You know I'm breathless as I come undone//Undone before you

by spacebuck

Summary

Bucky slammed his hands on the table, making everyone jump slightly, and glared at Steve. “You callin’ me a liar, Rogers?”

“Betcha can’t dance anymore ‘neither.”

Challenge accepted. Bucky stood, his chair skidding back along the wooden floor, and took a swig straight from the bottle by his hand, before sauntering to the stereo, taking the bottle with him. “Bet my best bottle of bourbon that you’re wrong.”

(Wherein Bucky gets shitfaced drunk for the first time since Hydra, does his best to win a bet, and fucks Steve senseless)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Hey Bucky, sing us a song!” Tony’s voice called across the table, smirk on his face and mischief in his eyes.
“Fuck off, Stark.” Bucky’s voice was surprisingly stable.

“Aww, don’t be such a spoil-sport!” Natasha piped up. He glared at her across the table, and she gave him a sickly-sweet smile before sipping her drink. Clint grinned impishly from beside her, leaning his chair back until it balanced on a single leg, and sticking his feet on the table.

“Bet he can’t.” The archer pointed his beer in the general direction of Bucky, who refocused on the bottle as it seemed to split in two temporarily, before reforming as one solid object again. Christ, he was drunker than he had thought. Bucky hadn’t even been sure he could still get drunk, because Steve couldn’t, and he had been shot up with something similar. But, turns out he could. After drinking half of Tony’s rather large liquor cabinet.

“He just needs another drink. Sam, grab him another while you’re up?” Natasha again, calling out to the soldier who was standing at the bar. The left bar. Wait, the right one. Wait, all three. Jesus. Bucky rubbed his hands over his face, hoping that would dispel the drunken mirage, but it didn’t help.

“Don’t need another one.” He grumbled, taking the glass handed to him and downing it anyway. “An’ even drunk I can sing better than your sorry ass Clint. Next time you get the urge to wail *Don’t Stop Believing* in the shower, make sure the noise filter is on.” Clint’s grin widened, and he heard a clink next to his elbow. Glancing over, he realised that Sam had just brought the vodka bottle over. “I don’ even like this stuff, why am I drinkin’ it?” Bucky frowned, pouring himself another glass, which followed its predecessor just as quickly.

Nat grinned, then glanced at Steve. “Oi, Steve, can Bucky actually sing?”

The supersoldier looked thoughtful for a moment, ignoring the *don’t you dare* look sent his way by Bucky. “Might have to get him drunker to get him started, but yeah, he can sing. ’Least, he could in the forties. Don’t know if he can now.” Steve smiled in that way he always did when he knew he was being a little shit - completely innocently, all *I say my prayers every night before bed*. Bucky knew it was an act, but he wasn’t so sure about the others.

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He flicked it to the auxiliary input setting and stuck his phone in the dock as he heard Bruce, of all people, starting to collect bets. Clint was certain he’d fall over before the first word. Nat seemed convinced he could sing, but *there was no way in hell he can dance*. He fiddled with the settings until he found something that would quiten the existing vocals, and then straightened, taking another mouthful of vodka.

Bucky tugged his hoodie over his shoulder, knowing full well that everyone now had their eyes on him expectantly. Tugging down his tee as it rode up on his stomach, he turned, leaving the bottle sitting on the top of the stereo. He eyes met Steve’s, and he grinned wolfishly. He wasn’t about to lose this round to Steve, wasn’t gonna let that little shit beat him. This time Bucky would walk away having beaten Steve Rogers at his own game.

“Jarvis?” The AI didn’t respond, but the music started playing. Tony’s eyes popped as he
recognised the first note, but the others had no idea what was coming for them.

“Is it still me that makes you sweat? Am I who you think about in bed? When the lights are dim and your hands are shaking as you’re sliding off your dress?”

His voice was soft, husky and he wasn’t entirely sure that was the fault of the alcohol. There was a smirk on his face as he heard someone choke on their drink, but his eyes never left Steve’s as the other man stared. The sway of his hips turned dirty as the song continued.

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“Then you think of what you did, and how I hope to God he was worth it. When the lights are dim and your heart is racing as your fingers touch his skin. I’ve got more wit, a better kiss, a hotter touch, a better fuck, than any boy you’ll ever meet, sweetie you had me. Girl I was it, look past the sweat, a better love deserving of exchanging body heat in the passenger seat? No, no, no, you know it will always just be me.”

Jesus Christ he was hot. Steve leaned forward, hands on his knees, unable to take his eyes off Bucky as he did… whatever the fuck he was doing. There was no way that was legal, there was no way that the way Bucky was moving against an imaginary partner was legal. Or the way the other man still hadn’t broken eye contact with him, not even blinking. He was staring, heavy lidded, and Steve was sure he knew, at that moment. There was no way he could have known, but Bucky knew - had to, to be acting like this. Steve was certain he had hidden his feelings, but obviously not well enough.

Steve almost whimpered, controlling himself only because of the others in the room. He broke away from Bucky’s gaze at that moment, eyes flicking over the others to see if they had noticed that he wasn’t exactly impassive. The only eyes that met his were Bruce’s, and the other man just smiled with an ‘I won’t tell’ expression. Whatever Bucky was singing almost didn’t seem to make sense anymore, but his voice was sending shivers down his spine.

Steve looked at Bucky again, then gritted his teeth, and stood. Excusing himself under his breath, he turned and walked from the table, down the hall, slamming into the stairwell. By the time he had reached his floor, he was trembling. He wasn’t entirely sure what he was going to do, but getting away from the temptation of a dirty-dancing drunken assassin was a good start.

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The song finished, and Bucky grinned, returning to the stereo to retrieve the vodka. Taking another shot out of it, he meandered back to the table, leaving his phone to play on shuffle. “So… did I win?” Clint was still gaping at him, and Bucky just grinned wider. Wait… “Where’d Steve go? No fun if I can’t gloat.” Sam shrugged, and then Bruce piped up.

“Maybe he went back to his floor? He only got back today so ..” The scientist trailed off, shrugging as he thumped Clint’s arm, before telling him and Nat to pay up.

Bucky pouted, then put the vodka bottle on the table. “He ain’t getting’ outta payin’ up that easy.” Ignoring the rest of his stuff, he made his way to the door, concentrating on not falling over. Dancing was different to walking obviously, because though he hadn’t missed a beat earlier, now he had to make sure he wasn’t about to trip on the rug and go sprawling in front of everyone.
He went for the elevator, not stupid enough to try the stairs, and when Bucky made it to Steve’s suite, he grinned to find the main door open. “Steve you can’t run from a bet like that!” He called out as he sauntered in. He looked around the living room, frowning. That frown disappeared when he saw a tuft of blond hair over the arm of one of the couches. Bucky wandered over, to find Steve lying on the couch, hands running absently through his own hair, even tugging on the strands gently. The expression on his face was too complex for Bucky to even think about deciphering in his current state, and his eyes were closed. So instead, he leaned over Steve’s face, hair hanging down around his face as he smirked. He tapped Steve’s forehead with a finger, causing the man to jerk at the unexpected contact, eyes opening quickly. Eyes that should be blue, but weren’t. Steve’s pupils were huge, taking over most of the iris. They both froze for a moment, silence hanging between them.

Bucky wasn’t sure who moved first, but suddenly their mouths were meeting desperately, and someone was moaning softly - him, he thought dimly. Steve’s hands came up, one tangling in his hair, the other cupping the back of his neck. A swift tug had Bucky sprawling across Steve, and hey, that was a much better angle. Without breaking the kiss he shifted his legs until his hips were flush against Steve’s. That brought a groan from both of them, as they broke apart slightly. Bucky stared down at Steve, examining his face for a moment before smirking.

“Looks like I wasn’t the only one hot an’ bothered at the end of the song, was I Stevie?” Steve flushed a little at being called out. Bucky’s smirk widened, then he rolled his hips against Steve’s as he had been imagining doing earlier, leaving Steve gasping as he pressed his lips to Bucky’s throat. “What were you thinkin’ Steve?” He murmured, leaning forward to nip Steve’s lips lightly as his hands started to work on the buttons of Steve’s shirt. Steve flinched slightly at the cold touch of metal on his collarbone before relaxing again, and Bucky was incredibly glad he was too drunk to care about that gesture. ‘Thinkin’ about comin’ on over and joinin’ me?” His lips trailed along Steve’s jaw, teeth grazing the skin. “Or about me comin’ over to you?” his lips brushed down Steve’s neck, pausing to press a kiss to his collarbone. “About me sittin’ on your lap an’ teasin’ you until you couldn’t take it, bendin’ me over the table an’ fuckin’ me until I screamed?”

Bucky paused, pushing the fabric of his shirt aside to flick his tongue teasingly over Steve’s nipple. The moan at his words ended on a gasp that had Bucky laughing low in his throat. He did it once more, savouring the noise Steve made, before moving on. This alcohol would only last so long, and Bucky didn’t want to chicken out because he was sobering up. Not that he didn’t want this sober, but like the saying went, drunken actions were sober thoughts. Or something. Focusing again, he pressed his lips teasingly to the very edge of Steve’s jeans, watching the blond through his lashes. Steve was watching him right back, eyes dark, lips parted as his breath rushed in and out of the lungs that were once so sickly. He dragged his drunken mind back to the lush body under his hands, grinning as he shoved the shirt off Steve’s shoulders. Bucky took advantage of his moment of distraction to run his hands all over the exposed muscle. Jesus Christ the man was ripped. Like, he already knew that, but … Jesus. His mouth followed his hands, kissing and licking and biting until Steve was writing under him. Bucky worked at Steve’s belt as he nipped his way along the ridge of his hip.

“How can I suck your cock, Stevie?” He was half seeking permission, half seeking the strangled noise that followed his question, just like he had expected it to. It was followed by a gasped “God yes” as Bucky grazed his fingers over the bulge in Steve’s jeans. He made quick work of Steve’s pants and they were tossed somewhere behind him, followed by his underwear. Bucky then took a moment to admire the man in front of him. Steve was a work of art, all long lines, sharp edges and heavy muscle. Oh, he was gonna enjoy this.

Slowly crawling back up Steve’s legs, Bucky dropped his gaze to the cock curved against Steve’s stomach. It was as big as the rest of him, and made Bucky a little weak in the knees if he was
perfectly honest. He wrapped a hand around the base, drawing a faint noise from Steve, and contemplated his next action for a moment, before flicking his tongue across the tip teasingly. Steve jerked, and Bucky grinned before lightly sucking on the head. After teasing for a minute, he sucked down as much of Steve’s cock as he could, without warning. There was a strangled cry, and hands fisting in his hair, and that made Bucky close his eyes with a hum. Bucky lost himself in the little noises Steve made as he alternated between long sucking strokes and light flicks of his tongue.

But he was getting impatient, at it dawned on him that he was still fully dressed. Bucky straightened, letting Steve’s cock fall out of his mouth with a final pop, and tugged his shirt over his head. He was just out of Steve’s reach, and Bucky could see that it was frustrating the blond, but he didn’t move closer. Instead, Bucky scanned the room, looking for the most inappropri- there. Climbing off the couch, his hands dropped to his pants as he headed for the TV cabinet. A rummage gave him what he was looking for, and he flicked the bottle of lube in the air as he turned, mentally thanking Tony for being an ass and hiding this stuff everywhere. The action caused his now-open pants to slip dangerously low, and Bucky grinned to see Steve’s eyes lock on the descending denim. He made a show of walking back, each step slow and languid as he slowly edged the denim down, taking his underwear with it.

Steve’s arm snaked out as soon as he got close, wrapping around the backs of Bucky’s legs and tugging him close. He pressed a kiss to Bucky’s stomach before shoving his pants the rest of the way down with a hand. Soft lips along his cock had Bucky groaning as he stepped out of his pants, before he twisted out of Steve’s grasp and pushed the man back against the sofa. He straddled Steve again, this time staying high on his knees as he clicked open the bottle in his hand. He went to cover his fingers, but Steve stopped him with a soft noise. Glancing up at the man in confusion, his expression eased when Steve simply said, “Use that one” and pointed at his left hand. The metal glinted in the soft light.

The cold touch of the lube wasn’t offset by the heat of skin like usual, and Bucky groaned softly as he worked a cool finger slowly into himself. A few moments later he added a second, then a third as he worked himself open quickly. Bucky opened eyes he hadn’t realised he had shut, meeting Steve’s heady gaze as he curled his fingers inside himself seeking - there. Bucky’s whole body jerked as he gasped, and concern crossed Steve’s face for the barest of moments before he realised exactly what had happened. He let out a soft noise as Bucky curled his fingers again, grazing over his prostate with a desperate moan.

Bucky couldn’t take it any longer. He pulled his fingers out and grabbed Steve’s cock, ignoring the gasp as cold metal met heated flesh. Then he was sinking down onto Steve and the feeling scrambled what thoughts he had left. “Fuck Steve fuck yes” He gasped as Steve bottomed out, before rising and slowly sinking back down as he stretched even further.

“So eloquent Bucky.” Steve was laughing at him, despite his breathlessness. Bucky didn’t really care. A twist of his hips and a clench on the upstroke had Steve clutching at his hips with a curse, before urging him to move faster, harder, as one hand moved to Bucky’s cock. Bucky didn’t take much convincing. A combination of expletives, encouragements, and groans of Steve’s name fell from his lips on every stroke, sometimes in English, sometimes not. Steve was rocking up to meet him, his hand on Bucky matching the rhythm Bucky set. Bucky leaned forward and bit Steve’s pec. Hard. Steve jerked underneath him, breath catching on a groan, and Bucky felt the kick of the cock buried deep in him. He dragged his fingernails down Steve’s chest hard enough to leave marks, and his left hand buried in Steve’s hair, tugging his head back. Bucky licked and nipped at his exposed throat before sucking, creating a fairly large bruise on Steve’s pale skin.

“Mine.” The growled claim had Steve arching, gasping Bucky’s name as he came. The feel of Steve underneath him, in him, shuddering in pleasure because of what Bucky was doing, had Bucky
follow him almost immediately.

With a blissed murmur, Bucky collapsed against Steve’s chest, murmuring things that were barely audible, lips pressed to Steve’s throat. The alcohol, the pleasure, the exhaustion, it all hit him at once after a few moments. With a mumbled “I’ma…sleep…” he was out, comforting shadows and warm arms surrounding him as his breathing slowly calmed.

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Bucky woke up in a bed he didn’t recognise, with the mother of all headaches. Slamming his eyes closed again to block out the light, he didn’t move, trying to remember what had happened the night before. He drowsily wondered aloud, not really expecting any answer from the room. There was a heavy arm draped over his waist, under the covers with him, and it tugged him closer to a warm body. He froze.

“If I said alcohol, a dare, singing, dirty dancing, and mind-blowing sex, would that cover it?” The voice in his ear was husky with sleep, and one he recognised all too well. Steve. And Bucky was pretty sure that that wasn’t a gun pressed against his back either. Well shit.

“Buck, you okay?” The press of lips just behind his ear when he didn't respond, and he sighed, relaxing into the touch even though he knew he shouldn’t.

“I banged Captain America.”

“Twice. At least.”

Bucky groaned. “How drunk was I?”

There was laughter in his ear. “Drunk enough that you eye-fucked me from across the room in front of all of the Avengers, sober enough that after I left, you followed me up here by yourself and screwed my brains out. Didn’t know that you were a biter.” Steve was teasing him. Ass.

Bucky groaned again, covering his face with a hand as he felt himself turning pink. Christ, that was worse than he had expected. “Where does this leave us?” He asked after a moment of hesitation.

He felt a shrug against his back, as Steve’s hand moved to link with one of his own. “I don’t know about that, but I know where I’d like this to take us.”

Bucky was silent, mind racing, but then decided to just go for it. Not exactly much to hide now. “I love you Steve. Always have, always will.”

Silence behind him, then a noise that almost sounded relieved. “Thank God. I’ve loved you for years Buck, and I’m not letting you go. ‘Til the end of the line.”

End Notes

The song Bucky sings is Lying Is The Most Fun A Girl Can Have Without Taking Her Clothes Off by Panic! At The Disco, and the song title comes from Running Out Of Time by Poets of the Fall.
As always, comments, questions, prompts etc. are always welcome, both here and at my tumblr.

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