I still can't help myself baby doll." His favorite lube always nearby on their bed. Bucky begins to slowly pry himself apart before him. Gasping for it, listening to Steve and the change of tone and breath it still was a turn on.

Knowing the man had it for him so bad, he's handing it out right now?

"Look, baby doll." It makes Steve peer up a little less glazed over. A sharp intake of breath to see Bucky lift his thick pink prick off his groin for show. Displaying it for his partner, unabashedly.

"You like my dick, Captain America?"

"Bucky---"

"Just fucking say it Rogers, not asking for a Eulogy."

"Fuck, Bucky I love your dick."

The shit-eating grin on Buckys face? Priceless, but to really add to his effect the soldier starts to finger himself hard. Three fingers and the tip of his pinky he can't quite get all the way.

"Damn, oh fuck, I'd---" He's actually choked up, just so close to his own prostate he can almost feel it.

"You'd what, Buck?"

His lovers voice sounds so fucked out, it sends shivers all down Bucky's body.

"Id get the plug... but then I'd get frustrated for your cock."

He can tell Steve's furiously fucking his own hand.

"Fingers are better, I can think about your hand inside of me instead of the plastic."

Bucky gets faster, begins to moan louder, vicious jerk pumping into himself in desperation.

"Steve, oh, Fuck, baby doll, fill me up. You could always fill me up, doll. Even before the roids, you've always been so fucking perfect--" He whines, Steve groans.

That look, and he knows Steve is cumming.

In fact, his boyfriend knows how to get him. Moving the camera down and letting Bucky watch him climax. Copious amounts that Bucky rather catch in his mouth.

"Fuck!" Bucky is all languid and gasping moans, begging and pleading while he cums. Painting his own chest and groin with pearly fluid, panting and writhing.

"Jesus, Buck."

"Hey now, pal. Language out of your catholic mouth, doll? Unbecoming of Captain America." He chides.

"I'll show you what I can do with this mouth, jerk."
When Bucky laughs, it cues Steve's; he knows with all of him it's the prettiest sight he's ever seen.
Against the wall (Stucky fluff)

It's snowing in good ole Brooklyn, but it's not the same Brooklyn. It's got more life, Color, people too. Not just beggars and the poor either, every day people and it was new and odd but real and Steve couldn't help the soft smile on his face.

His pack of color pencils, the best money can buy. Sitting on a bench in possibly the oldest part of New York. Drawing brick for brick in snowy February. Not a care in the world as he draws the floral shop, bustling for soon-to-be valentines.

Steve stops when he catches the glimpse of possibly one of the largest bearded men he'd seen since Thor, and the polar opposite man in overalls; right behind and built for snow. Skinny guy, long blonde hair, rubbing his hands together for warmth and gasping out laughter when bearded man hands him what could easily be two dozen roses.

They share a kiss, just like that.

Steve noticed just then he'd been staring intently. His mulberry pencil made a weird scuff down the page, so deft hands fluster to make amends.

Bucky still isn't back with the coffee, he feels something cold touch the back of his neck. Almost like skin, and when he turns he's face to face with a dozen multicolored roses. And Bucky with a carry case for two brews.

"You look a bit cold, can I warm you up?"

This is happening to him?

Like he never thought he could ever be this lucky? But here he is, 2015 and Bucky is all he's ever wanted.

"Bucky."

"Yeah?"

"Commere."

He leaves his book and pencils, the stuff Bucky brought, everything on the bench to pull his boyfriend back into the alley they'd fight in when they were kids.

"Stacy and Jack used to--"

"I know, shuddap and get your mouth to somethin' useful."

"Punk"

Steve bites his lip amidst kissing, right up against the wall during a steady snow.

He wouldn't have it any other way.
"The hell is 'doggy style'?" Steve asks a little impatiently, scrolling over funny posts on his Instagram that Natasha forced him to have.

Bucky, who's bringing laundry to their little kitchen table halts in his tracks. "Oh Jeeze."

"What?"

The brunette began to laugh, heartily. Steve wasn't a blushing bride, anymore, and he surely wasn't stupid. Still, Bucky has an upper hand on more relevant knowledge. Being a spy and soldier, meant knowledge of the world in deeper meaning.

Wiping the tears out his eyes, Bucky finds the nerve to respond.

"Remember 'goin at it like rabbits'?" The dawn of realization shows up on Steve's pretty face.

"Oh, Gee."

Steve says, rubbing at his head. "I don't see why people like that position anyway." He grumbles, still scrolling on his phone.

His best friend doesn't say anything, so when he turns to look at him his mouth hangs open a bit.

"You uh."

"Yeah baby?"

"Cut your hair..."

He gets closer to the blonde, walking towards him. A shiver runs up Steve's spine, but surprised as Buck stops right in front of him; seemingly deep in thought.

"Yeah, 'was gettin in my way on missions."

"Mh." Steve answers, trying not to look; He took a shower this morning dammit!

A little yelp, Bucky pushes Steve back onto the couch.

"C'mon Stevie."

"Ah--I never said no."

"Didn't say yes either." Bucky whispers into his ear before licking, nibbling here and there.

He managed to move Steve in a way that made him face forward on the couch and despite the two of them both wearing sweatpants. Bucky's election feels hot and thick against his rear.

"Yes-yes--I want you." Steve already sounded wrecked. He wiggles his hips, rubbing his cock against his rear.

"Well I know you can't get all wet for me, so maybe just get on with leggins?"

Steve chokes back a groan, "You're gross." He grumbles, "...And they call it thigh fucking now or something---"
His best friend laughs his ass off, kissing his spine too.

"Buck, go get the slick before I punch you."

"Yessir!" He salutes and wobbly legged goes for their room. Finding his own stash and when Bucky walks back into the living room; he stops in his tracks.

"Steve."

Breathless at the sight of him, he moved for the floor. Steve was propped up on couch pillows and ass up just for him.

"Knees together, doll." Bucky demands, voice thick with desire.

Steve huffs, knees awkwardly coming closed. He looks back at Bucky, uncertain blue eyes and definite discomfort.

The poor babe doesn't know what to do with the currently swelling erection between his legs so Bucky tucks him up simple as that. Before peppering little kisses down his spine and to the base of his tail bone.

Lubing him up, the former soldier takes his time. As much as Steve would allow, the blonde gets so frustrated easily.

"Hurry up and do it."

Not having to be told twice, Bucky slips his cock against his ass and ruts nice and slow.

"Fucking hell, got a curvier ass than Linda, and her sister combined."

The statement was so unnecessary and yet Steve goes pink in the face with embarrassment. "Buck!" A gasp as he's slipping in nice and torturously slow and when he's nice and full it's the brunettes turn to take out all those years of sexual frustration on Steve.

"So damn pretty, so tight for me, hmm, baby bare down lemme---oh fuck!" Bucky hisses, tilting his head back in perfect agony.

"Stevie, fucking Christ you're so good to me..."

Said Stevie snorts a bit of laughter, "You say that to all the girls."

"Ha! Yeah? So what?" A retort that makes Steve turn his face down into his arm.

Bucky slips his fingers up into blonde hair and just pulls nice and fine. Lips against the shell of his lovers ear, "You're the only guy I've ever said that to."

Steve gasps, a hand wraps around his dick and he just can't help how fast his hips begin to twitch. Bucky takes this as invitation, getting better footing into the floor so he can rut into his ass obscenely.

"Fuck you're like a virgin, Baby."

"You're the only guy been there, stupid."

" Doesn't change anything, oh-oh fuck... gonna blow baby doll--"
"Like hell."

Bucky jerks him harder, hips at a slow lilt as his cock is tugged and squeezed by one incredibly amazing ass.

Steve hisses, his best friend above him can feel the cum hit his hands hot and sticky. Spilling over, as Bucky follows with a quickened pace of thrusting. Filling and shoving his hot seed into Steve with a gasp for air.

"You're so gross Bucky, how do you even enjoy that?"

"Cause it's hot."

"Eugh."

"Who the hell is Hugh? Better not show his face around here."

Steve shoves a laughing Bucky off of him and rolls over. "I need a shower."

"Mm I could always just lick it out of you."

"You--you..?"

Steves never gotten a test of his refractory period; Bucky gets an A.
"I got the package!" Clint mutters when entering his brownstone. The package had Natasha's alias on the front and seemed fancy so he didn't wanna mess with it. Lest certain death or dismemberment be his next friend.

There's no verbal reply, so he shrugs, placing it on the kitchen island while he opens other mail in his hands. A bill, some junk, a postcard from Banner. He sticks it with the other three on the fridge. A sigh, "Gonna need more magnets."

"Oh, this package." He turns sharply at the sight of his sneaky girlfriend. Who always managed to get close without his knowing.

"What package?" He tilts his head and moves towards her, but, she moves back and gives him a sly little stare.

"Uh ah, not yet Barton. Gonna have to wait."

Clint swallows thickly, last time she did that she tied him to the bed and ate pizza in the living room.

He was lucky she didn't make him watch.

"Sure."

She clears her throat, eyes alight with mischief.

"Yes sir."

Seemingly satisfied she takes her box, and the last apple on the counter before strolling her way upstairs all tricky and spy like.

Clint wipes at his face, he was so not drooling. Lucky looks at him from across the room as if ashamed, pfbt, figured his dog would shit on his dreams.

Seconds later as he loses his thoughts into another random piece of mail; "You coming, Clint?" Natasha breaks silence.

He drops everything immediately to follow her call. Hauling ass up the stairs to the little watchtower room they called a lofty little bedroom and he loved it.

She liked it's secret door from the roof of the rest of the flat. Security.

When he gets up there however, he almost gasps in shock. She's naked head to toe besides one high tech looking strappy strap on.

That's it, 5'3 of red head packing a dick he could have only seen in a porno. His jaw goes slack, his eyes big.

"Gonna sit there and stare? Or get over here and start working?" Eyes moving to the floor before her pointedly.

its a thick tar-black rod of a thing in suave silicon. Ridged and thicker at the base, without anything
else to say he does as asked. Except before he can get his mouth on it she's pulling his head back. Hard.

"Yes sir."

She let's go.

"What's the code word?"

"Loki."

Natasha nods, then let's Clint do exactly what he wants. Sucking her cock like it puzzled in his throat perfectly. Gagging just rarely, she knew his limits. Finally grabbing his hair some more to harshly shove him down for a loud sloppy choking noise that made her huff.

"Th-thank you, sir--" His words chopped and slurred around a dick made of plastic. Yet she knows what this means for him, what it means for them. He gives control to her alone, any one else inside his head can shove it where the sun don't shine.

"Show me what you got."

Nat demands, pushing him off to watch him scrabble for purchase all watery eyed and wobbly. Moving on all fours right there as she asked, face down into the floor. An amused scoff, she strips his pants to his knees. All ready with her new bottle of lubricant.

Owned And commanded, he curls at her feet.

Feeling heat pool down his chin, cheek, and groin. It would be a long and adventurous night.

He wouldn't have it any other way.

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