Las Vegas

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Summary

Steve was freaking out over his own wedding and the gang decided to take him to Las...
Vegas to unwind him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Steve had never been this stressed out in his whole life. Sure, he could take on a pack of lions, swim with the sharks, climb Mount Everest or Mt. Kilimanjaro, but nothing could make him stress out more than planning his wedding. His own *fucking* wedding.

It was only one month until his wedding. They would hold the ceremony at the Riviera Country Club. It will a huge event, because well, he was a famous artist/photographer and his fiancée, Sharon Carter, was a daughter to one of the most powerful people in California. Her parents bought a lot of his arts and introduced him to her. Everything went very well between them. They dated for 2 years and he proposed to her 6 months ago.

Of course, he didn’t want a big ceremony with at least six hundred guests. He wanted a quiet wedding with only close friends and family, but given that Sharon’s family knew a lot of people, a small wedding would have humiliated them (as her father stated frankly).

So for the past six months, Steve had been surrounded by everything related to the wedding. The day after he proposed to her, Sharon went into full wedding planner mode. She could have the wedding the way she wanted because, well, her parents were rich and told their daughter to spare no expense. Once the news was out to the public, there was paparazzi everywhere.

“Steven, what do you think about holding an auction for the reporters to bid for the right to get an exclusive news report of our wedding?” Sharon asked him when she came home two days after the news came out, “The highest bidder would get into our wedding, taking photos of us. We can donate the money to charity.”

Steve was in his art studio, working on his new project and was covered in paint.

“I don’t know. I kinda want a small wedding and maintain our privacy.” He said.

“I will tell them that we need more time to think about this then.” Sharon concluded.

“Yeah.” Steve agreed and put his attention back to work.

“You seem to not be interested in helping planning the wedding.”

He turned back to her and put his brush down. “Sharon, you can have the wedding the way you want, my love but I only ask you one thing that the wedding should be a small and private and only the people we care could attend it.” He said and stepped closer to his fiancée, “I love you and I want you to be happy so I’m okay with everything you decide for the wedding.”

Sharon cracked a smile and leaned up to kiss him. His hands went to her hips and pulled her closer, forgetting that he was covered in acrylic paint.

“Aww, my Prada suit.” She groaned against his lips but Steve didn’t care and continued to kiss her passionately.

Sharon pulled away and smiled seductively at Steve, “I will take a shower now, lover boy, and you will join me.”

“Yes, ma’am.”
Everything was perfect to be honest. Everything between Sharon and Steve was simple and they understood each other. They were quite mature with their relationship. Compromising was their main principle. They were willing to bend so everyone could get what they wanted and it worked out well.

Sharon was helping her father run the biggest real estate company on the West Coast. Her work required a lot of travel but Steve wasn’t complaining about it because he could fly to Seattle with her. He was an artist/photographer which he had to travel a lot too. If he didn’t travel, he would stay at his home in LA and create masterpieces that everyone was dying to buy from him with crazy amounts of money.

The only two downsides of this relationship were, first, Sharon wasn’t interested in arts, any kind and any form of it. She loved numbers, charts, statistics, and everything that could be predicted but she didn’t mind her fiancé’s line of work. The second thing was her parents. They were his patron (which Steve was eternally grateful for their support) but they were strict and quite controlling.

Steve and Sharon had a brunch with her parents at the Beverly Hills hotel to discuss the wedding. They wanted to fully be a part of every decision and help the couple every step of the way. Steve couldn’t say anything in this matter, well, because they paid for everything.

“So we decided to invite everyone that we know to this wedding.” Marshall Carter spoke up, “We compiled the list of guest for you guys. It is about 400 people now.”

Steve almost splattered his coffee out when he heard the number of people who will attending his wedding.

“If everyone wants to be a part of this and Sharon is our only daughter so we kinda want to make it as big and extravagant as we could.” Janet Carter added.

Steve could feel his stress rising inside his body and Sharon noticed it too.

“But sir…” Steve was about to protest but Sharon put her hand on his to stop him.

“Daddy, we will discuss about the number of guests later, okay? Do not send out any invitations yet.” Sharon sweetly asked.

“We will talk about the number of guests later as I said.” Sharon stepped in to stop them.

So they moved on to the next topic. Janet said that she hired the best wedding planner money could buy and everything will go smoothly.

“You guys will meet with her this Friday.”
Sharon talked to Steve to calm him down that she would keep her parents in control about who they would invite for the wedding. Steve set the limit that he could take to about 200 guests. Sharon only smiled as she answered because she knew how hard it would be not to break that limit.

But they put the pressure from the parents aside because they would have a gathering with their friends tonight. Their closest friends were coming and the couple would make the announcement.

Tony Stark, the genius billionaire who owned the biggest tech company in the world, arrived first with his girlfriend, Pepper Potts, and the most expensive wine money could buy. Steve was never a wine person because, he seriously couldn’t tell the difference and he didn’t want to waste that much money for only one bottle of wine. Sharon’s parents openly frowned when Steve asked for a beer instead of red wine.

Tony and Steve met during high school and quickly became best friends. They still met regularly during the weekend or a surprise visit at each other’s campus. After university, Tony permanently moved to LA and helped his father run the company. He also was the one who told Steve to move there.

Steve was now cooking in the kitchen while Sharon set the dinner table. Tony and Pepper were excited about the wedding, probably more than the couple. Tony went on and on about the bachelor party and the after party at the wedding. Pepper and Sharon were discussing about the wedding dress. Sharon said she will meet with Eli Saab, the designer, next week in Paris. Steve met the designer once and they greatly admired each other’s work.

Clint Barton and Thomas Odinson (or for short they called him ‘Thor’) arrived next. Clint was an owner of the hottest club in town and several restaurants. Thor owned a production house which was making lots of good movies for the film industry. They were roommates at the university. Thor was majoring in Filmmaking while Steve was a Fine Arts student. Clint was a music student majoring in classical instruments. Clint was particularly the best cellist Steve had ever met.

The last one to arrive was Dr. Bruce Banner. Bruce went to the same university as Tony and Steve met the guy at the same time as Tony did. Bruce was the quietest one of this group of men but he was also the wisest and calmest. Everyone was always seeking his help and guidance and Bruce always helped and listened to them. Bruce was now working at the research and development department of Stark Industries.

When the dinner was ready and everyone was at the table, Steve and Sharon got into business right away before everyone had too much wine in their system.

“Of course, you guys already knew that we’re engaged so we wanted to invite you officially to our wedding.” Sharon spoke up, “It’s five and a half months from now and I also would like to ask Pepper to be my bridesmaid.”

Pepper smiled widened, “Of course, Sharon. It would be my honor.”

“Tony, could you be my best man?” Steve asked the billionaire.

“Sure, bro!” Tony got up and went to hug Steve, “If you pick Barton or Odinson, I would probably not go to your wedding.”

“You’re my oldest friend, bro.”

“I know and you love me.” Tony joked.
“Clint, Bruce, and Thor, can you be my groomsmen?”

“Of course, friend.” “Sure!” “It would be my honor.”

They celebrated, having a really good time with each other. Sharon said that her cousin Angie would be her maid of honor and two of her friends would be the other two bridesmaids. Then they moved on to argue about where they should go for a honeymoon, in which Steve made a really good point about Djibouti but Sharon wanted to go to Paris or Rome or any actual civilized place.

That was another big difference about them. Steve loved a little bit of adventure in his life and was always seeking for new experiences while Sharon loved to play it safe. She wanted things that she knew she could control. Steve gave up and let Sharon decide where they should go so they could move on to another topic.

After everyone went back to their home, the couple headed to bed to take a shower and when they back in bed together Sharon told him that her nephew and nieces would be the ring bearer and the flower girls.

“The girls will look so cute in Eli Saab’s dress.” Sharon said as she slipped in bed next to her fiancé.

“I bet they do look like tiny angels.” Steve agreed as he putting his book away only to see Sharon noting something in a notebook, “Do you have a wedding notebook?”

“Yes, of course, Steven. How can I remember all the details if I don’t note it all down?” She replied, “Don’t tell me you never ever noted any details about the wedding down.”

“Yeah, I never write anything because I can remember. Hello, I have a photographic memory.”

“When do I fly to Paris with my mom?”

“Next Friday.”

“Where do we pick for the honeymoon?”

“You want to go to a civilized place and I want to go to an uncivilized place but I let you choose because it will make you happy and that will make me happy that you are happy.”

“Don’t sass me, Rogers.”

Steve pulled the notebook of her hands and moved quickly so he was on top of her, “What’s the fun in that?” He asked seductively and pressed his lips on her neck, sucking it gently.

“Shut up…” Her voice cracked and losing her ability to retaliate him.

Steve sealed their lips together and stopped the argument effectively.

The couple met up with Emily, the best wedding planner money could buy. She was a middle-aged woman who was way too enthusiastic about the wedding. She said that she had already planned everything for them and that they should talk about gifts basket for the guests and the place that would hold the wedding.
“Riviera Country Club would be the perfect place.” Steve suggested, “It is where we first met.”

“Oh nice!” Emily said, “That would be perfect for the introduction video.”

“We also want the Tuscany wedding theme.” Sharon added, “It’s the place he took me for our first
month anniversary.”

“You two officially are the most adorable couple I ever met.” The wedding planner flattered them.

“I know, right?” Sharon played along.

Steve sat in silence after that because he couldn’t find a room to speak up. Emily and Sharon took all of his time so he just nodded or shook his head to let them knew that he was still paying attention. To be honest, Steve didn’t really care where they would hold the wedding or what should be in the gift basket or how big and spectacular the reception would be. What really mattered to him was that he got to marry Sharon. As far as he was concerned, they could fly to Vegas tonight and get married right away.

In other words, Steve didn’t want a gigantic wedding where half population of Los Angeles was invited.

Three hours later, they were done with the meeting and got the rough details of what they would have to do and the schedule for the next 5 months before the wedding.

Steve already felt himself stressing out and he didn’t want to imagine how stressed out he would be if it was only one month away from the wedding.

Everyone was very eager about this wedding except for Steve. After he heard that Marshall Carter invited at least 500 guests to their wedding, he lost interest in planning his own wedding. Steve just faded away into his studio or gym. He just gave his opinion when Sharon needed one. (Which the Carters would entirely ignore anyway.)

He gave all the support she needed and complied to whatever she wanted. It was her day so she should be happy with every detail.

While Sharon, Janet, and the bridesmaids travelled to France for the weekend and they will meet with Eli Saab, Steve had to accompany Marshall to meet with the Los Angeles mayor who was a close friend of Marshall.

“The mayor will be your guys’ officiant.” Marshall told them.

As if Steve needed more thing to add to his stress out list, now the mayor would be there and officiating the wedding. Wow! This is bigger than he originally thought.

When Sharon came back, they needed to hold the party at their home for the engagement party. Most of the guests were Sharon’s friend because Steve had a very small circle of friends. (Well, he had only Tony, Clint, Thor, Bruce, and Pepper.)

Everyone came with a luxurious gift for the couple. Steve took note that the compound value of the gift could feed the entire village in Africa for a year. (Yes, the gifts were that valuable.) Steve concluded in his mind that only five percent of the gift were useable.
“Why are you looking like you don’t want to get married?” Tony appeared at Steve’s side with a
glass of whiskey for Steve, “Drink up, groom-to-be.”

Steve poured the whole glass down, “You cannot convince me to not get married), Tony.”

“I mean, why do you have to get married when you and her basically live together and fuck each
other’s brains out every night?”

“Because it is something adults would do and Sharon is not Pepper, who is kinda okay living with
you all the time and not married to you.” Steve shot back.

“To be honest, she is coming after me every day since she knew you two were engaged.” Tony
explained and sipped his drink, “I love Pepper and I want her to be the mother of my child but…
you know…I want to wait till the time is right.”

“You and Pepper are at the right time since Obadiah tried to take over your company but she
helped you take him down the way no one can.”

“Perhaps next year then. I will just let your wedding pass first so I can focus on your bachelor
party, not my own wedding.”

Tony and Clint took it upon themselves to take Steve to the tailor to get him measured for his own
wedding tuxedo. The billionaire insisted that Steve should have two tuxedos, one for the wedding,
and one for the reception. Steve just frowned but agreed with Tony anyway.

The boys had a discussion about the wedding and Sharon’s parents. They both couldn’t stand her
parents. The way they took charge and did whatever they wanted. Steve couldn’t agree more but
when he saw that Sharon was so happy, he couldn’t say no to her anyway.

Sharon took Steve to meet with the florist. Then they had an appointment with the most famous
chef in LA to hire them to cater at their wedding. Sharon’s parents, Thor, and Bruce also tagged
along to help the couple decide on the menu.

The food was the only thing that they listened to Steve about, like really listened to his opinion.
Her parents didn’t cause them any trouble.

But another week later, they made Steve’s stress almost hit the breaking point when they
introduced the couple to the Hollywood quality production team. Janet told them that this team will
record the video, make a presentation, take a photograph, and take care of all the media.

And again, Sharon seemed pleased with this so Steve kinda played along with them.

When there were only three months away from the wedding, every single day Steve’s life only
consisted of the wedding. Steve let Sharon picked the cake after they had been tasting too much of
it. He kinda had enough of sweets for his whole life. Besides, he couldn’t tell the differences
between Tahitian vanilla and Madagascan vanilla except they were from different countries.

The auction for the right to attend their wedding and report the exclusive news was worse. The
only thing that made Steve feel okay about selling his privacy was that the money would go to
charity. The right was granted to the highest bidder, People Magazine. Now they will have a
reporter with them everywhere because they also got the right to sneak a peek into the details of
the preparation too.
Sharon had already booked a French Chateau for their honeymoon and Tony was kind enough to lend them his private jet. At least Steve could get some inspiration from the country side of Bordeaux. Sharon insisted they should go for a wine tasting and learn how to make wine. She was going as far as to open their own vineyard. Steve was okay with that idea because at least he could get some privacy to himself.

One day after they came back from a long meeting with Emily about the final details to the wedding theme and guest list (which was now at 600 guests), Sharon was in the bathroom while Steve dug through the old stash of pictures. (Emily wanted their childhood photo for the intro video.) Steve found old photos from twenty years ago and it brought him bittersweet memories of the past.

It was the picture of Sarah Rogers, his mother, and Bucky Barnes, his cousin, who grew up with Steve. Steve lost them six years ago due to a car accident. He was the only survivor from the incident and it left him heartbroken for a while. It took him a lot of strength to get back on his own two feet but Howard Stark offered to help him financially (which he didn’t have to that much because Steve was a scholarship student. Howard took care of the living and housing expense.)

Steve heard footsteps behind him and then felt the warmth of Sharon as she pressed her entire body into his from behind, arms wrapping around his torso. When she saw the photo in his hand, she said, “They would be so proud of you right now…knowing that you made it.”

He kissed her hand, “Yeah, they were worried that I might not find someone that I would want to spend the rest of my life with.”

“I’m the luckiest girl.”

It was only 1 and a half month away until the wedding and everyone could see that Steve was already freaking out. He was swamped with all things wedding that he was particularly talking in his sleep.

Steve hit the breaking point when Tony came to him and showed him that he had made the couple a wedding website.

“Okay, I can’t take all of this anymore!” Steve said in total frustration, “The stress is too much and now I think I am going to have an anxiety attack.”

Steve stood up from the sofa and began to walk back and forth. He breathed in and out and tried to calm himself down.

“What’s the problem, Stevie boy?” Tony teased. “I knew it, you didn’t want to marry her. That’s why you’re acting like this. Your inner bachelor-self told you that staying single is a logical choice.”

“That’s not it, Tony!” Steve yelled at his friend before taking another deep breath, “It will be my wedding day in a month! 600 hundred attendees at my wedding and you know how great I am at handling my shit when surrounded by that many people!”

“Hey…”

“And not to mention how stressed out I am right now! Everyone is asking me about half of the shit I don’t agree with and Sharon’s parents are a real pain in the ass!”
“Calm down…”

“And not to mention that no one ever listens to what the fuck I need for my wedding!! MY. OWN. FUCKING. WEDDING!!”

The last one hit Tony really hard and he knew that it was a last straw for Steve, and as his best man, Tony gotta do something to make sure Steve will not go crazy and ditch his own wedding.

“What do you want to do now?”

“Just get the fuck away from here and not hear anyone mention anything about the wedding.”

“Okay, let’s go to Vegas then. I will have my jet ready in one hour.”

“Are you crazy? Sharon will never let me go to Vegas with you.”

“She will and I will talk to her.”

“I can’t let her handle all of this by herself.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “You said yourself your opinion really doesn’t matter so you don’t have to be here. I will talk to her and you better get ready. I will pick you up in three hours.”

“I will not go to Vegas with you!”

Tony just shrugged and stepped outside the house to make a few calls. He told Steve that he will have to leave early because of a company crisis.

Well, that was a lie because Tony had to meet up with Sharon at the restaurant where she was finalizing the dessert menu with her mother.

“Sharon!” Tony called. “I need to talk to you and it’s really important.”

“Of course.” The blonde said and followed Tony outside of the restaurant and stepped into his limo. “What is it?”

“I will take Steve to Las Vegas for 3 weeks or probably until his wedding day because right now your fiancé is freaking out and stressed out and I don’t have to mention that he just lashed it all out at me two hours ago.”

“I know. I noticed it too, Tony.”

“So I have your permission to take him away from all of this?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“I’m kidding. Take him and make him happy and ready for the wedding, okay?” Sharon said, “Tell him that he also has my permission to do whatever he wants to do.”

“I will tell him that.” Tony promised with a bright smile, “Thank you for the understanding.”

“I might be a controlling bitch but I love Steve and I want him to be happy.” Sharon replied, “I have to go now since I can’t trust my mother’s palate.”
“See you.”

When Sharon stepped outside of the limo, Tony called Clint, Bruce, and Thor right away.

“Guys, we are kidnapping Steve Rogers and going to Vegas tomorrow!”
Steve woke up with Sharon in his arms, but he had a very strange feeling about today. He went for a run as usual before coming back to take a shower and prepare breakfast for them. Last night Sharon came home almost midnight and she was extremely exhausted so Steve would probably surprise her with breakfast in bed.

Everything went smoothly when he heard Sharon called him from their bedroom. He carried the breakfast tray upstairs and greeted her with a bright smile.

“Morning, babe.” He said and sat the tray down in front of her.

“Hey.” She said and sat up before pulling him down for a quick kiss.

“You slept in.” He noted.

“It was pretty exhausting yesterday. The caterer is a real pain in the ass but I can handle it.” Sharon told him, “Anyway, Emily will have her messenger dropping off something for us today. Can you stay home and wait for it to be delivered?”

“Of course.”

Sharon had to go to work today. Even her father had told her that she didn’t need to work until she came back from the honeymoon but, Sharon being Sharon, she couldn’t stay still for more than one day.

So Steve was alone in his home and this was marking the first day since five months ago that there was nothing related to the wedding to bother him so Steve locked himself away inside his studio and created art.

The messenger arrived at his door around 11 AM. As Steve stepped outside to get the package, someone came up behind him and put a bag around his head and dragged him inside the car then pressed something against his back.

“Don’t move.” The guy hissed in his ear, “Or I will shoot you.”

“Tony?” Steve recognized the voice.

“Aww, man! It’s not fun at all!” Tony whined.

Someone pulled the bag away from Steve’s head and revealed that they were inside of Tony’s limo. Thor, Clint and Bruce were sitting opposite from Tony and Steve.

“What the hell were you guys thinking?”

“Buckle up, Rogers! We’re going to Vegas!!”
Las Vegas, Day 1

Steve was whining all the way to the airport but couldn’t do anything because Thor and Clint pushed him inside Tony’s jet and strapped him down to the chair.

“I didn’t bring any clothes.” Steve said.

“Don’t worry, dude.” Tony replied, “Sharon already packed everything up for you and you also have her permission to do whatever you want one last time before you put on the shackles of marriage.”

“One thing I won’t do is get a lap dance or have sex with random person I don't know.” The groom-to-be shot back, “I don’t want to feel guilty like I cheated on Sharon.”

“I knew you would say that but given that we have three weeks away from the girl with the permission to do whatever we want, I suggest you take that back and fuck every girl you want.”

“You’re disgusting.” Steve sighed, “I hate you all.”

“Friend Steven, don’t be a vibe killer. Even Lady Jane allowed me to do whatever I want.”

Steve frowned while the other laughed at Thor’s statement. They arrived at Las Vegas airport 30 minutes later. Everyone was looking good in their suits but Steve was clothed in only his sweats.

Tony said they would check in at the hotel first to at least get Steve out of his sweats because it was embarrassing him.

Their personal butler led them to the penthouse that Tony booked for them. There were five bedrooms, an infinity pool, a kitchen, Jacuzzi, and a 360 degrees balcony with a magnificent view of Las Vegas.

Tony pushed Steve inside the master bedroom to get changed into something more swagger than sweats. Once Steve came out of his room, Tony led the group to the casino downstairs.

“Well, we are only getting warm up. Tonight is when the real fun starts.” The billionaire told them.

“I’m all in, Stark, and you know that.” Clint too was very excited about this.

“Why am I the only one that think this will end up badly?” Steve sighed.

“Don’t kill the vibe, dude. We are free for three weeks to do whatever we want, without anyone to tell us what to do.”

And Tony knew that his words finally got into Steve’s head. After almost five months of being under someone's control, Steve finally felt free for the first time.
“Alright, let's do this.”

The guys cheered and walked into the casino.

Everyone could see Steve relaxing and was back to his normal self for the first time in many months. It also the first time Steve really let it go. He was never one for a gambling but he went all in this time and didn’t care if he lost his money or not.

They spent the entire afternoon in the casino before they had dinner. After that they headed back to the penthouse to get extremely hammered. Steve gained his control back and tried not to get drunk like his best friends.

Tony Stark also had a plan for tonight all for Steve so that he could see that getting married and being tied down to one woman was a stupid idea. Tony was okay with Steve dating Sharon but not marrying Sharon. Marriage was a stupid idea. He loved Steve and he already saw how miserable he was. The billionaire also saw where this wedding would head in the future—straight down to hell. Steve being Steve would try to fix it and try to endure, but it would end up with a divorce.

So Tony would do anything to make Steve realize that he could find someone who was actually interested in the same things as him.

The boys were having a lot of fun until the doorbell rang.

“Hey, bro, can you get the door?” Tony told Steve.

“Yeah.”

Tony couldn’t help but grin as he watched Steve walk toward the door. Steve opened it, and judging by the complete silence from the door, Tony’s plan was somehow working if it could render Steve speechless.

“Are you Steve Rogers?” A sexy voice sounded from the door.

Clint got up from his seat. Thor almost broke his neck as he whirled around to take a look at the owner of the voice but Steve’s large frame blocked the view. Bruce frowned but Tony’s smiled widened. The billionaire swore that he heard Steve swallowed hard before answered, “Yes, I am.”

“I heard that you are a painter.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Steve swallowed again as she slipped past him and got inside the penthouse. Her hands dragged across his chest and she batted her eyelash at him. Steve followed her behind.

It was the first time the guys saw her but maybe not Tony as the billionaire seemed to be extremely proud of himself when he saw everyone’s reactions to her. The beautiful, sexy, mysterious woman with fiery red hair stepped into the living area. Her petite body was covered with a silk robe Steve
could tell that there was nothing underneath it at all. Her hips swayed as she walked in the most seductive way.

She sharply turned to Steve and it caused him to bump into her. Steve caught her by grabbing her waist, only to find the perfect curve of her body underneath his touch. They were standing too close and the way she looked up to meet his eyes made Steve hold his breath.

Her hand ran across his chest, holding her gaze in his blue orbs. “So you are the bachelor boy?” She asked and Steve didn’t give her any reply. “Ready for the night of your life with me?”

“No…” He pushed her away.

Before Steve could say anything, Thor and Clint came to him and locked his arms before forcing him into his bedroom. Tony led Natasha inside first and the boys locked Steve inside with her.

“This is not funny at all, Tony!”

“Like she said, turd! You will have the time of your life.”

Steve tried to get out of his room but his friends securely locked it from outside. The man sighed and turned around, only to realize that he had company that he had completely forgotten about and now she was standing there, covered in body paint with her robe was at the floor.

Steve’s jaw dropped, as he couldn’t find the words to say anything, in awe of the woman in front of him. He saw a lot of naked women along his line of work as an artist but he could say that she was the only one that was close to the word perfection.

She was perfect, except for one thing.

“That was hideous. It hurts every fiber of my artistry.” He said, shaking his head and turning away, “I hope you didn’t pay whoever painted you too much.”

“Really? I’m not blind, and I saw you staring at me for a good five minutes.”

“I was caught between letting you clean that mess off your body or should fixing that ‘art’.”

“Anything for you lover boy, I’m yours for the night.”

His eyebrow quirked up in a very challenging way as he stepped closer. “What’s your name?”

“Natasha Romanoff, but my stage name is the Black Widow.”

“That is an alarming name, you know. Sex and then kill.”

“I tend to leave men as good as dead after a night with me.” She replied, looking up to met his eyes as Steve closed the gap between them.

Steve chuckled, “Well, I should stay away from you but the paint on your body is so ugly that I should need to fix it.”

Steve turned away again and Natasha’s eyes followed him to the small art studio at the corner of
his master suite. He motioned for her to come forward.

“Why are you here exactly?” Steve asked as he prepared the equipment.

“I’m a stripper. Your friend hired me for your bachelor party.”

“And what’s up with the body paint?”

“Tony Stark specifically asked me with all this getup. He said you are not like any other man and only arts can turn you on.”

Steve snorted. “That’s absurd.” He turned his gaze toward her again and this time Natasha could see his eyes burning with passion and desire. Dangerous, but she was willing to fall into the deep blue ocean of his eyes. “Lie down on your stomach. The paint on your back is the ugliest of it all.”

Natasha had to admit that her confidence was hurt a little but she kept it up, knowing that he took the bait. So she did as he said, knowing that he still eyed her. She slowly and tantalizingly laid down in the sexiest pose, angling her hips and twisting her upper body so she could see him. Steve sat down next to her and began to examine the paint on her body. His hand gently dragged across her back and it sent electricity ran up her spine.

"You don't seem to be shy by naked women.” Natasha said, trying to control her voice so it was not cracked.

"I have seen a lot of naked women, Natasha Romanoff." He replied. His eyes met with her enchanted ones. "My profession requires me to work with naked women a lot."

A stroke of brush slowly traveled up the middle of her back, "So what do you think of me?"

"You're extremely, exquisitely beautiful." He admitted honestly and it caught her off guard. His compliment made her cheeks flush a little. "You are unlike most women I encounter every day."

“How?"

"In LA, most women are walking plastics, tall, blonde, and surgical. Unlike you, you are a true natural beauty. You don’t need anything else.”

“Wow! You make that sound so sincere and I almost believe in what you said.”

His eyes wandered back to her and Natasha knew he was speaking the truth. “Because it’s the truth, Natasha.” His voice was as low as a murmur. She felt his breath at her shoulder when he leaned over closer to her, “Your hair is three different shades of red I’ve never seen before.” His hand lightly threaded through her soft crimson curls. “Your eyes are as bright as stars filled with emeralds.”

“Steve, you could get any girl in your bed because of your sweet words.”

“Sharon said that too.” He replied with a boyish grin, “It’s part of my charm.”

“I don’t fall for your sweet words, Mister.” Natasha smirked, “I’m immune.”

Steve chuckled and believed what she said. She probably was immune, with this line of work you couldn’t get emotional every time you encountered a client. But it was hard to deny this, not when they both felt the sparks rushing through their bodies every time their skin made contact.
When he was done with her back, he ordered her to sit up so he could fix her front. Natasha’s breath caught in her throat. She felt her skin burning and she probably would explode soon if he didn’t stop touching her.

Finally, Steve pulled away and Natasha could no longer felt the brush or his finger on her skin. “Okay, I’m done now.” He said. Natasha could see that he now approved of her body paint. “That’s more like art.”

“Do you think they did it yet?” Clint asked as he leaned against the door to listen to what was going on inside the master suite.

“Probably,” Tony replied, “Well, she’s the most expensive stripper in this city so yeah…Steve shouldn’t be that dumb to not fuck her.”

“Steve has a moral code, Tony.” Bruce reminded him, “Things might not turn out the way you want.”

“Not this time, Brucy.” Tony grinned. “Not this time when he has the sexiest woman in Vegas in his bedroom. I set up the shop for him so he could have the scenario like ‘Draw me like one of your French girls’.”

“That would probably work.” Thor agreed.

“If they don’t do it tonight, I don’t know what could possibly blow off his steam.”

They had small talks as they waited for the paint to dry. Natasha didn't mind the close proximity at all. Steve sat close to her on the cushion that she was laying on. Her mission for today wasn't done yet. Tony Stark wanted her to make him forget his worries and that was her specialty: making men forget whatever they were thinking and focus solely on her.

She learned a lot from the little conversation they had. She knew he was hard to break, but not that hard. No one could say no to her anyways, not even the self-righteous one like this. He had his moral code but it was on thin ice now and with a little push, he would throw everything out the window and he wouldn’t think of anything but having his way with her.

Well, she’d never slept with her clients before, but she was willing to make an exception for this one.

“Your friend really thought this through, you know.” She spoke up as she observed the paint tube in her hand. “Edible body paint.”

“Hmm?” Steve leaned closer to take a look at it, “He’s Tony Stark. You know how he is. He did really go all out in this.”

“You wanna try?”

“No…” His voice was weak and not louder than a murmur. “It’s not right.”
Her hands went up to cup his face. “Just a little taste. What’s the harm?” Their lips were mere inches away from him that she could feel his hot breath, filled with the smell of vodka. *Hmm… interesting, an American boy who liked the taste of vodka.* “We only live once, right?”

He grunted at her, “Miss, you can go now. I will pay you double of what my friend paid you.”

“Well, you have me for tonight, Mr. Groom-to-be.” She replied and pulled him closer until he was on top of her. “Your friend booked me for the rest of the night.”

“You can just go home and get some sleep now.” He was trying to resist. That was cute, but Natasha knew he would break soon, “I don’t want this to get out of control.”

“Most people don’t actually say that to me.” She pecked her lips on his. Just a teasing one to make him want more and she could hear his breath hitch in his throat.

“I’m not most people.”

“It’s not cheating, you know, if she gave you permission and if it is your bachelor party.” She bucked her hips up and she could feel how hard he was. Steve moaned at the sudden friction that was too much to bear. “Come on, lover. Don’t leave me hanging.”

Steve groaned aloud, actually groaned, in total sexual frustration before he brought his lips down in a surprisingly filthy kiss that left Natasha arching her back and moaning softly into his mouth. Her hands threaded in his blond locks. Her tongue slipped and met with his, dancing with each other’s until it left them breathless.

Steve pulled away and left Natasha whimpering desperately. She admitted right now that she needed him to touch her, kiss her, do anything to her. Steve knelt between her legs as his eyes roamed over her body in appreciation, taking all her beauty in even she was covered in edible paint.

His rough hands landed on both side of her thighs before slowly running down and awakening sensations inside her. He kept his burning gaze on her the whole time and Natasha stared back at him with the same fire.

“I want you to taste me.” She panted as her hands tried to pull him down but he caught her wrists. “Steve…”

He didn’t reply, but leaned his body down until he was pressed up against her, feeling the heat coming out of her soft body. His left hand grabbed both her wrists above her head while his hot lips trailed down the side of her face. To the back of her ear. Down her neck. His tongue licked the fruity tasting paint off of her body, making her moan and wither under him.

“You taste so good.” He murmured as he sucked on her cleavage. Teeth lightly scraping over her hard nipple. Nat held her breath, closing her eyes but back arching up to encourage him to put his mouth on her again. “Patience…”

Natasha mumbled a protest and whined aloud when he refused to do as she asked. “Steve…” *She needed him to touch her or else she would explode!* “Stop being a fucking tease!” Natasha bucked her hips up only to find the hard outline of his cock, still confined painfully in his jeans.

Steve could feel the heat and the wetness from her center. She was aroused…as much as he was. “You’re so wet.”

“All for you,”
Those words seemed to break every lock that caged the animal inside of him. Steve groaned as he brought his lips down to suck hard on her nipple. His teeth and tongue playfully teased her while his other hand cupped her other breast, pinching her nipple hard enough to make her squeal but furthered her arousal even more. He continued to taste the paint on her body, savoring every inch of her soft skin. From her breast, he headed down to her toned stomach until he reached the apex of her thighs. He dipped his finger into her center, slowly, torturously, and Natasha couldn’t lift her hips up and get his finger deeper inside her because he grounded it still with his left hand, freeing her wrists.

He finally entered her and quickly slipped a second finger in with ease. His eyes darkened with lust and it sent shivers down her spine but Natasha was sure that her eyes reflected his too. A string of harsh Russian fell from her lips before she cried out loud when Steve finally put his lips on her folds.

But it was a mistake. Natasha realized a moment later that he wasn’t picking up his pace at all. He took his time tormenting her, reducing her into a whimpering mess, moaning uncontrollably, and babbling innocently. His fingers spread her open and laved his tongue on her clit, earning a sharp cry from Natasha, whose hands tangling at his hair. Her legs threw over his shoulders, her heels digging into his back. Steve gave fast licks into and over her pussy, only interrupting it by flicking his tongue over her bundle of nerves.

“Oh, fuck.” Natasha moaned, her hips bucking, her hands pushing his face even further into her. “Steve…there…” Her ragged voice only fueled his desire and Steve doubled his efforts to please her, alternating between fucking her with his finger and his tongue and lapping over her clit. She was close and when Steve gazed his teeth over her clit, she came hard with a loud cry and a string of curses in Russian. The intensity of the orgasm made her squirt all over his face and mouth but Steve didn’t stop until he got every drop of her sweet nectar as if his life depended on it.

Natasha laid back on the carpet, trying to catch her breath and regain control over her own body. Steve still didn’t stop until Natasha pushed him away from her, overstimulated, but he refused to move away from his place between her legs. After she stopped shaking, Natasha lay there for a moment, trying to catch her breath with Steve between her legs, kissing her thighs and making her shiver all the more for it.

It was a brand new sensation they had both never experienced before. The intensity and connection were something special and it left them wanting more. Steve crawled up her body until he met her half lidded eyes again and went in for a kiss, sharing the sweet taste of Natasha.

“Can you move?” He quietly asked. “We better clean up the mess on your body.”

Natasha shook her head. Steve kissed her one more time before scooping her up in his arms. Natasha leaned into his touch, arms loosely wrapped around his neck. And it was all too intimate, too sweet, that they both never thought it would make them feel this way.

Steve gently placed her in the bathtub. Her eyes were on him, admiring him as Steve took off his clothes and joined her. He settled down just behind her and Natasha leaned against his firm chest, closing her eyes and indulging as his arms encircled around her waist.

“Hey, don’t fall asleep yet.”

“I just need…to…” Her breath caught in her throat again when his hand slipped down between her legs.

“Hmm?”
“Stop it.”

“You should help me clean up or else I’ll have to wake you up with my mouth again.”

“That sounds interesting.” She hummed her approval.

When Steve heard her consent, he maneuvered her onto her knees with her upper body over the edge of the bathtub. Natasha looked at him in confusion, brain trying to think of what was he about to do to her. Steve knelt down behind her and kissed down her spine. She felt his hard cock rubbing against her ass and couldn’t help but rock back against him. Steve stilled her with his big hand and made his way to her behind, pressing light kisses all over them.

Natasha arched her back again when he slipped his tongue into her center and worked hard on her clit. Her moans and whimpers echoed in the bathroom. It didn’t take him too much time to get her off for the second time of the night. Natasha was shaking as her wobbly legs went limp. Exhaustion took her over as she closed her eyes and leaned back into his embrace.

Steve sighed and cleaned her up, only to find that Natasha was already asleep. He carried her out, dried her off, and gently laid her in his bed. He kissed her forehead, whispering a good night before lying down next to her and holding her tight in his arms all night.
Chapter 3

Las Vegas, Day 2

“Awwww…” The blond man groaned as he tried to open his eyes, only to find that they were too heavy. He rolled himself over to the other side and tried again. This time, the baby blue eyes opened to find that the sun was high in the sky and he had probably slept in.

Steve slowly got up and sudden realization hit him like a ton of bricks. Natasha was gone and was no trace of her in his room, as if she wasn’t there to begin with. The woman he fell asleep with and held tight in his arms all night was gone.

He felt emptiness in a way he shouldn’t have. She was just a stranger, only the stripper his friend hired. He didn’t know what had gotten to him last night, maybe it was her—just the way Natasha was. Mysterious, dangerous, and exquisite, with Steve risking himself to play with fire, willing to burn.

Steve looked at the cold place beside him—the place once Natasha slept in his arms, fitting so perfectly. Everything made him think back to her. The way she breathed steadily against his neck or her ragged sexy moans when he went down on her. How her soft hand rested on his chest, the taste of her lips. God… she was only a stranger to him but looked what she did to him.

The Black Widow left men as good as dead after a night with her.

Steve sighed and sunk down on his bed again, closing his eyes only to open them again as he saw her crimson curls and a mischievous smile. Steve decided to get up when he was sure that he couldn’t get the image of Natasha out of his head and went to the bathroom, which he didn’t dare to take a bath in so he went for a quick shower.

When he stood in front of the mirror, he realized one thing that he didn’t last night. He cheated on Sharon. Well, technically, he didn’t cheat on her because she gave him her permission but his moral told him otherwise.

“What the hell were you doing, Rogers?” He muttered to himself. “You have a fiancé back home, what the hell are you doing in Vegas?”

He couldn’t answer himself as he couldn’t bring himself to leave this place. Some part of him didn’t want to go back to LA to his own wedding preparations because he knew he would run away again and probably never return to Sharon.

Steve sighed and dressed up. He walked into the living room only to find that no one was there. The rest of the gang was probably in their bedroom or somewhere inside this penthouse. Steve sat down and ordered his lunch from room service when Clint and Bruce joined him. They obviously had a massive hangover.

“I will order you guys something to nurse your hangover.” Steve said.
His two friends nodded and flopped down on the dining table. Steve took the liberty of ordering everything for everyone and went to get Thor and Tony out of bed. The gang was finally all at the dining table when the room service came to serve them their food.

“What should we do today?” Tony asked.

“Probably cure my hangover,” Clint replied.

“Come on, guys. Live it up. We are in Vegas.” Steve said excitedly.

Tony quirked his brows up, “What’s wrong with you? Something is wrong with you, Rogers.”

“Yeah, last night you were the least excited person in the group. Why has it changed all of the sudden?” Thor questioned.

“Holy fuck! It is because of the stripper I hired for you isn’t it? She rocked your world right?” The billionaire asked and then groaned because of the sound of his voice was too loud.

“You can say that.”

Yep, she had indeed rocked his world and Steve finally relaxed and loosened up. She had shaken up every foundation of him and maybe awakened the real Steve that was buried deep inside of him. The adventurous, risk taking, carefree Steve Rogers, the man he’d long forgotten when he was dating Sharon.

The gang did as Steve said and they went out, just walking along the Strip. Tony and Clint tried very hard not to pass out because of the hangover and Bruce had to take care of them. Thor and Steve were trying to read a map but gave up due to the headache. Thor threw the map into a trash bin and now the five of them wandered aimlessly.

Steve had his reasons for going out. He wanted to meet Natasha again. There was something about her that left him wanting more. She was some kind of enigma that he didn’t know how to explain, but he wanted to know and learn more about her.

His blue eyes moved across the street in hope that he would find the woman he was looking for. Steve had almost given up and told everyone to go back to the hotel when he caught the familiar crimson curls in the corner of his eye. Steve quickly turned and his smile brightened.

Natasha Romanoff.

“Hey, Thor. You can take everyone back to the hotel before they all pass out.”

“I will.” Thor promised and noticed that Steve was about to walk away. “Where are you going, friend?”

“I saw a friend,” That was all Steve answered before he ran. Steve ran towards Natasha until he was close to her. “Hey, Natasha!”

The woman whirled around and saw her client from last night. Well, the client that she almost went all the way and woke up with this morning.

“Hey…” She greeted back. “It’s not usual that my clients stalk me like this.”

“I just saw you across the street.” He told, “I have been sightseeing with my friends but apparently they’re still hungover from last night.”
“What are you doing here, Steve?” She knew he had a reason behind this. No one actually wanted to talk to the stripper the day after because it was awkward to talk to her in public like this. “You could just ignore me and pretend we’ve never met before. Like most of my clients do.”

Steve smiled gently. “I told you. I’m not most people.”

Natasha sighed but couldn’t conceal her smile anymore. This cute guy in front of her was the same guy that got her off with his mouth twice last night. This cute guy who was also a sex god. He looked harmless but inside, he was as dangerous as she was.

“Then why are you talking to me right now? What do you want from me?”

“I want to get to know you. You seem like a nice person when we had our little conversation last night before….”

“So you don’t want to bang me or want me to dance for you?”

“I want to get to know you and have the honor to become your friend. There are a lot of things in Vegas I don’t know and I need local people to help me get the full experience.” He said, “It’s okay if you say no and say you don’t want to see me again. I totally understand because it’s getting weird right now.”

Nat held her hand up, “Shut up, Steve.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Steve pressed his lips tight together, afraid that he might say something stupid again. Nat’s piercing green eyes stared at him and it made Steve unintentionally blush. The guy who went down on her without hesitation was literally a full body blusher. The same guy that reduced her into a whimpering mess…God! He’d even made her beg for it. She should stay away from him, but her adventurous side got the better of her.

“I would love to show you around.” She answered and his face lit up instantly. “But as a friend!”

“Okay.”

“You are not my client. I’m not your stripper. We’re friends, equal in every way.”

“Seems fair to me,” Steve agreed and held his hand out. “Friends.”

She shook hands with him and nodded. “Friends.”

They began to walk together along the Strip and engaged in small talk to ease some tension that was still left between them.

“I thought strippers worked at night.” Steve asked out of curiosity. “Isn’t it a little early to prepare to get on stage?”

“Well, this is my day job. Stripper is my night job.” She explained.

“What is your day job?”

“I won’t tell you, creepy stranger.”

“Come on, Natasha. It’s not like I’m going to kidnap you.”
“Fine, if you wanna know, just follow me. The place is right around the corner.”

She took his hand and led him to an old building. It was a small lounge decorated in an old luxury western style. She led him to sit at one of the front tables before disappeared behind the back door, leaving Steve wondering what was this all about.

“Sir, do you want any drinks?”

“Glenmorangie neat, please and thank you”

“Yes, sir.”

The waitress brought him his scotch and Steve took the time to look around and observe everything. There weren’t many people in the lounge, most of the customers seemed like regulars around here instead of tourists like him.

10 minutes later, there was an announcement, “Ladies and Gentlemen, the star of this lounge, Natasha Romanoff!”

A round of applause sounded from every table. Steve too was clapping loudly as Natasha stepped on stage in a black dress. Steve’s jaw dropped and marveled at how beautiful she was. God! She was absolutely stunning, never failing to amaze him. Then a jazz intro came up, followed by Natasha’s angelic voice.

“Only you can make this world seem right. Only you can make the darkness bright. Only you and you alone can thrill me like you do. And fill my heart with love for only you.”

Steve actually smiled at her as the rhythm of the song and her beautiful voice allured him. He watched as she sang and swayed her hips according to the music. Natasha batted her eyelashes at him and blew a kiss at him at the end of the song.

“Thank you.” Natasha said before continuing with a new song.

She sang three more songs. During that time, more customers came in and watched her performances while enjoying their drinks. When she was done, she came down from the stage and sat down with Steve, to everyone’s envy.

“You really are a good singer.” He praised. “Your voice is beautiful.”

“Awww, you don’t have to.” She playfully hit his arm.

“It’s definitely better than your painting skills.”

“How do you know that?”

“Well, it’s not that hard to figure out that you painted yourself last night. Judging by how flexible you are, you could bend backwards and paint your own back.” He explained. “That’s why your back is the ugliest part.”

“That was my friend Maria. She helped me paint my back.” She shot back.

“That explains the inconsistency and two absolutely different brush patterns…” He mumbled to himself.

“I might be flexible but I’m not a contortionist.”
“So tell me, are you really bad at painting or was it a trick to wind me up?”

“Probably both,” She answered mysteriously. Steve would never know the truth. “Alright, I have to get back up on stage now. My session will be over in one hour.”

“I will be waiting for you right here.”

They smiled at each other before Natasha continued to sing and entertain the customers in the lounge with her melodic voice. Steve was on his third scotch when her session was done. Many customers gave her extra tips and bought her a few drinks.

“Hope you’re not that drunk.” She teased.

“No I’m not.” He replied. “That was a wonderful performance.”

“Thank you.” Natasha smiled before sipping her drink. "So...what do you want to do next?”

Steve shrugged. "I don't know. What do you suggest?"

"I should ask you this question first...why are you here in Vegas?"

"A bachelor party," He lied, but his effort was futile because Natasha saw right through it. "Well, I was kinda freaking out, stressing because of my own wedding. So Tony came up with this getaway to keep my sanity in check."

"You're not happy with your relationship?"

"No, no...Sharon and I are perfectly happy but her billionaire parents want a 600 guest wedding and we couldn't do anything to stop them."

She laughed, "Vegas is always an option."

"I wanted that too after I saw the guest list, but Sharon would never want a quick wedding in Vegas."

"Wow. I mean, if you love each other deeply and unconditionally, a wedding is nothing but a stroke to your ego. You could just not get married at all. If you love each other enough, you don’t need a ceremony to vow that you’ll never get with someone else."

“I couldn’t agree with you more. I always wanted a small, private wedding with only people I care about.” He said, looking more miserable instead of a guy who would have his wedding in a month. “Sharon seemed to notice that I was about to go crazy so she allowed Tony to take me here, to ‘unwind’ me. I should probably do all the crazy stuff people always do when they’re in Vegas.”

Natasha leaned forward and took his hand in support, cheering him up. “Hey, it’s not like you’re dying. You can come back here and have fun anytime.”

“Nah, my fiancee isn’t exactly the kind of person who loves doing crazy, stupid things.” He was trying to make it sound like a joke, but it wasn’t and Natasha knew that. His blue eyes averted her green ones and he sighed aloud. “I just miss being spontaneous, you know? Doing everything that you wanted, anytime that you wanted. The YOLO kind of life,”

“I can do YOLO if you wanna YOLO with me.” Natasha offered.

Steve went quiet for a second and thought about her offer. It was dangerous, especially since Natasha was the one who made the offer. But this was the only way that he could have full
experience, risking everything he had for the time of his life.

Before Steve could stop himself, he said, “Yeah, I would love it. Let’s do this.”

“That’s the spirit, creepy dude.”

Steve smiled fondly at the woman. “Stop calling me that, beautiful stranger.”

Natasha let out a full laugh. “Come on, dude. Let’s get the hell out of here. We have a lot to do in a very short amount of time.” She grabbed his hand and shouted to the bartender to keep his charge on her tab before dragging Steve out of the bar. He was stunned for a second by her enthusiasm and spontaneity.

“Where are we going?” Steve asked.

“We have to go get some new clothes, formal ones. I will book us tickets for Penn and Teller tonight.”

“Do we really need to wear formal clothes?” Steve was a bit confused.

“Yes!”

She began to run and Steve followed the redhead wherever she wanted to take him. They finally reached the Gucci store where she eagerly pushed him inside and told the staff to find him a nice suit. Natasha had a very good time trying out her dress.

“Natasha, I still think that this is not necessary.” Steve whined as the staff brought him a rack of suits to pick from.

“It is utterly necessary, Rogers.”

He couldn’t argue with her and finally pick up the suit he liked. Steve took only ten minutes to dress up and take care of everything while Natasha was in the fitting room. He told the staff to deliver their clothes to his penthouse.

Steve handed his credit card to the staff and saw that their attention wasn’t on him. The makeup staff was staring, jaw dropped at something behind Steve. There was a cough, which made Steve turn his head too. He was pretty sure that he had the same expression as the cashier.

Natasha Romanoff was in a stunning knee-length white dress and black ankle-strap high heels. She looked as beautiful as always. Steve found himself smiling, unconsciously walking toward her and stopping in front of her.

“Wow…” That was the only word Steve could get out of his month.

“That’s all I need.” She said happily. “And I already book us the best seats for the show tonight.”

“When does the show start?”

“9 PM.”

“It’s still enough time for us to do something else.” He suggested. “Make the most of it.”

“You finally are getting back your adventurous self, Mr. Rogers.”

Steve smiled and took her hand before they walked out of the store. Natasha told them there was a
place they could visit and probably have dinner. They walked along the Strip, not caring that other people who were walking by were looking at them. They finally stopped at the mock Eiffel Tower.

“Really? Did you know that I saw the real one in Paris?” He asked, scratching his head, questioning her choice of the attraction.

“I saw the real one in Paris too.” She sarcastically replied, “Come on.”

She dragged him up to the Tower (which Natasha insisted she would pay for but Steve, being the gentleman he was, paid for the tickets.) And as Natasha had promised, it was worth the time. The view was beautiful from up there and there was no doubt that it would be more beautiful during nighttime.

“Come here. I will take a picture for you.”

“No.”

“Non-negotiable.” She pulled him close and took a selfie of them. “Say cheese!”

Steve forced out a smile before Natasha snapped the picture. She giggled uncontrollably when she looked at the picture of them.

“I will put all of the pictures we take during these three weeks into a scrapbook before you leave Vegas.”

“I don’t need a scrapbook.” Steve snorted.

“And how would you remember all these things we did together?”

He turned to look at her, staring into her green eyes. “How could I forget?” His voice was low and gentle as his hand tugged her red curls behind her ear. “Really, Natasha? How could I forget you?”

She smiled. “Your sweet won’t get you anywhere tonight, Mr. Artist.”

He smiled back. It probably was a risk, being alone with her like this with a wide open opportunity for them to do whatever they wanted together, but Steve was willing to take all the consequences if he could feel alive again.

“I just want to have a good time with you.” He replied, charming as he always was.

They had a nice dinner at the restaurant on the top of the tower. The host mistook them for a couple and got them the best table. Then they took the cab to the Rio for the show. Steve had heard about Penn and Teller but he never got a chance to see the show.

“They are one of the most amazing magic shows in Vegas.” She told him. “You will love it.”

Yeah, he would love it. He would love the show because Natasha had told him it was great. He probably wouldn’t pay attention to the show because he would pay all of his attention to her, to see her face light up when she got excited at the magic tricks. What the hell had gotten into him? But he didn’t think about any of that right now as Natasha sat close to him, their arms rubbing against each other.

And Steve was just as he predicted. He kept his eyes on her. He loved watching her eyes twinkle with excitement, the way she laughed at the jokes he didn’t catch because he was more focused on her melodic laughter. He loved the way she smiled, the way she threw her head back when she
laughed and revealed the smooth skin of her neck. *Gosh! He would love to put his mouth there again.* Then he noticed a small purple hickey at the juncture at her neck and shoulder.

He was probably enjoying watching her too much, for he didn’t notice that the show had ended. Natasha nudged his side and brought him out of his deep reverie. He got up, offering her his hand and leading her out of the theatre.

They stopped in front of the hotel and reluctantly let go of each other’s hands. Steve stared at her as if he wanted to say something, but he kept it to himself.

“Well, it’s good night.”

“Yeah, it is. I had a lot of fun with you.”

“We should do it again tomorrow.”

“I would love that, Miss Romanoff.”

She took his phone and added her number. “I will call you tomorrow.” Natasha leaned up and kissed his cheek. “Good night.”

“Good night, Natasha.”
Chapter 4

Las Vegas, Day 3

Steve woke up to his phone blaring from his bedside. His hand tried to scramble for the source of the noise. He cracked his eyes open and saw Natasha’s number on the screen.

“Yes…” he answered with a sleepy voice.

“Wake up, sleepy stranger.” Her lively voice came from the other end of the line. Steve could imagine that she was smiling right now just by the sound of her voice. “Get up and let me inside.”

“Wait a second.” Steve told her and slowly crawled out of bed.

He walked downstairs and opened the door to let Natasha into the penthouse. The first thing he saw was her fiery red hair and the mischievous smile on her face.

“You slept in.” she noted. “And you look like hell.”

“Thank you for the compliment. And no, I didn’t get my beauty sleep last night because of you.”

She frowned as they walked upstairs together. “How is it my fault?”

“Well, the show finished late last night and there was strangely heavy traffic at almost midnight!” Steve whined as he opened the door to his bedroom for her. “If you don’t mind, I will sleep for a couple more hours.”

Steve flopped down on his bed and continued to sleep. Natasha settled down next to him and Steve quickly moved to lie his head on her lap. Natasha smiled at the sleeping man and ran her hands through his golden locks.

“Sure, but we have a lot of things to do today.”

“What is your plan for us today?” he murmured.

“It’s a surprise.” Her answer earned Natasha a groan. “If you get up and take a shower, you will find out soon, but I think we should stop for brunch first.”

Steve whined like a baby but got up and went straight to the bathroom to take a quick shower. Natasha hummed her approval when he walked out of the bathroom with only his jeans hanging low around his hips, showing his abs and v-line. Damn! That was a fine specimen.

“You’ve already seen me naked, Natasha.” Steve reminded her with a teasing smile. “So stop staring.”

“It’s really hard to do that, Rogers.” She retorted. “Are you trying to seduce me?”

“Kinda, but I know you are immune, and we’re friends, so it wouldn’t be appropriate if I seduced you.” He replied, but it was straight up flirting and Natasha knew that.

Steve was waiting for her to sass back at him but she didn’t. Natasha simply tossed him a t-shirt before dragging him out of the penthouse before someone woke up and saw them. They took a cab
to a place that he had never heard before.

“You know, my friends were curious about where I was last night.”

“Really? What did you tell them?”

“I told them that I met a friend and we decided to have dinner for a little catch up.”

“Do they know that you’re lying?”

“Nah, they always assume that everything I tell them is the truth.”

Natasha laughed, but she would probably believe everything he said too. The guy seemed to be an honest and reliable man, especially when she stared into those earnest deep blue eyes that she loved to lose herself in.

“So…where are you taking me?” he asked. “I hope that you are not bringing me somewhere to murder me.”

“Haha,” she laughed sarcastically. “I won’t tell you anything until we get there.”

“You scare me, woman.”

“Shut up.”

The taxi pulled over at some place called ‘Exotics Racing at Auto Club Speedway’. Steve didn’t know why he had a great feeling about this. He had never even been interested in car racing, let alone expensive cars. His car back in LA was an old Ford Mustang. Sharon, on the other hand, drove a Jaguar. She even had an Aston Martin. Her love for British stuff hurt every fiber of his patriotism. Expensive cars were beautiful but they were not necessary.

Natasha dragged him inside of the building and the staff came and showed them around. Natasha finally persuaded Steve to spend a crazy amount of money in a way he never had before.

“You can choose a combo set of two cars if you want to drive separately and you can choose whatever car you want.” The staff explained. “We also provide you with a brief racing and safety instruction.”

“Okay, we will choose the two car combo.” Steve said.

Then the staff took them to the garage to choose their car and amount of laps. Steve chose a Lamborghini Aventador while Natasha picked a Corvette Stingray (Steve loved her choice so much because she picked an American car rather than an exotic Italian car).

“Are you sure? You can’t beat me in that car.”

“The car is only as good as the driver, Steve. I think I can beat you in a Corvette.”

“We will see about that.”

Then they proceeded to argue and a wager was soon placed. Natasha told him that if he lost the bet, he would have to let her decide on everything they would do for a week and if he won, he could do anything that he wanted for the week and she would not talk him out of it. (She definitely would talk him out of it!)

“Sir, that will be $1,390.”
Steve was busy arguing with Natasha and just pulled his wallet out, handing his credit card to the staff. After that, they spent half an hour in the classroom and had the instructor brief them about safety, racing, and how to drive properly on the racing track.

Natasha was a perfect distraction to be honest. The way she wore those shorts and the way she crossed her legs like that. The way she bit her lips as she took notes, not to mention her always throwing paper at him when she discovered that he was staring at her.

“Stop staring and pay attention to the class, Rogers.” She hissed at him.

“It’s really hard to stop.”

She hit him in the arm, probably too loud, for the instructor turned to look at them. They sat still, pretending to pay attention as if they were troublemaking high schoolers.

“Those are all the safety measurements and information you should know about racing,” the instructor said. “Now you can follow Christina to your car.”

The two of them were led to the changing room to change into the racing suits, then followed Christina to the garage. The black and red Corvette was parked next to an orange Lamborghini Aventador. The racing instructors handled them each a helmet before teaching them how to operate the communications system in the helmet.

Then they had to take the first lap with the instructor before they could race on their own. The teachers taught them how to properly take a sharp turn, how to avoid the understeering or over steering, and many other things about the racing track.

When they were both confident enough to drive alone, that was when the real race began. They were at the starting line, revving their engines and glaring to intimidate the other before the race started. Then their eyes turned back to the lineman, who waved a flag signaling the start of the race.

When they got a green signal, the orange Lamborghini took the lead because its higher performance, but Natasha didn’t take long to level up with him. Steve turned to look at her with a wide grin on his face.

“Nat, remember the bet!” Steve shouted at her.

But Natasha didn’t back down. “I will beat your American ass in your precious American car!”

Steve let out a full laugh and threw his head back. His laugh was filled with pure joy in a way he hadn’t had in a very long time. Natasha couldn’t help but feel the joy herself and smiled back at him. Steve lost his focus for a second and Natasha took the opportunity to speed up her car, passing Steve and taking the turn.

"Shit! That was a smooth turn, Nat!” Steve's compliment came through the comm inside her helmet.

"Yeah, yeah, I know, I'm the best."

"Where do you learn to do that?"

"I won't tell you. I will let it burn your male ego."
"Just so you know, dear. I have the smallest ego."
"I don't believe that for a second." She was sure there are plenty of other big things about the man. Natasha thought to herself.

Steve laughed again and Natasha made a mental note to make him laugh more. He looked miserable when they had first met, like a caged animal, but now he was running free in the wild like he was supposed to be. It was his natural habitat and she didn't fail to see that.

It made Natasha wonder how was his fiancée was like. How could she possibly oppress this man until he forgot who he really was? How he had to pretend to be someone he wasn't? Natasha could read him like a book sometimes, and this time, she wasn't mistaken.

"Hey, are you listening to me?" His voice brought her back from her reverie.

"Sorry, I'm too concentrated on racing, not talking." Natasha shot back.

"We are on our last lap now, darling. Step up your game or you will lose the bet."

Natasha just then realized that Steve was ahead of her and they were at the last turn before a long run to the finish line. Natasha stepped at the accelerator pedal and shifted the gear. She was level with Steve and she managed to drive past him and take her victory.

"Damn it!" Steve yelled through the comm and Natasha evilly laughed at him.

They parked the cars back in the garage, and when Natasha got out of her car, she saw Steve pretend to be furious about the loss.

“You let me win!” she accused, pointing her finger in his face.
“I don’t know what you’re talking about, my dear,” He replied, acting as innocent as he could.

“I know that you released the accelerator, all right!”

“That was just...an accusation without evidence.”

“I know, Mister.”

Steve just shrugged and didn’t say anything back. Christina came to lead them to the changing room and then to the waiting area for the gift and the certificate. Natasha let go of her accusation and changed the subject to something else.

“I see that someone had a lot of fun today.” She said teasingly, leaning in until she was leaning against his arm.

“Yes, I haven’t had a chance to drive that fast for a very long time. Not to mention driving in a Lamborghini.”

“I thought you loved all things American.”

“I can make an exception for this beauty.” Steve nodded at the car and then turned back to Natasha with a charming smile. “And also this beauty.” He took her hand and kissed it lightly.
The redhead unintentionally blushed at his charm. “Oh, you! Stop flirting with me already. Your sweet words won’t get you anywhere.”

Steve gave her a boyish grin. “I can’t let you tease and flirt with me one-sidedly.”

“So it’s a competition now?”

“Depends.”

Natasha bit her lower lip and kept her eyes fixed on the smug-looking Steve. She was caught between wanting to punch his stupid face or kissing him senselessly, but Christina came in and rescued her before Natasha decided to do something really stupid.

They took a cab back into the city and there was a long silence between them until Steve decided to speak up.

“So, you care to tell me about how you are so good at car racing?”

“Well…I won’t tell you.”

“Aww, come on!”

“Back in my rebellious days, I used to race using my dad’s car. I almost got arrested once but I was lucky enough to get away. But my friend wasn’t lucky as I was and that was when I realized I shouldn’t do it.”

“We all have that stage of our life.” Steve agreed. “But it will turn all of us in a better way.”

Natasha snorted, a bit skeptical about his statement. “Like you had a rebellious stage.”

“Yeah, I had one and it wasn’t pleasant at all.”

“Care to tell me?”

“Nah, maybe some other time. I’m starving right now.” Steve said. “I could eat a whole horse.”

“I saw a shawarma joint around here. We should try it.”

Natasha forgot to continue with her interrogation about his rebellious days. After lunch, Steve insisted to go back to his penthouse because he was really tired. It left Natasha with the only method she knew that would convince him, knowing that he was a man of his word.

“Come on! I won the race so you have to do everything I say.”

Steve rubbed his eyes. “Yeah, but I’m really tired!”

“Don’t act like an old man, Steve. We will have a lot of fun for the rest of the day.”
“Natasha…I will do whatever you want, but can it be in the hotel please?”

“Okay.”

She dragged him back to his hotel but Tony called him again for the hundredth time. Steve picked up the phone, knowing that his friend would give him an earful for disappearing on them again.

“Where the hell have you been?!!” the billionaire yelled through the phone.

“Hey, calm down, Tony.”

“We thought that you were dead and we almost called Sharon to tell her that we lost you.”

“I was just hanging out with my friend.”

“What friend? Who are you talking about?”

“I will introduce you guys to her. I’m on my way up to the penthouse.”

Steve quickly hung up before Tony could say anything else. The artist sighed and turned to Natasha, who stood next to him.

“I will introduce you to my friends.”

“Yeah, good luck explaining to them that you and I suddenly became friends after I stripped for you.”

“Hey, you’re my friend and we already passed that point. They have to treat you as a normal person too, not someone they hired.”

Natasha smiled to herself when she heard his protective words and how he was willing to defend her honor.

“Thanks.” She whispered.

Steve smiled. They finally reached the penthouse and found Steve’s friends waiting for them in the living room.

“I knew it!” Tony exclaimed.

“Dude, I never thought you would be friends with her.” Clint said.

“Everyone, this is Natasha Romanoff.”

“Yeah, we know who she is, Steve.”

“She’s a friend and I hope that you guys will treat her as such.” Steve warned, and gave his friends a glare.

Bruce was the first one to step toward Natasha and offer her his friendship. “Nice to meet you officially, Natasha. I’m Bruce Banner.”

Then Thor followed the scientist and gave her a warm hug. (“He’s a hugger,” Steve whispered.) Clint lowered down his guard and introduced himself to her. The last one was Tony, who was still on the fence about this girl. Well, *the girl he hired for his friend and had now become a friend. There was something fishy about this.*
“You know who I am.” Tony casually said.

“Yes, I am. You’re Tony Stark.” Natasha replied.

“Care to explain why you guys suddenly become a friend?”

“Tony…” Steve gave his best friend a warning. “I met her yesterday and she was kind enough to offer her help and take me sightseeing.”

“And you left us here!” Clint yelled at his friend. “I would love to go sightseeing too.”

“Not to mention that you went somewhere without telling us of where you were going, Steven.”

“Since you all are here, we’re gonna party tonight.” Tony concluded.

Steve sighed and made a bored face at everyone. Natasha and Clint dragged him upstairs to get changed into a ravishing suit Tony had gotten for the bachelor. Clint got a chance to have a little talk with Natasha and he could say that he liked this girl and how she thought. Everything indicated that she was a well-educated woman, despite her occupation and everything he first assumed about her. No wonder why Steve would want to spend his time with this smart and gorgeous woman.

His friend’s life was surrounded by plastic, brainless, rich people that forced him to pretend to be something he wasn’t.

Steve stepped out of the bathroom and saw that his two friends were getting acquainted with each other.

“I see you two are getting along rather well, judging by the conversation I overheard from you guys.”

“Yeah, I like him.” Natasha gave Clint a nod of approval.

“More than me?”

“Nah, I like you more.” Natasha replied and Steve immediately beamed. “But a just a little bit.”

“I’m okay if she hangs out with us.” Clint interrupted their flirtatious heart eyes moment.

They came downstairs and Tony led them all to the hottest club of the hotel where people lined up to get a chance to see famous people. There was a rumor that Kanye West and Kim Kardashian were here. Tony led them right into the club without having to wait in line because he was Tony Stark and everyone knew him.

They got the best booth in the club on the second floor so that they could look over the dance floor and the stage. Steve could already sense that every man in the club had turned their attention to the red headed woman next to him. Steve kept it in mind that he had to keep a close eye on her.

When they sat down at their booth, Tony ordered three bottles of the best champagne but when he turned around, he found that Steve and Natasha had already disappeared.

“Where the hell are they?” the billionaire asked Thor.

“I swear they were here just a second ago.”

Steve had been dragged away by Natasha to the first floor and into the dance floor full with people.
“What are you doing, Nat?” he asked. “Tony just ordered the best champagne for us.”

“I’m more of a beer, vodka, and whiskey girl. I don’t like the pretentious drinks like wine or champagne.”

Steve smiled. *That’s my girl!* He thought before realizing what he’d just thought out loud. It was inappropriate, but he found himself not caring and thought about how alike they were. Natasha sat down on the stool at the bar with Steve standing behind her, guarding her from the men.

“I can guess what you will order!” she exclaimed.

“You will probably be wrong.”

“You will order a whiskey,” she guessed and he nodded. “You seemed like a Lagavulin guy.”

“Wrong!” he said. “You guessed that because it’s your favorite, right?”


“Glenmorangie.” Steve smiled when he saw her expression before turning to the bartender. “One Lagavulin on the rock and one Glenmorangie neat.”

When their drinks came, they decided to stay there for a moment so they could have a private talk without having Steve’s friends eavesdropping on them. They got a chance to talk about many things and he told her that there was a lot of things that he never had a chance to do before. Natasha assured Steve that there would be a lot of crazy stuff that they would do together in the near future because he’d let her win the race. (Which Steve was still playing innocent about.)

“So, is this a bachelor party or not? I still haven’t gotten a real answer from you.”

“No, it is not. I think that will come later.” Steve replied. “The first night was only to unwind me so I had more tolerance for stupidity than normal and Tony always saved the best for the last.”

Her eyes sparkled and an eyebrow quirked up. “Save the best for the last, huh?”

Steve was sensitive enough to know what she meant. “Oh, you’re the best of the best. Don’t worry about it.”

“Damn right. No one is better than me at what I do.”

“I believe you.” he replied and pulled her in for a kiss on the forehead.

Natasha rested her head against his chest and they stayed like that for a moment. Other people might have mistaken them for a couple again but they didn’t care, just wanting to enjoy each other’s company.

“Hey…I forget to tell you one thing.”

“What is it?” he asked as he pulled away to give her full attention. Instead, Natasha punched him really hard on his forearm. “Ouch! What was that for?!”

“For giving me this.” she answered and pulled the collar of her shirt away to reveal the purple hickeys he had left on her neck (and probably other parts of her body) the first night they’d met. “I have to put on makeup to conceal it!”

Steve smiled gently at the woman. His hands settled on her wrist, moving closer. “Sorry about
that.” he said before he bending down to press a teasing kiss on the same spot he’d left the purple marks, sending shivers through her body and sparking fire inside her again.

“So they are closer than we originally thought…” Tony spoke up as he saw his best friend with the stripper he’d hired.

“You don’t like any woman that is close to Steve.” Clint noted.

“Only the shady ones that probably only like him because of his money.”

“What about Sharon?”

“I started to dislike her when she put our friend through something he clearly didn’t want and forced him to be something he wasn’t.”

“Well, I can say that this one is different than the others.” Clint said. “She is more interested in the real Steve, not the rich and famous painter Steve.”

“Who knows? She’s just a stripper. A fucking stripper, Barton. What good woman strips their clothes off to make money?”

“Whatever you say, dude, but I like her.” Clint told him. “Steve also said that she’s great and they get along very well.”

Tony could only roll his eyes at Clint but he couldn’t do anything if Steve had already decided to have her as a friend.

Natasha dragged Steve into the dance floor to embarrass him. Steve wasn’t one for dancing and everything. He could’ve said he hated it but he was also a man of his word, so he had to do everything that Natasha said.

“Don’t just stand still, Rogers. Dance!” she told him. “Even a tree is livelier than you.”

“I hate dancing!”

“Come on! Loosen up and just go with the music, okay?”

He nodded and Natasha pressed herself closer to Steve. Her entire body came in contact with his, only setting his body on fire. Natasha sure knew how to wrap her fingers around men and Steve Rogers was no exception.

Suddenly, Steve felt like the temperature in the club was rising. The more they moved together, the more heat was generated between them. She was too close and he could smell her intoxicating perfume, which only clouded his mind. The way she moved her hips, gliding her ass against his groin, almost made him lose control.
But Natasha sharply turned and faced him, slightly panting and her cheeks flushed red. She probably could feel his arousal and Steve felt slightly embarrassed by it.

“I need a drink.” she said. Steve silently thanked God that she didn’t mention his erected manhood.

“I’m on it.”

Steve left to find something for them to drink but soon discovered his one big mistake. Natasha’s appearance alone could make every man go crazy, and to leave her alone on the dance floor full of drunk men would surely cause a problem.

“Hey! You’re that hot stripper. I saw you a couple days ago.” Some random guy came from behind Natasha.

“Leave me alone.” She shrugged the guy off, not even bothering to turn around and look at him.

“Don’t try playing hard to get, baby.” His hands settled on her ass, and she slapped them away. This time, the guy pulled her against him and groped her body but suddenly, the guy was ripped away from her and thrown down on the floor.

“Leave her alone!”

A tall blond man stood between Natasha and the guy. Steve was visibly shaking with anger in a way Natasha had never seen before, his fists clenched and ready to fight. The guy stood up and stepped toward Steve.

“Protecting that whore, huh?”

The final word was met with a hard punch at the square of his jaw, knocking the guy out immediately but the fight wasn’t ending so easily. Three men came to Steve to help out their friend, but this time Clint and Thor came to help Steve fight off the guy.

The security guards came in and dragged all of them out of the club. Tony talked them out of this and because he was Tony Stark, everyone in the group was allowed back inside. Tony told them that the creepy guy and his friends had started it first and they had been harassing Natasha. But when Tony turned to talk to Steve, he couldn’t find his friend again.

Steve was dragging Natasha out of their hotel. The force he used to grab her wrist was enough to leave bruises on her skin.

“Steve, stop it!”

“I will get you home.”

“You don’t have to protect me, Steve. I can take care of myself. I survived in this city for five years!”

“That was not an excuse to get yourself in a dangerous situation.”

“He can’t do anything to me. I can handle a drunk jerk, Steve.”
“I know, but I’m worried, okay? So I think I will drop you home now.”

“Fine, if it helps ease your worry.”

Steve smiled brightly at her when this permission was granted. He took her hand as they walked out of the hotel and along the Strip under the million lights of Las Vegas.
Las Vegas, Day 4

Steve and Bruce were the only two people that could wake up early that morning. The scientist was sitting in front of the television with a bowl of cereal and a cup of tea. Steve was about to cook his breakfast, but decided that it would be better if he ordered from room service.

The doorbell rang twenty minutes later, and the room service guy came with his breakfast. Steve sat down in front of the television with Bruce before eating his food quietly. The doorbell rang again ten minutes later.

“I will get that.” Steve said and jumped over the sofa before running to get the door. He opened it only to find Natasha standing there in her casual safety attire that made Steve wonder what she had in mind for them today.

"Okay, Rogers. Bring your Gopro. We will go laser tagging today."

“Morning.” He replied. “And isn’t it too childish for us to go laser tagging?”

“Nothing is too childish! Also, this one is a team building exercise and I need my partner in crime to be in sync with me.”

“Need I remind you that we are in our mid-twenties?”

“Don’t ruin the mood and stop arguing with me. You have a bet to fulfill.”

Steve groaned and grabbed his things. He told Bruce that he was heading out and would come back after noon.

“Why did you come so early this morning?” he asked when they were alone inside the elevator.

“I have to go to work this afternoon and am probably go back to stripping tonight since the hickey have all faded.”

“That’s too bad. I really want to spend more time with you.” Steve pulled a wry face at her. “Maybe I probably should put more of them on so you can stay with me.” He bent down, trying to kiss her neck, but Natasha pulled away and pushed at his face.

“Lover boy, don’t.” She warned him but her eyes gleamed with amusement. She definitely enjoyed this game as much as he did.

“Yes, ma’am.” He agreed but he couldn’t resist pressing his lips on her neck one time before pulling away.

Natasha shivered and felt her legs wobbling even as Steve lightly kissed her there. Her hands grabbed his arms to help her stand because she doubted that her legs were able to support her weight anymore.

He pulled away only to find Natasha’s face reddening and he had to take note how cute she was when she was on the other end of the teasing. Natasha mumbled something that sounded like a
protest to his actions. Steve kissed her forehead again and dragged her out of the elevator.

“Warehouse Wars, please.” She told the taxi driver.

The couple proceeded to boast about their laser tag skills. Steve said he used to go laser tag with his friends every week, but since they were grown-ass adults now, he didn’t do it anymore. Natasha only warned him that she was really good at it.

“I don’t believe you for a second.” Steve doubtfully said. “A beautiful woman like you enjoying laser tag? Oh! On second thought, I should believe you because I will probably get my ass kicked by you again.”

She laughed melodically. “Yeah, you’re damn right, baby.”

Steve adored her so much and pulled her by the shoulders and kissed her temple. When they arrived, Steve paid for the cab fee and the driver told them that they were a cute couple. Natasha didn’t bother to correct the man, but pulled Steve into the building with her.

“Hey! Welcome back, Natasha!” A male staff at the counter greeted her.

“Hey, Malcom.” she greeted back. “Two games for both of us, please.”

“Of course. I will give both of you a special price. Since Natasha here is our hall of famer and one of our most loyal customers.” Malcolm boasted, handing them the tickets.

Steve paid for the fees and followed Natasha to the weapons locker where they got their armor and laser tag gun. The two of them would go against other pairs. Natasha gave Steve all the details she knew about this place and the spots that would give them a strategic advantage.

Steve wasn’t exactly paying any attention to her because he was so amazed by her. She never failed) to amaze him. He loved her excitement and her enthusiasm. They were things that had captivated him from the first time he’d gotten a chance to know her and had probably made him attached.

“Hey, are you listening to me?” She poked his arm with the gun. “Why do you keep staring at me?”

“Because I’m paying my attention to you.”

“Nah, you’re just staring dumbly at me and are probably not listening to any word I’m saying.”

Luckily for Steve, the staff called them to take their positions at the starting point so they could begin the first game. Natasha help Steve attached his Gopro camera to his helmet to record everything. She had one of her own too.

“You look ridiculous.” Steve noted, which earned him a slap on his arm.

“Shut up.” She mumbled.

Then the security briefing appeared on the television before the game started. The video told them about the security measures taken to prevent the player from getting injured and then proceeded to explain the types of game they were playing. It was a last man standing match and they had to eliminate every single one of the opponent team in order to win.

“I saw our opponents’ face. They aren’t people from around here so we have the home field
advantage.” Natasha said.

“Yeah, I have you.”

Natasha smiled. Then the buzzer went on, signaling the beginning of the game and the door into the arena opened. The maze was dimmed, almost as dark as night time, but there was still some light to lead the way.

“Follow me and stay as low as possible, okay?”

“Yeah”

Steve had to crouch down in a painful way to hide his big, muscled body behind the wall just like Natasha had, but it wasn’t an effective way to hide and was probably the cause of friendly fire.

“You are too big for this thing,” she screeched. “You’re gonna make me lose this game.”

“I told you I’m a grown up!”

“Shhh!”

Steve could see how this laser tag game would end. It would end badly because all they did was arguing with each other. Some of the opponents could hear them and came their way. Steve and Nat had to turn on the ‘stealth mode’ and hide in a place that could cover them both. They heard footsteps getting closer and closer. They looked at each other before jumping out of the hideout in synchronization and taking down two opponents.

Natasha landed on Steve who had used his chest to prevent her from falling hard onto the ground. The redhead giggled uncontrollably on his chest as the two stayed down for a couple of minutes to hide from everyone else. Nat loved how warm and cuddly his body was, and and took advantage of it by hugging him tightly.

“Are you hurt?” he asked, a bit worried that she didn’t move.

“Nah, we have to hide until we’re sure that no one’s looking for us.” she replied.

“Okay.”

Steve wrapped his arms around her and craned his head up to look around. They were lucky that the corner they currently occupied was dark and secluded. Finally, Natasha reluctantly let go of him and got to her feet, pulling him up with her.

“Ready to do some hunting?” she asked.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

The couple killed it for the first thirty minutes of the game. They hunted down their opponents and brutally killed them. They were both as good as they had boasted. Natasha took pleasure and pride in seeing every man’s face when they realized that they had had their asses handed to them by a woman. Natasha laughed in their face as a payback for all the comments they’d made about her before the game.

“See ya in hell, suckers!”

Steve was kinda okay with it because Natasha was happy and he was proud of her. It came to the last pair of opponents. They were so close to winning but Steve made the mistake of slipping and
they tripped on each other. Steve was quick enough to maneuver himself so Natasha landed on top of him but her lips landed on his. The electricity ran through their bodies again. They both knew it was wrong but they didn’t move away, relishing in the taste of each others’ lips and continued kissing. Steve’s hands went to cup both side of her face as Natasha parted her lips to let him in.

The sounds of their armor interrupted them as the other couple shot at them, bringing them out of their reverie. The game master announced that the game was over and that their opponents had won.

Steve and Natasha still laid on the floor, still staring at each other, panting. Both of their face were red.

“I’m sorry.” Steve uttered. “We shouldn’t.”

“Don’t worry about it, Steve.” She said. “But it will never happen again.”

“Okay…”

“Come on. I think we have a rematch.”

“I couldn’t agree more.”

They got up and headed out to prepare for another round. This time it was a team match that turned into a one-on-one match when they eliminated half of the players. The couple discussed about who they should take out first and who probably posed the most threat.

The second game started and the couple killed it. They singlehandedly took out half of the players in twenty minutes. The second buzzer rang to warn them that the rules of the game had changed and they were now in a one-on-one match. Steve and Nat separated but made a pact that they would take everybody else out first before they fight with each other.

“Don’t die before I get to shoot you, Rogers.”

“You too, Nat,”

They walked in opposite directions and did as they promised to each other, staying alive. They were so good that their opponents didn’t stand a chance of taking them out. When it was down to them hunting one another, it took them a lot of time and energy to find each other in the maze and engage in a duel.

"Don't just hide there, Rogers! Show your face!" Natasha yelled from the barricade she hid behind.

"You're the one to talk," he replied before rolling on the floor to another corner, closing in on her. "Come on, Nat. I'm hungry. Come out here so I can kill you." Steve poked his head out. Suddenly, Natasha jumped on him and took him down. Her gun pressed onto his chest before firing the kill shot at him.

"I did say I would kick your ass, right?"

"Yeah, you just did." He smiled at her. "You're the best."

"Of course." Natasha bent down to kiss his cheek before getting off of him.

The game master announced that game was over and Natasha was the winner of this round, maintaining her high score of the arena. Natasha did her victory dance just to mock Steve.
He just smiled and chuckled at her.

“Come on. Let’s find something to eat. I’m starving, dear,” he said and held his hand out.

Natasha took his hand and they went to the snack bar to fill their stomachs before Natasha forced him to go to the indoor trampoline park.

Steve stood still at the door as if he wasn’t sure of what he was doing. Natasha laced their hands together and looked at him as if she wastrying to give him strength to overcome what was holding him back. He smiled at her and lightly squeezed her hand before they entered. They started bouncing up and down but nothing too extreme because they were afraid of emptying everything from their stomachs.

“You wanna talk about it?” she asked.

“Talk about what?”

“I noticed how you froze up at the door.”

“Nothing can escape your eyes.”

“Yeah…so, you wanna talk about it?”

Steve stopped bouncing and sighed. Natasha stopped as well to pay attention to him. Her piercing green eyes were fixed on him making Steve avert his eyes.

“Tell me, tell me, tell me!”

“Okay….” He sighed again “I was thinking about the time when my mother took me and my best friend Bucky to the trampoline park nearby our neighbor’s when I was a little kid. We loved it and had a very good time together.” He told her. Natasha noticed that his eyes were sad and his shoulders bowed. “I miss them.”

“Where are they?”

“They died six years ago.” He replied.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s a long time ago now and being here reminded me of them.” He said gently. “It’s almost my wedding day and I want them to be there with me.”

Natasha pulled him into a tight hug and rubbed his back soothingly. “Hey…they’re always with you, Steve.”

“Thank you.” He whispered.

“It’s a happy memory, Steve. Keep it that way, alright?”

“Okay.”

Natasha pulled away and smiled at him. “Now show me your best moves, Rogers.”
They had a really good time at the trampoline park, leaving Steve with another good memory of it. Certainly it had something to do with Natasha. She captured photos of him, jumping around and smiling brightly in the way that he loved.

Steve said that he really was starving and they should have lunch before he ate everything in the snack bar, so Natasha took him to the nearby diner. The waitress greeted the redhead warmly and led them to Natasha’s usual booth. They flipped through the menu for five minutes and the waitress came and took their orders.

Steve looked at Natasha, expecting her to pick a salad dish or something healthy. He was dead wrong. First of all, she was Natasha Romanoff, unlike normal women and second, she was Natasha Romanoff and she always amazed him.

“I would like to have your signature double cheeseburger with extra bacon and he will have the T-bone, medium rare. And also your custard strawberry tart.”

“Of course, Natasha.”

“Thank you, Darlene.”

“Is this gentleman your boyfriend?”

The two looked at each other and shook their heads adamantly. “No, ma’am.” “No...no, Darlene, no, no, no.”

Darlene laughed at their reactions. “You two are cute together anyway.”

Darlene walked away and left the couple alone with their reddened faces. Natasha broke the awkward silence by showing him the videos and photos they’d taken together. They had a good laugh at the video of Natasha taking down a bunch of men, who were screaming and trembling in fear.

“I have to admit, I thought you were gonna order a salad or something healthy.” Steve said.

“Why? Because I’m a girl?”

“No, no, I just thought that you would eat something healthy.”

“Like the way your fiancée eats?” Her green eyes pierced through him and she knew the answer. “Not all girls are conscious about food.”

“You reminded me of my mother and how she always enjoyed eating pretty much everything but was also in great shape all the time.”

“It’s called eating what you want and working out as hard as you eat.”

“I love women who enjoy eating.”

She smiled teasingly and mockingly hit him on the arm. “Oh, stop it. I know you love me, Steve. Your friends seemed to be a bit of a protective mother hen last night.”

"Yeah, they feared that I might make a bad decision."
“So I’m a bad decision now?”

“Not likes that. They are afraid of everything that I do because I am always optimistic and naïve.”

“That’s not a bad thing, Steve. It means that you can let people in and see the good in them,” she said. “I like that part of you. You never judge me by what I do for a living or anything.”

“Glad to hear that you like me.”

“Oh, you! Everyone who gets a chance to talk to you likes you.”

Steve laughed because that statement wasn’t true, but didn’t want to correct her at this point. Natasha didn’t know that he had a dark side. He wasn’t really that innocent and sweet.

The food came and they enjoyed it very much. The food was as good as Natasha had told him. They stole food from each other’s plates and had a fork war when it came to the last curly fry on Steve’s plate. (Steve let her have it because all he wanted to do was to keep the smile on her face.)

When it came time to pay the bill, Natasha insisted they would split the bill, as she could pay for her own food. Steve met her halfway, and said that he would pay for the dessert. Natasha agreed.

“I have to go back to the lounge at 3:30PM to get ready for the show at 4.” She told him. “My shift for stripping is at 7.” Steve made a disappointed face at her. “Not everybody is as rich as you and your friends, Steve.”

“I know…but…I want to spend more time with you.”

His confession made her smile. Then they had to head back to the Strip right away because of the unpredictable traffic. Natasha fell asleep and leaned her head against Steve’s shoulders all the way back to the lounge. Steve wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head. He woke her up when they arrived.

“You can go back and get some rest, Steve.” She said. “Tomorrow will be a wild day if I can come up with something extreme.”

“I will stay here until you have finished your session.” he shrugged. “I can enjoy your voice and a good scotch here.”

“Suit yourself.” she said and led him inside the establishment.

Steve ordered his usual scotch and a bottle of beer as he listened to Natasha’s angelic voice. She was definitely the best voice he had ever heard. She sang for one and half hours before they were off to get something to eat for dinner. This time she ordered a light dish because she would have to go back to stripping again.

He offered to drop her off at her strip club. Natasha was okay with that, even though she insisted that she didn’t need someone to protect her. She enjoyed Steve’s company. When they arrived, Natasha took him inside to have a little peek of her life as a stripper. Women smiled at him seductively as he walked past them in the hallway led to the changing room.

“I can’t let you in any further,” she said, “because it is a room full of naked women.”

“I understand.”

“You really didn’t have to walk me here.”
"I just wanted to make sure that you were safe."

_Sharon was indeed a lucky girl to have such a sweet boyfriend like Steve_, Natasha thought enviously to herself before giving him a small smile. "Thank you for always be so considerate."

“I will go now and see you tomorrow, Natasha.” He said. “And…um—can you call me when you’re home so I know that you’re safe?”

“If it puts you at ease, I will.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

Before Steve turned away, Natasha pulled him back in and kissed his cheek. Steve was stunned for a second. His face was bright red, but before he could react. Natasha pushed him toward the exit.

Steve left to go back to his hotel and Natasha headed back to her changing room to prepare to get on stage. Maria, her closest friend, was waiting for her with a mischievous smile.

“Who’s that hot, handsome guy?”

“No one!”

“Really? You dragged him all the way here. You’ve never brought a man here before. Not to mention that he acted like a love sick puppy dog.” Maria continued to push Natasha. “Also, you’re happier than you normally are.”

“Alright, he’s a friend.”

“Hmm?”

“Fine, he’s one of my clients who turned into one of my friends because he was nice and sweet.”

“Maybe this guy is your match.”

“What are you talking about? He isn’t my match. He’s someone else’s fiancé.”

“Too bad, you guys look gorgeous together.”

"He's a pretty great guy. We have a lot in common." Natasha continued to explain, but Maria knew her friend better than that. She was trying to come up with an excuse just to get Maria off her back.

"I know that it's morally wrong, but I want you to steal him." The brunette suggested.

Natasha shook her head. "You know I won't do that."

"I know, but tell me that you don't think about stealing him too."

"I hadn’t until you forced it into my head." Natasha screeched. "I don't know, Maria."

"Need I remind you that you didn't come to work for two nights in a row because you wanted to
spend time with him."

"That's why, Maria. We're getting too close. We both need some space. We kissed again today and I can say that he was trying to seduce me as much as I was. I don't know how long we can resist it until one of us lose all good conscience."

"You like each other. What's the harm in being with the one you like?"

"I want to get to know him more as a person."

"Sometime you can be surprisingly naive, Nat. You and him can't be friends for long. You guys skipped all the steps and practically went all the way with each other. On a side note, it is very hard to find a guy who is that good with his tongue."

"I shouldn't have told you about it."

"He satisfied a lady twice with his tongue in one night!"

"I don't want to get my heart broken again."

Steve came back and found a small note from his friends telling him that they would be at the casino if Steve was interested in joining them. Of course, Steve discarded the thought of going back to the casino after he'd lost $5,000 on the first day so he texted Tony that he'd already come back and would head to bed right away.

‘You suck :P’ was the reply from the genius billionaire.

Steve sighed and threw his phone onto the bed before heading to the bathroom to take a shower. He felt pretty sore from all the activity he’d done with Natasha today. It was a nice day. He felt alive with this woman in a weird way he couldn’t describe.

And the kiss. Oh, the kiss had been so sweet and tender. The mere thought of it made his heart race. The way he’d felt her soft body press tightly against his. He admitted that he had to stop thinking about her as more than just a friend or it would jeopardize everything. He would love to act on his feelings, but this time he had to have better control.

It was too risky. It would hurt everyone if it played out badly. One thing he knew for sure was that he didn’t want to hurt Natasha.

Steve sighed and took a hot shower to help relax his sore muscles. Then he dried himself, dressed up and went straight to bed but he found that he couldn’t sleep anyway because Natasha’s lips were haunting his mind.

He wished they had met under different circumstances.

Fuck you, Rogers. You’re engaged to Sharon, so you’d better stop thinking about Natasha! He scolded himself, hitting his head hard on the pillow to shake the redhead out of his thoughts.

It ended up with Steve rolling around on his bed because he was still waiting for Natasha to call
him and confirm that she’d arrived home safely. He tried to count sheep. It helped, but when he was about to doze off, Natasha called him.

“Hey, hope I didn’t interrupt your sleep.”

“No, not at all.”

“I’m home. Safe and sound.” She said. “See you tomorrow, Steve, and good night.”

“Good night, Natasha.”
Steve woke up early because of a nightmare. This time it was about his mother and his childhood best friend. Steve panted and his whole body sweated. He breathed hard, trying to calm down until his whole body stopped shaking.

It was 5 in the morning so Steve decided that he would start the day early and go to the gym. The penthouse also included a private gym. A good run and strengthening workout could help him flush the nightmare out of his mind. He worked out for a good hour before he decided to take a shower and left the hotel early to surprise a certain someone at her doorstep.

He stopped to buy her a coffee and breakfast, then walked to her apartment. Unluckily for him, the doorman remembered him as her boyfriend, and Steve had to tell him that they were just friends.

"But Natalia hasn’t brought a man back to her apartment for a very long time," The doorman said. "She’s a very private person."

"We haven’t seen each other for a very long time. I had a chance to visit Vegas with my friends and accidentally ran into her." Steve chose to lie because it would have sounded weird if he’d told the doorman that he was her ex-client.

Steve walked up to the third floor to her apartment. He rang the bell and waited for her to get to the door. He heard the sound of light footsteps and the door swung open with a grumpy and sleepy Natasha squinting her eyes at him.

“What the hell are you doing here this early?” she asked.

“I brought you breakfast.” He replied, and showed her the brown paper bag and foam box that she implied would be a pancake or a waffle.

“Come in.”

He walked into her cozy industrial loft. He loved it at first sight because of how perfectly she’d decorated it. There was a small kitchen and a living area, a free space with yoga mat, dancing pole, mirror, and ballet barre attached to the wall. He spot a small staircase leading to the mezzanine, which was probably her bedroom.

They helped each other set up the table. Steve had brought her a mixed berries pancake with extra whipped cream, just the way she liked. She didn’t know how he knew about this because she’d never told him.

This was all the more reason to like him so much.

"Why did the doorman call you Natalia?"

"He's a Russian immigrant and prefers to call me by my Russian name."

"You're Russian?" he asked. "I thought you were born and raised in the States."
"I was born in Russia but moved here because of my father's work."

"What's your Russian name?"

"Natalia Alianovna Romanova."

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "It sounds super sexy. You don’t even have to try."

“Well, because it sounds more exotic than normal English names.”

They sat down next to each other and began to eat their breakfast. They were discussing about what they should do for today. Natasha told him that she had a plan but she wouldn’t tell him until he saw it with his own eyes and there was no time for him to bail on her.

“I’m a man of my word, Natasha.” he reminded her. “I already promised you that if you won the car race, you can do anything.”

“I know.” She replied. “I’m just checking. But I can’t spend time with you at night because of my work, but I don’t have to work on my day job.”

“I can live with that.” Steve smiled.

When they finished, Steve did the dishes while Natasha took a shower and got ready to go out with him. She came out down from her bedroom to find Steve admiring the painting in her living room.

“You like it?” she asked.

“Yeah, it’s nice. The brush strokes are equal and have the same weight.”

“I painted it.” Natasha revealed, and Steve turned to her with a shocked expression.

“Really? And what about the paint on your back and everything else?”

Natasha looked away, feeling a bit ashamed that she lied to him. “I’m sorry I lied.”

“Nah, don’t worry. I was just a job before we got to know each other. I can’t be mad at you for that.” He stepped closer to her and placed his hands on her shoulders. “It’s okay. Don’t feel bad about it.”

“Thanks.”

“Maybe we should head out now. I want to spend as much time as I can with you.”

She took his hand and they walked out of the building. Natasha led the way to somewhere. She refused to tell him anything about their destination. Finally, they arrived at the Stratosphere Tower.

“Are you kidding me?” he asked.

“Come on. I know you want it, Rogers.” Natasha replied. “It will awaken the sense of adventure and whatever was in you.”

They brought All Day Unlimited Rides tickets, and Natasha insisted that she would pay for her own. Steve was quicker this time and gave his credit card to the ticket counter staff and got both tickets. The first thing Natasha forced Steve to do was to go bungee jumping. (Steve disagreed with this but he couldn’t do anything.) She’d brought her Gopro camera again and told him to attach it to his helmet. The staff was attaching all of the equipment to Steve’s body. Natasha couldn't help but
laugh when she saw his pale face.

“You look ridiculous, Rogers.” She laughed. “I would love to see your face when you jump the 829 feet.”

“I hate you.” He mumbled.

“I know you don’t, bae. You love me.” She teased.

“You know that the word ‘bae’ means poop in Icelandic, right?”

“I’m not a fucking dictionary. Stop talking and do the jumping.”

Steve hesitantly walked to the platform and listened to the instructor about things he should know before jumping, including all the security measures. He was ready and standing on the edge of the platform.

“Good luck, Steve.” He heard her voice before he closed his eyes, inhaling and praying to God before taking the leap.

Steve remembered only that he screamed at the top of his lungs while he was falling. Natasha recorded his jump from her phone and laughed the whole time because she heard him scream. When he hit the lowest point and the sling jerked him back, Steve swore he was about to pass out. Then it all stopped when the sling had no force left to bounce him up and down.

The staff pulled him back up and it was the first time that Steve could enjoy the view. He could see the seamless, beautiful scenery from up here. The mountain, desert, the city landscape and the clear blue sky all complimenting each other.

Steve was surprised that his legs were still working when his feet touched the ground again. Natasha came to him with a big smile on her face and probably a teasing remark for him.

“You’re okay, right? Because you screamed pretty loudly.”

“Yeah, I’m okay. At least I’m not puking my breakfast out.”

She hugged him and Steve felt fine again. Then they went to another thrill ride, but there was a very long line and they had to wait. Natasha made use of the time by showing Steve the video she took when Steve did the bungee jump. She laughed again but Steve was okay if it made her happy.

Natasha clung to his side the whole time. Her arms were wrapped around his torso and she rested her head on his chest. She was playing the girlfriend/boyfriend role for everyone else to see. It helped keep unwanted parties away from them, considering how attractive they were, but there were still men and women openly staring at them.

“You draw a lot of attention, you know that, right?” he murmured against her hair.

“Nah, you are. Not me,” she replied. “I tend to ignore it, darling. They can look but they can’t touch.”

The next ride was pretty insane, as was its name, Insanity. When they finally got a chance to get on the ride, Steve thought to himself that it was another mistake he’d made that day. A mechanical arm extended out 64 feet over the edge of the tower at over 900 feet. It was pure insanity to get on this ride because someone had said it would be fun, but when he turned to see Natasha’s smile of happiness, maybe it didn’t seem like such a bad idea after all.
The mechanical arm slowly extended their seats out, then spun them and other passengers around in the open air at speeds of up to three Gs. Then it suddenly propelled up to 70 degrees, tilting their bodies straight down. Natasha grabbed Steve’s hand and tried to keep her eyes open. She couldn’t let him tease her for this. She heard Steve laughing maniacally beside her and turned to look at him, seeing a smile of pure joy. He was looking at the breathtaking view of downtown Las Vegas before the machine slowly brought them back to the tower.

Steve could feel his legs shaking, but he still laughed and smiled. Natasha too had to lean against him as they got back inside the tower.

“That was fun.” he said.

“Yeah, I told you it would be fun.”

“Where the hell is Steve?!?” Tony yelled from the second floor of the penthouse.

“I don’t know. I can’t reach him by cell phone.” Clint told him.

“He did this again?”

“Maybe we should continue with our plan?” Thor suggested. “Since Steven clearly has his own plan.”

“What plans could he possibly have?” Tony asked.

“Maybe he got some inspiration for his art and off to somewhere he could do his work.” Bruce reasoned, and everyone accepted the explanation, except for Tony, who was whining. “Maybe it’s a way to unwind him, Tony. Like I enjoy yoga to release some stress, or like when you tinker in your labs.”

“Whatever, I think we should rule this town like bandits. Steve isn’t here, so I guess it’s time for us to do whatever we want.”

The couple had wasted a lot of time waiting in line to get on the ride, so they’d had to postpone the rest of the plan to that afternoon. The next ride was X-Scream: the name already sold itself. Steve shook his head adamantly when Natasha dragged him onto a giant teeter-totter 866 feet above the ground.

Steve tightly grabbed the bar in front of him. Natasha had put them in the front seat, to Steve’s protest. It slowly propelled them headfirst over the edge of the tower. Steve stiffened up and Natasha told him to relax.
“Bae, relax. It’s not that scary.” she soothed him.

“Tell yourself that, bae.” Steve sarcastically replied. “You’re shaking, Natasha.”

“Shaking with excitement, duh!”

After being shot over the edge, they dangled weightlessly above the Las Vegas Strip before being pulled back and propelled over again. Steve screamed again, but Natasha screamed louder that Steve could believe. He turned his head to her so that the camera on his helmet could capture her face closely.

When they got off of the ride, Steve took the opportunity to tease her back.

“I’m sure that my ears are deaf now because of all your screaming.”

“Shut up.” She hit him in the arm. “Let’s go on another one, then we gotta do something else.”

His eyes gleamed mischievously. “Back to my hotel?”

“Ha! You can’t trick me with that again, lover boy.” She said. “Even with how amazing your tongue was.”

This time it was Steve who had a full body blush. Natasha laughed at him. *He was so adorable when he blushed from head to toe like that,* she thought to herself. That was how Natasha discovered the thing that would effectively shut Steve up and stop them from—well, kissing, touching, or anything that might make them cross that friendship zone.

The next ride wasn’t that scary. Steve had been on a free fall type of ride before. *How was this one gonna be different?* What he’d forgot was to add 900 feet to the equation.

“This is a very bad idea,” he whined once they reached the top of the ride. They hung there for a minute to take in the majestic Las Vegas Valley, but another second later, the ride catapulted them up from the platform and dropped them down again. They grabbed each other’s hands and held on for dear life, screaming loudly. Before they could catch their breath, they were shot back up again.

Steve could feel the lack of strength in his his legs when they came down. He was shaking so much that he had to grab on Natasha, who had the same reactions as him. They looked at each other and then laughed. Steve’s hair stood up in a spiky style and Natasha’s red curls were tousled.

“You’re looking pretty adorable,” he said.

“Come here. Let’s take a selfie.”

She pulled him in and then took a photo of them with their messy hair. Then they headed down from the top of the tower to the restaurant below. Natasha’s fingers laced with his, and it was the first time in many months that Steve felt that all was right with the world.

He felt like he’d finally gotten his old self back. The version that he liked.

They choose Burger King for lunch because Natasha was craving something greasy. She surprised him again by ordering an Ultimate Bacon Cheeseburger, which Steve really loved. It was really
fascinating for him to watch a beautiful woman like Natasha devouring a cheeseburger and enjoy it this much.

Natasha looked up when she felt his eyes on her. Steve quickly averted his eyes but Natasha knew he was staring at her.

“‘It’s not polite to stare at people, Rogers.’”

“I’m sorry. I can’t help myself.”

When they were about to finish their lunch, Steve got a call from an unknown number. He excused himself and took the call. Natasha looked at him and saw his face suddenly turn serious. She read his lips and could catch only the last sentence.

‘I will be there’

Steve walked back to her and sighed. “That was Tony. He needs me to bail him out from jail.”

“What?”

“Apparently he and Clint started a fight with some random drunk people.” Steve explained.

“It’s alright. We can leave now. What precinct the police are holding them in?”

“621st Precinct”

“I will go with you.”

They left the Stratosphere and took a cab to the precinct where the police were holding his friends. Steve found Bruce waiting for them inside the building. Bruce frowned slightly when he saw Natasha next to Steve, but the scientist didn’t say anything about it. Steve rushed to the counter and talked to the officer.

“Good afternoon, ma’am, I would like to bail my friends out.” he said to the female officer.

“Who are your friends?”

“Tony Stark, Thomas Odinson, and Clint Barton.”

She slid him the form to fill out. “Fill this up and the bail counter is over there.”

It took them an hour to get the three troublemakers out of jail. Steve wasn’t pleased at all with his friends’ behavior and how it had interrupted his time with Natasha. Tony and Clint didn’t look guilty at all, laughing and smiling instead, thinking that it was the best time of their lives. Thor looked like a child who’d just gotten caught red-handed trying to steal a cookie.

"I thought this was my bachelor party, not 'bail Clint and Tony out of Vegas jail'," Steve scolded the three of them.

“It’s your bachelor party now?” Tony shot back. “Where were you?!! We don’t know where you
go or who you’re with!”

“Yeah, you always disappear on us every morning.”

“I’ve got something to do.” Steve replied and turned to Bruce, where he was sure that Natasha was standing but she was gone. The artist frowned slightly. "You guys should head back to the hotel."

“Where are you going?” Thor asked.

"I have unfinished business!"

Steve made sure that his friends were all in taxis and told the driver to drop them off at the hotel. Steve then turned around to find Natasha leaning against the wall of the building. Waiting for him.

"I thought you were gone." He said.

"Can't leave you without saying goodbye because you would miss me like crazy," she replied teasingly. "And I figured that I should remain anonymous to keep the secret."

"Bruce saw you anyways."

"He won't talk." Natasha reassured him. “Well, maybe we should keep our plans for tomorrow.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“See you tomorrow, Steve.”

“See you tomorrow, Natasha.”

Steve went back to the hotel and found that the guys were preparing to head out again.

"Where are you guys going?" the artist asked.

"Somewhere we can rule this town!" Tony replied.

"And get arrested again? No! We’re staying in!" Steve pushed everyone back into the living room. “You guys caused too much trouble today.”

“What do you want to do then?” Bruce asked.

“Just chill here, at the hotel.”

“To the pool!”

Steve was about to protest but since he had abandoned his friends for many days so he had to make up to them. He told them that he would be back in 10 minutes to change his clothes. He was about
to reach his room when his phone sounded, signaling incoming messages from Natasha, and he quickly replied.

**Natasha R:** Just arrived at the lounge. Do you miss me?  
**Steve R:** Very much LOL  
**Natasha R:** I know. See you tmr, bae xo

Steve couldn’t help but smile at the text before he went to get changed into his surf trunk. The guys were already in their swimming attire before they headed downstairs. Clint and Thor noticed that Steve was busy texting someone all the time, and when he didn’t text, he always snuck glances at his phone.

“Are you expecting someone, Steve?” Thor asked.  
“No, just waiting for the reply from my clients.”  
“It looks like you’re flirting with your so-called client. You can’t stop smiling, dude.” Clint chimed in.  
“Because I just sold another million dollar painting and I’m waiting for the confirmation.” Steve lied. From the look on Thor and Clint’s faces, they believed him.  
“Congratulations, bud.” Tony said.

The gang walked in front of Steve, who decided to linger behind so no one would notice him.

**Natasha R:** I will be on stage in a minute. Wish me luck K  
**Steve R:** Good luck, Nat. You will kill it.  
**Natasha R:** I will SLAY it, Rogers.  

**Natasha R:** Bcos I’m the best  
**Steve R:** I know.

**Natasha R:** Gotta go. Talk to you later

Natasha sent a selfie of her blowing a kiss to him and Steve smiled again. He simply typed ‘<3’ to her before putting the phone away. They settled next to the pool. Steve laid on the sunbathing bed, sipping a Manhattan and keeping his eyes on the phone. It was good luck for him that his friends were busy ogling hot women in bikinis and making lewd comments. Steve didn’t bother to scold them because Natasha texted him when she finished the song. She’d even recorded the video for him.

**Steve R:** I love your voice. It’s really beautiful.

**Natasha R:** Thanks. You don’t love my voice. You love me.

**Steve R:** Yeah I love you. Can you send me more?  
**Natasha R:** Of course.

The conversation between them kept going for the rest of the afternoon. Natasha told him that she was already on her way to the strip club. She would take a long shift so he could have her all day tomorrow.

**Steve R:** I love that idea.
Natasha R: Which part? Me working all night or you having me all to yourself tomorrow?

Steve R: I don’t quite agree with you working all night but I’ll compensate with having you for tomorrow. I will drop by your apartment tmr morning then.

Natasha R: That would be perfect. Can I have mint choco chip waffles?

Steve R: Anything you want.

Natasha R: Thanks, bae and I have to go now. Have to get ready. Bye!!

Steve R: Bye and don’t forget to text me when you’re home!

Steve didn’t get a reply from Natasha after that so he assumed that she was on stage and wouldn’t be able to answer him back for probably four hours or more. Steve turned his attention back to his friends and their dinner. Steve still couldn’t help but look at his phone and hope that Natasha would reply to him soon. He did take a picture with his friends and everything to Natasha, but she still didn’t reply. Then the boys headed back to their penthouse. Tony said that he was too tired to do anything so he would head to bed. Bruce, Clint, and Thor would take a dip at the Jacuzzi. Steve said he was tired too and ran upstairs to his room, taking a shower and go to bed. He immediately fell asleep.

Natasha R (2AM): Hey, bea. I’m home but I guess you’re already asleep. Anyway, good night.

Natasha R (2AM): See you soon. <3
Chapter 7

Las Vegas, Day 6

Steve set an alarm clock for 6 AM and Natasha’s text was the first thing he saw. The message indicated it was sent at 2AM so she was probably still asleep. Steve got up and went to the gym for some workouts. He hadn’t done much since he’d become engaged to Sharon. His life had been surrounded by everything wedding and he’d had no time for working out except for Sunday morning.

It felt good that he finally had his old self back.

Steve went to take a shower and left immediately so that none of his friends could catch him. He left a note that he was meeting with the client at his house outside Vegas. Steve brought Natasha breakfast as she ordered him to.

As if Natasha could predict that he would arrive, she texted him that she’d left the key under the mat and he could let himself him in right away. Steve opened the door to her apartment and found a trail of clothes leading to her bedroom.

Steve froze at the doorway as his heart jumped. Thoughts raced through his mind but he discarded them right away. Natasha had already told him that she never slept with her clients, and he believed her. Steve picked up her clothes and put them in the laundry basket before placing the food on the kitchen counter.

He then proceeded to silently creep inside her bedroom to wake her up and the sight of Natasha made him stop in his tracks again. She was sleeping and her red curls were tousled like a halo above her head. Her flawless skin combined with the sunlight was one breathtaking thing. Steve was caught between drawing her and waking her up for breakfast.

But since there was no equipment for him to draw, Steve had to wake Natasha up—or at least get her out of bed.

“Hey…” He gently shook her arm. “I’m here with breakfast.”

“Go away, Rogers.” She hissed at him,pulling the blanket over herself. “I need more sleep.”

“Come on. I bought you mint choco chip waffles the way you like them.” he tried to persuade her.

“10 more minutes.”

“Okay.”

As he was about to get up from the bed, Natasha grabbed his hand and forced him to sit back down. “Stay.”

Steve couldn’t do anything but sit back down on bed and gently rub his hand on her arm to soothe her. Natasha relaxed and curled herself closer to him. She fell back into deep sleep in a minute.Once Steve was sure that she wouldn’t wake up soon, he gently got up and made sure that he didn’t wake her up.
He went to the kitchen and prepared breakfast in bed for Natasha because it was the only way to wake her up. He make a cup of coffee and put fresh fruit on the tray.

“Natasha,” Steve called, which was followed by her frustrated groan. “Your breakfast’s here.”

Natasha opened her eyes as he sat the tray in front of her.

“Aww, you’re so sweet.” She said and smiled sleepily at him. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

He sat down opposite of her as they began to eat their food. Even though Natasha had her own waffle, she still stole Steve’s pancakes and bacon. He let her because he knew she need a lot of nutrients.

“So…what should we do for today?” He asked.

“I don’t wanna go out today.” She said. “I’m too tired and I need to clean my apartment.”

“I can help.” He offered.

“Don’t…You can just go back to the hotel.” Natasha told him.

“I insist. The work can be done faster if we help each other and we’ll probably get some time left to go out if you feel like it.”

“Okay…and thanks again.”

“You’re welcome, bae.”

She hit his arm. “You should stop using that word because doesn’t suit you at all.” She took the opportunity to steal more bacon from him.

“I think I will keep saying it to annoy you.” He replied. “How’s the waffles?”

“Disgusting.” Natasha dropped her fork, admitting defeat. They were just not edible.

“Let me taste them.”

“No, no, it’s really disgusting.”

Steve didn’t listen to her and ate the waffle. He handed Natasha his pancakes and bacon, telling her to eat it. Natasha wanted to debate with him but she was really hungry—and his pancakes were delicious.

“I can cook something else, you know?”

“You fridge ran out of food and we need to do grocery shopping too.” he said.

“You ransacked my fridge?!!” she practically yelled at him.

“I was looking for milk, okay?”

Natasha sighed. “Fine. I will take a shower. You clean the dishes and we will go shopping.”

Steve was about to protest but he kept his mouth shut, watching Natasha devour everything in front of her except for the horrifying mint chocolate-chip waffles. Steve couldn’t do anything but eat the waffles and pretend they were delicious. Natasha dubbed it his favorite food. Steve lied that they weren’t that bad, but he swore in his mind that he would incinerate any mint chocolate chip waffles he found in the future.
Then Steve took the dishes to clean while Natasha took a shower. He heard the sound of the shower running and couldn’t help but imagine Natasha in a very inappropriate way. To be honest, he’d never thought about women in an inappropriate way but with Natasha, it was really hard not to do.

Her naked body in the hot shower was tempting him to join her.

“Hey, you’re a million miles away.” Her voice brought Steve back to reality. He dropped the dish in his hands and it broke into pieces from the impact. Natasha leaned against the door frame and laughed at his expression. Steve turned only to find her with only a towel wrapped her body. Steve flushed.

“You buy what you break.” She said.

Steve completely disregarded her statement. “Is that your invitation for me to join you on something?” he asked mischievously.

“Lover boy…” she groaned.

Steve stepped closer and tried his best to seduce her the way she always did with him. Natasha froze when Steve touched her arms and leaned closer to her, his hot breath on her skin sending shivers down her spine. It was a dangerous game to play, and she couldn’t predict who will win.

“That’s how it’s like when you keep teasing me.” he whispered.

“You jerk.” Natasha groaned, punching his stomach.

Steve pretended to be hurt, but laughed out loud at her reaction. Natasha pouted, then turned back inside her bedroom and got dressed. She never thought her plan would’ve backfired like this, or that Steve would even have the courage to get her back. He wasn’t as innocent as she thought.

But there was one thing to keep in mind. Steve was extremely irresistible. She’d probably met her match.

Natasha stopped as she realized what she’d just thought. That was dangerous. She shouldn’t think about it anymore. She shook her head and walked out of her bedroom to find Steve walking around her small dance studio.

“Wanna give it a try?” she asked.

“Some other time.” Steve replied. “Are you ready?”

“Yeah, let’s go shopping.”

She grabbed his hand and led him out of the building. They walked along the street to the nearby supermarket. People seemed to greet her along the way as if they knew her. Steve made the assumption that they were her neighbors and that Natasha was pretty close with them. Most of the people called her Natasha, but some called her Natalia, like the Russian doorman had.

“They’re pretty close neighbors. We know and help each other. Sometimes I volunteer at the homeless shelter on my day off.”

And just when he thought she couldn’t be more perfect than she already was, she surprised him with another amazing fact about herself.
“You never fail to amaze me, Natasha Romanoff.” he said with an adoring smile on his face.

“I can take you there too if you want.”

“Yeah, I would love to.”

When they were inside the supermarket, it didn’t surprise Steve at all that Natasha jumped inside the cart as if she was a little child and let Steve do all the pushing.

“You are heavier than I thought.” he complained mockingly without really meaning it.

“Oh, shut up, Rogers. You didn’t complain at all when you carried me to bed the first night we met.”

Steve didn’t back down and retaliated instead. “That was because I wore you out completely.”

An elderly couple turned to look at them, apparently shocked at their conversation. Natasha kept on scaring them off with double-meaning details about their love life. Steve groaned at her to make her stop but Natasha only added a slap to his ass to prove her point.

“That’s not necessary.”

“It’s totally necessary!”

Steve decided to be a grown up and pushed the cart toward the meat section. Natasha said that they should have beef or lamb—she would cook them a Russian dish. Steve strongly disagreed, because one, Russian food would kill an American like him, and secondly, it would be such a waste of good American meat.

“Stop with your patriotic shit, Rogers. You will hold your tongue after you eat what I’m cooking for you tonight because you’ll want your tongue to remember only the taste of my food.”

“Nah…I’ll want to remember the taste of something else more.” He replied. Natasha knew what he meant and it made her cheeks flush uncontrollably.

“Damn it, Rogers.” She glared at him.

Steve laughed and began to select the beef and lamb for them. Natasha just sat back and observed the man before her. Steve Rogers was truly a gift from god wrapped in a fine specimen. He was perfect husband material. Not to mention that he was also charming and caring. God! She was so jealous of the woman who would marry him in a couple of weeks.

“You should get out of the cart.” He told her, and Natasha immediately jumped of the cart while Steve placed the meats into it. “I bought 2 T-Bones and some lamb. You can cook with lamb and I can cook with the T-bones.”

“Deal.”

“You think we can eat all of this?”

“Yeah, why not?” she replied. “You will be surprised by how much I can eat and still maintain my perfect shape.”
“I’m not surprised, bae. Stop bickering. We should head to another section.”

Natasha couldn’t stop bickering and bantering with him anyways. The rest of the shopping trip was filled with just that, and flirting that left them only wanting to kiss one another to stop all of the flirtatious teasing. Everyone mistook them for a couple and they played along. The couple filled the cart with everything to fill her fridge in a matter of an hour, then Steve paid for everything and they headed back to her apartment.

They came back and aligned everything into the fridge. Steve surprised her again by showing how tidy he was, separating each kind of food and making labels for her while she would just shove everything into the fridge.

While Steve was busy with the fridge, Natasha started cleaning. When Steve finished with the foods, he helped her lift the coffee table and sofa without whining. He looked so happy to help her. When it was almost lunch time, Steve was on cooking duty and Nat stuck close to him to watch him cook.

To be honest, it was very sexy of a man to cook and know his way around the kitchen. Even with how much she was admiring him, Natasha couldn’t stop sassing him with witty remarks.

“My mom taught me how to cook so I could cook for myself when she had to work late at night.” he replied.

“Oh…sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Don’t be. It’s just something that you should know about me.” he said as he flipped a steak in the pan. “How do you like your steak?”

“Medium rare, please.”

“That’s my girl.”

“What? Your fiancée doesn’t eat anything rare?” She asked.

“Yeah, she doesn’t eat rare except for sushi. Sharon said it isn’t healthy to eat rare meat.” He admitted. “It’s kind of a shame because it is the best way to eat beef.”

Urgh! Your fiancée is so pretentious.Nat thought. “I know, right!”

From what he’d told her about Sharon, every little detail made Natasha wonder how could he end up with a woman like this. Steve could find someone better than this. How could two people who were completely different from each be together without a fight? She knew that personalities could be different, but their interests or lifestyles should be the same.

If she could save Steve from the miserable life ahead of him, she would. WAIT! She wouldn’t do it that way. She would do it as his friend.
Natasha helped Steve with the mashed potatoes and pan fried vegetables. Finally, Steve placed the plate in front of her and it looked really good. He settled down next to her before they began to eat in peaceful silence. Natasha told him that it was really good and that her steak was perfectly cooked. Steve had a proud smile on his face for the rest of the meal. They helped each other clean up the dish before moving on to the next task.

Steve helped Natasha carry her big laundry basket downstairs while she carried her small container of intimates. The building had a laundromat on the ground floor. It was a quiet afternoon and not many people were in the area.

Natasha separated the color of her clothes before ordering Steve to help her put it in the machine. She handled her delicacies and then they waited for it to finish. Nat sat on the machine, reading the magazine with her iPod on. Steve leaned against the opposite machine, doodling something on the paper that Natasha'd given him.

“What are you drawing?”

“I won’t tell you.”

“Tell me!”

When Steve didn't reply, Nat jumped off of the machine and went to sit on the one next to him. He tried to hide what he was drawing, but the effort was futile. Natasha's eyes widened when she saw a detailed sketch of her in his hands.

"Wow..." that was all she could manage.

"How is it?"

"It's beautiful."

"You can keep it if you want."

"Thank you. I will put it in a frame and hang in my bedroom."

Steve added the final touches in the sketch and handed it back to Natasha. He loved the look on her face when she looked at his work. It was like a little child who’d gotten a present. She told him that she would be back in 10 minutes.

“Where are you going?”

“There’s a framing shop not far from here. I will drop by and maybe we can pick it up tomorrow.”

“Should I go with you?”

“Stay here and handle my laundry, lover boy.”

Natasha jumped off the counter, holding the sketch with both hands close to her heart as if protecting it with her life. Steve could see the happiness in her eyes as she actually skipped out of the building. Steve couldn’t help it-- he smiled too.

Steve handled the laundry until he reached the basket that made him reluctant to go any further. When Natasha came back, still with a big smile on her face, Steve stared at her as if he wasn’t sure what to say.

“What’s wrong?”
His hand instantly went to his scratch at his head. “Umm—it’s—umm—your panties and bras.” He said. “You should handle it.” At the end of the sentence, he was blushing from head to toe.

“Aww…you’re cute when you blush like this,” she smiled before tiptoeing to kiss his cheek. Steve smiled shyly and looked away. “Okay, lover boy. I will handle this.”

“Yes, ma’am.” he said. “I already took out everything from the machine except those…”

Steve was back to sketching Natasha again, and when they finished the laundry, Steve carried the basket back upstairs. Natasha had to iron her clothes while Steve vacuumed the whole apartment. Natasha put on some music, and surprised Steve by being a big fan of Taylor Swift, but Steve realized that he could sing along to every song as well.

The chores were done before 3PM. If Natasha had been the only one to do it, she would’ve procrastinated and would probably have ended up not finishing anything. Steve had proved to her again that he was husband material.

_Aww_. _Sharon was indeed one hell of a lucky girl._

“Hey, what should we do for the rest of the day?” Steve asked when he’d run out of things to do. Natasha was lounging on her couch, flipping through a magazine.

“We already discussed that.” Natasha replied. “We will watch a movie tonight and I will cook you the best food in the world.”

Natasha got up from the couch and went to the kitchen to begin preparing the food. She brought the lamb out, cutting it into 2 inch chunks before placing it in a Ziploc bag.

“What is it called?”

“Shashlik.” she replied. “It is a Russian shish kebab.”

“Hmm, it sounds delicious already.”

“Your sweet words will get you nowhere.”

Steve laughed, bringing his sketchbook with him before sitting at the counter and watching Natasha do her thing. Sharon couldn’t cook. The best she could do was easy foods, but she still risked burning it anyways, so Steve was usually the one with cooking tasks.

Woman who could cook tended to remind him of his mother. She was the best. Everything she cooked could make you feel like heaven. The only person that he wished that Natasha would have had a chance to meet was his mother. He was sure that they would’ve gotten along.

Steve started to draw another sketch of Natasha while she blended the onion, garlic, and water. It was combined with bay leaves, apple cider vinegar, pepper, oregano, and lemon juice in the food processor. Then she poured the mixture in a Ziploc to marinate for four hours.

During the time they waited for the lamb to marinate, Natasha brought out a board game to kill time. She killed it again. There was no way that he could’ve beaten her. It was a fruitless effort, but it made her laugh so Steve went along with it.

When the time for dinner came, Natasha ordered Steve to prepare fresh vegetables on the plate while she cooked the lamb. It was usually grilled outside, but since they had to cook inside, Natasha grilled it in the pan instead. It was placed on the plate ten minutes later.
“It smells so nice that it made my stomach growl.” Steve praised her.

“Wait until you taste it.”

Steve put their plates on the coffee table while Natasha put on the movie she’d chosen for them. They sat on the carpet before beginning to eat their food. Natasha looked at Steve expectedly when he took his first bite.

“How was it?”

“Ohkay, you win.” he said. “This is literally the best food I ever had in my entire life, and it’s Russian.”

“Yeah, I know how painful it is for you to admit it.”

“It’s really delicious, Natasha. I love it.”

“I’m glad.”

It was a delicious meal but the movie she’d picked was suck. They ended up not watching it and talking to each other instead. Steve handled the dishes while Natasha decided that they should turn up the vibe of the night and go out somewhere else.

“Whatever you say.” Steve replied. “Lead the way.”

Natasha took him to a different casino which wasn’t his hotel. This one was an old, small hotel that was probably not a tourist attraction. When they stepped inside, Steve could feel the old western theme. Most people in the casino were locals, many wearing cowboy hats and looking friendly more than people he’d met in his hotel’s casino.

The people were here talking, drinking, and laughing together as if they knew each other for a life time. Some even greeted Natasha happily and came to hug her. One man spoke to her in Russian. Steve didn’t understand it at all, but Natasha sounded so sexy when she used her mother tongue.

Natasha confirmed his assumption when she said, “Most of people in here are locals.”

“You come here much?”

“Twice a week, if I’m not too busy.” she replied. “People here are nice, and most of them know me beyond the singer and stripper mask.”

“I know you beyond that too.”

“I know. You’re not like most guys I’ve met, and I’m glad that you proved me right.”

They settled down at the bar while Natasha ordered them drinks. She forced Steve to try some cocktails as part of her grand plan to get him drunk and loosen up. She wanted to see the part of him that really let everything go. The couple engaged in some small talk while Steve quickly consumed his drinks. Natasha was a bit worried that he might get too drunk to keep the night
"Hey, I’ve wanted to ask you this question for a while." He looked at her with seriousness on his face.

"Shoot."

"Why did you let me in so easily? You seem like a very private person."

"Probably the same reason why you wanted to hang out with me."

"You are evading the question."

Natasha sighed. "I don't know. It sounds weird, but I will tell you anyway. I kinda feel like we could be friends. You seemed like a nice guy, and you turned out to be as nice as I thought. That's when I decided that I’d like to have a friend like you." she explained. "I gave you shitloads of opportunities to take advantage of me, but you didn’t take them. Even you lose control sometimes, but I totally understand that--I am irresistible."

"Yeah, you are. But I promise you it will not happen again."

Natasha smiled. “It’s your turn now.”

“I like you. That’s all.” he replied.

“Really? That’s all?”

“Well…” He scratched his head, trying to come up with a better reason. “You’re one of the most interesting people I’ve ever met. There is something about you that always makes you stand out in the crowd. I felt like we should be friends and hang out, get to know each other. That was the best decision I ever made.”

“I see that you’re acting on your feelings right now"

“It must be because it’s my fifth drink of the night!"

Natasha smiled again. The first step of her plan had been a success. She set their glasses down before dragging Steve to the casino zone and letting him picked the game. Steve picked Blackjack, even though he knew he had no luck in gambling.But you only live once, right?

Steve was the first one to initiate the bet. He said that he would win more money than her tonight. Natasha accepted that bet and said that if she won, he couldn’t say no to whatever she told him to do.

“I will crush you, Rogers.” she said.

“On va voir” he sang before hitting the bet.

The game went on, for how long he didn’t know. Steve only remembered that he drank a lot of beers. Natasha wouldn’t back down on her vodka either. He remembered that she told him she won something.

“You suck, Rogers!” she yelled at him. “I won this much gold!”

“Yeah, you are the best.”
“We should do poker next!”

“Whatever you say.”

"Let's own the night!!"
Chapter 8

Las Vegas, Day 7

“Awww….” Steve groaned. “Shit….”

Steve tried to open his eyes but simply couldn’t. He was having a terrible headache and his head was spinning around in a way that he would probably puke when he opened his eyes. He felt that there was someone in his arms, holding them close to his body. Judging by how soft and small that person was, the person was be a woman. Steve smiled because he recognized the scent, but he couldn’t pin point whose it belong to.

It probably belonged to his fiancée. He’d lost track of time and place, but he must be back in LA with his fiancée. Steve pulled the woman closer, starting to press kisses on her shoulders. He heard her hum happily, leaning back into his chest.

She turned around as they opened their eyes at the same time. The red hair, beautiful green eyes….It was Natasha! Natasha!!

“AHHHH!!” they screamed, and jumped out of bed at the same time.

They both looked horrified by what they’d just discovered. What the hell had happened last night? They didn’t have any memories of it. All they could remember was that they were at the casino, and after that… it was all a blur.

Millions of thoughts ran through their minds. The most obvious one for Steve was why Sharon had only now felt so perfect in his arms when she’d never been that good before. Yes, it made him a bad fiancé but when he held Natasha… God! It felt so right. He noticed the difference now. For Natasha, she was wondering if she’d been dreaming or not when she’d felt Steve’s arms holding her all night, his hot lips pressing on her skin, promptly setting her body on fire. Oh dear god, what was she thinking?

The two thoughts that they had in common were: was there anything had happened between them last night? And what the hell (had) actually happened that made them not remember anything?

“Before you yell at me, I just want you to know that we’re fully clothed.” Steve spoke up first.

“I do notice that.” Natasha replied. “And this isn’t my apartment.”

“Neither is it my hotel room.”

Their eyes met across the bed and realized that they were in a lot of trouble.

“Shit…” they both muttered, slowly getting to their feet. The world was still spinning around for them. Natasha hurried to the bathroom and emptied everything inside of her out, obviously she’d been the one to drink more alcohol last night.

Eww… even her vomit smelled like vodka. How much had she drank last night anyway?

Steve followed closely and helped pulled her hair back. He looked at her worriedly but unable to speak because of his raging headache. He gently rubbed her back to help her get everything out so
she might feel better. In the end, Steve couldn’t hold himself up any longer and flopped down next to Nat, leaning against the wall.

“What the hell happened last night?” she asked weakly. “I feel like I’m dying.”

“Yeah, me too. My head is about to explode.” he replied. “I can’t remember anything.”

“Maybe we should ask Andre. He’s a night shift manager at the casino.” Nat said. “He’s a good friend.” she added when she noticed the curiosity on Steve’s face.

“I will order breakfast then, and you can clean yourself up a little.”

Steve helped Nat up, handing her some toothpaste and a toothbrush before he left the bathroom. When Natasha finally emerged from the bathroom, the breakfast was already set up in their bedroom and Andre, the night shift manager, was there too.

“Good morning, Talia.”

“Morning, Andre.” Natasha replied, sitting down next to Steve on the bed.

“Mr. Brushov, can you tell us what happened last night? Neither of us can remember anything.”

Andre laughed. “Of course both of you can’t remember anything! Last night, Natalia told me that I should stick close to both of you all the time because you wanted to ‘drink all the liquor available in the hotel’,” the manager told them. “Natasha, you drank two bottles of vodka last night. It didn’t take you down, but fueled you instead! You were jumping around while Steve was trying to win the motorcycle jackpot.”

Steve was about to laugh, but the pain in his head hurt so bad. Natasha looked grumpy while she was trying to shove down all the greasy food, leaving none for Steve.

“Anyways, Steve won the 2 million jackpot at the special jackpot machine instead of the motorcycle machine because he was mistaken last night when he tried to win the motorcycle. Unfortunately, you made a deal with Natasha that if you won, you would give her half of the prize.”

“I’m a millionaire now!!!”

Steve just shrugged his shoulders. “Yeah, I’m willing to share my prize with her. That wouldn’t a problem.”

“And you guys told me that if you hit a certain point of drunkenness, you wanted me to take you to one of the room and put you to sleep. Mr. Rogers reached the point of Vulcan talk drunk while Natasha reached the point of Latin drunk.”

The couple looked at each other. Natasha’s eyebrow quirked. “You nerd…Vulcan talk?”

“You speak Latin?” Steve asked back.

Andre nodded. “Yes, Natasha. Your boyfriend can speak Vulcan…”

“No, no, no, he’s not my boyfriend.”

“Oh…bozhe moi, then we have a problem.”

“What?! What do you mean we have a problem, Andre?” Natasha shouted at her friend. Steve
chose to remain calm. “Please don’t tell me that we were married by an Elvis priest or something.”

“No, no…as you guys celebrating were your winnings, you decided to buy matching Cartier gold love bracelets and white gold necklaces. It cost you both each $40,000.”

“God….” The couple groaned at the stupid mistakes they’d made while they were drunk last night.

“Would you like me to return it?”

“Yes!!!” The pair replied in unison.

The pair took off the jewelry they’d bought and handed it back to Andre, who assured them that the money would be back into their bank accounts by the end of the day. The manager left the couple alone to their breakfast. When Steve turned back to his food, all of the greasy things were gone.

“Damn it, Nat. Where’s my bacon?”

“I ate it.”

“You’re a billionaire now, go buy it yourself.”

“Urghh, but you’re still richer than me.” Nat retorted. “And you love me, so stop whining, bae.”

Steve just sighed and ate the rest of the food.

Steve took Nat back to her apartment and made sure that she stayed in bed to get a good rest. He draped a blanket around her before kissing her forehead.

“I have to go back to my friends.” He said. “If you need anything, just call me, alright?”

“Okay.” She replied. “See you tonight, bae.”

“See you.”

He kissed her forehead again before leaving her apartment. Steve went back to his hotel because Tony wouldn’t stop calling or sending him texts.

“What is it, Tony?” Steve asked, annoyed by his friend.

“Finally you found the way home!” Tony shouted at the artist. “Anyways, where did you go last night?”

“Got laid.” Steve replied.

“I do believe that you just sassed with me.”

“I just tell you what you wanna hear.”

Tony sighed. “Whatever. There will be a pool party and we will attend as VIP guests!”

Steve sighed but couldn’t do anything when Clint threw Steve swim shorts and a tank top. Thor
pushed Steve inside the bathroom and guarded the door because he knew how his friend could escape without being noticed.

Steve came out of the bathroom and sighed really loud to let everyone know that he didn’t want to party. His friends thought it was best for him, considering how much stress Steve had been through for six months.

“It will be fun. Just relax, dude.” Clint said. “It’s not a strip party or anything like that.

“Just a lot of half-naked women in swimsuits for you guys to ogle.” Steve sassed back.

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“You guys can just party without me.”

“What’s the fun in that? We’re the gang. We have to party together.”

Steve didn’t argue and followed his friends down to the pool. Tony led them right in without having to wait in line. The host had them sit at the best spots, where they were surrounded by hot girls who bathed their eyelashes at them. Most of the girls were practically swooning when they saw Steve and Thor walking side by side. Thor was shirtless and made sure to flex his muscles every once in a while. Tony and Clint got swamped by girls almost immediately while Steve and Bruce just laid back on their sun beds and pretended like they didn’t exist.

Steve’s phone sounded with a text from Natasha. ‘Bae, I can’t sleep. Miss you, please come back soon.’ Steve smiled and quickly typed a reply.

S: Miss you too but I can’t leave right now. Tony threw me another party

N: Should I know what kind of party it is?

S: Pool party

N: Aww, you’re with half-naked women! Should I be worried about it?

S: No, because no one could compare to you.

That was the truth. Even though he was surrounded by the hottest of the hottest girls, all he could think of was Natasha and how she looked better than any of the girls here. He wished she was here to lighten up the party.

N: Awww, if I know that you end up eyeing someone, you can go on your own adventure without me

S: I will do no such thing.

“Why are you not looking at all the hot girls in front of you? You keep looking at your phone all the time.” Tony asked.

“Because I have to work and talk to my fiancée.” Steve lied. But since he’d mentioned that, he would make sure to send Sharon a couple pictures too.

“Just put the phone down and enjoy the moment.” Clint said.
“I would rather read quietly in the penthouse than party all day, Tony.” Bruce spoke up. “It’s too hot and my skin can burn really easily.”

“You too, Brucey. You need to loosen up like Stevie here.” Clint added.

But before a debate took place, Thor rushed in with two girls on his arms. ‘There are places open for bikini contest judges. Who wants to join me?!’

“AYEEE!!!” Tony and Clint shouted in unison. “And you two losers will be judges too!”

Steve did as his friend said, but knew he wouldn’t pay any attention anyway. Once they sat down on the judge’s chairs, the MC began the announcement.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, today we have special judges! Mr. Tony Stark and his friends, including the bachelor boy, Steve Rogers!!!!!!!”

Steve gave a shy smile and diverted his eyes to his phone again. He hated being the center of attention, but he would endure it for his friends.

S: Guess what my friends made me do

N: What is it?

S: We are now the judges of a bikini contest.

N: I’m breaking up with you right now, bae

S: Awww, don’t leave me, bae. I’m not ogling anyone.

S: I swear I’m not looking. I’m just lifting the number up.

S: Bae

Natasha didn’t reply to him, and making Steve nervous. Had he upset her? It wasn’t his fault. Why didn’t she reply to the text? Millions of thoughts ran through Steve’s mind. He was waiting for her to text him back, but nothing happened. It took Steve only 30 minutes to break. He jumped out of the judge’s chair and left the party without telling anyone.

Steve took a cab and told the driver to get to her apartment as fast as he could. Luckily for Steve, the traffic wasn’t that bad and he arrived at her home within 10 minutes. Steve ran to her apartment and repeatedly knocked on the door.

“Nat! Open up!!” he said. “Bae, open the door. I’m sorry.”

There was no answer.

“Nat, bae. Let me in!”

No answer again.

“Bae, open the door or I will break it down!”
There was still no answer from her. Steve kept knocking for ten minutes. His mind was wondering why she was angry to the point that she wouldn’t let him inside. It was sufferable to think about it. That was, until he heard her shout something in Russian and open the door for him. He froze for a second when he saw that Natasha was covered with flour.

“What happened? Why didn’t you return my texts?” He asked.

“I’m cooking!” She replied, putting her hands on her waist and pouting at him. “What the hell are you doing here? I thought you were having a pool party and was a judge…”

The sentence was cut short by a yelp as Steve caught her waist with his hands, lifting her up effortlessly into her apartment, kicking the door shut. He let her down on her feet but pulled her into his arms. Natasha could see the suffering in his eyes and it broke her heart a little bit. Steve inhaled and kissed her deeply.

“Don’t do that again. I thought were mad at me.” He murmured against her lips. “I don’t want you to be mad at me.”

“I’m not mad at you.” She replied. “It was just a little mind game to lure you here.”

“What?”

“But you came early so you’re the one who ruined the surprise.” She said before dragging him into the kitchen. “I’m cooking us dinner again.”

“Shashlik?”

“Yes, Shashlik. Among other things before we leave to rule this town again.”

“Need I remind you how drunk we were last night?”

“I’m kidding. I will take you to a place that might be an inspiration for your work.” She laughed. “And since you’re here, make yourself useful and help me mash the potato.”

Steve smiled at his redhead. “Yes, ma’am.” Before leaning in for another kiss. This time Nat turned away, his lips landing at the corner of hers.

“Lover boy, remember our deal.”

“Sorry, ma’am.”

Natasha dealt with the lamb while Steve helped her pan fry the vegetables and make the mashed potatoes. She subtly interrogated him about the pool party. Steve answered her truthfully and told her how he’d left the party early because he’d thought that she was mad at him.

“I’m not jealous, bae. I know that you belong to me.” She slyly answered with a sexy smile, winking at him. “Besides, those girls had nothing on me.”

“Yeah, they have nothing on my bae.” Steve agreed before wrapping his hands from behind her, kissing her cheek.

“Steve…”

“Just let me have this one, okay? I’m was scared that you were actually mad at me.”

“You turd.” she chuckled but let him have that one.
Their dinner was ready within half an hour and they set everything on the coffee table. As a surprise, Natasha had made him apple pie. Steve didn’t know how she’d known that apple pie was his favorite dessert. *Probably a soulmate thing. Wait! That’s not right. Damn it, Rogers!*

The dinner was delicious as always, as Natasha continuously proved herself to be the most amazing girl Steve had ever met. Her apple pie was so delicious that Steve took three slices. Nat watched him eat happily because she loved it when people liked what she cooked. She didn’t cook for people much, but only for people really close that she really cared about.

It wasn’t easy to let someone in, but for Natasha, Steve Rogers had somehow succeeded in breaking down every wall.

He was a keeper. She knew from the first night that they’d met. Not to mention his amazing tongue!

*God!* She just wished that they’d gotten married last night. She wouldn’t have divorced him.

But wouldn’t have been right, and would’ve jeopardized their relationship. He was a good friend, and she would try to keep everything to herself.

Even she didn’t want to.

---

After they cleaned up the dishes, Natasha got changed while Steve waited for her in the living room. She came back with a present in her hands.

“What is it?”

“A little gift for the best bae,” she replied. “Open it.”

Steve ripped the paper off and found a sketchpad with a stack of the best quality sketching paper and a couple of pencils. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” she said. “You can bring it with us tonight in case you have some inspiration.”

Nat brought him the sketchpad and told him to bring it along so he could draw anything that he wanted when they were there. They took a cab to the Neon Museum and Nat told him that they should stay until the sun went down to see the real magic. Steve already had hundreds of new inspirations just by standing in front of the museum.

“Can you handle the tickets? I have to make some calls.” he said.

“Of course. I will meet you here then.”

“Thanks.”

Steve made a quick call to the art supply store to make an order for neon colors. The store owner would make sure that everything was delivered to the hotel within one hour. Nat came back with the tickets.

“What’s so urgent? Don’t tell me you have to leave me for something else.”
“Nah, just made an order for art supplies. I have millions of ideas in my head right now.”

Natasha smiled. “I’m glad that I’m your muse, not the neon signs we’re about to see.”

He chuckled. “You’re not even close to being my muse, bae.”

“But I’m your bae?”

“I’m kidding.”

“By the way, I got us a private tour because I told them that Steve Rogers, the famous painter, needed some inspiration and I pointed at you when they didn’t believe me.”

“You are a sneaky little minx.”

Natasha was rather proud of the title he gave her. She grabbed his hand and led Steve to the staff that was waiting for them. The female staff told them that the director had granted them an all access pass and a private tour guide if they wanted one.

“No, thank you. I think I might use the time to think in private.” Steve said.

“We would be honored if one of your arts is inspired by our museum.”

“I will give one of my works for the museum to display at the visitor center.” the artist added.

“The director will be elate to hear that.”

They went to the Boneyard outside the visitor’s building. Steve and Natasha slowly walked around the indoor exhibition in the visitor building first, contemplating the old, small neon signs of Las Vegas. Steve wasn’t really paying attention to the signs, but to Natasha. He loved to watch the look on her face as she admired the old beautiful signs.

He couldn’t help but make a comparison between his own fiancée and Natasha once again. Sharon had never really paid attention to something like this. It hurt him sometimes when she said that his career was just a hobby that had happened to make millions of dollars. Sometime Steve made a quick jab in return, and noting that she worshiped designer clothes more than the real arts.

Unlike Natasha, who encouraged him. She was interested in the same things as him, and it made Steve feel comfortable being around her when he worked. Natasha appreciated art—no, she appreciated everything the world had to offer and never looked down on anything. Why had he fallen in love with Sharon anyway? Oh! She was a successful businesswoman, strong and independent, a woman from high society with powerful connection everywhere.

Steve made a rough sketch of the idea as well as a sketch of Natasha, but she didn’t realize it. Then they moved to the outdoor section of the exhibition to find that it was their lucky day. There wasn’t many visitors, so Steve got a quiet environment to work on his sketches.

“Are you bored?” he asked her. “Considering that we just sat here in total silence for like an hour.”

“No, I’m not bored at all. It was quiet. Peaceful, to be honest.” she replied. “I live my life in a rushing environment, so I learned to enjoy the silence.”

“I guess you’re from the big city.”

“Volgograd, then I moved to New York with my parents. I grew up there.” she told him.
“Can I ask why you moved here?”

“It’s a long story, actually, but since we’ve got the whole night, you will have to endure my history class.” She smiled. “Before I moved here, I lived in New York. I studied ballet, on my way to become the rising star of Broadway. I landed a lead role in one show, but I injured myself during practice.”

Steve immediately wrapped his arms around her to show his support as Natasha continued with her story.

“I broke both of my legs. Luckily for me, I’d already signed the contract and it covered all of the injuries’ expenses, but I couldn’t do ballet for two years and had to undergo a lot of physical therapy. When I made my comeback, they’d already found the replacement and broke the contact with me, saying that was a liability, not an asset.” She inhaled sharply when she thought about the painful memories. “I felt like…the dream had just gotten ripped away. I’d worked all my life for this and turns out I was just a bad investment for them.”

Steve remained silent and listened to Natasha with his full attention, all the while rubbing her arms to tell her it was safe to tell him everything.

“I was depressed. Even though they gave me a lot of money for breaking the contract, I tried to audition for a new job but they didn’t accept me because they were afraid that I might get injured again. It was a whole year of being jobless and the money I got was almost dried up, so I decided to try something new and moved here. I got a job at this club where the owner was mafia, but a really nice and kind guy, especially to fellow Russians. That’s how I began this career.”

“I’m sorry about your ballet career.” He said. “But it’s great of you to move on and find a new part for your life.”

Natasha smiled sadly. It made Steve wanted to kiss her to wipe all of the sadness away. He leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss on her lips before pulling away. “Hey…you got a good life here. Don’t be sad. You had a chance to travel the world without bonding your life to the stage.”

“I know…I just…I loved dancing and it was my childhood dream.”

“You can dream a new dream, Natasha. Everyone does that. It’s the thing that makes people keep on with their lives.”

Nat sighed. Steve was right. She leaned into his embrace, letting him envelop her with his big arms, completely surrounding her with the warmth of his body.

“Thank you, Steve. Thank you for listening to me.” she whispered into his chest. “Being a stripper isn’t a career people praise but people look down on us a lot because some actually sleep with the customer.”

“Have you?” he asked.

“People tend to mix ‘stripper’ and ‘prostitute’ together.” Her voice was hard as she pulled away from his embrace. Steve suddenly became alarmed at her reaction to his question. “I sleep with whomever I want, but not my customers. I had a relationship before and I don’t need to have sex for money.”

“I’m sorry that I asked you about this. It was really insensitive of me. It wasn’t appropriate at all, but I don’t know much more than the society’s stereotype because I tend to bail every time the guys drag me out.” he apologized, “I can be extremely sharp and extremely dumb sometimes.”
Natasha calmed down as she realized that it was Steve who was talking to her. He never judged her and he accepted her for who she really was, not something else that people branded her.

"It's okay... I mean... I know you must doubt me." she said.

"I don’t doubt you, Natasha. I just wanted a clarification to make me understand the nature of the career you chose," he replied. “You’re important to me, and I will never doubt you. Your past isn’t something I can judge.”

"Your friends think of me in a very different way.” Natasha told him. “I don’t normally accept that kind of job but your friends offered lots of money…”

“Can I ask how much Tony paid you?”

"$50,000.”

"Really?!”

“Yeah, he expected me to sleep with you or at least give you a BJ.”

“You should pay me, you know? Since I’m the one who do all the work.”

Nat punched him really hard in the arm, knowing what he meant. “Shut up.”

Steve laughed. “Yes, ma’am.”

Natasha found that the one thing she really loved to do was snuggle into his chest while he wrapped his big arms around her, protecting her from everything. It felt as if this was where she belonged.

“Can we stay here for a while?” she asked, hugging him tighter.

“Yeah, I will just do my work....”

“Nah, hold me like this.” she ordered.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Steve kept his arms around her, occasionally kissing her forehead and inhaling the intoxicating scent of her body. God! Why hadn’t they gotten married last night while they were drunk? If it had happened, he wouldn’t have asked for a divorce, he would have asked her to elope with him. They could just run away to some place where they could live together for eternity.

But that was just a dream. He was already engaged to someone else.

Natasha would make a good wife and a good mother, though. Damn it, Rogers! That was a dangerous thought. She’s your friend!

Natasha’s phone sounded, interrupting Steve’s train of thought before it ran wild. Natasha broke away from his embrace and looked at her phone, frowning as she answered it. The man on the other side of the phone was speaking in Russian, so Steve couldn’t understand the conversation at all.

She hung up and sighed before snuggling into his arms again.

“What was it?” Steve asked.
“My boss just asked me to do an early shift tomorrow morning.” she replied, closing her eyes, listening to his heart beat. “They are one stripper short, and he will pay me extra money, so I accepted it.”

“Early shift?”

“I work at a 24-hour strip club.”

“Okay, that makes sense. Just text me when you leave home and when you arrive at the club okay?”

“Okayyy, daddy. If that puts you at ease.”

Steve smiled and kissed the top of her head. “Come on. I think we should head home now since you have to wake up early.”

Natasha agreed and got up. Steve collected his work and Nat caught a glimpse. He’d gotten a lot of ideas. She’d helped him with the inspiration in some way. She was rather proud of herself because of this. Steve dropped her off at her home and made sure that Natasha went straight to bed.

“You can stay if you want.” she offered.

“Nah, my friends are probably wondering where I am right now.” Steve replied. “As much as I want to stay with you.”

“Then stay.”

“Probably some other time, bae.”

“Okay…see you tomorrow, Stevie.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Explicit sexual contents in this chapter. Please read tags. From now on, every chapter will have explicit contents

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Las Vegas, Day 8

It was 4 AM in the morning when Steve got a text from Natasha, telling him that she was awake and would leave for the club in half an hour. He read it but didn’t reply, knowing that Natasha would storm the place and put him to bed after she gave him an hour-long lecture.

He had an explanation as to why he wasn’t in bed. He was working on his latest painting collection that had been inspired by Natasha and the neon signs at night. He was thinking about ‘Girl and the Neon Signs’ as the name for the collection.

Steve mainly used neon and black light paint for the collection in the hope that it would capture what he’d seen last night. He already had two versions of the first painting, and was about to finish the last one.

It was the same picture, but with a different size material. The first one was a rough sketch coloring on the sketchpad. The second one was on a Masonite board, for the museum as a gift for their generosity. The last one was on a box canvas, which Steve thought he would give to Natasha.

The only thing that the three paintings had in common was their main subject, the red head woman whose fiery red hair burned brighter than the neon signs at night. Steve mixed the colors for an hour until he got the shade of red that he liked. it stood out than any color in the painting. His memories of Natasha deserved to stand out more than anything.

Half an hour later, Steve got another message from Natasha.

N : Bea, I ’ m at the club now and my shift will over at 7 AM.

N : Hope I didn ’ t wake you up.

N : Bae, can you pick me up? We can grab breakfast together.

N : Let me know when you wake up okay?

N : Miss you <3

Steve smiled and decided to type back.

S : Meet you at the club. Miss you too <3

N : Go back to sleep. See you.
Steve put down his phone and went back to work. He was in the final stages, and finished at 5 AM. Steve put down the brush turned on the black light, and seeing how perfect the painting was. Yes, that was definitely Natasha’s hair. Everything was perfect. It was a worthy gift for her.

After Steve put everything back in place, he went to take a long shower to get every stain of paint off of his body. It took him about an hour to get it all off. That left only 1 hour to sleep, so he decided he would just stay awake.

He left the hotel at 6:45 AM to pick up Natasha, but when he arrived, he decided to go to the back door and wait for her there.

“What are you doing here?” There was a big, muscled guy standing between Steve and the back door.

“I’m here to pick up Natasha.”

“Yeah, sure you are.” the bouncer replied sarcastically. “Talie didn’t tell me anything.”

“She’s my friend.”

“Nice try, but you have to wait here until she come out and verifies that you really are her friend.”

“Come on.”

The bouncer was about to drag Steve out of the alley but Natasha came in and saved Steve’s ass just in time, and introducing Steve as her boyfriend. The bouncer looked at them with suspicion but let them in anyway.

Natasha had Steve wait for her inside the strip club. Steve sat down at the bar and kept his eyes on her. There were about 8 customers at this hour and they were all men, staring at Natasha with a lustful look in their eyes. Steve stared at them, fighting off the urge to punch them in the face for looking at her like that.

He didn’t like it when she danced on the stage like that. He didn’t like it at all, and would make sure to try to talk her out of this or sabotage her so she didn’t have to come to work and get ogled by these perverts. Steve felt his entire body tense up when one man paid Natasha for a lap dance, but Steve could do nothing except kept a close eye on her. Just in case.

“It sucks, huh?” A voice came from Steve’s left.

He turned and saw a guy sitting next to him, eyeing Natasha too. “Excuse me?”

“It’s sucks, right? Knowing that she has to do that for a living but you can’t stop her.” The guy explained. “Having the most desirable woman in this town as your girl isn’t easy, bud.”

“…”

“It will eat you up…all those jealousy and feelings that overwhelm you. You think you can control it, but there will come the time that you can’t, so I suggest that you’d better let her go.”

“I can’t.”

“Good luck with that, dude. I see it in your eyes. You’re ready to jerk her away from that guy and drag her out of this place.”

“I will not do that.” Steve said. “Thanks for the advice anyways.”
“You’re welcome.”

Natasha finished the dance at the same time Steve finished his conversation with the stranger he’d just met.

“I see you’ve made friends.” she teased.

“He turned out to be a really wise guy.”

“What did you guys talk about?”

“Nothing important, just life,“

Natasha knew that he was lying but shrugged it off. “Let’s go home, huh?”

“Yeah.”

Natasha had Steve wait outside the changing room for 10 minutes before she came out. They walked pass Maria, who had come in for her shift in about an hour ago but the brunette didn’t notice that there was a man with Natasha. They caught a cab back to her apartment.

Natasha noticed how tired he was. He had dark circles around his eyes and he could barely open his eyes, so she pulled his head down onto her lap and stroked his hair gently. Steve relaxed and closed his eyes before going to sleep.

Natasha kept her arms around him. What the hell had he done last night that wore him out like this? Natasha’s mind wandered. Did he also have someone on the side? Someone else other than her? Had Steve Rogers turned out to be a bigger player than she’d thought?

*Calm the hell down, Romanoff.* She scolded herself. *It isn’t like you’re his girlfriend.*

The cab pulled over in front of her building. Nat shook Steve lightly to wake him up. Steve startled awake bumping his head with hers. Then he followed her up to her room. This time, Steve noticed how tired Natasha was.

“I think you should eat and take a shower before you go to sleep.”

“You should get some sleep too, bae.” she said and rubbed his arms gently. “But I’m not in the mood for breakfast.”

“Don’t argue with me, Nat. Your health comes first.” he insisted.

“Awww, noooo.” She whined and started to head for the couch.

Steve ran and caught her in his arms; even with how sleepy he was, Natasha came first. He had to make sure that she had a proper meal and enough sleep. He was done with the bickering so he lifted Natasha up with one arm and threw her over his shoulder. Natasha pouted and tried to struggle out of his arms but she had no chance.

Steve flung her down on the bed. She was slightly scared as he towered over her, but was also slightly turned on by his aggressive manner. Steve climbed on top of her and Natasha tried to hide the fear in her eyes as she stared back at him, waiting to see what he would do next.

“We are not arguing about this again.” he said in a commanding tone, making her shiver slightly. She felt the heat start to pool in her lower stomach. “You’re going to eat some food, take a proper shower, and then you can go to bed.”
“We’re already in bed, lover boy.” she replied as she stared up at him. “Your first instinct is to carry me to bed. Hmm, that says something, doesn’t it?”

“Because I want to sleep, but I can’t until you do as I say.”

Her hands went to his shirt and seductively traced her fingers on it. Steve caught his breath. “How about…let me cut you a deal?” Her voice was low and sexy, whispering into his ear as she lightly nibbled at his ear lobe. Her legs moved to bracket around his hips. “We can get some sleep first, and when we wake up, you can cook lunch and I will take a shower.” Her lips trailed from his ear to his jaw, stopping at the corner of his lips. “What do you say, lover boy?”

Steve didn’t reply her and kissed her hard on the lips. Natasha moaned into his mouth, but she couldn’t stop herself from kissing him either.

“We won’t be eating much of the food you know,” Natasha panted against his mouth as she pulled away.

Steve grinned against her mouth. “I know, but I’d rather eat something else.”

Nat immediately pulled away. She knew if no one stopped, there was no telling what would happen next. She groaned and punched him in the chest. Steve let out a small laugh as he dipped down at her neck, pressing hot kisses and breathing in the scent of her.

But this time, he immediately pulled away because what he smelled on her skin wasn’t her scent. It was someone else’s cologne. Steve jumped out of bed. His eyes were hard and his gestures changed at the mere thought of someone else that wasn’t him on Natasha.

“Steve…” she called unsure of his reaction.

He didn’t reply as hundreds of question went through his head. Why was there men’s cologne on her body? What had she done last night? Who had she done it with? What the hell had happened while he wasn’t with her? You’re jealous, Rogers.

Natasha kept her eyes on him. She saw how his face changed as emotions flew across his face.

“Just take a shower, and I will cook you breakfast.” His voice was hard as his eyes, cool and distant. They made Natasha wonder what she did wrong.

Steve stomped off without saying another word to her. Natasha felt bad, but she didn’t know what he was mad about. She got up from bed and went to the bathroom. She slowly took off her clothes and that was when she smelled something. It was men cologne.

Was he jealous? She thought. But jealous of what? That some random guy might have touched her or that she might’ve given them a lap dance. Jealous of her for doing her job? Why would he be jealous of her when they were just friends?

Yeah, right, you can fool yourself all you want, Romanoff. No friends kiss!

Natasha snickered as she stepped inside the shower stall. She thought really hard as she took a hot shower and scrubbed every part of her body to make sure that the smell was gone, replaced by her own soap.

He wasn’t the only one who could be jealous! It wasn’t her fault that she had to work. What about him? What had he done all night to make him so worn out like that? Probably partied his ass off and got laid! Eww! Just the thought of some girl kissing him and touching him the way she had
made her sick to the stomach. Natasha wanted to slam her head against the wall of her bathroom when she thought about how he’d probably used his amazing tongue on someone else.

**EWWW!!!!!**

Natasha quickly shrugged it off. Steve wouldn’t do that to her. He wouldn’t cheat on her, right? **SHIT!** What the hell was she thinking? He wasn’t her boyfriend or anything!

*Get yourself together, Romanoff!*

She was able to stop her mind from going into overdrive. She quickly dressed up and went to the kitchen. She saw that Steve was busy with mixing pancake flour, so she snuck up behind him and wrapped her arms around his torso, pressing teasing kisses on his back and neck.

“Bae, what are you doing?” she asked.

“Pancakes.”

She smiled when she felt Steve relax in her arms once he could smell her scent. Steve took one of her hands and kissed it. Natasha kissed his cheek one last time before pulling away to sit the countertop and stole some berries he’d prepared for decoration.

She watched as Steve cooked for her. His eyes occasionally sneaked a glance at her, observing her closely. She knew he had a million and one questions for her, so she waited until he asked her.

"So....how was your work today?" he casually asked as if nothing had happened between them before.

“Just dancing, you know how my work goes.” she replied.

He went quiet for another five minutes after that. It was a full awkward silence. Both of them kept quiet and didn’t say anything so Natasha decided to break the tension.

“What did you do last night?” She asked. “You looked tired, like you didn’t have enough sleep.”

“I didn’t sleep last night.”

*Oh.* So he’d partied hard and probably fucked some random girl. “What did you do then?”

“My work. I did three paintings last night because I got inspired by our trip to the museum. You should stop grilling me now because I did nothing wrong.”

“I’m not grilling you!” she suddenly raised her voice. “I just want to know what *my man* did last night! You can’t be the one who acts all weird and jealous!”

“I’m not jealous.” he lied. “You just did your job.”

“Are you disgusted that someone might actually touch me?”

Steve stopped whatever he was doing and walked over to Natasha, catching her arms and looking right into her eyes. From the look on her face, she was hurt at the fact that he might actually be disgusted by the thought of someone else touching her.

“Natasha, you’re doing your job and I’m not in a place to judge you. I’m mad at the thought of some guy taking advantage of you. I don’t like it, but it is your work and it is your life so I will not interfere with it.”
“It is cute of you when you’re mad and jealous.” She teased with a mischievous smile.

“I’m not jealous.” he insisted.

She laughed, throwing her head back and revealing her neck. Steve wanted to just kiss her there and make her moan. Nat looked at him lovingly, pulling him closer.

"I'm all yours, bae. You're the only one I allow to touch my body." she said.

I know, but I can't and I won't. “I’m glad to hear that.” Steve replied with a small smile.

“How about this? We can kiss once per day. I think it would be better for us to...you know...let out some steam and tension that would probably drive us insane.”

“I’m okay with that because our first deal was like...the worst.”

“But just once. You can only kiss me once. I can kiss you once.”

“So it’s two kisses.”

“Yeah.”

“It’s a deal, bae.”

Steve gave her the first big smile of the day and got back to cooking them breakfast. They enjoyed their quiet morning. Steve had to stop Natasha from drinking coffee so she wouldn’t stay awake any longer after breakfast. Steve put everything in the sink. He would clean them up later.

Natasha was half asleep when Steve carried her back to her the bed. He gently laid her down in a comfortable position. Steve found himself in a dangerous position again, on top of Natasha and between her legs. She stared up at him with her beautiful green eyes, and Steve felt the monster inside him lurking.

“Lover boy, you should get some sleep.”

“No.” he replied. He gave in to the monster and lost all control. “I’m going to kiss you now.”

Before Natasha could make a witty remark, he descended his mouth on hers. She felt his lips moving against hers, with his teeth lightly biting her lower lip. Natasha started to moan. Her hand wrapped around his neck to deepen the kiss while her legs wrapped around his hips. His hands roamed all over her body, squeezing her breast while his thumbs circled her nipples through the thin fabric of her t-shirt. Natasha bucked her hips, grinding them against his crotch, making Steve grunt.

His big hands started to slip under her clothes, making Natasha arch up at his hot hands on her skin. She was powerless to resist because it felt too damn good. Steve’s lips trailed down the side of her face to her neck and began to suck hard enough to leave purple bruises, making Natasha moan out loud. His hand travelled down her toned stomach and further. His lips nibbled at her cleavage and that was when Natasha gently shoved him away. Steve stopped and pulled away.

"I'm tired, Steve. We probably get some sleep." she said between breaths.

Bullshit. She was pretty much awake, but he took the cue, knowing that it would turned out to be more than just a kiss if they didn’t stop.

“Okay, bae.” He smiled and leaned down to kiss her forehead.
“You should sleep too.” she told him. “And I need my pillow.”

Nat pulled Steve down next to her, and snuggling into his arms with her head nestled at his neck, inhaling his scent. Steve wrapped his arms around her, protecting and providing the safety she needed.

“Sleep now, bae.”

She hummed in agreement before closing her eyes. Steve gently stroked her hair to help soothe her back to sleep. He kept his eyes on her beautiful face as his mind thought about how much he liked being with Natasha. Steve felt totally addicted to Nat because she was a kind of girl he’d never met before. She was unique, and it always left him wanting more of her. Steve was pretty sure that Natasha felt the same.

They had a surprisingly peaceful sleep they hadn’t had in a while, as if their bodies and minds knew that they were safe with each other. Natasha was the first one to wake up, and she woke her bae up with light kisses on his face, which made him smile and slowly open his eyes to see Natasha’s face hovering above him.

Aww, her face was so cute with that smile. He thought. He wanted to kiss her again.

Steve leaned up, but Natasha pressed her finger on his lips, stopping him. “Lover boy, remember our deal. You already kissed me once.”

“I should make it two times a day.” he whined, using his thumb to trace her soft lips instead. “I want to kiss you when you I wake up and when I go to sleep.” and every single minute in between.

Natasha blushed. “You’re making me regret my decision because of your sweet words.”

“Then we shall lift that restriction.”

“No.” she shook her head. “We both need to have better control than this.”

Steve looked sad for a second but agreed with her. “Yeah, you’re right.”

They laid like that for a while, with Steve’s hand gently stroking her back and Natasha’s fingers tracing his chest in circles. Natasha told him that she’d just come up with what they should do this evening. Steve simply replied that he would do whatever she told him to anyway.

They decided to go to Putt Park, one of Natasha’s favorite spots. Since it was Friday, they could do it at night. It was extra beautiful, since the whole park was lit up in neon lights. It reminded Steve of his own painting.

He really needed to make a collection of ‘Girl and the Neon Sign’ a thing. It would attract lots of people to his exhibition.

Natasha bought them two games and brought him to pick up the equipment.

“You know, they also give us a glowing ball to use.” she said.

“Really?”
“Yeah, then how the hell we suppose to see the ball?!”

Steve laughed at his stupid ass question and Nat laughed too. They were waiting in the waiting area with families with little kids. Steve was talking to a group of parents who noticed the famous painter while Natasha was playing with the kids. Steve smiled when he saw her with kids. *Oh! How he had envisioned it with Sharon.* A little baby boy or girl with blonde hair and blue eyes from them, looking like their parents.

Unfortunately, Sharon didn’t like kids. She never wanted one, but if she had to have one, it wouldn’t be anytime soon and her parents must have forced her.

It was just a dream for him that would never come true.

But when he saw Natasha holding the little ginger boy in her arms, Steve felt his dream was so close that he thought he could have it.

“How long have you guys been together?” the mother of the child asked. “You guys look happy and in love.”

“Yeah, we’re happy together.” Natasha replied with a little smile.

“Did you ever think of having your own baby with him?”

Natasha blushed. “Um---I” She was trying to come up with a lie but she simply couldn’t.

“Wouldn’t it be nice…a little baby boy or girl with red hair like you and blue eyes like him?”

Natasha smiled when she thought about that. “Yeah…Yeah, it would be really nice.” She replied and looked at him. Steve looked back at her and gave her a soft smile.

“Consider it, dear. You two would make a beautiful baby.”

Steve came back to her with refreshments and snacks. He kissed her cheek as if to show everyone that she was with him. They played with the little baby boy in Nat’s arms before they returned them to the mother because it was time for them. They got mini pencils and scorecards before they headed out. Once they were outside, the bragging war began.

“You know I’ve got a high score, right?” Nat bragged.

"I'm sure you do." He replied. "But your score will be crushed tonight."

"Then quit yapping and do some putting! Stop using your silver tongue and use that stick of yours."

"I believe you just make an oral and a dick joke."

"No, I'm not. It was just your perverted mind on overdrive."

"You can't blame me. My mind always on overdrive when I'm near you." He leaned in and whispered near her ear, "And I'd rather use my tongue somewhere else."

Natasha blushed and Steve smirked. “I hate you for always bringing that up.” she retorted. “Anyway, I bet it was just a onetime thing.”

“Wanna test that theory again? The public restroom should add more fun to it.”
“Geez, who are you? What did you do to my shy Steve?”

“I guess you just bring the bad boy out of me.”

She smiled and hugged him. “Awwww, I bet I’m the only one who can do that to you.”

“I guess so.” he admitted. “My sex life isn’t that great.”

Nat turned to him with a surprised look in her eyes, “What do you mean by that? I could tell that you were pretty good at it by just your tongue!”

“Well, don’t get me wrong. She’s a great girl, but I can say that our sex life is lame,” he explained. “I mean…It’s always the missionary…everything’s ordinary. She always comes home late because of work and is too tired. I don’t complain, though, because I totally understand.”

Yes, of course he would understand. He was a great guy that everyone was lucky to have. Nat thought.

“You can call me kinky, but I love to try something new. But Sharon…..”

She looked at him with her piercing green eyes when he went silent. “Don’t tell me that she always came first and didn’t let you finish.” Steve was blushing this time. “Holy shit! Really? Is your fiancée really that selfish?”

“Don’t say that. She is too tired…”

“Don’t…Steve…She isn't supposed to do that to you.”

“I know, but I put her needs above my own, Natasha.”

“Oh dear god she was itching to punch Sharon.

Now Natasha felt all the jealousy in the world. This man was the best thing to ever happen to anyone, and somehow his fiancée was selfish. He was willing to put his own needs behind. Steve must’ve been the best sex partner for sure if Sharon let him do anything to her.

She would erase all those awful memories for him and show him what a real, generous sex partner was like.

SHIT! What the hell was she thinking? Damn it! Abort! Abort! Change the subject right the fuck now, Romanoff.

“So…There is a mother over there thought that you and I were a married couple.” Smooth, Romanoff. She inwardly praised herself. “She told me that we should have a baby because we would make a beautiful baby.”

Steve smiled. “Aww, that would be nice. I would love to have a baby or two with you too, bae. I need one baby girl who looks exactly like you, green eyes, and red hair.”

“You wish.”

“Let me put a baby in you, bae.” He continued to tease her, which was met by a slap on his forearm. “Ouch!”

“Stop it.”
Steve laughed as they moved on to the 2nd hole, where Natasha kept boasting that she would be demonstrating how good she was by doing a trick shot which she majestically failed. When she swung the putter, it hit Steve in his legs. He yelped and acted like it was really hurt so she would be all over him to make sure that he was okay.

She punched his arm again when she discovered that he wasn’t injured or anything.

“Damn you, Rogers.” she muttered.

“It’s cute how much you worry about me.”

Of course, Natasha blushed and quickly moved on to the next hole. It was a really beautiful set up in the park with all of the neon lights. Steve turned out to be really awful at mini golf and Nat goaded him the whole time, even when she was equally as terrible.

“At least I put those balls in holes.” she defended. “You are the one who literally does all the bragging.”

“I’m just going to try to make you lose your focus so I can at least stand a chance.”

Even though they were really awful at it, they were enjoying a competitive game. When they completed the first round, Steve was whining that they should grab something to eat first because his stomach was growling. They went back to the main building and he got them two hotdogs and drinks.

“Since we are on a break from our glorious battle, I guess it’s time for me to know more about you.” she said. "You saw my day job. It's only fair I get to see yours."

“What do you wanna know?”

“Well, you can tell me everything. How did you start your career? What inspired you? Just tell me anything.”

“It’s a very long story.”

“I got all night. Stop avoiding the question, bae.”

“Well, I knew that I was good at painting and drawing since I was a kid. My mom supported me to follow my dreams. I studied arts at UCLA. That was where I was discovered. Tony threw me an exhibition and invited his high society friends. I met Sharon’s parents there and they've become one of my main patrons since.”

“Wow, your career seemed to be on a rose petal.”

“Yeah, it seemed to be that way. I’m lucky to have a friend like Tony to be honest.”

“And how did you met her? Sharon?”

“I met Sharon one year later after I met her parents. They introduced me to her after she came back from England where she studied at Oxford.”

“Oxford?”

“Yes, it’s her family tradition.” he said. “It was really nice when we first met. She'd just started working for her family’s company. I started to rise in the arts world. It was like...we were built a life together.” He ended the sentence with a small smile that made Natasha unable to help
but be jealous of Sharon.

“That sounds nice.” she said as she tried to contain her emotion.

“Yeah, it is. I guess that was what really bonded us…we were there to see each other grow up professionally and support each other.”

“Tell me one thing, Steve. Do you really love her?”

“Yes, I do.”

“And tell me that your love for her doesn’t have anything to do with her parents’ patronage.”

Steve went silent and Natasha knew the answer. Steve’s face faltered when that realization hit him.

“Do you really want to spend the rest of your life with her? I mean, I am just looking out for you because I can see a lot of things going wrong.”

Steve sighed. He knew she was right, but he’d already made his decision to marry Sharon. “I know, but I have to live with what I choose.”

“Whatever that you’re happy with, bae.” she said. “I just want the best for you.”

“Thank you.” he replied and pulled her close to kiss her on the temple. “I guess time for history class is up. We should kick some ass.”

Nat got up from her seat and took his hand, “Yeah, let’s go kick some ass, bae.”

This time they teamed up and beat someone else’s ass. Natasha did quite good this time, unlike Steve, who really sucked at mini golf. He always hit the ball into the water and got brunch of angry looks from people near him. Steve morphed but his bae helped cheer him up by holding him and kissing his cheek. Steve let Nat play all of his turns. He just cheered and got her the ice cream and cotton candy.

It was dark and the whole thing felt even more cozy and romantic than it should be. They rarely left each other’s sides, being the adorable dorks that they were, only emphasizing the fact that everyone thought that they were a couple.

In the end, they lost the game, but the staff gave them a consolation price as a teddy bear holding a big heart with ‘Thank you for being my friend’

“I will keep this.” she said, and hugged it tight.

“Of course, bae. It’s all yours. As a token of our friendship.”

Steve smiled as Natasha cuddled with the bear all the way back to their car.

Steve walked Natasha all the way back to her apartment. They stopped in front of her door, where they stopped in awkward silence and tried not to make any eye contact with one another. Natasha was still holding the teddy bear tightly in her arms.
“Well, I guess it’s time for me to say goodnight.” Steve spoke up first.

“You can come in if you want.” she replied. “There is no need to rush anyway.”

“I know, but it’s late, and we should get some rest for tomorrow's adventure.”

“Whatever you say, bae.”

“Goodnight, ma’am.”

Okay, that ‘ma’am’ thing always got her. Natasha lunged forward to capture his lips with hers. It was supposed to be a goodnight kiss, but Steve opened his mouth, inviting her in for more of him. She couldn’t resist the temptation and slipped her tongue inside, tasting the addicting taste of his lips. Their tongues met in a heated battle for domination. Something inside Steve broke and he pushed her up against the door.

His right hand tilted her head up and deepened the kiss. The intensity sent shivers down her spine, awakening every sense of her. Her arms wrapped around his neck, pressing herself tighter to him. The warmth of his body radiated through the fabric of his shirt, setting her body on fire too.

She didn’t know how long they were making out like that, but another second later, she realized that they were grinding against one another, desperate for more friction. Steve moaned in her mouth and she was sure that she moaned in reply too. Another second later, Steve spun her around and pressed her front to the door. His rough hand cupped her breast while another arm wrapped around her waist. Nat pressed her behind right against his crotch and started to rub up and down his hard length through his jeans.

“Fuck…Nat.” He groaned. His hand went to her chin, tilting her head to the side so he could kiss her again. “Bae…”

Nat moaned in reply and rocked her ass back harder. At that point, they didn’t care who would see them at all, not when they were only inches away from tearing each other’s clothes off like this. Steve kept moaning in her ear, making Nat wetter than she already was. His breath was ragged, and, suddenly Natasha pulled away, opening the door to her apartment.

“Goodnight, bae.” She kissed him on the lips on more time before disappearing behind the door.

Steve was left wrecked in front of her door, still trying to collect himself. How could she leave him like this when he had a complete hard on? Not to mention that she was the one who made him so aroused.

Maybe it was a good thing that she’d put this to a stop, or else it would have been out of control.

Damn! Steve sighed and knocked on the door, knowing that she must have been on the other side. “Goodnight, Nat. See you tomorrow.” Then he turned and went back to his hotel.

On the other side of the door, Natasha Romanoff was sitting with her back against the door, trying to catch her breath. Wow! Okay…that was close. They lost control every time they were too close to each other, and Nat knew that they were about to reach the breaking point.

“Damn it…” she muttered.

Natasha knew she had to create some distance between them, but the real question was…would they be able to maintain that distance?
Fuck no. another voice in her head sounded. You know you can’t do that and Steve will not hold back either.

Let it be, then. At least she could enjoy it. There was no harm of having a little fun, right?

Steve went straight back to his penthouse. He still couldn’t believe that Natasha would leave him like this, a complete wreck. He sat in the cab, trying to calm himself down but nothing worked at all. When he closed his eyes, he still saw Natasha panting and grinding herself against him. The mere thought of her sexy moans shot straight to his cock, making it painfully harder than it already was.

Shit. Steve muttered in his head as he rushed back to his bedroom. His friends weren’t here. They were probably partying their asses off somewhere. Steve shredded his clothes off and went to the shower stall. He turned the dial to its coldest, hoping that it would put down the fire storm inside of him. He closed his eyes as the water poured over his skin but it was a mistake. Natasha appeared in his mind, panting and moaning. No matter how cold the water was, nothing changed. It wasn’t helping that still saw her in his mind like this. He was still hard, harder than he had been the first night they’d met.

His hand went to his cock, stroking it in quick tugs, biting down on his lip. A fat pearl of pre cum at the tip until it dribbled slowly down over his fingers. Steve could hardly hold back a moan as his hand working a little faster. He braced his hand against the tile wall, imagining the soft wet heat of a mouth wrapping around his cock. His thumb grazed the slit on the head as if it was her tongue, making him groan before he went back to stroking.

His imagination went wild as Steve felt the pressure pooling inside. He was now pounding hard into Natasha’s heavenly body, making her whimper and buck her hips back to meet his thrusts. His hand met the rhythm of his thrusts he imagined.

“Nat…” Steve breathed, stroking himself faster. He tightened his grip on his cock. He was so close now. Steve was fucking into her hard and fast, panting and gasping for air. Natasha moaned, her fingers dragging down Steve’s shoulders as his cock inside her constantly rubbed against her g-spot, making her shudder.

He jerked himself roughly a few more times before allowing himself to pick up the pace until his hand was no more than a blur. “Fuck!” he shouted. Steve came hard, hot spurts running down his fist as he stroked himself through it. Cold water washed everything down the drain, and Steve took a minute to catch his breath.

“Shit…” he muttered when he realized he'd just jerked himself off imagining he was fucking Natasha. The red hair and creamy skin was still too vivid in his head. He needed to do something else to take her off his mind.

Steve quickly cleaned himself up and headed back to his bedroom. Steve stopped at the art corner and realized that he was still seeing himself burying between Natasha’s thighs and rocking together for eternity.

A moment later, he found himself with a draft of her nude portrait on the canvas. Every details of it was very close to the real Natasha. He could remember every tiny detail because he'd seen it before
his eyes. He still could remember how soft her skin was when he trailed his lips down her body.

Steve sighed and began to prepare for coloring. It would be a long night. He had to find his way to take Natasha off his mind so he could go back to sleep without the image of him fucking her.

This woman was driving him crazy in a way his own fiancee couldn’t.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is dedicated to our friend, secretavengerss who have to go through her exam. Hope this will cheer you up.
Chapter Notes

This chapter contains explicit contents. Please read tags. And from this chapter on, every chapter will have explicit contents!

Las Vegas, Day 9

Aww, shit.

Steve groaned as he opened his eyes to find himself with a terrible headache. He realized that he'd just had a dream about him fucking Natasha again. He dreamed about himself buried deep inside her, making Natasha scream his name. He was pounding hard until he filled her up heras they came together.

This is bad. Steve thought as he got out of bed. Then he saw the painting he'd painted last night, a nude portrait of Natasha. He stood up and hurried to find a place to hide it. He knew Tony and Clint might sniff around his stuff, and he didn’t want to answer their stupid questions.

Steve looked at the portrait one more time before hiding it among other neon paintings he'd made, then headed for a shower. An idea came up in his mind when he was taking a shower and Steve decided to call someone, pulling a strings so they could have a little private time together without someone bothering them.

Tony asked where he was going today, but Steve didn’t tell them anything, just left to pick Natasha up at her apartment.

Natasha was lying on her bed with Steve on top of her. They were in a heated of battle of teeth and tongue as they fought for the domination. He won as he slipped his tongue inside her mouth, exploring every corner mouth.

“Steve…” she moaned as his lips ghosted down the side of her face to her neck. His hands skimmed over her exposed skin before cupping her breast. His fingers found her hard nipple and started to circle and pinch it, making her gasp out. Steve’s mouth followed suit and took her other nipple inside his hot mouth. “Bae…” she moaned, thrusting her breasts up.

Steve didn’t say anything in reply, just stared up at her reaction with his intense blue eyes, making her body burn up. When he'd had enough of her breasts, his lips traveled down her toned stomach and slowly down to her pussy, where he immediately thrust his tongue inside of her. Her whole body jolted at the extreme pleasure, shivers shooting up her spine.
“Steve! Oh fuck!” she shouted when Steve thrust his fingers inside her, while his tongue still lapping at her clit. Natasha rocked back against his hand, fucking herself with his fingers while her hand carding in his hair. Her body fluids dripped down his hand.

“Yes…” she sighed breathlessly as he fingered her faster, making sure to hit the same spot while licking vigorously at her clit. “Gonna come…bae…there…right there.” She breathed quickly in shallow gasps that caught in her throat. When his fingers grazed at the same sensitive spot and his tongue licked at her clit one too many times, she couldn’t hold it anymore. “Steve!” she shouted his name as she came.

“Shit!” Natasha shouted as she opened her eyes, finding herself alone in her bedroom without Steve on top of her.

*It was all just a dream.*

She was stunned for a second, realizing that she'd just had a wet dream. It amazed her how her dirty mind could come up with a scenario like this.

“Aw, shit.” She groaned as she felt the wetness between her thighs. *How the hell did this happen?* Nat asked herself again. *What does this mean? WHY THE HELL HAD SHE DREAMT ABOUT THIS?*

*God help us both.*

She slowly got up from her bed and went to the bathroom to take a shower, all the while thinking about what had just happened. It might’ve been the consequences from last night, when he'd dropped her off and they were making out in the hallway.

*Just stop thinking about Steve and everything will be fine.* She thought before sighing. Yeah, like that could happen. *He already swum in through your mind like every moment of the day.*

*Shit!*

*Romanoff, stop thinking and act on your feelings!*

*Fine!* She would act on her feelings. She didn’t give a fuck about the consequences anymore.

Natasha stepped out of the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around her body. She walked out of her bathroom and jumped out of her skin when she found Steve in her kitchen.

“SHIT!!” she shouted and met with Steve jumped out of his skin, dropping the pan in his hand.

“What the hell are you doing here this early?!!”

“I just stop for some groceries and I will cooked you breakfast.” he replied innocently.

An awkward silence fell around them as they noticed them staring at each other. Steve’s eyes fell on her almost exposed body, burning and darkening with lust that made Nat shiver. It made her wonder of what was going on in his mind. *Did he feel the same? That they should just tear each other’s clothes off and do it right here, right now, to get rid of all the tension inside them?*

Steve wanted to turn away because it wasn’t nice to stare at people, especially someone almost naked. Even though she was beautiful and sexy like Natasha. He just stood there, completely
immobile. His mind was on overdrive, and he was thinking whether he should just take her right there.

It ended up with them staring each other and doing nothing. Steve coughed and turned back to pick up the pan from the floor, and Natasha snapped herself out of her reverie. She turned and ran into her bedroom to get dressed. When she came back again, Steve had already finished with the cooking.

“I have you some waffles.” He said, and avoiding looking at her.

“Morning.” She greeted, and stepping closer to Steve and kissing his cheek.

“Thank you.”

“That doesn’t count as a kiss, right?” he asked with a little bit of a smile.

“Nah, that doesn’t count. It’s only on the lips that count.”

Steve smiled and placed the plate in front of her. It was a peaceful morning without any sexual tension occurring.

“So…what should we do today?” Natasha asked. “I basically have no idea today.”

“Don’t worry. I have an idea.”

“Really? Shark Reef?” She asked when he pulled over in front of Mandalay Bay.

“What? I like it here. Don’t judge me.” He said. “I’ve loved aquariums since I was a kid.”

“Wow…you’re a giant baby.” She teased.

“I also pulled some strings, so we will have a little private time together for as long as we want, and no one will bother us.”

“Are you planning on murder or something?” Nat asked. “Oh! You won’t do it because you love me.”

Steve smiled fondly at the woman and pulled her closer to kiss on the temple. “Yeah, I love you, bae.”

Steve took her hand and led her inside the aquarium where he met with the staff whom he’d contacted this morning.

“Here is your ticket, Mr. Rogers. Show these tickets to the staff when you want anything, and they will give it to you.”

“Thank you.”

The manger showed them the way in and left them to do the exploring by themselves. Steve
brought along the sketchpad Nat gave him in case he got inspiration. The aquarium was very beautiful and filled with lots of marine life from different species. Steve and Nat sat down in one spacious exhibition. He began to make a rough sketch containing Natasha standing with her back to him in front of the giant glass tank.

She was so beautiful and he needed to capture every moment. *She was something magical.*

Nat came back to sit next to him and found that he was drawing a picture of her. She kissed his cheek and told him that she would keep the sketch—every sketch that he made, to be precise.

“I will give you the scrapbook. It's only fair if you give me something before you leave too. You know—something in exchange.” She spoke up.

Steve turned away from the sketch to look at her and smiled. “Anything you want, bae.” He replied and leaned in to kiss her temple. “You know I will give you everything I can.”

“That was really sweet of you.”

“Maybe we should move on to the next exhibition.” He suggested.

“Yeah, we should. It has a lot of interesting things to see.”

They went to another zone, which provided them with a panoramic view of the underwater scenery. Steve was like a little child on Christmas as he stepped closer to the tank, all the while never took his hand off hers.

“I can’t remember the last time I visited the aquarium, but it was a very long time ago.” He told her.

“You better keep all those smiles to yourself, Rogers. People will think that you are crazy, because no grown ass man gets excited about an aquarium.”

Steve grinned. “I can’t help it. I’m happy.”

It was all good for them until Steve realized that he'd forgotten something—*his fear of sharks*.

“Argh!” He half screamed, jumping away from the glass tank when sharks appeared out of nowhere swimming near him.

Of course, Natasha laughed her ass off.

“Damn it, I forget about my shark phobia.” He muttered as he tried to gather his composure.

“For a guy this big, you are a complete baby.” She laughed. “Why are you afraid of sharks?”

“I don’t want to reveal my biggest secret to you.” He replied. “It's my second biggest secret.”

Natasha stepped closer and wrapped her arms around his waist, smiling seductively at her man. “Your secret is safe with me, bae.” She reassured him. “You can tell me if you want to.”

Steve sighed, because there was no way that he could resist her request. “It was when I was five years old. Mom took me and my childhood BFF, James, to the swimming pool. James and I were swimming in the kids pool, and I found a rubber shark about 1 foot long under the water. We thought it was a real shark and jumped out of the pool. My mom had to pick it out of the water for us to make us go back in the water.”
“Awwww. That was so cute.” She said. “Awwwwwwww.”

“Don’t ‘Aww’! It’s embarrassing.” He cried.

She smiled and held him tighter. “You’re safe with me, bae. I will protect you from all these sharks like the queen of the sea I am.”

Steve laughed at the title she gave to herself, but deep down he knew Natasha could conquer everything if she set her eyes on it. Steve kissed the top of her head lovingly.

“I will go get us something to drink, okay? You stay here and do the sketch.” Nat told him when she pulled away from the embrace.

“Okay, I will wait here. If you need anything, just call me.”

“Be right back, bae.”

Steve watched as Natasha walked away before flipping the paper so he could do a new sketch. He couldn’t come up with anything anyways, because his mind was already somewhere else. Someone had taken his attention away from the work, and that someone was Natasha.

He couldn’t concentrate, knowing that she wasn’t with him.

Blue eyes trained back on his girl and found Natasha at the drink kiosk. He also noticed that there was a group of men gravitating around her, paying attention to her. They were checking his girl out, and blood started to boil inside of him. He would keep his eyes close in case something happened.

One man was brave enough to approach and openly hit on her. She managed to throw him off by just a deadly glare, but more still wanted to try their luck with the most beautiful woman they’d ever seen. But Nat, being Nat, was mean to everyone that hit on her in order to shake them off and scare the shit out of them.

When it started to become a bit unbearable, she abandoned the line of the kiosk to go back to Steve and sunk herself down on to his laps, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him at the corner of his lips.

“Did that count?” He murmured.

“No.”

“What was all this about?”

“Just want to lose some unwanted company. Maybe it is time for us to go to that private section.” She said.

“Of course.”

He took her hand and led her to the private section, where the staff had secured for them as long as they wanted. The staff closed the door behind them and left the couple to the amazing view on the underwater environment of the main tank. Schools of fishes swam by one after another, followed by a group of sting rays and green sea turtles.

“Wow.” This time Nat was the one who was enchanted by the sight in front of her.

They were at the bottom of the tank, and when they looked up, they could see thousands of marine
lives above their head. The couple stood next to each other as they looked around excitedly.

“You like it?” Steve asked.

“Yeah.” Nat smiled at him. “I never had the chance to have a whole room to myself like this.”

“I’m glad that I can make you happy.”

Natasha was about to tell him that he'd been cute and so sweet to her today— if his next sentence hadn't thrown everything out of the window.

“I like you being a little firecracker.” He spoke up and Nat snorted. “You know what you remind me of?”

“What is it?”

“A shark.”

“Care to explain?”

“You snapped at everyone who came near you, annoying you and you looked fierce, the same why as a shark.” He explained.

Natasha grinned and turned around to face him, carefully stepping closer until their faces were only inches away.

“If I am a shark, are you afraid of me, Mr. Rogers? Because I am just as unpredictable as one.”

“Well, it’s not like you’re going to bite me or something—Ouch!” Steve yelped as Nat bit him on the neck.

“That’s just the warning, Rogers.” She said. “By the way, you are the shark.”

“Hmm?”

“With that short and stiff tongue of yours…”

“Huh, I’m not a shark. I can’t be related to sharks, because my tongue isn’t short and stiff. You are out of your mind, bae.”

“Yeah you are.”

“My tongue is obviously superior.” He replied. “And my tongue seemed to pleasure you just fine.”

Nat snorted. “I genuinely believe that it was a one time thing. You’re just lucky.”

Steve raised his eyebrow at her, eyes darkening as his expression changed in the most dangerous way. She backed away, seeing the look in his eyes while Steve stalked closer until her back was against the tank, feeling helpless as he trapped her with his large frame and big arms.

“Your argument is invalid, bae.” He insisted. “Because my tongue is way better and I recall that it got you off two times that night.”

“I still believe it was just one time thing.”

His eyes gleamed mischievously as he leaned closer to ear. “Do you want proof?”
Nat held her breath when Steve lightly nibbled her earlobe. Steve grinned at her reaction and continued to seduce her.

“Remember the first night we met, you were trying to seduce me…coaxed me into doing what you wanted. You did a number on me, darling. When we kissed and you moaned into my mouth…that was such a turn on for me…” His hands grabbed her wrists before pinning them above her head with one hand. “Then you asked me to taste you…” He kissed her neck, keeping his hot breath mingling on her skin. Nat whimpered. "And I did just that…tasted the paint on your body and made you moan.” Natasha started to breathe hard. “You tasted so good, the paint couldn’t compare to the taste of you when I put my mouth on your pussy, eating you up. You were dripping wet…”

Natasha moaned aloud when he pressed his legs a little tighter between hers. She struggled to free her hands, but his iron grip secured them in place. “Bae…” She moaned uncontrollably.

“You screamed pretty hard, and I love how you squirted on my face…covered my face with all your sweet juices…yeah…bae…you tasted so good…”

Steve pulled away to look at her expression. He smirked when he found that her face was a deep red. She was panting hard, lips quivering. He would've kissed her right there, but he had something else to do. He would wind her up the way she'd done to him.

“Now close your eyes, bae.” he ordered as he kept an iron grip on her wrists, pinning them against the glass. “Listen to me…”

Nat squirmed as Steve brought his lips down to her neck, lightly ghosting them in a way that made Natasha want more. She arched herself up against him, making him feel the heat radiating off of her body, only to feel the same heat coming off of him.

“I can do what we did that night…right here and now. I don’t care if anyone sees us doing it. I would be damn sure to give them a show that they would remember for the rest of their lives.” He whispered in her ear. “I would keep kissing my way down your body, start peeling off our clothes until you were naked before my eyes. I would spread you open with my fingers before putting my mouth on your pussy.” He felt her chest heaving against his own, a few loose moans coming out of her lips. He knew how turned on she already was. “Oh…darling, I would love to eat you out. I could do it all day.” Natasha squeezed her legs tightly together. Her eyes were shut tightly as she rested her head on his shoulder, moaning uncontrollably as the images filled her head. “I’m licking your clit, making you scream, making you beg for me to fuck you…but that would come later…much later. When you were good and wet from my mouth, then I’d touch your pussy.”

Steve released her hands to hike her legs up and wrap them around his waist, pressing himself against her center. She could feel how hard he already was before he slowly rubbed himself up and down her pussy, making her whimper. Her arms wrapped around his neck as she tried really hard to breathe.

His hands lifted the hem of her shirt up, revealing her lacy bra. Her chest was heaving, making her breasts practically spill out of it. It was Steve turned to moan, trying to control himself. He made sure to press her bare back against the cold surface of the glass. His thumbs lightly brushed on the bare skin of her hips, eliciting another moan from her.

“I bet I could make you come just from rubbing your clit, but it would be too easy. I wouldn’t let you come that easily. I’ve got so many things to prove to you. I would put my fingers inside of you, fucking you with my mouth and fingers at the same time. My fingers would go so deep inside of you…” He laughed sexily. “But just so you know…not as deep as my cock would go. It would go so deep, you would scream.” Nat moaned again. Her fingers dug into his shoulders. Her soft lips
started kissing his neck. “But that would come after…after I make you beg for me to fuck you.”

Natasha whimpered and squirmed helplessly in his arms. Her imagination ran wild just by the words he was filling her head with. Her heart pounded so hard she feared it would come out of her chest.

“After you came with my mouth, I would drag you back to my hotel and I would have my way with you. I might tie you up to the headboard. I could fuck you against the wall. I could starve you off and not let you come. Oh, darling, I have so many things I would love to do to you.” He nibbled her ear. “Or maybe we could fuck in a public place, knowing someone might walk in on us anytime.” Natasha moaned in response at the vivid images he filled her head with. Steve chuckled. "Oh that...never pegged you for that type."

“Steve….”

“Yes, I will fuck you like that one day, huh? What do you think? I know you would love it as much as I do.”

“Yes…”

The warmth from his body suddenly faded away. Natasha snapped her eyes open to see Steve pulling away from her. Her eyes widened; she wasn’t ready for him to leave her like this. He let her legs down and started to step away from her.

Before Natasha could think it through, she pulled Steve back and kissed him hard. He pressed her up against the glass again, only to pull away to look into her eyes. Natasha lunged forward to kiss him again.

This time, there was no holding back between either of them. Steve slipped his tongue inside her mouth, making Nat moan and buck her hips against his crotch. Steve mouthed his lips on her neck, sucking hard and biting with his teeth, leaving a series of purple marks on her soft skin. His hands traveled down her bare side, sending another wave of shivers down her spine. His hand went to the front of her jeans and slowly unbuttoned them, shrugging them down before slipping his hand inside her panties.

He groaned against her lips. “Fuck…Nat…You’re soaking wet. You’re turned on, aren’t you?”

But Natasha had no time to reply to his stupid question,pulling Steve in for another passionate kiss. His fingers spread her folds open and quickly slipped two fingers inside her core, alternating between scissoring her insides and thrusting in and out of her. Steve occasionally ground his palm against her clit.

“Steve…” she moaned, but he absorbed it by covering her luscious lips with his.

Steve started to circle his thumb on her clit, rubbing the swollen flesh slowly. Her moans turned into short gasps. Natasha arched her hips, wanting more of his beautiful torture. Steve moved his fingers faster on her clit, while pumping his fingers in and out of her. Natasha was squirming and screaming, resulting in another hard kiss from Steve.

“Yes! Arh!” She bit on his lower lip when Steve pulled his fingers out of her to take her clit between his fingers, lightly squeezing it. "Steve please!" Natasha gripped on his hair as she begged for more. "Yes, yes, yes! Fuck!"

“See…you're already begging.” He pulled away with a shit eating grin on his lips. He put three fingers back inside her this time and fucked her hard, the wet sounds making his cock jump. He
crooked his fingers and stroked that spot, sending waves of pleasure rushing all over her body. She pulsed around his fingers and he knew she was close.

“That’s it, bae…keep going.” she moaned.

He loved the way her pussy clung to him when he pulled out, as if it didn't want to let him go. He pushed his fingers back in and rubbed his thumb at her clit. Natasha arched her back at the same time Steve pulled his finger out of her. He stepped away and let Natasha lean against the glass, looking like she couldn’t even stand on her feet. Natasha put her hand on the glass tank to keep herself up, opening her eyes to see Steve licking his fingers, covered by her juices.

“You taste so good, bae.” he said. “Just like I remember.”

She couldn't fucking believe it! Nat muttered in her mind. She couldn’t believe that he would leave her hanging on the edge like that. Not to mention that he was licking her juices from his fingers. He looked so damn smug that she really wanted to punch his pretty face.

“Damn you, Rogers.” She panted, trying very hard to gather her wrecked self.

“What? Don’t tell me you really wanted me to go all the way and give all the fish a heart attack?” he sassed back. Natasha had to fight off the urge to punch him in the face. “They are endangered species, Romanoff.”

“Shut up.”

Steve grinned. “Come on. I will help you.”

He stepped closer and helped her button her jeans, teasingly grazing his knuckle against her folds again. Natasha trembled and weakly hit in the arm, cursing something in Russian at him. Steve kissed her.

“I don’t know what that means, but it sound so sexy.” He murmured against her lips.

“I hate you.”

“No, you don’t.”

“There's a shark above your head!”

“That’s not going to work.” He laughed. “Besides, the queen of the sea is protecting me.”

“And she’s lifting her protection!”

“Aww, bae….”

“Don’t bae me. I’m mad at you.”

“Don’t be mad, Nat.” He kissed her again. “Come on. We still have a lot of things to do and I'll allow you to make jokes at me as much as you want.”

“I’m counting on it.”
Steve and Natasha made sure to never mention anything sexual again the rest of the time they spent in the aquarium. They pretended like nothing happened, but inside their minds, the memories were still flooding. Steve avoided making unnecessary eye contact, and Natasha avoided touching him in any way, even though all she wanted to do was to throw herself into his arms, kissing and fucking him.

When they finished walking around the aquarium, Steve took her to have lunch at the restaurant in the hotel. Nat lied to him that she had to go back to her apartment to get ready for the stripper job. She would take two shifts today. He was whining when she told him that, but he dropped her off at her apartment anyways.

She kissed him goodbye and got out of his car.

She had to stay away from him. They were so close to fucking each other’s brains out, and they needed some space away from each other to cool off. When she was inside her apartment, she made sure to lock down so she could have privacy to herself. Natasha sunk down onto the couch, trying to recall everything about what had happened at the aquarium.

Shit! They were treading a thin line here. That was just so close. She thought. And what was up with how turned on she was? Just a mere thought about him fucking her in a public place made her so wet. What the fuck, Romanoff?

But Steve was so good at dirty talking. Not to mention how wonderful his fingers were.

STOP THINKING ABOUT STEVE ROGERS RIGHT THE FUCK NOW, ROMANOFF! For your own sake!

Nat sighed before getting up and going to the bathroom to freshen up. That was when she noticed how many hickeys Steve had left on her body. She also found a bruise in the shape of his hand on her hips.

She couldn’t go to work again! Lucky for her, she'd won half of the jackpot with Steve a couple of nights ago, so she was basically a billionaire now. Nat washed herself before calling Maria.

“Hey, Maria…I can’t come in today. Can you tell the boss for me?”

“Yeah, sure.” Maria told her. “I have half an hour left on my shift. I will stop by at your apartment, we can hang out tonight if you feel like it.”

“Hell yeah! I have a lot to talk to you about, too.”

“Our usual club then.”

“Yeah, see you soon, Maria.”

Natasha went back to completely having nothing to do again. Life was dull because Steve wasn't there with her. She missed him, but she had to stay away from him. She knew that she was about to go crazy any minute now and what was up with the heat that pooling in her belly anyways?

The mere thought of Steve's lips on her body was enough to stir another storm inside her. God! She was horny for him, really?

Steve’s mouth on her neck was the most blissful and arousing thing she'd ever felt on her skin. The
way he sucked and bit on her skin was laced with pleasure, lust, and... possessiveness? Yes, he was very possessive of her. She knew this because of the way he looked at her when she was away from him, or the way he held her hand, or when another man came close to her.

She never thought that he would have the courage to do that to her. In a public place? It was an extreme turn on for her too, and with all of the dirty talking, Steve was indeed a natural. How could a guy have a whole package like this? Sharon was a lucky girl.

Before Nat realized what she was doing, her hands started to roam all over her body, trying to imagine they were Steve’s rough hands on her. She touched her breast and her other hand traveled down to her pussy. She was desperate to know what it was like to have an orgasm with his cock inside her. She really needed to know.

Ding Dong!

“Shit!” Natasha snapped out of her deep thoughts and rushed to open the door for Maria. “Coming!”

Nat swung the door open and found her best friend.

“Hey, girl!” Maria greeted. “Wow! He left you lots of marks.” Her eyes looked at her neck.

Nat blushed. “Yeah, we….” The redhead shook her head. “Come in and I will tell you.”

Maria came in and settled down on the couch. “So…care to tell me about you and him?”

“Well, his name is Steve, as you know, he happens to be one of my clients. His friend hired me 9 days ago.”

“So you’re banging your customer now.”

“You know that I don’t do that, but this guy is different than the others. And for the record, we are not banging!”

“You can’t blame me, girl. With all those hickeys and amount of time you didn’t come to work I knew it must be him.”

“Shit, you know me too well.”

Maria’s eyes widened with interest and excitement. “Is he good in the sack?”

“Well, he’s good with his tongue, but we never really did it.” Nat blushed again when she thought about how he went down on her the first night, and Maria was sharp enough to see through it.

“Oh my! Nat, you’re blushing.” Maria laughed. “I can’t remember the last time I saw you blush!”

“I’m glad that I can amuse you, Maria.” Nat glared at her friend.

“I’m happy as long as he makes you happy, darling. I won’t get in your way.”

“I think he’s also kinky as fuck too.” Nat said.

“I’m sure he is.”

It ended up with them chatting about how kinky Steve could be and whether or not he would really do it with Nat or any girl. Then Nat told Maria about how he complained about his fiancée and
their lame sex life.

“She’s one stuck up bitch. I’ll tell you that.” Maria said.

“I know. I just…really don’t know why a great guy like him ended up with her.”

“I still insist, Nat. You should steal him.”

Until these days, Natasha had been contemplating that too. It would be nice to be Steve’s girl though. It would be a real privilege to have this amazing man as hers.

“Shit! I think it’s time for us to head out and have some fun!” Maria said as she looked at her watch.

“Let me go get changed.”

Steve came back to the hotel, only to find Clint and Tony ransacking his room while Bruce and Thor just stood in his room in disapproval.

“What the hell are you guys doing in my room?” Steve narrowed his eyes.

“It was Tony and Clint’s idea.” Bruce said.

“We just want to take a look at your art, Rogers.” Tony told. “I want first dibs on your new work.”

“They are not for sale.” Steve replied with a cold, murderous glare.

Of course, Tony being Tony, completely ignored Steve and went on to the next pile of art, which was the one that Steve had hidden Natasha’s nude portrait in.

“Hey, what’s this?” Tony reached for the painting.

“Tony, don’t touch that if you value your life.” Steve warned.

This time, Tony looked into Steve’s eyes, seeing that the artist wasn’t bluffing about this. Steve was prepared to break Tony’s fingers if the billionaire laid his hands on the painting.

“Fine, but you have to hit the club with us tonight, or else I will continue to ransack your things.”

“And you know I will break your fingers into a million pieces.”

“Fine. I will let you stay with your little secret, but you will party with us tonight.”

“Whatever. Just come get me when you guys are ready.” Steve said. “I have work to do.”

The guys left Steve alone inside his suite to his work. Steve began to work on another painting of Natasha. He seriously couldn’t take his mind off of her. It was like he spent every waking moment thinking about her lately.
Everyone could clearly see it if they saw his works. How much this woman occupied his mind, making him crazy. Crazy about her.

This morning was just more proof that they were attracted to one another on every level. Their sexual frustration was at the tipping point. It would break soon, but he hoped it would come much later. He wanted to know more about her as a friend, not jumping to lovers—but that would just lying to himself.

Of course, they both will explode soon. It was only a matter of time and control.

Steve sighed and began to paint, losing himself into his work, forgetting the time and place. It was just him and his vivid memories of Natasha Romanoff.

“Nice work, bro.” Clint’s voice sounded behind Steve. “Who’s the redhead?”

“I just needed some red to contrast with all the blue in this paint, Clint.” Steve shot back.

“She looks familiar. Like I saw her before.” Clint noted. “But whatever you say. The guys sent me to get you. We will leave in 20 minutes.”

“Let me go cleaned up.”

Clint walked out of the room to give Steve some privacy. The artist cleaned himself up and changed his clothes before heading out with his friends. Tony boasted that it was the hottest club in Vegas, and he'd gotten them the VIP table.

It was crowded and loud, which Steve hated, but he'd made a promise to his friends— so he wouldn't let them down. The host led the gang to the second floor where all the VIPs partied. The floor was filled with famous stars and celebrities. Everyone greeted Tony and hugged him. Clint and Thor got a warm greeting, but Steve and Bruce kept it as low key as they could.

Tony ordered the best champagne, Steve’s favorite whiskey and vodka, and Clint’s favorite beer. The guys were eyeing all the sexy girls in the club, but Steve could say that no one could compare to Natasha.

Steve’s eyes wondered around the club, trying to take his mind away from Natasha. Clint was now on the dance floor with a tall brunette, while Thor was talking to another brunette. Bruce and Tony were talking to a group of rich people. Among them was one of his patrons. His eyes drifted back to the dance floor and stopped at the bar.

He spotted the familiar person.

Before he knew what he was doing, he was walking toward the mysterious woman. The woman was drinking her whiskey, no doubt her favorite Lagavulin.

“You can put the lady’s drinks on my tab.” Steve told the bartender as he swooped in next to the woman.

“The lady can pay for her own drinks, sport.” She shot back, not even turning to look at him.

Steve smiled. “I insist, ma’am.”

The woman sat her glass down and turned to him with a bright smile on her face. Of course she would recognize the ‘ma’am’ thing anywhere—only her Steve used that term.
“You had to make a corny entrance, didn’t you?” she asked, an eyebrow quirked up at him.

“What are you doing here?” Steve asked.

“What are you doing here?” Nat asked back

Steve sighed. “I’m here with my friends. They wanted me to party with them.”

“I’m here with my friend too, and she is now nowhere to be found.”

“You can join me and my friends if you want.”

“It would be lovely.”

Natasha took Steve’s hand and he led her back to the VIP zone. Steve could tell that pretty much everyone had their eyes on her so he kept he close and tightened his hold at her waist. Nat smiled because her bae was a possessive one. She found that it was cute when he had it under control.

“Guys, this is Natasha.” Steve introduced her to his friends again. “You might remember her.”

“Yeah, we do.” Tony wiggled his brows at Steve. “How could I forget her?”

Steve ignored his friend. “I invited her to join us tonight.”

“We accidentally bumped into one another on the dance floor.”

“Come on, let her join us!” Clint said and scooted closer to Thor to make a room for Steve and Nat. He was always fond of her more than anyone in the group.

It started off nicely, with a few drinks and a nice conversation without anyone (Tony) making any comment about her being a stripper or giving her an insult. Steve was prepared to smack someone in the head, though, because he would protect her honor the way his mother had raised him to.

It turned south really fast when Tony began to brag that he could hold his liquor better than anyone at the table.

“Pfff,” Natasha brushed him off. “You are not. I’m Russian and I can prove to you that I’m better in drinking than all of you.”

“My lady, I have to disagree with you. We, the Viking descendants, can hold our liquor better than Americans and Russians.”

“Challenge accepted!” Clint, Tony, and Natasha said in unison.

“Guys…. ” Steve sounded a warning but no one listened to him.

“I will stay out of this.” Bruce told them.

“Stevie, my friend. You will be our judge.” Tony said. “But you will not be biased.” He nodded at Natasha. “Considering you and her…..”

Steve glared at the man. Tony ordered more alcohol for them because it would be a long night before one of them would fall. Steve sounded his concern again, but all of them shrugged it off. The first ten rounds would be three bottles of beers, then proceeding to ten shots of vodka. Tony began to ramble nonsense and stopped drinking when he hit the third shot of vodka.
“Tony’s out!” Steve announced.

“You suck, Tony!” Clint yelled in the billionaire’s face.

“Shut up!”

The rest of the drinkers turned back to drinking. Thor and Natasha still showed no signs of getting drunk, living up to their boasts. When they reached ninth shot of vodka. Clint gave up because there was still no sign that the Viking and the Russian were drunk.

Thor ordered rum and absinthe for the next stage. Again, Steve was trying to stop them but the two weren’t listening to him. They took out half a bottle of rum, then moved on to absinthe.

“Okay, now it’s time for both of you to stop.” Steve ordered. “Bruce, call the limo and help Tony out of here. Thor, you help Clint.”

Thor obliged to Steve’s command but one person still held tight to her shot of absinthe. "Nat, stop drinking."

She pouted. “But baaeee..."

“No. Stop now.” He grabbed her wrist and took the glass out of her hand. “Come on, bae. Get up. I will take you home.”

“And do me, amirite?” She asked, giggling uncontrollably.

Steve pulled her up, holding her by her waist and slowly getting her to the limo. Everyone was already inside the car. Tony and Clint were almost passed out. Natasha immediately climbed onto Steve’s laps and settled herself there, resting her head on the crook of his neck but still bubbling something nonsense in a mix of Russian and English.

Steve smiled at how adorable she was, not realizing that Thor and Bruce were paying attention at his reactions to the red head. They knew that Steve must be really fond of her, comfortable enough to let her that close to him. Not to mention how much he would have to trust her.

They were having a hard time getting back to the penthouse, but when they arrived, Bruce and Thor just dropped Clint and Tony on the couch and headed back to their rooms. Steve made sure that everyone was fine and helped Natasha up to his room.

“Hey, you should take a shower—Nat!” Steve yelped when he fell back onto his bed, Natasha straddling his waist. She was too fast for a person who was really drunk. Steve stared up to find Natasha smiling as she leaned closer to him.

Her fingers traced his jawline before cupping both sides of his face. “Bae, you’re so cute.” She giggled. “Aww, you even have dimples...what an adorable cutie patootie you are!” Steve blushed. He didn’t which point of drunkenness this was, but he wasn’t ready to handle this drunk Natasha. “I love you so much...did you know that? It's like you can be a really great boyfriend to every girl. Can you be my boyfriend? I would take you on a date and buy you flowers.” She stopped and laughed. “Oops! That’s what a man does when they go on a date.”

Steve laughed to. It was adorable to see Natasha like this. She was obviously in a state of drunk mind talking right now and nothing could stop her. Her hands now rested on his six pack, rubbing her hands against them.

“Wow! These are really hard, bae.” She noted as she pulled the hem of his shirt up to touch it
directly. Steve’s muscles tensed up under her touch. “I would love to lick your six packs, bae.” She leaned down and place light kisses on his stomach, making Steve gasp. Her tongue darted out and slowly, sensually licked down the line of his muscle.

“Natasha…” Steve groaned and grabbed her upper arms, hoisting her up so her face was at the same level as his. “Stop it.”

“Hmm?” She placed her index fingers on his lips, leaning closer until their faces were inches away. “But I would really love to suck your cock rather than lick your abs. I bet you are really big, thick and long. I saw it but I can’t really remember. I would suck you off until you come in my mouth. I would love to taste you the same way you tasted me.” Steve swallowed hard when she glided her center against his crotch, making him hard that instant.

“Bae…please stop.” he asked, but he knew he had very little chance of reasoning with a drunk person.

“Uh-uhh…I’m not done with you yet, lover boy.” She slurred and started kissing the side of his face. Steve was about to lose his control any time now and take her right there. “You know what I really want to do with you…maybe we can fuck in a public place.” The mere thought of it sent shivers rippling through his body. “People might walk in on us anytime, but that would be such a turn on for me. You can fuck me hard, making me scream and I would have to keep quiet all the time. Maybe you can tease me and starve me off. I don’t know anything you couldn't do to me with your thick cock would make me scream, I guess.” She bit his earlobe teasingly. “Do me, bae.”

Steve looked up at her and gave her a shit eating grin. “I would love to do it all with you, bae. I would give it all to you.”

Nat smiled back. “Let’s do it now.”

She leaned in for a kiss, immediately slipping her tongue inside his mouth, making Steve groan. He threw self-righteousness out the window and let the animal in him loose. Steve flipped them over and got on top of Natasha. His hands slipped inside her t-shirt and the back of her neck, tilting her head so he could deepen the kiss. Natasha moaned and her legs came wrapping his hips, pulling him all the more closer to her.

The kiss turned into a heavy make out session that left them both burning up and panting when Steve pulled away to trail his lips down the side of her face and her neck before sucking it hard at her neck, biting, nibbling, licking and making sure to leave purple hickeys as often as he could. He had to make sure no one would ever touch her again. She was his and he was hers. He was so drunk with lust and her intoxicating scent and taste.

She moaned in his ear, thrusting her hips up uncontrollably, desperate for more friction between them. Steve left her neck after he was satisfied with the deep purple marks he'd put on her soft skin. Now he was doing the same things to her cleavage, hands groping her breasts in a hard squeeze, and his thumbs circling on her nipples through her clothes. Nat screamed his name at sensation, only fueling his animalistic lust.

"Do me, Steve. Give it to me good.” she purred.

Steve growled in response as he ripped her t-shirt apart in one pull. Nat mewled, as she was so turned on by his actions. Steve put his lips back on the skin of her toned stomach, licking around her belly button, making Natasha shivered and raked her nails through his hair. His lips stopped at her hip bone, gently sucking at the skin before giving it a sharp bite, making Natasha cry out at the sensation of pleasure and pain.
Her hips still rutted into him, urging him to keep heading down to the place where she wanted him the most. Steve slowly and tortuously dragged his lips and tongue toward her pussy, hands unbuttoning her jeans but using his teeth to unzip her. Nat breathed hard in anticipation. Steve pulled the jeans off and put his lips back to where they previously were. His hands were at the hem of her panties and ready to rip them off.

“Steve…please…” she breathlessly begged.

Steve froze before pulling away, leaving Natasha’s eyes wide. His control slowly came back because the gentle gene inside him was still there. It wasn’t right to take advantage of a drunk woman, especially Natasha, who trusted him with everything. This was a big mistake, but it was the only confirmation he needed: he wanted her as much as she wanted him.

He could wait for the right time. Everything had to be right and perfect if they do it.

She brought his hands back to her breasts. “Fuck me…please…”

Steve closed his eyes and held her in his arms. “After we take a shower, okay?”

She nodded eagerly and Steve slowly carried her inside the bathroom. Nat wrapped her arms around his neck and kissing his face. When he let her down on her feet, she stumbled so Steve had to hold her in his arms. The shower wouldn’t do, so he let her sit on the edge of the bathtub while he prepared the water. When the temperature was right, he let Natasha stand on her feet and slowly peeled off her clothes until she was naked before his eyes. He couldn’t help but roam his eyes all over her body. His blue eyes burned, making Natasha burn and blushed at the same time.

Her trembling hands slowly unbuttoned his shirt, and when his chest was left bare, he stopped her and got her in the tub.

“I will clean you up, bae. Stay still.”

“Why don’t you get in with me?”

“I have to clean you.”

“Come on in!”

She pulled him with all the strength she had. Steve tried to pull away, but he had to be careful not to hurt her. She got up and tripped over, falling into the tub. She laughed and flung herself against his body. Her hands went to his jeans. “Help me here, bae.”

Steve took off his jeans, leaving both naked. Natasha could feel this hard length poking at her inner thigh. She was tempting to put it inside of her, but his eyes showed his concern over her well-being.

“Let me help clean you up, Natasha.” he murmured, slowly turning her around until her back was against his chest.

He poured liquid soup on his hands and gently rubbed it all over her body. Natasha moaned when she felt his hands on her skin. When his hands cupped her breasts, Natasha arched her back and whimpered. Steve couldn’t resist it and kissed her neck, making her shiver all the more for it. She melted beneath the water and his touch. When his hand traveled down to her center, she leaned her head against his chest, breathing hard and humming in pleasure as her eyes closed.

Steve had to fight off every urge to finger her again. He quickly withdrew his hands when she was
clean. She whined a little before yawning quietly. He quickly cleaned himself up as fast as he could without troubling her sleep.

He carried out of the tub and dried her off. He laid her on the bed before putting his shirt on for her. He adjusted her so she could sleep comfortably before draping the blanket over her.

“Good night, bae.”

She smiled and hummed happily. He sat down on the edge of the bed and watched her until he was sure she was in a deep sleep, Steve got up and put on sleepwear before settling himself down on the couch.

He chose to sleep on the couch even though his bed was big enough for both of them. He chose the couch because he knew what might happened if they were too close— they would lose control every time.

He wanted her, but this wasn’t the right time. Steve knew now. He would not hold back if the time came. He would go all the way with her.

_Calm down, Steve, and go to sleep._ He thought as he closed his eyes.

But by the time he started to drift off to dreamland, something flopped down on top of him, making Steve snap his eyes open. It was Natasha, snuggling up with him by wrapping her arms around him. She was already half asleep and it made Steve smile.

“Bae, hold me.” She mumbled.

“Okay” he replied, and kissed her temple, wrapping his arms around her.

“Night night.” Nat lifted her head up and pecked at his lips before settling down at the same comfortable spot.

“Goodnight, darling.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

So i will be busy for three weeks. I will settle in for my new jobs and I will have business trip on the second week. Then I will have a one week vacation with my family so I will be quite busy so I will just update the chapter right now.

independentalto is also busy with her school and exam.

We are not abandoning the story but until everything is settle down. We will update again soon within 3-4 weeks.

Las Vegas, Day 10

“Awww….” The redhead on the bed groaned as she started to stir. She would not get this drunk again. Like ever.

“Hey…slow down, bae.” A gentle voice came from her left. “You are having a hangover.”

Natasha thoroughly ignored the voice and rolled herself over quickly. She groaned again as her head was pounding like it had been hit by a hammer. A pair of gentle hands grabbed her and held her in his arms.

“Steve…” she groaned. “I’m about to die.”

“Don’t be such a baby, bae.” Steve chuckled as Natasha snuggled up with him.

“But I’m your baby.” She replied.

“You’re still drunk.” He said. “Come on, get up. I got you something to cure your hangover.”

She whined and rested her head on him. “Can you order something greasy for me?”

Steve pressed a kiss on her forehead. “Already did, bae.”

Nat hummed her approval and leaned closer to her Steve, resting her head on his chest. Steve gently helped her sit up before handing her a glass of water and a pill. She took it and Steve let her take her time until she was ready to get up. Natasha lost her footing for a second but was able to stand straight.

Steve handed her a bathrobe and his boxers. “Dress up in this. Your clothes were sent to the laundry.”

“What am I in bed?” she asked.

“I got up first, so I carried you to bed so you could get a comfortable sleep.”

“My bae is the best.”
She dressed up and realized that she had nothing underneath his shirt. *What the hell had happened last night?* No, she didn’t want to know what had happened. She would just let it slide and never get that drunk again.

They went downstairs to find everyone nursing their hungover at the kitchen, except for Bruce, who told them that breakfast would be delivered in 30 minutes. The guys just nodded at the couple because their brains were too fried to even come up with a simple word.

Steve and Natasha sat down next to each other, but when Tony noticed Natasha wearing Steve’s shirt, he had to say something about it.

“Should I know what happened last night between both of you?”

“Nothing happened at all, Tony.”

“Then why is she here? Not to mention she’s in your clothes?”

“Because last night she was too drunk to go home alone and too drunk to be alone.” Steve replied with a serious face.

“You guys banged last night.” Tony noted.

“No, we did not.”

“Yeah, shut up, Stark. If he did anything to me, I would remember.”

Tony shut his mouth, but his suspicions were still in place. The couple was too cozy for people who hadn’t banged each other brains out. Steve kept his eyes on Natasha the whole time, while the redhead rested her head on Steve’s shoulder and closed her eyes.

There was something fishy about this, but right now, he couldn’t bring his brain to function properly.

The room service brought them breakfast. Natasha was surprised at how much five guys could eat in one morning. Steve shielded Natasha away from the male staff who looked at her interestingly. Everyone would look at her the way the male staff did, considering she was the sexiest woman walking on the earth. Steve stared at the guy, radiating a murderous aura that everyone could feel.

Bruce gave a generous tip to the staff and sent them off before Steve murdered him.

The breakfast went on quietly, and Natasha was surprisingly the one who ate the most. Steve didn’t eat much because he had to make sure that his bae ate properly. Thor and Natasha were fighting for the last piece of bacon, but Thor, the gentleman he was, let Natasha have it. She kissed his cheek in return.

“Hey!” Steve pretended to be angry about it.

“Don’t be envious of me, friend.” Thor laughed.

“I’m not envious.”

Everybody laughed at the blond who blushed from head to toe but covered up by sending a death glare to everyone. Natasha rubbed his arm to calm him down Steve smiled. His demeanor immediately changed. Everyone noticed it but didn’t say anything.

But they knew, Sharon rarely had this effect on Steve. Unlike Natasha, her touch could affect Steve
This girl was different. They needed to keep a close eye on their relationship.

The couple disappeared after breakfast to take a shower and left the hotel without anyone noticing them. Natasha’s hangover was better now and she insisted that they could go out together today, but they had to take it slow.

“Yeah, I can take it slow.”

“But I have to change my clothes first.”

“You got it, bae.”

Natasha told him that they should stop at the costume shop because their activities for today required to rent clothes.

“What theme are we disguised as today?”

“You will be the mafioso, and I will be the show girl.”

Steve frowned. “But I don’t like you wearing too much revealing clothing.”

Nat leaned up and kissed him at the corner of his mouth. “I will try to find the most decent ones, okay?”

“You will find the most decent one.” He corrected her.

Natasha giggled and led him into the shop. It was a more luxurious rental store than he'd seen in the movies. It was empty, maybe because it was so early in the morning. Natasha dragged him to the section where they found him mobster clothes. Nat didn’t even take more than five minutes to pick the best suit and hat for him. Let’s be honest here, with that body and that pretty face, Steve could pull any outfit off.

“You will look great in those suits, but you will never look like a mafioso, Steve.” She laughed.

“Excuse me? I can pull it off.”

“No, you are a nice guy, you wouldn't be able to pull off the murderous mafioso thing.” Natasha countered. “If there's anyone who can pull it off, it’s me.”

“Aww, I don’t think so.”

“Wanna test that theory?”

“I would love to.”

“Then you got it, Rogers.”

The hardest part was finding decent clothes that would satisfy Steve’s level of decency. He said no
to every show girl costume she picked, so Nat ended up with a sexy magician assistant's outfit instead. Steve was agreeable with this one, so Nat picked four more to see which one she looked best in.

They headed for the fitting room, which was on the second floor. It was a spacious fitting room, with a waiting area for each room. As it was early in the morning, there no one to bother them. Nat let Steve try on his suits first; and she would be the one who said whether it looked okay on him or not. She was sitting outside, reading a magazine while Steve quickly changed. When he looked in the mirror, he thought to himself that he looked pretty dashing in the mafioso outfit.

“How do I look?” He asked as he pulled the curtain open.

Natasha looked up from the magazine on her lap. She didn’t reply but keep her gaze at him, eyes drifting from head to toe. Natasha had to admit that he looked absolutely delicious. So delicious that she would have loved to jump his bones right there. She would've loved to fuck him in that suit, and with that thought, her mind was on overdrive again.

She bet Steve would look hot when he fucked her in it.

“How…How do I look?” he asked again, and bringing her out of her deep thoughts.

Nat snapped her attention back to him and shook her head. She wouldn't admit how hot he was in that suit. “Absolutely terrible.”

“But I think I look ravishing in this. Your silence proved it to me, bae.”

“Whatever you say.” She shrugged. “Don’t blame me if someone tells you you’re ugly in it.”

“I will not blame you.” Steve promised.

Natasha got up and picked up her outfits. “I will try my costumes on now, be a good boy and wait for me outside.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

The ‘ma’am’ thing again, she groaned in her head. When he used that word, it sent shivers down her spine every time and heat would start to pool inside her belly. By this time, Steve must have known that it did a number on her. She quickly pulled the curtain closed to hide herself from his burning blue eyes.

She started to peel her clothes off, except for her bras and panties. To be honest, she thought that she could spite Steve with just her underwear, but she had to step up her game.

She had to win this.

Natasha had just put on the white corset when Steve asked to see her costume. His patience was running low every single day they spent together.

“No!” She yelled through the thick curtain.

Steve waited for a couple more seconds and he lost his patience. He stood up from his seat, and pulling the curtain open to step inside. Nat jumped out of her skin when the curtain flew open. She covered up her breasts as she turned to face Steve. The bastard had even left the curtain open. Steve just stood there with his goddamn smirk. She wanted to punch him.
“I’ve seen you naked before, bae.” He noted.

“Close the fucking curtain!” She shouted at him. "That was once. And for the record, so was your tongue.”

Steve lifted his eyebrow. "So we are not done with this matter?”

"Not until you agree with me or I have proof,” She raised her chin up to challenge him. "And get the hell out of here, Rogers.”

Steve was reluctant, but turned around and continued to wait for her outside anyway. They continued with their conversation about his tongue. Steve still insisted that he would love to prove it to her anytime. All she needed was to name the time and the place. Nat went quiet. Steve knew he’d won this round.

The conversation soon changed back to their plans for today, mixing with Natasha cursing her outfits because they were too damn hard to put on.

"Do you need any help?”

“No.” She replied. “Anyway, we will go to the gay bar tonight.”

“Gay bar?”

“You got a problem with that?”

“No, I don’t have any problem with gays. I mean, the normal bar will do it.”

“It is more fun in gay bars, you should try it.” She replied. “Considering your inability to pick a suit that would look less gay than that one.”

But you picked for me. Steve retorted in his mind. “That doesn’t make any sense. Because of my inability to pick a suit that looks manlier than this one? I mean, bae…your argument is invalid.”

Natasha emerged from the fitting room. "BECAUSE you can't pick a suit.” She insisted. “Hey! Maybe the reason you don't love Sharon is because you swing that way!” She suggested. "You'll never know unless you try!”

What the hell? No, he wasn’t gay. He didn’t swing that way, thank you very much. Steve thought. "Have I seriously not proved to you that I'm straight over the last few days?” He replied while looking her dead in the eye. Nat had no answer to that because she knew it was true.

But she wasn’t willing to admit defeat yet. "Come on! Your closest friends are all male.” She retorted. "You are gayer than you thought.”

"I am NOT gay!”

“You’re so gay, bae.”

Natasha saw his eyes darken in a very dangerous way, so she slowly backed up inside the fitting room. Steve got up from his seat and slowly crept towards Natasha. He closed the curtain before advancing until Natasha was backed up, her back against the wall.

Steve’s hands grabbed her arms and aggressively shoved her up against the wall. Natasha winced but stared back at him. Fire burned in his eyes. "Looks like I have to prove my point again.”
Nat tried to protest that he didn’t need to prove his point but his lips descended on hers, devouring her mouth in one searing kiss. His hands wandered all over her body as their lips moved together. Their tongues battled for dominance that ended up leaving them breathless when they pulled away. Natasha got two seconds before he kissed her again. This time, it turned into a full make out session that left her head spinning.

Before she knew it, Steve already had her naked. Clothes flew around the fitting room, clothes that had been so hard to get in. Steve too was almost naked, save for his Calvin Klein underwear. Steve groaned at the beautiful sight of Natasha in front of him and lunged forward to kiss her again. Natasha moaned in his mouth as she felt the growing bulge rubbing against her pussy, lightly biting on his lower lip.

"We should stop.” He pulled away just a little.

"No.” She replied.

Steve gathered her up in his arms before laying her out on the carpeted floor. She was spread out in front of him, facing the curtain. It added to the thrill that anyone might open the curtain to find her. Steve settled between her legs, which immediately wrapped around his hips. Steve pinned her arms down, making Natasha grunted in protest—all she wanted was to be completely wrapped up in him.

“Quiet.” He shushed at her. Burning blue eyes stared down at her, making Nat whimper.

Natasha closed her eyes as she felt his lips on hers again, devouring her before moving to her neck. He sucked hard enough to draw a sharp intake of breath from her. Her scent was arousing as much as it was enticing. He made sure to kiss, lick, and suck every inch of bare skin, finding the things she liked and watching her responses closely. Apparently, everything he did excited her, making Natasha moan, shiver, squirm, and arch herself up to meet his touch.

“Look at these prefect breasts…so soft…” Steve murmured against her skin as he trailed his lips down to her breast, biting on the soft skin of her cleavage, leaving faint teeth marks. Natasha started to moan and curse in frustration that he wasn’t going as fast as she wanted him to. Not to mention that he was avoiding kissing the place that she wanted his mouth.

“I know you like your nipple in my mouth.” He said, looking up at her though his long eyelashes. “Today is about finding your hidden spots, darling.”

Nat groaned as she got more and more frustrated. Steve placed light kisses around her breasts, and when Natasha closed her eyes to relish the sensation, he suddenly sucked hard on her nipple, biting on it. Natasha breathed in hard, trying to choke back her scream.

Steve took his time torturing her, kissing every inch of skin only to find out that he could set every part of her body on fire, just by the slightest of touches. She struggled to set her arms free, but her strength was no match to the man above her. She was completely helpless, ready to fall apart.

“Please…Steve…”

He smirked. “Mmmmm…no.”

Steve slightly pulled away to take a look at the whimpering mess that was Natasha. Freeing her hands, he lifted her left foot up. Steve made sure to worship every inch of the nicest legs he'd ever seen in his entire life. Steve couldn’t resist the temptation and kissed it slowly, one tiny bit at a time, and slowly working up her calf. Natasha moaned and caressed her own breasts.
unconsciously.

When he was about to move closer between her legs, Natasha willingly parted her legs for him, revealing the soft pink flesh of her pussy. It took all of Steve's control to resist her invitation, and focused on kissing her inner thighs, making sure to put his marks there.

"Not yet" He grunted.

His tongue started moving upward, licking up and down her legs and thighs. Sometimes he went near her pussy, but restrained himself from touching it. Every time he did that, Natasha lifted her hips up, trying to press her pussy against his face, hoping that he would take mercy on her, but he wouldn't give in that easily.

Natasha moaned in frustration, cursing at him in Russian which only turned him on even more. Steve bent down to kiss her, absorbing every sound that she made. His hand slowly moved to her hips and down to her pussy, finding that it was already wet. Steve smirked against her lips. His index finger lightly dragged up and down her slit, occasionally rubbing against her clit. Natasha moaned softly. He kept doing this until her pussy was dripping wet.

"Please…” She begged, shivering when she felt him drag two fingers up her slit, collecting the moisture from her body before adding his fingers between their lips.

"Taste it, Natasha.” He murmured. “Taste how much you want it.”

"Steve…Please…”

Steve kissed her hard again. It was really difficult to resist her sinfully seductive body and the way she begged him. Steve slowly thrust two fingers inside her, so slow that it left a pleasing burn for her. Natasha arched up so high and nearly screamed. Steve covered her up with another hard kiss.

"Your pussy is so tight…” He purred. “God, it sucks my fingers in.”

She was much tighter than he remembered, tighter than the first night they'd met. It only fueled Steve’s desire to ravage her. He knew that she was ready to come. Her body uncontrollably convulsed around him when his fingers while buried deep inside of her.

"Don’t you dare come, Natasha.” He ordered, and pulled out of her before licking his fingers, tasting her sweet nectar. “God, you always taste so good.”

Natasha whined as she saw Steve licking his fingers, all the while thinking that he should be licking from her pussy. It would feel so good. He slowly thrust his fingers inside of her again. Her body jerked in extreme pleasure, her inner walls convulsing again. Wow! She was so close to the edge with just a couple of thrusts. Steve thought before pulling his fingers out again.

At this point, Natasha was a mess. She kept gasping; it sounded like she was crying, and she wouldn't stop shaking. Steve pinned her arms above her head to make sure that she didn’t touch herself. She was babbling something incoherently, chest heaving. Her hips was still thrusting against his body, rubbing her pussy against his thigh. Steve smirked, but did nothing. He let her try to get herself off like that while he watched her desperate self.

“Let see if you can come like this. I bet you can’t.” He nibbled her ear.

“You bastard.” She cursed breathily.

Steve chuckled and watched Natasha grind her center against him, wanting more friction to help
her get off. She couldn’t get off unless it was his tongue or his cock, which at the moment was painfully confined in his underwear.

Steve grinned. "Hmm, you can't get off?"

Natasha stared up at him with horror in her eyes. Steve didn’t do anything except grin like a madman, seeing the tortured Nat struggling to touch herself. Steve had her arms tightly pinned.

"Hmm.. Wonder why you can't get off…” He cooed. "Maybe it's because you need this?” With one finger, he quickly thrust into her. Natasha choked back a scream and convulsed around him. She was so close to the edge at the mercy of his hand. “Huh, I guess that is what you need.” He curled his finger inside her and Nat bit on her lower lip to keep the moan from slipping out. “Too bad you're not getting any of it.”

Natasha started cursing half coherently at him as Steve started kissing her body again. When he felt like teasing her, he would shove two fingers in, making Natasha moan into his skin. Steve covered her mouth with his to absorb any noises she made. His fingers started to scissor her open and Natasha was about to come.

“Miss, are you alright in there?” A voice came from the other side of the curtain.

Steve stopped kissing Natasha and still his fingers inside of her. Nat had to bite back the moan, and forcing her to say something. “Yes, I am.” Her answer was a little out of breath. “I’m just trying…lots of costumes.”

Steve grinned again, withdrawing his fingers and shoving them in all the way. Nat had to bite on her lower lip to keep from screaming, eyes widening in shock that he would do a dick move like this.

“If you need anything, just call me.” The staff said.

“Thank you” She said.

They waited until the footsteps faded. Steve pulled his fingers out and licked her juices off, making sure Natasha saw it. Steve turned back to Nat with a grin. "We should go before she comes back again.” He stopped and lick his fingers again. “Looks like I can’t get you off. We have to go now before she opens the curtain and has a heart attack.”

Nat cursed at him. Steve smiled as he pulled her up on her feet. They quickly dressed up, but Natasha was still having a problem with her costume. Steve helped her with the corset, but couldn’t help kissing her again. Natasha moaned when she still felt her taste on his lips and tongue.

"Where did that came from?” She asked, pulling away a little bit to see a shit eating grin on his face.

"You asked me to do it last night.” He replied.

Natasha was obviously confused. "I didn't."

"You did too."

"Did not.”

“Yeah, you did, but you were too drunk to remember,” He said. “And your alcohol induced mind gave me a lot of ideas of we could do together in the future.”
Nat blushed and tried to cover it up by punching him in the arm. She was so mortified—now that she knew he knew she wasn’t going to be able to stop herself, he wouldn't stop himself either. This time had been pure luck that the staff had interrupted them.

Steve leaned in, whispering. “Don't worry, bae. I really meant it when we were going at it in the aquarium too.” He kissed behind her ear, feeling Natasha shiver in his arms. “Every single word of it,” He kissed at her neck. “I want to do it with you.” His lips moved to her jaws. “I know you want the aquarium to happen too, bae.”

Nat was furiously blushing, but she couldn’t say anything because it was the truth. Steve was smirking like the little shit he was.

“Shut up.”

They ended up buying the costumes because…well, Steve had made a little tear when he tore the corset off her body. The suits were complete wrecks—it would be easier for them to just buy it. The staff looked at them in suspicion but didn’t say anything.

She knew they hadn't been that quiet anyways, so Nat avoided making eye contact with the female staff. Nat knew that the staff was already jealous of her for having Steve, and she wouldn't give her any excuse to ban her from the store.

They headed out to the mob museum. The ticket lady was very rude to them, but Steve remained calm while Nat was about to snap at her. Steve grabbed her hand and walked way.

“She said our costumes were ugly! She said that I am ugly and she said that you are ugly! No one says my bae is ugly!”

Steve smiled lovingly at the woman in front of him. “Aww, don’t worry about it, bae. You’re pretty to me…You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen, too.”

Nat tiptoed and kissed him on the lips. “You're handsome to me too.”

Steve relished in the feeling of her mouth moving against his. His arms held her tightly as time seemed to stop. It was surprisingly innocent, compared to every time they had kissed. It was just them, kissing and being in each other’s arms, not caring who was watching.

When they pulled away, they both noticed a little red faint blush on their faces. Natasha grabbed on to his suits, because she wasn’t sure of her ability to stand on her own feet. Her heart was pounding hard, and so was his.

“This is the first time we've kissed that it didn’t end up with us tearing each other’s clothes off.” Steve joked.

“Yeah. We need to do this more often.”

Steve shrugged “I don’t know if I can resist it again.”

“We can try?”
“We should try, but I’m not guaranteeing anything.”

“Okay, bae.”

Nat pecked her lips on him again, but a voice came from behind them. “Can you two stop scaring people out of the museum?”

It was the same rude old lady ticket seller. Steve had to drag Nat inside of the exhibition before she snapped like the little firecracker she was. The exhibition was surprisingly quiet and not at all crowded. Steve really loved it because he could have some alone time with Natasha.

They were on the second floor, where there was a courtroom that was used to expose organized crime back in the 1950s. Steve wasn’t paying any attention to the thing shown in the glass case. He was paying attention to the stockings Natasha was wearing and how nice her legs were. *Steven Grant Rogers, get your mind out of the gutter.* Steve could hear his mother’s voice in his head.

Shit! He just wanted to take her right there, but he had to control himself or else they would scare the shit out of everyone.

“There is one thing I left out when I told you about my past.” She suddenly spoke up as they sat down on the bench. “Another reason I moved here is because of my ex-boyfriend.”

“What about him? Is he stalking you?” Steve asked in concern.

“No, he didn’t stalk me or anything. He was the last boyfriend I had, and it was five years ago.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about him? I mean, if you’re not comfortable with it, you don’t have to tell me, Nat.”

“I want to. I want you to know because I trust you.”

Steve gently held her hand. “I’m here for you as always, bae.”

Natasha inhaled and tried to think what was the best way to start telling the story. “My ex-boyfriend, Alexei and I had been dating since we met at ballet school. We had been together all the time. The tough practices or a regular Sunday, chilling in Central Park. We were partners, and everything worked out perfectly between us.” She stopped to take another deep breath. “Then I got cast and so did he, but at the different theater. We celebrated our success together, and that was when we started dreaming about the future together.”

“What went wrong?”

“And then was I badly injured and everything went south for me after that. Alexei…saw me as a dead weight so he broke up with me.”

“There is something more than that.” Steve knew she was hiding something. “You can tell me anything, Nat.”

She was reluctant for a second, but then she realized that she was with Steve, who would never judge her. “During the recovery, we fought a lot. The future that I had been dreaming about with him collapsed. Even though the company paid for everything, it wasn’t enough for Alexei. He wanted a famous girlfriend, the young, rising ballet dancer, not a crippled girlfriend who could barely take a shower by herself.”

Steve hated the bitterness in her voice and the pain in her eyes. He hated it when she was sad. He
shouldn’t have pushed her to tell him this.

“After I was healed, I couldn’t find any jobs. Alexi broke up with me a week later. It hurt so badly, but I moved on. It took me a long time to heal from all the pain he caused me and I think that I couldn’t take another, so I was kinda in hibernation. I can flirt and talk and be friends with everyone but not be committed.”

“It will take time to heal, bae. You will know that you’re completely healed when you let someone in again.”

_I already healed._ Nat thought. _I let you in._ But she didn’t say it out loud. “Yeah, I guess so. But if your opinion of me changes in any way, I totally understand.”

“That will not happen.” He said. “You have me. I’m always here if you want to talk.”

“I know, and I thank you for that.”

Steve gave her a warm big hug that made Natasha disappear in his embrace. It was just the way she liked it, completely enveloped by her man.

“This place is so dead.” Steve spoke up. “What do you think of a ghost tour?”

Nat broke from his embrace and looked at him. “Ghost tours? They’re stupid.” She rolled her eyes at him. “And don’t you dare use your puppy dogs eyes on me.”

Steve did just that. “Come on. It will be fun. I want to draw ghost’s auras.”

“You know that ghost aren't real, right?”

“Just let the man have his moment!”

Nat hated Steve for forcing her to go on the stupid ghost tour with him. It was a complete tourist trap. Well, not completely forced—she had been willing to go with him. He had used the puppy dog eyes trick and she couldn’t resist it!

The tour was pretty lame for a Vegas resident, but Steve was so excited to see things he’d never seen before. He looked like a real puppy dog, to be honest. She took a picture of him so he could see just how excited he was, and she could make fun of him for eternity.

Apparently, the tour took the better half of the afternoon, and Natasha said she needed some nap time before they headed out to the bar tonight. They went back to her apartment and ordered Chinese food for dinner. After the meal, Nat laid on the couch with her head on Steve’s laps, beginning to snooze off right away.

Steve passed the time by making a little sketch of the woman on his lap. She was so cute with her little nose and her red full lips. Before Steve knew it, his thumb traced on her lips gently. Another second later, it was his lips on hers.
“Steve…I said I wanted to get some sleep.” Natasha murmured against his lips.

“I can’t help it.”

“What time is it?”

“8 PM.”

Natasha got up from his lap, but didn’t forget to kiss him again. This time, Steve had her pinned down on the couch, lips and tongues melting as one as he kissed her senseless, making Natasha moan in his mouth. Steve pulled away, “I give up.” He said and put his lips on hers again, pulling Natasha closer to his body.

Then he trailed his lips down the side of her face until his lips were mounting on her neck, sucking, biting, and licking the soft flesh. Nat moaned his name, only fueling his desire for her. “Bae…” She breathed. “No…hiccups…”

“Uh-uh” Steve answered with another hard suck on her neck, making sure the purple mark was big enough to scare everyone off. Damn it! Natasha muttered in her head. She wanted to pull away, but she couldn’t do anything, couldn’t resist it because she loved the feeling of his lips on her skin.

“We can’t really kiss without leading to something sexual, do we?” Natasha asked breathlessly.

Steve pulled away and hovered his face above hers. “Yeah, everything about you is making me go crazy, you know that right?”

“I feel the same way with you too.” She replied with a genuinely happy smile.

"Then shall we cancel tonight's plans and make out instead."

Her hand was playing with the button on his shirt, contemplating his offer. "As much as I would love that, we can't. We already violated our deal with the kiss."

"Can we lift that rule? Because we clearly can't do it anymore."

"Yeah, we should." She agreed. "But you should know that I will take full advantage of that."

“I would enjoy every second of it, bae.”

They kissed one more time before Natasha said that they should get change and head out.

“Are we seriously gonna do this?” Steve asked as they stood in front of the largest gay bar in Vegas.

Nat held his hand. “Yes, we are, and you will love it.”

“I hope you’re right.” He retorted.

Natasha shook her head and dragged Steve inside. Steve was surprised by how Natasha greeted and interacted with every LGBTQ person along the way as they walked inside the bar. Everyone seriously knew her and greeted her back by her nickname. He was so surprised that Natasha was so outright accepting. Sharon never did that.

He too had had LGBTQ+ friends back in college. They had been totally awesome, and Sharon hadn’t approved of them, but he really didn’t care. Every time they met Sharon, she would give them outright disrespectful comments. They had an argument about this every time
How could these two women make his way into his life and manage to be completely different people?

Natasha noticed that eyes were mostly on her man. They looked at him interestingly, and it was the first time Natasha felt the same feeling Steve had felt when they were at the normal club, when guys had been ogling her.

Nat immediately put his arm around her shoulders and clung to his side. Steve smiled fondly at the woman because of her reaction. They got a table near the dance floor, and eyes were still following Steve everywhere.

“I thought you didn’t like gay bars.” Nat spoke up.

“I don’t not like gay bars, Natasha. I do like people here. They are fun, friendly and nice to everyone. I had a lot of LGTBQ friends back in the college.”

“Then why were you reluctant to come here at first?”

“Because I thought the normal bar would do it for our night out.” He replied. “And I did suggest that we should make out on the couch than go out.”

"There is no such thing as normal for our nights out anymore, Rogers. Our make out session would probably turn into something else!” She said. “And I never thought you were the kind of person who had LGTBQ friends.”

“Why is that? Because I look like the typical famous bully jock who shoves them into a locker?”

Nat bit her bottom lip and nodded shyly.“Yeah…sorry but I know you better than that now.”

“That was never me, Natasha. Sharon, on the other hand….Shit! I shouldn’t say it.”

“What about Sharon?”

“Please don’t make me talk about it.” He pleaded.

“Tell me everything, Rogers!”

“Fine….” He groaned.

He began to tell her everything about how Sharon reacted to the LGTBQ+ people, especially his friends. Natasha had an urge to punch her in the face for all the bad things she said about people. She wanted to smack Steve in the head for trying to protect Sharon.

Steve tried to change the subject to something else, and offered to get them some drinks. When Steve left, Nat still kept her eyes on her man,because every gay man in this club was ready to eat her man up.

“Glenmorangie neat and Lagavulin on the rock please.” Steve told the bartender.

“On the house, handsome.”

Steve was a bit shocked by the bartender. “Umm…Thank you.”

Steve gave them a smile before taking the drinks back to the table. He got smacked in the ass by
one gay man who batted his eyelash at him. Steve swallowed hard and walked quickly to Natasha.

“Bae, someone just smacked my ass.” Steve was visibly horrified.

Nat laughed and pulled him into her hugs. “Aww, my bae…come here.” She kissed him to help him put his mind somewhere else.

When Steve pulled away, he murmured, “I feel much better now.”

“So…you still like this place?”

“Yeah, I get free drinks. Except for the part where everyone ogled me and I got smacked in the ass.”

“You will be fine.”

They talked about every random thing they could think of and they got a chance to learn a lot about each other. They were both surprised by how alike they were. They loved and were interested in lots of things. It was almost as if they were born to be together.

Natasha took a turn to get the drinks, and it was her turn to get flirted with by girls. She let them down easily, only to see men lined up to talk to her man while Steve was waiting for her at their table. Nat bit her lower lip, the glasses in her hands shaking. She made the mistake of bringing him here because apparently everyone was clearly wanted to sleep with her man.

“Excuse me, guys!” She elbowed her way through the group of men surrounding Steve. “Girlfriend’s coming through!”

She sat the glass down and immediately kissed Steve to scare everyone away. Some of the men still stood there, so she situated herself on Steve’s lap. Her arms wove around his neck to deepen the kiss. When she pulled away, Steve leaned forward to continue capturing her lips, but she stopped him.

“So, guys. Show’s over.” She said to the men standing around them.

The gay guys mumbled something as they left, but Nat didn’t care. She dipped her head down to kiss Steve again. Steve had to admit that he was pretty turned on by how jealous she got. Not to mention being the little firecracker that she was.

When they pulled away, Nat still kept her position on his laps and clung tightly to him all the time.

“I like it here!” Steve announced. “You don’t get hit on by some random gross dude but a lot of hot girls instead and I rarely feel jealous.”

“And you like getting hit on by men?”

“I feel rather flattered, but I think they know…” He pulled her closer and kissed the top of her head. “That I’m with you.”

“Always, you are the sweetest man I ever knew.”

The flirtatious conversation continued with a lot of heavy make out sessions, but it ended up with a phone called from Natasha’s boss, who needed her to come in as a sub for a sick dancer. Natasha yelled at him, but promised to come in and take a short shift at the strip club.

“Sorry, bae. I have to go to work.”
“Don’t worry, Nat.” He reassured her. “I will drop you off there before I go back to my hotel.”

“ARGHHH!” Steve startled awake, covered in sweat and panting hard, trying to catch his breath. His blue eyes widened.

It was the fucking nightmares again. The nightmares that he had once or twice every week (on a rare occasion, they came to him every day for a week) and it had been haunting him since the incident. Every time it happened, he drowned him into the darkness, suffocating him until he couldn’t breathe or move, not matter how hard he was trying to struggle. He saw two faces…two faces of two dead people.

He couldn’t get rid of these nightmares, not until he forgot about them. He went to the therapist, but it didn’t help, so the therapist suggested that he should tell his significant other about it so she could help him.

He did as the therapist suggested. He told Sharon, but the result wasn’t the way he'd hoped it would turn out to be. Sharon had only said that she knew he could deal with this, because 'he was a grown up', and she would be there with him. But what hurt him the most was that she wasn’t. The first couple nights were okay. He woke up and she held him in her arms, soothing him back to sleep. The night after that, she would just ignore it and go back to sleep, hoping that he could deal with this by himself.

Not many people understood him. Tony and Clint knew about the incident. Bruce gave him advice. Thor cheered him up every time he heard Steve had had a nightmare. But they hadn't been there when it had happened so they didn’t know how was it was affecting him.

Every damn time, he felt like he was losing his mind without someone to ease his pain. He learned a long time ago to cope with it by himself because of Sharon. He could do it, but the fallout led him into a deep depression, which resulting in a deep, dark collection of arts. (People still brought his depression work. Steve didn’t understand them at all.)

It drained him every time, but he would get through it.

The room filled with the sound of his breathing until his phone rang. Steve quickly answered the phone: it was Natasha.

“Hey, Nat…” His voice was shaking uncontrollably.

“Hey, bae, are you alright? You sound a bit out of breath.”

"Yeah, I'm fine." Steve lied.

But she knew him way better than that. "Liar." She called him out. "Tell me the truth.”

Steve was still trying to dodge the question. He couldn’t let Natasha see this side of him. She would hate him, or worse, think less of him. He couldn’t stand it. “You're home?”

“That’s just changing the subject.” She said. “Yes, I’m home. Now tell me what’s bothering you…”
wait…are you with anyone else?” She joked, tried to make him feel relaxed.

“No…it’s…” His voice started to crack. “It’s…just…a nightmare.”

“Are you okay? Wanna talk about it?”

“No and no.”

“I’m here if you need anything. You know that I’m here if you wanna talk, right?”

Steve sighed. “Yeah, I know. It just…you would think less of me if I tell you this.”

“You know that I wouldn’t do that to you.” Her voice was soothing.

“Remember the rebellious thing we talked about earlier?” He asked. “This is the one thing I never told you. My biggest, darkest secret I didn’t want anyone to know about.”

“Yes, I remember. Go on, bae. I’m here for you.”

“It was when I was in sophomore year at UCLA. I was a rebel back then, did all kind of bad things the way dumb young kids would do. I partied hard. I tried drugs, but I’m lucky I wasn’t addicted to it. Damn…I was a racer too.” He told her. “I was wild and impulsive. My mom came to pick me and my cousin, James, up from the campus for the holiday…we were joining the Starks at their lake house.” He stopped for a second and took a deep breath. “I was driving the car and drove it too fast that I missed the red light.” Steve sounded like he was crying and stopped.

“You don’t have to tell me the rest if you don’t want to, bae.”

Steve took another deep breath. “The car rammed into our car from the passenger’s side. My mom died in the car crash immediately. My cousin James died later in the hospital. I’m the only who survived the crash. Because of me, they died, Nat.”

“It’s not your fault, Steve.” She tried to convince him.

“Yes, it’s my fault.” He insisted. “That’s why I didn’t even race again, not to mention touching a fast cars. I’ve lived on the safe side since then, forgetting who I once was, and that was probably why I picked Sharon.” He sighed. “It’s okay, Nat. If you think less of me, hell, if you don’t want anything to with me again, it’s fine.”

“No, I’m with you, bae. ‘till the end of the line.” Natasha told him. “We’ve all done things that we regret.”

Steve was breathing hard and trying to calm down. Natasha soothed him over the phone. It helped him a little, but it wasn’t enough to help him go to sleep.

“Okay, now I can’t go to sleep.” He said.

“You want me to come over? At least I can keep you company.”

“That would be great.”

“I will be there in ten.”
And ten minutes later, she called him again to let him know that she had arrived. Steve let her in and she told him she would take a shower first because she hadn't had a chance to take one at her apartment. She shook off her clothes along the way, revealing her bare back before his eyes.

“You can join me if you want.” Her voice was sultry and seductive in the way that it pulled Steve’s mind away from the horror of his nightmares.

Before he knew it, his body followed her inside. She let the hot water fill the tub before turning to face Steve. She started undressing him, keeping her eyes locked with his blue orbs until they were both naked. Natasha took his hand and led him into the bathtub. Steve leaned against the tub with Natasha straddling him. Steve rested his head on her shoulders with her arms gently wrapped around him, hand stroking his hair.

“You will be alright.” She soothed him. “I’m here now, bae. You’re not alone in this.”

“Thank you.” He whispered.

“Steve…maybe…you have to let go of the past so you can move on.” She told him. “Maybe that is what James and your mother wants. I’m sure that they wouldn't want you to suffer like this.”

“You know that I tried, Natasha. For so many years…therapy sessions…psychologists…nothing worked.”

Natasha pulled away to look in his eyes. In front of her was the most vulnerable Steve she ever seen. He was just as broken as she was. His eyes screamed for help, for the fear that he had been hiding, the pain and guilt. Natasha saw it all in his eyes, and that made her wonder was there anyone to help him through this?

Probably not. That stuck up bitch of a fiancée that he had had probably never really cared for him. Natasha grumpily thought to herself. She really wanted to slap that bitch in the face.

Her thumbs gently traced his jaw before bending down to kiss his lips, trying to ease his fear, to let him know that she was with him. Steve held her in his arms, pulling her closer until their bodies were pressed tightly against each other.

“You’re gonna be alright, bae. I got you.” She murmured against his lips before pulling away. “Feeling better now?”

“Yeah.”

“We should get some sleep.”

He nodded and helped Natasha get out of the tub. They dried off and put sleepwear on before heading to bed. Natasha made sure to hold Steve in her arms, letting him rest his head on her shoulder.

“Go to sleep alright, darling?” She whispered. “I’m here. I will not leave you.”

Steve finally closed his eyes and relaxed in her arms. His arms encased around her body. Her hand gently ran through his blond hair and kissed his forehead.

“I’m lying on the moon. My dear, I’ll be there soon. It's a quiet, starry place. Times we're swallowed up. In space we're here a million miles away” She sang quietly and soothingly, and hoping that it would help him.
Steve finally let it all go and relished in her soothing voice. Natasha just made him realize one thing: Sharon had never done this kind of thing to help him, but this woman…this woman he’d just met about 10 days ago was willing to help him. She took his problems personally, seeing through every pain he was trying to hide.

“There's things I wish I knew. There's no thing I'd keep from you. It's a dark and shiny place. But with you my dear. I'm safe and we're a million miles away”

It had been a very long time that someone had soothed him with such an angelic voice. Natasha truly had a gift. He didn’t know how much he'd trusted her until this very moment. He could finally close his eyes not have to be afraid of the nightmares. If he had one, Natasha would be there to help him.

“We're lying on the moon. It's a perfect afternoon. Your shadow follows me all day. Making sure that I'm okay and we're a million miles away.”
Chapter 12

Las Vegas, Day 11

Natasha was the one who woke up first. This was the second time she’d woken in his bed, but this time was different. Unlike the first time, she wanted to stay until he woke up. Last night had been a pretty rough night for him when she’d finally learned his deep dark secret.

She felt bad that he’d lost his family at such a young age and how he’d continuously blamed himself ever since. He’d believed that he was the cause of the accident until Natasha had convinced him otherwise. It wasn't his fault—he needed to move on from it. His mom and his best friend would’ve wanted him to do it.

Steve finally let it all go, the devils that plagued him finally stopping and letting him go back to sleep.

Steve was still sleeping soundly in her arms. He needed more sleep, and she would let him take the refuge in her embrace. She gently placed kisses on his face, soothingly rubbing his arm with her hand.

It felt surprisingly domestic.

About an hour later, Steve finally stirred, opening his baby blue eyes to look at her. He was pretty dazed to find her there but he gave her his bright smile.

"I thought you would leave like the first time." He murmured.

"How could I leave you like this?" she asked, placing another kiss on his forehead.

"Thank you for last night."

"Don't worry, lover boy. I got you."

How did Natasha understand him more than his own fiancée? She just simply understood him and accepted him unconditionally. She was also there for him emotionally. Sharon wouldn't have given her precious time to care because she’d always thought that he could handle it by himself. He only acted like he was strong, but sometimes, it was too much to bear.

Natasha knew his needs, and she gave him what he wanted in the darkest time—, a shoulder to cry on, and sweet, gentle words to soothe him, and her company

Why did God have to make him find Natasha at an inappropriate time like this? If they met earlier, they might’ve—he might’ve hadn't had to hold back like this. They probably would’ve fallen in love so fast, clicking in every right way, maybe getting married in the first month they met.

Probably do everything spontaneously, the way they always did.

God! He was such a bad fiancé for thinking about all of this.

They laid in his bed for a little while, Natasha on top of Steve, nestling her head at his neck. It felt so right in a way Steve had never felt before--peaceful and simple. He held her close, inhaling the
After they showered and had breakfast, they snuck out of Steve’s penthouse without getting detected. They were having their own breakfast too when they snuck out. Steve felt like they were teenagers, sneaking around to make out, meet each other and avoid their parents. It added more adrenaline to his system and he loved it.

Like he’d once said before--he’d never felt so alive until he’d met Natasha and she’d introduced him to her world.

They arrived at Circus Circus Las Vegas. Steve stood still for a moment when he saw all of the crazy roller coasters inside the building. Natasha just grinned like a maniac before dragging him to the ticket booth. This would help him feel better and finally make him let go of the bad memories that haunted him.

Steve felt nervous again when he saw the crazy roller coaster rides, but as he thought back to the time they’d spent at the Stratosphere, he thought he could handle it. Maybe it wasn’t the ride, but theme parks always reminded him of his childhood best friend, James, and his mother, who’d always taken them every summer. He missed them.

“Hey, bae. I just got us the tickets.” Natasha walked toward him with a smile, which immediately faltered when she saw the look on his face. “Hey, are you alright?”

He forced a smile. “Yeah, I’m okay now. Just some good old memories.”

Natasha cupped his cheeks. “It’s okay, bae.” She leaned up to kiss him. “You will be alright. I will make you feel alright.”
“Thank you.” he whispered.

They stayed like that for a little while, with Natasha holding him before she realized that she’d just kissed Steve on the lips. No! It wasn’t even a kiss. It was just a small peck on the lips! Natasha pushed all of those thoughts away because they only made her blush and she didn’t want Steve to notice it.

Natasha pulled away from the hug before putting the all-day pass on his wrist. “Come on, pooh bear. Let’s do this!”

Steve smiled at the nickname she gave him. He loved it when she was all cute like this. “Yeah, lead the way.”

They held hands and walked toward all the rides. Natasha let him decide where they would go first. Steve picked the gentle rides because he wanted to go slow first. She was okay with it only because of what had happened last night, otherwise, she would’ve forced him to the coasters. He picked the Drifters, a hot air balloon Ferris wheel. Natasha went into relationship mode with him again just to scare other people from joining them in same carriage. It worked every time.

Natasha took out her camera and started to take the pictures of them. Most of them were silly selfies. Natasha sneaked another kiss, and this time, Steve blushed from head to toe, feeling the heat rushed to his ears.

“Better get used to it, darling.” she whispered on his lips. “We’re going to be girlfriend/boyfriend for today….”

“Why are we doing this?” Steve murmured, but Natasha stopped it with another kiss, moving to sit on his lap before deepening the kiss until she heard Steve moan lowly in his throat.

She pulled away to see his pupils dilated. “Because we’re in love for today, and if you hadn’t noticed, we’ve attracted a lot of attention since we set foot in here.”

“But it wasn’t necessary…” His sentence was stopped by another kiss. This time she slipped her tongue into his mouth. Steve froze, but when her arms wove around his neck and tilted his head up, Steve gave in to what he had been craving all along and kissed Natasha back.

It turned out that they’d lost track of time and had kept on kissing each other until the ride had come to a stop. The staff had to cough really loud to make them stop. Steve muttered a sorry to the staff before dragging Natasha out.

Natasha let out a laugh of pure joy when they were out of sight. Steve too started to laugh. They were grinning like maniacs in love, and it was the first time Steve could say that he was truly happy.

God! He could only hope to have more time with her instead of going back to L.A, to his own wedding, to his fiancée. If this was all a dream, he didn’t want to wake up ever again. He loved the carefree life he had with Natasha. It reminded him of the old self that he’d long forgotten.

Natasha had awaken something buried deep inside of him. Steve realized how much he liked. He would act on his feelings and not about what might be the consequences. They’d kissed before-- it probably meant nothing.

As Natasha had said, trouble did had followed them since they’d set their foot in. Women were openly stared staring at Steve, and while men were openly ogling Natasha. But she chose to make it clear to everyone who she belonged to, effectively showing everyone who Steve was with.
Then they went to Circus Carousel, because Steve had insisted it would be fun to just sit on the horse and do nothing. Natasha was against this idea—because they could have been using the time for something better. But it made Steve happy. That was all that mattered.

They received strange looks from kids in front and behind them. Little kids were curious as to why two big adults would get on this ride. Natasha had fun scaring kids away by glaring daggers at them. Steve helped put her in a better mood by kissing her neck, wrapping his arms around her waist from behind. Natasha immediately melted into him, relishing his gentle touch.

She’d forgotten long ago what a relationship was like. How it brought all of her the feelings to the surface. They rushed through her body in a way she’d never felt before. Alexei had never made her feel this way, but instead with a man who belonged to someone else. If this was only for a little while, she would enjoy it and have all the fun she wanted.

Damn the consequences! She didn’t give a fuck. She had Steve. That was all that mattered.

When she got her resolve straightened, Natasha turned around in Steve’s arms, kissing him again. It was just a slow kiss, but both of them could feel the sparks of fire starting to burn. Steve groaned lightly when she pulled away; it was their turn to get on the ride. Natasha picked a black horse that was large enough for the two of them to sit on together, she at the front and Steve behind her, wrapping his big arms securely around her. The redhead was having fun with taking stupid face photos.

Natasha said that Steve’s time for choosing rides was over. She would take the reins for the rest of the day. When Steve was about to argue, Natasha made him completely forget what he was about to say by kissing him. Steve was stunned for 3 seconds, but that was enough for Natasha to coax him onto the Sand Pirates ride. She pushed him toward the highest row and forced him to put the Gopro on his helmet.

“I wanna see your face when you scream.” Natasha laughed.

“You’ve seen it like a thousand times!” Steve protested. “And I’ve seen you scream my name, too. It was a beautiful sight.”

This time Nat was the one who blushed to the tips of her ears. Steve grinned crazily before Natasha punched his arm. They did scream pretty hard, hanging on to the bar in front of them tightly. The camera on Natasha’s helmet took a snapshot of them with screaming faces. It was hilarious when they viewed it.

“Can you buy me a bottle of water, bae? My throat is a bit dry from all the screaming.” Nat said.

“Of course.” Steve stood up from the bench, leaning down to kiss her cheek before walking to the kiosk nearby to get his woman what she wanted.

Trouble still followed her. Without Steve close by to repel unwanted people, some random guy managed to gather enough courage to come and talk to her.

Natasha was viewing the pictures they’d taken, too busy sending them to Steve’s phone.

“Hey, beautiful.” The man greeted. Natasha didn’t even pay attention. “You’re too beautiful to be alone.”

“Yes, because I’m not alone.”

“Do you want some company, lady?” He sat down without waiting for her answer.
“No, because I’m already with someone who can kick your ass to next week.”

“Don’t lie, baby. We can have a lot of fun together,” he continued, wrapping his arm around her shoulder. Nat immediately tried to shake it off, but the guy had a tight grip. “I know you want it…”

His sentence was cut short by Steve pulling the man away from her by his shirt, effortlessly lifting the poor guy off of his feet. “She’s my girl! Stay the fuck away from her.” He growled at the guy, who was visibly shaking.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know…”

“She’d already told you that she was with someone and you still tried to hit on her!”

“I’m sorry, dude.”

Steve let the guy go and stared at him until the guy ran away in fear. He heard Natasha laugh and turned in the direction of her beautiful voice.

“I love it when you get jealous, lover boy.” She spoke up.

“I’m not jealous.”

“Don’t lie.”

“Fine…I’m a little protective of my girl, if that’s what you need to hear.”

“That’s all I need to hear, pooh bear.” She smiled mischievously at a frustrated Steve before getting up from her seat. “Come on. We still have a lot of things to do.”

Natasha offered him her hand and Steve took it with a bright smile on his face as they headed for another ride.

Everything would be fine—because he was with Natasha.

They went on almost every ride, from the bumper cars to the most thrilling ride, Canyon Blaster. Natasha got a lot of materials to use for the scrapbook she would give him on his last days in Vegas, something that would remind him of the time they’d spent together.

They were having a competition at the arcade, and trying to win as many prizes as they could. Natasha always initiated a silly argument which ended up with Steve kissing her hard on the lips to stop her. Natasha always returned them with equal fervor. Steve didn’t want to admit how much he loved kissing her—he was kind of addicted to them.

Every time he kissed her, he was only left wanting more.

While they were at another shooting game, that Natasha got a call.

“Hey, give me your gun.” he said.
Natasha walked away to answer her phone. Steve noticed right away that it must be something work related to make her frown like that. Steve put down the gun, turning his full attention to her when she came back.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“That was my boss. He needs me at the club for a meeting.” She told him. It was a lie—that wasn’t what her boss wanted from her. She didn’t dare tell him the truth about her work anymore—when she saw how jealous Steve could get.

She didn’t want to upset him.

“Oh…” he was visibly sad and Natasha already felt bad.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve gotta cancel everything for the rest of the day.”

“It’s okay. Your work comes first, bae.” He understood her in a way no one could. It made Natasha’s heart swell. “At least let me drop you off at your work.”

“Nah, don’t worry. You should go back to your friends.” She said. “We can still text each other all the time.”

Steve pouted at her but surrendered. Steve couldn’t help but feel bad that he had to be away from her, realizing that they wouldn’t be able to hang out for the rest of the day. He loved his friends, but all they did was party and try to get the girls in their bed.

They kissed again before they parted. It left them missing each other even more. Steve stood there until Natasha’s cab was out of his sight before he went back to his hotel.

It was only five minutes and he already missed Natasha. God! How could he survive the rest of the day without her? He already missed her touch and her lips on his. It shouldn’t have been a lingering feeling—they were only pretending, right?

All he wanted was Natasha by his side again.

When Steve arrived at his hotel, he got a text from Natasha. ‘Bae, I’m at the club now and having a meeting :( Miss you so much’ Steve smiled. He wasn’t the only who suffered from their separation. He quickly typed back. ‘I miss you too <3’

“Hey! Where the hell have you been?” Tony yelled at Steve when he entered the penthouse.

“Just…had an inspiration for my work.”

Steve found his friends trying to set up everything for the party. Clint was telling the DJ about where to set up the booth, equipment, and the theme of the party. Thor was handling the liquor task, telling the staff to acquire every possible type of alcohol available in this town. Bruce was just chilling around because all he wanted was to stay as quiet as he could amid this chaos.

“Whatever. We decided to throw you a party!” Tony told the groom-to-be. “Your clothes for tonight are upstairs. The theme is masquerade party.”

“This is the last thing I want, Tony. A room full of strangers in masks.” Steve rolled his eyes before going back to typing away at his phone.
N: Do you have plans for tonight?
S: Tony already had a plan for us :( 
N: Another party?
S: I don’t know. He didn’t tell me anything.
N: Because he knows you would disappear on him.
S: You know me too well, bae.

“Are you even listening to me, Rogers?” Tony asked, bringing Steve’s attention back to the millionaire.

“Yeah.”

“Just go get changed and we will handle the final stages of the party without you.” Tony told him. “Thor, made sure Steve doesn’t sneak away.”

“You got it, Friend Stark!”

Tony didn’t have to worry about that because Steve didn’t have anywhere to go anyway. Natasha was at work and everything was lame without her in it. He knew he was whiny, but Natasha was officially the awesomest part of his life. He missed having her in his arms!

Steve laid on his bed and the unexpected memories crept up in the back of his mind: he and Natasha the first night they’d met, and how she’d fallen asleep right there in his arms.

A loud bang came from the door and Thor’s voice sounded. “Steven, you’d better start to get changed. The party will start in one hour.”

“Okay!”

Steve pouted again and decided to take shower before dressing up for the party. He looked at the mask in his hand.

It would be a hell of a long night without Natasha. It hadn’t even started, and he was already bored to hell.

Natasha’s call from her boss had said that half of the strippers were hired for some rich guy’s party. She’d told Steve that she had to cancel everything because of her work. She didn’t miss the disappointment in his eyes. Steve looked like a sad puppy dog and it broke her heart. She wanted to spend time with him too, but her boss only called when the club really needed her.
“Natalie, thank you for coming in.” Victor, her boss who was surprisingly nicer than she’d originally thought when first working for him, told her. “The guy who hired us paid a shitload of money and demanded only the best strippers from us.”

“I understand, Victor. Don’t worry.” Nat said.

“Do you know who hired us?”

“I know only that there will be a bachelor party and the hotel will send a limo to pick you guys up.”

“You will get us killed one day.”

Victor laughed. “You know I have to uphold my client’s confidentialities, Natasha, so I can’t tell you anything.”

“Whatever. I will just get ready.”

Natasha got into the changing room, where the stage manager told the girls that there would be a theme party; and they should dress accordingly. Maria and Nat began to go through their rack of outfits. Maria noticed that her best friend wasn’t quite herself today. Must’ve been something to do with the date she went today. She was moody, as if she hadn't wanted to go to work.

“Damn it, girl. What’s gotten into you? How was your date?”

“Nothing much. Work got in the way first.”

“Is the guy cute?”

“Yeah, he’s cute.” Nat replied with a warm smile on her face. “Do you remember the guy with the amazing tongue I told you about?”

“Yeah, the bachelor, why?”

“I went on a date with him. It was going really well but my professional life got in the way.”

Natasha continued to rant until Maria wished that she hadn’t asked. Nat fell into silence after she had nothing to say anymore, thinking of how she was lying to Steve about her work. She didn’t want him to know that she was stripping for some random guy when she saw how badly he’d reacted towards the guy who’d hit on her. He’d been jealous to the point that Nat clearly saw fire burning in his eyes.

It was for the best to keep this secret so he didn’t have to worry about her.

They kept texting each other back and forth until she told him that she had to go to work and wouldn’t be able to talk for a while. He only sent ‘Good luck’, followed by a pout emoji. It made her smile a little before Victor told them to get into the limo.

It would be a while until she could talk to Steve again. She might call him after work and ask him if he wanted to stay at her apartment. Why did someone have to hire her today?

“Stop brooding! You will see him again soon.” Maria elbowed Nat.

“But I want to be with him instead of this stupid party.” The redhead whined childishly.

“It’s just a job, Nat.”
Nat moped all the way to the party, and nothing Maria said would lighten up her mood until Natasha looked out the window.

It was Steve’s hotel. And they were heading toward it.

Her face lit up slightly before darkening again when they reached Steve’s hotel. She wouldn’t keep her hopes up. There was a chance that she wasn’t hired for his party. But when Steve’s penthouse butler led the girls to the private elevator, Natasha couldn’t conceal her smile.

At least it was Steve’s party. They might have a chance to spend some time together.

“Okay, ladies. The theme of the party is the masquerade. I have to ask all of you to put on the masks and never take them off. As per my employer’s request.”

Everyone took the masks and put them on. Natasha’s mask covered half of her face—there was no chance Steve might recognize her. The butler informed them of their duties and what they would do in the party. It wasn’t much of a duty anyway. They would just be pretty, sexy and entertain the guests, but they had also had the ability to decline anything they didn’t want to do. If things got out of hand, the bouncer would handle the drunk guests for them.

The girls stepped in to an announcement from Tony Stark and whistling sounds from every direction. Men ogled them openly, some even making lewd comments while touching their bodies. Natasha managed to avoid getting touched by these gross human beings.

Everyone started shuffling around the party while Natasha and Maria settled down at the bar for some drinks. Men started to swamp them, but the girls gently let them down enjoying their drinks instead. The night was still young, and Natasha didn’t want to get to her job yet.

Natasha enjoyed her time with Maria until her friend was charmed by Clint Barton and went to dance with him. She was left alone with her Lagavulin until she sensed someone standing behind her.

“Ma’am.” The address made her know immediately who it was.

"Hey." She turned with a sexy smile to the blond man behind her. "I'm surprised that you could recognize me."

A gentle smile appeared. "I would recognize you anywhere, ma'am." He kissed her hand.

Natasha laughed. “Steve... your sweet words will get you nowhere, lover boy.”

"I'm willing to try." He insisted, stepping closer to her until she could place her hands on his arms.

"Let's see if you can charm me into your bed."

“Challenge accepted.”

He offered her his hand and they headed off to the dance floor. Tony, Thor and Bruce were excited to see Steve finally let his guard down and have some fun. They didn’t know that the girl was Natasha: because if they’d known, they would probably understand why Steve was acting like he was.

Every man in this room was jealous of Steve that he’d gotten the most desirable woman of the
night and they couldn’t do anything about it. He was the bachelor and Tony Stark’s best friend, after all.

Steve held Natasha close in his arms as they swayed to the rhythm of the song. “So…this is the job you told me about this afternoon?”

“Apparently, yes.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” His eyes darkened for a second.

“I was afraid that you might… I don’t know… you would probably get jealous or something.”

“Yeah, if you were hired by someone else, but it’s your job. It wasn’t my place to stop you from doing your job.” He explained.

Why did she feel bad about not telling him about her work? Natasha shook her head, trying to calm Steve down by rubbing her hands on his upper arms. The fire in his eyes was gone at her soothing touch.

“And I didn’t know who my clients would be.” She continued to explain. “I don’t want you to worry, so I didn’t tell you.”

“Oh….” He exclaimed. “Now that makes sense. I’m sorry for making things weird and overreacting.”

“Don’t worry, bae. It’s cute of you to worry about me.” Natasha looked into his eyes. “But were you really jealous?”

“I’m worried, not jealous.”

“You are not good at lying, bae.” Natasha noted, continuing to tease him. “By the way, I knew you loved me so much that you were really jealous just because some other guy might’ve hired me to dance for them…”

Her teasing was cut short by a kiss as Steve pulled her in his arms. It was a demanding and possessive kiss that had Natasha instantly melting with its intensity. The way his lips moved against hers felt so perfect, like the first time they’d kissed. Natasha wanted to pull away, but who was she to deny this—denying what she’d always wanted to do? She’d been able to resist all temptation until now.

She should act on her feelings before it was too late. When they parted, Natasha noticed the same realization in his eyes.

“Yes, I was jealous, Natasha. So jealous just thinking about you with someone else that wasn’t me.” He replied in a deep, sexy voice that sent shivers down her spine.

She broke the intense eye contact because it only made her legs grow weaker. “Then you should’ve told me from the start.”

“I’m telling you now.” He replied, pulling Natasha into a kiss again.

”Tell me one thing.” She said. She only needed to hear this before she gave him everything. “No regrets?”

He smiled “Yeah, no regrets.”
This time Natasha went in for the kiss, telling Steve everything she had been hiding for some time now. Steve broke the kiss only to drag her upstairs to the second floor. He took off his mask as the bodyguard stopped them. Tony made sure that guests would not come to the second floor without their permission.

The guard let them in, and Steve hurried Natasha up until they disappeared around the corner. He pressed her up against the wall in the hallway, kissing her lips as if they were the only thing that could stop his thirst. Nat moaned in his mouth, parting her lips to let him explore every corner as he liked. His tongue met with hers, his teeth lightly biting on her lower lips, only leaving them both panting hard when they broke away.

Steve looked at her, a fire of lust and desire burning brightly. “Can you leave the mask on?”

“I got an order not to take it off for the rest of the night.”

“God…” He groaned in pure need before dipping his head down to her neck. Big hands cradled the back of her neck and lower back. Nat moaned in his ear as he sucked on her pulse point, scraping his teeth over her collarbone. She squirmed in his arms, only to find that he was already hard.

“You’re kinkier than I thought.” She panted, feeling his lips twist into a smile against her neck.

“Because of you…” he answered before pressing his lips harder onto her soft skin, making sure that he left purple marks the same way he’d done to her on the first night they’d met.

Steve kept assaulting her neck until Natasha had no strength left to stand on her own feet, leaning against the wall and using Steve’s arms as a support. Steve slowly tore her clothes off layer by layer until all she had left was her bra and panties.

“Bae, can you go down on me again like the first night?” Natasha asked breathily.

Steve pulled away from her with a boyish smile on his face. “Anything my lady wants.”

He kissed down her body from her neck to cleavage, down to her toned stomach and finally reaching the apex of her thighs, where he looked up through his eyelashes to see Natasha staring down at him, hands threading in his hair.

“Now.”

Steve nodded, and the next thing Natasha heard were her panties being ripped. Steve grunted when he saw how wet she already was, the scent of her arousal only fueling his lust even more. Steve lifted her right leg up and placed it on his shoulder. She made sure to press against him, letting out a low moan to encourage him. Steve finally put his mouth on her hot folds, dragging his tongue up and down her slit. His friends were downstairs, but they were close enough that Natasha could hear Thor’s deep laugh and Tony making announcements about the party. It made things even more exciting.

His hand grabbed tight to her right leg, while another forced her left leg to spread even further. Steve pressed his tongue inside her and tried to go as deep as he could. She tried to quiet herself, her nails digging his skull while her mouth parted in a silent moan, biting on her lower lip to make sure the others couldn’t hear them. But when Steve rubbed his thumb over her clit, Natasha whimpered out loud. They were lucky that it was all covered up by the loud music downstairs.

Natasha was perversely turned on by the risk that someone might hear. Steve’s tongue was amazing, the way she’d always remembered. As it was, Steve’s relentless tongue fucking was
making her toes curl, the restricting high heels she’d put on for the night making it more difficult than she would like. Her heel pressed hard onto his shoulder when Steve inserted two fingers inside her, mercilessly thrusting in and out of her while he circled his tongue hard on her clit.

Natasha shuddered as Steve deliberately curled his fingers, dragging them against her inner wall. Added with the hard licking and circles at her clit and she was moaning uncontrollably. She rocked her hips, following the rhythm of his tongue and fingers. His teeth teased her clit. Natasha tensed up and arched her back again, lips parting in breathless, heaving moans. The adrenaline rush, combined with his wonderful tongue made for no surprise when Natasha came hard, her fingers gripping fiercely at Steve’s short, blond hair as she pulsed and tightened around his fingers.

He eagerly lapped at her, trying to get every drop of her sweet nectar in his mouth until she settled and pushed him away.

“God…I still can’t believe your tongue is this amazing.” She panted as Steve got to his feet before she pulling him in for a kiss to taste herself on him.

He grinned. “Glad I could please you, ma’am.”

Natasha wove her arms around his neck and pulled him in for another kiss. “I love it when you call me ‘ma’am’.” She murmured against his lips.

The kiss was slow and passionate until Natasha started to grind her hips against his crotch, her urgent hands tugging at his jacket, trying to pull it off. Her lips trailed from his lips and jaw to his neck before nibbling at his skin. When she finally got his jacket off, her hands went to his belt and jeans, shoving them down enough to reveal his ass. She playfully grabbed it in her hands before Steve hoisted her legs up around his waist. Her legs hooked around him, the heels of her shoes digging into his back and ass. Steve groaned.

But when she was tried to get his cock inside of her, Steve stopped and looked into her eyes. "Bae, wait…condom." He gasped out.

"I'm on pills." She said. "I'm clean too. It's been awhile for me.”

Steve’s eyes widened when he heard the last sentence. “You mean…?”

“I trust you and I want to do it with you. I realized that I trust you enough to let you in.”

He smiled before kissing her lips, murmuring, “Thank you.”

Steve slowly pressed into her, knowing how big he was and how tight she might be. Natasha whimpered when she felt the pleasing burn, forcing her to bite down on his shoulder to muffle her scream. Finally, he was seated fully inside her, beginning to thrust back and forth. Natasha had always imagined he was thick, long and huge, his cock filling her up completely, stretching her out so well, and he was. She tried to quiet herself, her nails digging into the skin of his shoulders while her mouth remained pressed against his neck, biting, panting and huffing out low moans.

Her shoulder muffled his answering groans as he mercilessly rutted into her with both hands on her ass to keep her spread open for him. She was impossibly tight, and Steve had never felt this much pleasure in his life. "Fuck, Nat," he groaned, which was enough to get her arching against him. Her hips thudded against the wall as he pounded hard into her, loving every minute of it. She squirmed, her breathing getting heavy as her head rolled back against the wall. “Fuck, Steve.” She moaned. His hand went back to teasing and torturing her breasts while his lips melted with hers.

“She felt herself get filled with his cock as he pushed himself
further and further inside of her. She felt him bang against her cervix. "There! There! Harder!" She yelled. She felt like she'd explode, like she'd rip apart before he put her back together. She couldn't think. Couldn't really talk. But she leaned forward to kiss him and he kissed back before fucking her harder.

But Steve made the mistake of peeking his eyes into the hallway. He found Bruce standing there, looking sheepish and awkward. Steve stopped and Natasha groaned in total frustration. "Steve… Steve…why’d you stop?" Natasha panted, turning to look at the same direction as Steve. Bruce turned away and ran downstairs. Steve made sure that his friend was out of his line of sight before continuing to thrust his cock in and out of Natasha again. He transitioned between pumping in an out of her smoothly and efficiently to grinding his hips against her clit in tight, circular movements that had her panting and moaning broken bits of Russian that he couldn’t understand but knew were laced with pleasure.

“Steve,” Natasha gasped, clawing her nails against his shoulder blades. “Fuck!”

She cried out loudly. Steve swallowed her cry in his mouth as he leaned down and pressed their lips together in a searing kiss. Her walls convulsed around his cock and it was all Steve could do to hold on, thrusting erratically one last time into her limp body as he came, panting and moaning heavily as he filled her up with his hot cum. Steve went still but still held on to Natasha tightly. They both stayed still until they caught their breath. Steve pulled himself out and let Natasha down to her feet. He groaned again when he saw their cum dripping out of her body.

Steve knelt down so quickly that Natasha didn’t even have time to react before he put his mouth on her pussy again. His tongue lapped at her, getting every last drop. Natasha could only lean against the wall and cradle his head in her hands as she started to moan again.

Holy fuck! Steve Rogers was licking his own cum from her body.

When Steve was satisfied, he got up and smiled sheepishly at her. “Couldn’t let it go to waste.”

Yes, he loved her taste. He’d once told her that. Natasha smiled back and pulled him closer to her. “Come here….” She kissed him, deliberately licking his lips and slipping her tongue inside his mouth, sharing the taste of them. “You’re a mess.”

Steve chuckled before swiping Nat off the floor and carrying her to his room. "Why the hell is my room so far?" he complained.

“Because you are a very private, eccentric artist who loves his privacy.” Natasha retorted.

“I notice that you still have some energy left.”

“Of course, don’t tell me you’re getting sleepy?”

“Not anytime soon.”

Natasha smiled against his neck, emphasizing her words by kissing his jaws and neck again. Steve smiled and tried to concentrate on his effort to get them inside of his bedroom without pushing Natasha up against the wall again. Finally, they were inside his room, and Steve made sure to lock the door. He turned back only to find Natasha looking at the bed.

“Want me to carry you to bed?” he asked.

She turned to him before pushing him against the wall. “Nah, too far.” She kissed him furiously, only making Steve moan into her mouth. “We can do it on the floor.”
“I’m not the only one who’s kinky here, bae.”

Natasha rolled her eyes impatiently. “Shut up and do me already.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

*The ma’am thing really did turn her on.* Natasha make sure he never called anyone that again. They quickly shed their clothes off until they were naked before each other’s eyes. The couple took a moment to savor the beautiful sight of their bodies. Steve slowly coaxed Natasha down on the floor before getting on top of her. They shared another kiss before Natasha’s urgent hand went to his cock and stroked his length, preparing him for another round.

Steve too was giving her pleasure with his teeth and tongue again. He sucked on her hard nipple, paying equal attention to the other. Natasha moaned when his teeth lightly bit on it, making her arch her back so high that she thought her back might break. Steve grinned against her skin.

“Put your cock inside me now.” She commanded, but Steve shook his head and began to slowly explore every inch of her skin, peppering kisses over her neck and collarbone. His lips were setting her skin on fire, leaving a blazing trail. She would explode soon if he was kept torturing her like this. Natasha pressed her hips up against his and rutted hard.

“Steve, baby…” she moaned, sounding so desperate. “Give it to me good.”

“Okay, Natasha. If you really need it.” He replied before sliding his hard cock into her, making her moan again. He rolled his hips against hers slowly and teasingly for a moment. Her nails dug into his shoulders and a groan of frustration left her lips, for he hadn’t really fucked her yet. Steve supported himself on his hands, looking down at her as he rolled his hips again. Her knees bent back as far as she could to let him drive into her as deeply as possible.

Steve grinned he knew she would break soon. “Please…” she moaned, and Steve finally gave in to her request. He thrust into her hard and fast, making her moans turned into a combination of screaming his name and curses in Russian. She felt so good…and so right. He felt the pleasure burn every time he drove into her, and normally he’d be done in no time. But he’d already gotten one orgasm tonight; Steve could go for a while now. He held her at just the right angle to send her already over-stimulated body into overdrive. Natasha was moaning louder now, green eyes shut tight against the pleasure that swam through her nerves. Steve leaned down to lick the sweat off her neck, his teeth nipping at sensitive skin.

“You feel so good…” he whispered against her skin. “So perfect.”

“All for you” she smiled sweetly at him, leaving a soft, chaste kiss right on his temple.

His hands were curled around her thighs, fingers digging into her flesh just a little. The pulsing heat of her arousal increased as he thrust into her, building until it was almost intolerable. Then one of his hands moved from its grip on her legs, his fingers finding her clitoris again. Natasha shouted his name and her legs clamped hard around him as she came, his own orgasm not far behind hers. She kept her legs locked around his hips as her heels dug into the curve of his ass again, Steve’s cock twitching inside of her.

Steve groaned as her body convulsed around his cock. The orgasm was so intense that Natasha caught her breath, fingers digging deep into his flesh. It shook her and she screamed while she squirted and covered her thighs and his cock in her wet, hot, juices. She didn't scream then because her throat was scratchy and raw, but he swore he heard her purr.
No matter how badly he wanted his cum to coat her insides again, and no matter how close he was to coming, he pulled himself out of her. His cock, shiny with pre-cum, rested against her stomach.

He looked at her and she looked back. It was filled with trust and understanding. His heart swelled before he leaned to kiss her on the lips, thanking her, telling her how much she meant much to him. Nat moaned back the same thing and told him to do it. Steve moaned out when he heard her permission, and her skin tingled as his hot, thick, white cum spurted, blasting on her stomach and even her breasts.

Steve groaned, closing his eyes as his whole body went still. He was panting hard above her, but her soft lips met with his and slowly kissed him to absorb his moans. They broke off the kiss just as Steve opened his eyes again to find Natasha swiping his cum on her chest with her finger, using her tongue to lick it clean. The man groaned and brought his lips down to hers again.

They stayed like that for a while, kissing and relishing in each other. They needed to slow down until their heartbeats were back at normal rate again. Steve kissed down her body, cleaning off the mess he’d made with his tongue and shirt before he carried Natasha in his arms.

“Bed?”

She nodded. “Bed.”

Steve gently placed Natasha on his bed, lying in a comfortable position before getting on top of her. He noticed something and a smile appeared. "I forget to take off your mask."

“I thought you wanted me to leave it on.” She mumbled as she kissed the side of his face and neck. “You kinky fucker.”

Steve smirked. His blue eyes were burning with lust. "I wanted to see your beautiful face when you screamed my name."

Oh…she didn’t expect that to come from his mouth, but she had to admit it that it turned her on in a very weird way. Natasha smirked back; unwilling to back down from the fight. Natasha flipped him down on his back, and all of a sudden, she had miles upon miles of smooth, toned Steve to worship. She leaned down to kiss and lick his chest. His pecs were very firm, and they jumped every time when she slid her cold hands over his abdomen. His big hands settled on her hips, making Nat feel even smaller than she had before in comparison to her new lover. She sat back up to let her fingers trace over the bumps of his abs and Steve sucked in a deep breath.

“Bae…” He breathed as she felt her hands travel down to his cock. “Nat!” He shouted her name when suddenly her mouth closed on the head of his cock. His hips jerked up involuntarily; he seemed to realize it almost immediately and ground his hips down to the bed. Natasha smirked as she wrapped her fingers around him in a loose fist, jerking him a few times to get a feel for the sensitive spots. This time he bit back his reaction so that it was just a guttural sound in the back of his throat.

Her tongue licked just under the darkened head, listening for a hitch in his breath as she pressed open-mouthed kisses against the underside of his length. His breathing grew ragged. "Natasha - you're teasing -"

"Mmhmm." She dragged out the sound so that she could feel it vibrate into his skin, and felt more than heard his head fall back onto the pillow. She looked up at him through hooded eyes. “I thought you like me teasing, lover boy.” She let her tongue drag roughly against him from root to tip, leaving behind an obscene wet stripe. He tasted good, like sweat, salt and manliness.
"Please -" he gasped. All he needed was for her to finish him off.

Finally, she decided to take mercy on him, letting the head of his cock slide between her lips, sucking lightly. Steve whimpered, and Natasha's heart began to beat faster as her tongue probed at his slit, finding a drop of salty pre-cum and swiping it away.

And it was she who lost all of the patience in the world as she pulled away from his beautiful cock. She straddled his hips before leaning down, brushing her thumb over his lower lip to part them before melting their mouths together. His hands traveled up her thighs, squeezing her ass for a moment before continuing up the length of her back. Natasha felt prized and cherished and everything she’d never felt before.

Natasha reached between them and held him still so she could sink down onto him, eventually settling on his thighs with him fully seated deep inside of her. She began to move, rolling her hips and letting him guide her. Her moans were low and smooth, hands planted on his chest, digging into his flesh as they moved together as one.

She doubled her effort and bounced on his cock hard and fast, moaning and cursing in Russian in a way that turned him on more than he liked to admit. She leaned down to kiss him, not stopping her movements for a second because Steve felt too damn good inside of her.

Steve was the first to come, spilling inside of her with his arms wrapped tightly around her waist and back. He let out a low groan against her left breast before kissing his way over her jaw and up to her lips. When his hand slid between her legs, his cock still throbbing inside her, it took Natasha just a few more moments before she was clawing at his scalp, holding onto his hair for balance while she rocked against his hand. She came hard with a shout and Steve’s hands grounded her, his cock still twitching and pulsing inside of her. Her thighs were shaking as she tried to hold herself up a little longer, but no such luck. Nat leaned down on his chest instead, listening to his heartbeat.

Steve held Natasha close as she laid on top of him, inhaling her intoxicating scent and kissing the top of her head. Natasha traced her finger over his chest. She loved being with him.

"I'm glad we didn't do it the first day we met." Nat murmured.

"Me too." Steve seconded. "With all the good memories we’ve shared."

"Yeah" She hummed her approval. "And waiting only makes the sex better."

"I would love to do it again with you and only you." Steve replied.

"I would love that too, but we should discuss it tomorrow. Right now we should get some sleep, okay?" Nat yawned, snuggling close into his chest and neck, closing her eyes.

Steve leaned down to give her a kiss. "Goodnight, bae."

“Night, bae.”
Chapter 13

Las Vegas, Day 12

The first thing Steve felt was the numbness in his arm. His entire body was sore. He hadn’t felt this sore since…forever. Then he felt the weight of something on top of his body. Steve slowly opened his eyes to find fiery red hair tickling his skin. The scent was familiar and the soft, the warm body so right in his arms.

Yes, last night with Natasha had been perfect in every sense of the word. Natasha Romanoff was perfection. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d had it this good. Steve laid there as still as he could so he wouldn’t wake her up. She still looked exhausted. She deserved all the rest she needed.

God! Why was this feeling so right? Why couldn’t he have it all? Was he asking too much to have this for the rest of his life? No matter how wrong this was, he had to admit it everything was perfect. They were the perfect match.

Steve felt her small hands clutching at his shoulders. Natasha started to stir, slowly opening her eyes. She was a bit dazed at first to find that she was lying on top of a man, but when she realized who it was, it made her smile against his skin and peck a kiss on his chest, right on top of his heart.

“Morning.” he whispered gently, his hand stroking her red curls.

“Hmmmm” she hummed, still pressing her lips to his skin. “Morning, bae.”

He smiled down at her as Natasha’s lips moved up from his chest to his neck and jaw, stopping at his lips. Her hand carded in his blond locks before stroked them gently. She pulled away and looked into his eyes lovingly.

“How are you doing?” he asked.

“Incredibly sated and sore.” she replied. Steve chuckled at her answer. “I will just lie here and kiss you for a while.”

Steve smiled. “I’m perfectly fine with that, ma’am.”

And that was what they did the whole morning. Despite being incredibly sore, they still wanted to touch and feel each other, relishing in the beautiful moment they shared. It was perfect. Everything was perfect. They were perfect for each other.

Natasha felt herself melting all over again because of him. It had been a while for her since her last sexual encounter, probably about three years. She took the occasional pleasure with her toys, but nothing could top Steve Rogers at this moment. After breaking up with Alexei, she had trouble
letting anyone in. It was hard for her to do, but somehow Steve had managed to make his way into her life and her bed because she trusted him completely.

It was perfect.

They couldn’t pull their mouths away from each other. They had been making out for an hour now. Steve flipped them downwards, only for Natasha to flip him down on his back again. Natasha suddenly broke the kiss, making Steve grunt.

“How many women have you slept with before me?” she teased. “I just want to know how much practice you had before you acquired such the skill to make me orgasm four times last night.”

He suddenly looked smugger than she liked. “No one needs practice, ma’am.”

“Everyone needs practice.”

“No, I don’t.”

Steve didn’t feel like he’d had much practice because everything just came naturally for him. He didn’t argue with her and just let Natasha win. He would lose this battle, but win the war. He would change the number to five, six maybe seven or eight, as long as he got to do it with her.

 Yeah, he would make sure to change that number. He would break the record.

“Are you still with me, bae?” Her voice brought him back from his deep thoughts.

Steve smiled at her. “I’m sorry. I was just…thinking about something.”

“If it was about other women….”

“Darling, there is only you on my mind right now.”

“Damn right.” she said with a laugh before leaning down to kiss his lips.

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It was about 10 AM when the couple decided to get out of bed and take a shower. They were tempted to go for another round of sex, but considering how sore they were, they kept it to making out under the hot shower instead.

Nat had to wrap herself in a towel after the shower because she needed to find something to wear. Her clothes were probably lying around the hallway. Steve went to go retrieve them for her. He came back two minutes later to find Natasha lying sexily on the bed. Steve sighed.

“Are you trying to seduce me into going another for round with you?” he asked.

“As much as I would love for that to happen, I have a better idea for us today.”

“Whatever you say, bae. I’m with you.” Steve leaned in and kissed her before handing her the clothes. “I can only find your leather jacket and bra. I ripped your panties off, so they’re useless.
“We can stop by my apartment.”

“Sound like a good idea.” he said.

“And by the way, you should rent a car because we’re gonna skip town today.”

Steve pecked another kiss on her plump lips. “Then you’d better dress up.”

He pulled away, getting slapped on the ass by Natasha as she giggled uncontrollably. Steve loved to hear that happy voice— he would make sure it happened more often. She put on his boxers and his shirt before putting on her leather jacket. Steve pulled her in for another kiss.

“You need to wear my shirt more often.” He murmured against her lips.

She smiled. “It turns you on, right?”

“Yeah.” He nodded. “You look sexy and beautiful in something of mine.”

Of course wearing his things would turn him on. Steve was a very possessive man. She’d figured him out within the first day. He got jealous really easily and she was the only thing that could calm him down. Steve could be a firestorm burning down the whole place or ice to calm her down.

They stood there and made out for another five minutes until Steve heard a knock on the door.

“Hey!! Rogers, breakfast is here!” It was Tony. They were both surprised that the billionaire could wake up before noon.

Steve was about to answer but Natasha covered it up with a kiss. “What?” he asked.

“Let him think that you’re still sleeping.” she whispered.

When Tony heard no answer, he left. Steve waited until he was sure that his friend was gone to open the door, finding an empty hallway.

“Let’s go.”

The couple prepared everything they would need for the adventure and snuck out of the penthouse undetected again. Steve picked a SUV before they stopped by at her apartment for Natasha to make a quick change. Steve took the liberty of preparing them a small breakfast—a bowl of cereal would suffice for now.

After the breakfast, they headed out of Vegas. Natasha put the location into the GPS.

“Let the adventure begin!”

They headed out of the city to Natasha’s favorite place in Vegas, the Red Rock Canyon. Natasha were arguing with Steve on what they should listen to. Steve let her win because he was concentrating on the current traffic more than the music that was playing.

Natasha was trying to get his attention but she was failing. She threw)a facial tissue at him. Steve growled in warning, but it didn’t stop Natasha. His growl only reminded her of the sexy sounds Steve made when they fucked. The way he grunted, growled, or even moaned always shot straight up to her core.
Damn him! She cursed. Damn him for always being so sexy without even trying! She was so hot for him right now. Screw it! She would do him right here!

“Hey, bae…” Natasha purred as she leaned in and started pressing her lips on his jaw.

“What are you doing, Nat?” He asked, but it was met with a bite on his ear lobe.

“What do you think I’m doing?”

“Are you serious?”

“I’m fucking serious, Rogers.” She replied. “Just keep your eyes on the road and I will take care of the rest.

Any protest died down in his throat when her hand skimmed over his crotch, palming her hand on it. "Ah -!" His hips jerked up involuntarily. Nat could feel his cock harden under his jeans. She smirked at his reaction as Steve was trying to fix his eyes on the road and not the lady next to him. Nat undid the button on his pants and slid the zipper down slowly, making sure to make light contact with his cock. She reached her hand inside of his boxers and pulled his long, thick cock out.

“Someone is excited…” She cooed. The head of his cock was already leaking with pre cum. She wrapped her fingers around him in a loose fist, jerking him a few times to get a feel for the sensitive spots.

“Damn it, Nat.” He groaned, pulling the car over to the side of the road.

“I knew you couldn’t resist it.”

Steve huffed a laugh. Natasha rubbed her thumb just under the darkened head, listening for a hitch in his breath. She stroked him slowly, thumbs dragging at the thick veins, swiping her finger tips across the red, leaking head, before pulling away to lick his pre cum from her fingers. He moaned at the sight of her. Natasha smiled seductively before finally wrapping her lips around the head and sucking gently.

“Oh fuck…” He shuddered.

Natasha had to admit that she loved the taste of him as much as he loved hers. Just the taste of it already made her wild with want. She parted her lips and took him in again. Nat took her time to grow used to his cock before she pulled back to lick beneath the sensitive head, looking up to see his blue eyes closed in a pure ecstasy. He was panting softly, whispering little praises and curses.

“Nat, fuck, please,” He whined, tugging on her hair just a little when she teased him again, licking over the tip filthily, stroking him loose and fast before pressing open-mouthed kisses against the underside of his length. His breathing grew ragged. Steve held her hair back so he could take a look at her face when she took in his cock. Her tongue dragged roughly against him from root to tip, leaving behind an obscene wet stripe. He tasted so good, like sweat and salt and masculinity.

“Please—" He gasped.

“You look so good when you beg."
Finally, she decided to take mercy on him. She stopped teasing and took his cock in her mouth again. As her tongue probed at his slit, she found a drop of salty pre-cum and wiped it away. She was addicted to his taste. Her hand massaged his balls, and sucking and nibbling the now super-sensitive head. Steve’s eyes nearly rolled back behind his head. She swallowed him whole and Steve could feel the head of his cock at the back of her throat. Then he was thrusting up as he pushed her head into his crotch, fucking her face and silently relishing the wet, tight warmth of her mouth.

She pressed her face into his stomach as she twisted her head from side to side. Her lips wrapped tightly around the base of his shaft as she squeezed his cock with her throat muscles. Steve cried out helplessly, almost coming. He felt like his head was going to explode.

Steve reached his hand to grab her breast—at least he could give her some pleasure. He couldn’t let her be the only one who gave the pleasure. His thumb circled against her nipple, making her moan. The sound vibrated to his cock, eliciting a guttural roar from him. Her tongue swirled around his thickness as his fingers pinched her hard nipple. Her hand enclosed around his cock once again while Steve’s fingers tugged and twisted her nipple. She followed his rhythm. Natasha started feverishly jerking Steve off again, taking him fully into her mouth. She let his cock fill her mouth, sliding down, face fucking her hard, thrusting in and out. He pulled back her hair so he could see how much she wanted to please him. When he was close, she kept pumping fast, gagging herself with his cock, letting her throat close in and convulse around him.

His whole body tensed. He couldn't hold on any longer. He held her head down and pushed into her as he came hard, filling her mouth with his milk. Natasha moaned excitedly while she swallowed, not stopping until she sucked him dry. Natasha slowly pulled away, letting her lips drag against his shaft one last time. Steve shivered and moaned. She smiled at him as she wiped a little cum dribbled from the corner of her lips, licking her finger clean. She couldn’t resist licking the last drop of his cum from the tip of his cock.

Steve leaned back, trying very hard to catch his breath. Natasha was cleaning the mess on her hand and licking her lips. Steve opened his eyes to witness that just in time and it made him groan again.

“Shit….Where did you learn to do that?” Steve asked breathily. “How did you do that?”

She smiled saucily. "I told you everyone needs a little practice." She said. "You like it?"

"Hell yes."

"Who is better, me or Sharon?" Steve went silent. "It's me because she never did that with you, didn't she?" Steve didn't reply to that question either. "We will not bring that name up again because it makes me mad how she treats you."

“Whatever you say, bae.” He replied. “Shall we get going?”

“Nah, I’m not done with you yet, lover boy.” She smiled and moved to straddle his lap.

His eyes widened. “Here? A little cramped, don’t you think?”

Nat reached her hand down to slide the seat back as far as it could go. “I think this is enough for us to fuck. Unless, you are all out…”

Steve smiled. “I’m not one to back down from a challenge.”
They both pulled their pants off. Steve let it hang around his knees before he lost his patience and pulled Natasha onto his lap. She still had her panties on when she settled on top of him.

“You are god damn impatient.” She groaned.

“Just when you’re around.”

He pulled her panties aside and found out that she was dripping wet. Natasha grabbed his cock and slowly, sensually grounded her pussy up and down his hard length without putting it inside of her, coating it with her juices. She dipped her head down, playfully biting his ear before whispering to him softly. “Bae, do you know how much I want you cock bottoming out within me?” Steve groaned and pressed his lips to her neck. “How much I need your cock stretching me…filling me completely…thrusting in and out of my tight hole?” His breath hitched as the image filled his head, making him hard.

Natasha giggled before continuing to grind her center against his length, all the while filling his ear with her dirty thoughts. Steve moaned in both pleasure and frustration, grabbing a fistful of her hair, yanking Natasha back to look into her eyes. “Why waste our time talking?” That was all he said before he thrust his cock inside of her.

“Fuck…” Natasha moaned, biting on her lower lip.

He lifted her up and slammed her small body back down onto his cock, completely sheathed inside her heavenly body. Steve groaned as her hotness surrounded him. “Fuck me hard…” She commanded, and Steve slid his cock into her, quickly slamming it home. He held her fiery red hair forcefully in one hand, fucking her hard. After a moment, Natasha started to ride him in the same rhythm. Her breasts bounced as he jackhammered up into her tight, hot pussy with his swollen cock. Steve pinched her nipple through her tee, making her scream, then started working her clit. Natasha moaned uncontrollably, her breath ragged. Her arms held him tightly, fingernails digging into his shirt. His hands groping her ass and squeezed it hard.

The sounds of their moans and slapping skin filled the car. She rode his cock faster and harder as Steve thrust upward with solid force, whispering out her name. He kissed her deeply, tasting himself on her as he firmly squeezed her breast. The taste that mingled on her lips was only the confirmation he needed. **Natasha was his.** The mere thought of that only made Steve fuck her harder. He pinched and pulled her nipple, earning another sharp cry of pleasure from Natasha. Her legs started to tremble and her body started to shake. Slow ripples of pleasure started riding up her body.

“Mine.” He growled in her ear. That was all she needed to take her over the edge. Waves of sensations rode through her body. Momentarily, all she saw was a bright white light as she reached a euphoric high. She yelled out his name just as her body exploded into a million white glorious pieces. Her walls convulsed around him, milking his cock. Steve grunted, then moaned as he
fucked her through her own orgasm. He couldn’t hold it any more and came inside her with a groan, filling her up with his hot load, making Natasha reply with a groan. Steve kept thrusting lazily until he could take no more and pulled out of her.

Natasha collapsed forward, clinging tightly to Steve, resting her head on his neck. She looked down as she came down from her high, seeing his cock coated with her juices and the mess between her legs.

“We made a mess.” He said.

“Yeah we did.” She chuckled.

“Back on your seat. I will clean it up for you.”

She did as he said and climbed back to the passenger seat with her back against the door. Steve pulled her panties out and shoved it in his jeans pocket before parting her legs. Pleasure was still swimming through her nerves, and the next thing Natasha knew, Steve’s lips were at her inner thigh, licking the wetness that dripped down her legs.

Natasha whimpered and held onto his hair. “I thought…you were going to clean me up.”

Steve kissed her thigh. “Yeah, I am cleaning you up right now.”

She huffed but leaned back, enjoying his ‘cleaning’. Steve licked and sucked around her inner thighs, but never got close to the place she wanted his mouth the most. Natasha moaned and caressed her breasts unconsciously. Sometimes Steve went near her sensitive area, but didn't touch it, making Natasha moan in frustration. Every time he did that, she would lift her hips up, trying to press her pussy against his face.

By the time Steve pulled away from between her legs, she was leaking out more juices than he was cleaning up. “Damn it, Nat.” He mocked a groan.

“Shut up and do it!” She commanded. A moan slipped from her throat and her hips arched up when she finally felt his lips on her core. “Jesus Rogers…” She breathed, chewing on her lower lip. Steve loved watching her writhe under him like this. Her legs came to drape over his shoulders. Her hands ran through his hair, pressing his head down further into her pussy. Steve slowly swiped his tongue from her entrance to clit once, chuckling at the way her entire body shivered. She arched her back up off the seat, groaning in frustration again. “Come on!”

Steve circled his tongue at the sensitive bundle of nerves. He watched as her eyes rolled back and her mouth fell open in a soundless moan while he sucked and licked her clit, taking it between his teeth and making her moan his name again. He used one hand to hold her open, tongue darting into her hole, trying to get it as deep as he could before swirling his tongue inside of her, licking her walls. Natasha was panting and gasping for air, but Steve kept punching it out of her lungs by rubbing his thumb on her clit.

“Bae…there…almost there…” She moaned, closing her eyes as pleasure began to fill her again.
Steve thrust his tongue in and out faster, shallowly fucking her. He took her clit between his fingers and squeezed it just a little. Natasha screamed again as her whole body jolted with the mix of pain and pleasure. She was getting close and Steve could feel her walls pulsating. All it took was the slight curve of his tongue inside her, grazing it over and over against the same sensitive spot.

“Yessyesessss...” She moaned and came hard into his mouth, gushing another wave of her sweet nectar. Steve greedily swallowed every drop of it. He kept fucking her with his tongue until Natasha couldn’t take it anymore and pushed him away. She breathed hard, trying to regain control of her body.

Once she could open her eyes, she found Steve licking his fingers and lips and it made her moan again. He smiled at her and leaned in for a kiss, sharing her taste.

“I guess we made more of a mess than we started with.” He chuckled.

“Yeah, we did…but your mouth is really good.”

“Glad that I could please you, ma’am.” He grinned.

Natasha couldn’t resist herself when he ma’am-ed her and pulled him in for another passionate kiss. “Say that again.” She murmured against his lips.

“Ma’am...”

“Again...”

“Ma’am...”

Nat hummed her approval and held onto her man as they made out in a way that left them both panting in the end. Steve reminded her that they should get going and there was still so many things to do and see today. Natasha pouted, because all she wanted to do right now was to drag him back to her apartment and fuck him again.

They still had tonight anyway.

She agreed that they should get going so they separately cleaned themselves up. They couldn’t risk cleaning each other again because they both knew how it would end up. When everything was back to their normal state, they got back on the road and headed to Natasha’s favorite place.

Finally, they arrived at Red Rock Canyon. Natasha showed him the way to her favorite secluded place of the park only the locals knew about. It was far away from the main attraction, but also had a very beautiful view.

They began to sat up a little picnic date under the shade of the tailgate.
“I’ve never brought anyone else here before.” Nat told him.

“Not even you ex-boyfriend?”

“That one was done before I even knew about this place. This one is my fave, so I brought him along too.”

Steve grinned. “Me? Your fave?”

Nat looped her arms around his neck. “You are my most favorite person right now.” She replied and kissed him. “But only because of the sex, especially your mouth.”

Steve’s smile widened. “I have to keep up my game for you then…so you will keep me forever.”

She buried her face in his chest, hugged him tightly, and nodded. “Umm…”

“You got it, bae.”

Steve could feel that she was smiling against his chest, but didn’t know the why Natasha was smiling like a crazy person. She noticed the way he used the word ‘bae’ had change. His voice changed. He always used it sarcastically, but now, he used it fondly with her.

Fondness that Natasha could feel every time.

They sat down on the mat. Natasha had a camera in her hand and Steve had his sketch book. She moved closer to him and snapped selfies.

“What are you drawing?” She asked, leaning to look at his work, but Steve turned away to hide it from her.

“Don’t look at it yet!” He told her.

“Why?”

“I don’t like it when people get to look at my art before it's finished.” Steve explained. “It just feels weird.”

“You are weird.” She retorted.

“But you like it.”

“I only like you for sex and your mouth, duh!”

The expression on his face immediately changed when she mentioned that. It was just for two seconds but Natasha knew something was wrong.

“What is it?” She asked.

“It’s just a joke, right? That you only wanted me for sex.”

“Yeah. Why?”
Steve looked away. “Just making sure.” He lied, because it was obviously more than that. He couldn’t let Natasha about his insecurities. He had to hold it in, so he remained silent to let the subject die down.

“Bae, what is it?” And of course, Natasha knew him better than that. She saw through every lie and she didn’t even have to try. Natasha moved to sit on his lap, looping her arms around his neck and looking into his baby blue eyes. “You are lying to me, bae. There is something bothering you.” She kissed him, but Steve didn’t kiss back. “You mean more than that to me, Steve. Sex is just a perk of having you with me. You’re a good guy that every girl would feel lucky to have. You mean more than that to me, bae.”

“Thank you.” He whispered.

“So tell me now, Steve... What’s really bothering you? You know that I’m here for you if you wanna talk about anything.”

Steve remained quiet; Natasha kissed him again and again. “I will kiss you until you start talking.”

“Then I will remain silent.”

“How about I put off sex for three days.”

Steve gaped. “Aww, don’t pull that, bae.” He said. “If you really wanna know, I will tell you.” Natasha nodded. “I was a bit insecure when you said that you only wanted me for sex.”

Nat laughed. “Dude, I’ve never heard that from a guy before.” She kissed his lips. “Why would an Adonis like you would be insecure? You are clearly handsome, charming, intelligent, thoughtful, and tons of qualities on the list.” Her soothing fingers ran through his hair. “So don’t be insecure about yourself.”

“I couldn’t help it.” He mumbled.

“It’s because of her, isn’t it?” She asked, and from his expression, she’d hit the point home. “What did Sharon do to you?”

This time, Steve didn’t hesitate to tell her. “She always left me when she said she will be there for me... like when I had nightmares. She was there for me for the first two nights, and then...” He swallowed.

“She left you to deal with it by yourself.”

Steve nodded. “I know it was annoying, but it was nice to feel that someone was there for me. My friends would be there for me if I called them, but I didn’t.”

“If I meet her someday, can I punch her in the face for doing this to you?”

“So I dealt with it by myself and accepted the fact that I couldn’t bother Sharon with my problem, because she’d made it clear that she could handle her own problems without needing my help at all. I can’t really blame her, you know. I’m weak and she’s strong.

“That isn’t an excuse to neglect the problems of the people you love! The strong one should offer help and support in every way they can.” Nat shook her head. Now, it was clear that Sharon was a real stuck up bitch. “I don’t understand, why would you stay with her like this? What make this
fucked up relationship work?"

“Because I need her. I’m afraid that if I lose her, I will lose the last thing that holds my mind in place. Maybe I was always compromised, meeting her halfway so we don’t fight about every silly thing we disagree on.” He inhaled and looked back up at Natasha. He could see clearly how much she understood him, and he was grateful for that. “The worst part was she couldn’t fulfill her promises, and she always ended up choosing the other side over me…like our wedding.”

“I will definitely punch her.” Nat vowed.

“The worst part is that she hates art, so she never supported me with my career. It is just a hobby for her.”

“I will kill her.”

“Don’t be that way, bae. I already made my choice, so I have to live with the consequences.”

“You can always choose something else, Steve. We always have choices.”

“I know. I just….have the irrational fear that no one else is going to ever love me or stand my stupid nightmares.”

One more thing hit Natasha. Since it was a truthful moment, she asked him point blank. “She never told you that she loved you, did she?”

Steve didn’t reply. She looked at him, persuading him with her beautiful green eyes, luring him to talk to her. “No.” His voice was hard. “No, she never said she loved me. I kinda wish she said she loved me when I proposed to her, but that never happened.”

“Steve…”

“Can we stop taking about this?” He asked. Clearly he’d had enough. “I don’t want to talk about this. Can we just focus on us?”

She kissed him as if she could erase all of those horrible memories of that stuck up bitch from him. He was right. She should focus about right here and now and the fact that they were here together. She would change his mind and make him see the light that he could choose anyone.

She would make him choose someone else that wasn’t Sharon. She still had time to do this. She would help him find the person who made him happy and willing to stand beside him.

“I’m with you, bae.” She whispered. “I need you to know that.”

“I know.” He replied. “Thank you for everything, Natasha.”

“So…show me the sketch…I will not judge it. I will look at it without giving any comments if you want.”

Steve inhaled and revealed the work to her. Nat’s eyes widened when she saw what he had been drawing. It was the sketch of her with the camera, and behind her was the beautiful view of Red Rock Canyon.

“This is very beautiful, Steve.” She praised. “And it’s a sketch of me.”

“Yeah, you can have it if you want. I will frame it for you when I finish it.”
“Nah, you should have something to remind of me when you leave Vegas.”

“How could I forget you, Natasha?” He sweetly said. “There is no chance in hell I would forget you.”

“Those sweet words should be rewarded.”

Natasha pulled him for another kiss, and this time Steve had her on her back. He kissed her passionately, as if he wanted tell her how thankful he was for her understanding, and she replied him with the same intensity.

They didn’t know how long they had been making out until her phone rang and Natasha had to break the kiss to pick it up. Steve had an urge to throw it into the canyon and resume kissing her.

“I have to answer this.” She told him.

“Go ahead.”

She answered the phone but remained on his laps. Steve held her in his arms and started kissing her neck. One hand traveled up to squeeze her breast and the other traveled down between her legs.

Nat tried to stop him but she couldn’t. All she could do was to keep from moaning and talk to her boss as if nothing was happening.

“I will be there.”

“Thank you, Talia.”

She hung up the phone, turning to him because she was about to hit him, but he captured her lips first.

“That wasn’t fair.” She whined.

“You never play fair with me, darling.” He chuckled. “What is it that your boss wants?”

“He wants me to come in today. From 1 PM to 6 PM.”

Steve groaned. “But we just got here and we already planned everything!”

“I am disappointed too, but we still have tonight.”

“Okay.”

“Text me when you finish work, okay?” Steve said from his car as he dropped Natasha at her strip club.

“Okay, pooh bear.” She replied. “Don’t worry about me.”
“I’m not worried.”

“See you again tonight.” Natasha leaned in for one last kiss before getting out of the car.

She turned to look at him and waved before disappearing inside of the building. Steve headed back to the hotel and told the butler of his penthouse to handle the car for him. He needed every inch of the car clean as if nobody had used it before. He didn’t tell the butler how much of a mess he’d made with Natasha.

He walked into the penthouse only to find the guys hanging out in the living room, mostly trying to nurse their hangovers. Only Tony still looked fine, as if he hadn’t even touched the alcohol last night.

“Someone got laid last night!” Tony shouted as Steve entered the living area.

“Shhhh…” Clint hissed, covering his ears with pillows. “Keep the damn noise down.”

Tony continued to nag Steve. "Steve? STEVE? So where’d you go, STEVE? Stevie?"

"Don’t call me Stevie."

"I WANNA KNOW EVERYTHING. Just so I get my money's worth, you know?" The billionaire whined.

Steve shrugged. “Gentlemen never kiss and tell.”

"AHA!"

"That didn't even mean anything, Stark.” Steve rolled his eyes at his best friend.

“Yeah, it means everything, dude. You always say that when you got laid.” Tony told. “And just so you know, Banner saw you kissing a girl last night and things were pretty heated.”

“All the bleach in this world can’t erase that memory…” Bruce chimed in from the couch.

Steve huffed. “I won’t tell you anything.”

“Aww, come on!!!” Tony shouted at Steve. “You have hickey's all over your neck. Do I have to mention that you're glowing? What’s her name?”

“Nothing happened last night, Tony.”

The billionaire kept nagging his friend because he was desperate to know every little detail of Steve and the girl he'd done doing with. He knew that his friend had gotten laid last night, but he needed verbal proof. Tony kept on going of what Steve would do to a girl. The artist didn’t say anything, but had a fond smile when he thought back to the night he shared with Natasha. Steve could keep it in, but he had his limits too.

“Okay, I slept with someone last night!”

“YESSSSSSSSS!!” Tony jumped off his couch and danced stupidly around the room. “I TOLD YOU GUYS THAT IT WAS REALLY STEVE!!!!"

Thor and Clint just waved their middle fingers at Tony because their heads were about to explode. They’d drunk too much last night.
“Now tell me all the fucking details of your fucking.”

Steve just sighed at his best friend but didn’t let any details out.

“I guess you had a lot of fun last night since you ditched me for like…all night.” Maria spoke up when Natasha sat down next to her in the dressing room.

“I don’t know what you are talking about?” Nat tried to play it cool, like it was no big deal.

“Come on, girl. You disappeared all night and left me alone to the creepy rich dudes.” Maria said. “Moreover, you might want to cover up those hiccups on your neck, girl.”

Nat knew that her cover was blown and that Maria knew what had happened last night.

“Hah! I knew it!”

“Yeah, I slept with someone last night. Remember the guy that went down on me?”

“That guy?!”

“Yeah, it turned out that we were hired for his party and we…did it.”

“I’m happy for you, Nat. He must have been really good, since you are glowing with post-coitus glow.”

Nat laughed. “He is a really nice guy, alright. We've known each other for a while now.”

“If he makes you happy, I have nothing against you guys.” Maria said. “Anyway, one of his friends was really cute. I think his name is Clint Barton or something. I also remember him from the night that we hung out at the club. He danced with me that night.”

“Clint, right? He’s a great guy too.”

“So you know most of them?”

“All of them actually. He introduced me to all of his friends and I've hung out with them 2-3 times.”

Maria smiled mischievously. “Great. Tell me more about that Clint guy.”

Now it was Nat’s turn to know that Clint Barton did a number on her friend. There was something about men from this group that attracted the women into their lives, and even herself and Maria weren’t exempt. Natasha ended up knowing that they'd exchanged phone numbers and that Clint had already texted her 5 times.

If Maria and Clint were serious about this, she would not stand in their way, because she knew Clint would be good to Maria the same way Steve was to her.
‘Bae, I’m waiting for you outside the club.’ Steve texted Natasha as soon as he arrived.

Steve waited for her outside because he didn’t feel like going inside to see Natasha climbing up and down some random guy. He wasn’t sure that he would be able to control his rage. He still remembered the last time he'd smelled male cologne on her body. It was the worst feeling and if he could avoid it, he would.

He didn’t like sharing Natasha with anyone, but he couldn’t do anything because it was her job.

So the best way was to avoid it as much as he could.

‘Let me go get changed. 10 minutes, okay?’ She replied back five minutes later— he guessed she'd just finished her performance.

‘Take all the time you need, darling.’

Nat came out ten minutes later in her normal clothing. It made Steve realize that Natasha in a normal clothes was still doing a number on him all the time. Everything about her was just so damn sexy and enticing in a way normal people weren’t.

The moment Natasha jumped into his arms and kissed him, Steve smiled as he had her back in his arms again. This time, he didn’t smell any strange scents on her body, putting his worries to rest. It was just the scent of her perfume.

“I got us dinner.” He told when they broke away from the kiss ten minutes later. “Hope you’re up for a Döner kebab.” He lifted the paper bag in his right hand.

“Yeah, let’s go home.” Nat replied. “Anyways, your Turkish accent is quite good.”

“I spent two months traveling to Turkey last year, and I kinda adapted to their language.”

“It sounds kinda hot.” Nat murmured in his ear. “But before we do it tonight and I ride you hard, we have something to discuss first.”

“You had me since ‘I ride you hard’, bae.” He replied.

Nat laughed as they pulled away from one another. Steve took her hand and they walked back to her apartment. Nat suggested that he should leave something at her apartment too if he wanted to stay the night at hers. Steve agreed to this, so they stopped at the nearby supermarket and Steve filled the basket with everything he needed. From toothbrushes and shaving cream to condoms, cheap t-shirts and boxers.

“What are you buying, bae?” He asked when he met up with Natasha at the drug section.

“Nothing. Just a regular girl stuff.” She replied. “Do you think we need those condoms? Or, the better question is, are those condoms gonna be enough for us?”

“Should I put it back or grab more? I’m confuse.” He looked like a lost puppy dog and she wanted to kiss him.

“I don’t think we need those condoms since I’m on pills and we are both clean.”
“How do you know that I’m clean?” He asked because he was a little curious.

“Tony told me when he hired me. He even provided me with blood tests as a proof and he asked for my blood tests too.”

“Tony and I will have a long talk after this.” Steve frowned. “Did he really think you were a hooker?”

“Yeah.” She replied. “On the bright side, if it wasn’t for him, we never would have met.”

“I owe him for that.” Steve smiled and kissed her.

They ended up putting the condoms back and grabbing more lube. Steve paid for everything and they quickly headed out because the cashier gave them a look that made Steve’s face burn bright red, while Natasha looked rather proud of herself.

She pulled Steve in for a kiss to make the cashier envious of her.

When they arrived at her apartment, Nat told him to settle down with his things while she warmed up their dinner. Steve came back to find Natasha sitting on the floor in front of the TV. They ate the food silently until Natasha spoke up first.

“The things I want to talk to you about…I think that before we continue on fucking our brains out, we should discuss terms and things we would like to explore or think are interesting. As well as our hard limits…some rules to follow.”

“I agree with you.” He nodded. “But I hardly have any limits since I never really explored those kinky things with…” Nat glared at him. “You-know-who. I kinda want to explore everything.”

“You kinky fucker.” She chuckled. “Then we shall go through a list that my brain can come up with then.” Natasha suggested. “Get some pencil and paper, lover boy. You might want to note it down.”

Natasha went through the simple rule first. “First and absolute rule: green, yellow, red, are we clear?” Steve nodded. “Then we should state our hard limits, but if you can’t think of any right now…you can always use colors to tell me if you’re not okay with it.” She inhaled deeply. “I know we are only gonna be fucking each other’s brains out, but it’s nice to have rules that we understand perfectly.”

“I know.”

“My hard limits are ‘nothing with weapons and animals’” She told him directly.

“Yeah, I’m certain that I’m not comfortable with those things too.” He agreed. “Can we move on to the fucking part now?”

“Slow down your horses, lover boy.” Nat laughed. “There are still a few things we need to go through first, because I want you to get everything you want explored.”

Natasha went through everything her mind could come up with. Steve kept quiet and listened to her, imagining the things in his head unconsciously and noting down everything so he didn’t forget about it. The growing bulge in front of his jeans only emphasized how turned on he was.

“I’m not sure we can have this conversation for much longer.” Steve spoke up before swallowing hard.
"Why?" Natasha was a bit confused.

"Because I want to do all of those things."

Shit! "Right now?" She asked. "But there are still many things we haven't gone through yet."

Steve took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down. "Say everything."

"How about…Consent play? Calling me names? Pain?" She suggested.

"I'm okay only if you're okay with me doing it." He replied.

"Steve, I trust you." She reassured him. "I trust you to have power over me and I know you can control it. You are likely to give me more pleasure than pain." She smiled gently at the lost puppy in front of her.

"Then I'm okay with it."

Steve rarely had any hard limits because all the kinks she could come up with in her head were basic. Then she came up with places they could fuck.

"Public place?"

"Hell yes." Steve smiled. "Remember how much fun we had in the fitting room and shark tank?"

"You kinky fucker." She sighed.

Steve had lots of things that he would really love to try with her. Nat grew wet between legs and she was lucky that she was sitting down. She should test something else. Something that would probably spike him.

"Maybe you can add Tony or Clint or Thor or even Bruce and watch them fuck me?"

Steve's face was hard and his eyes darkened when he heard that. "No, absolutely no." His voice was as hard as his face. "No one else is getting you."

Nat shivered under his intense gaze, knowing that she was successfully spiking the jealous monster in him, but there was something else. Was he really possessive?

"I will cross that out then." Nat said.

"Cross it out." Steve insisted in a commanding tone that made Nat shiver.

"Okay, bae, I'm just messing with you. No need to act all jealous."

Steve's face changed back to his normal self again when Nat finally crossed that off of the list. She should wind him up again some other time, because she really wanted to see that side of him.

"That's probably everything I have in my head." She said. "Unless you want to add anything."

He looked up at her. Blue eyes stared deep into her. "How about anal?"

Steve could see fear and memories fly across her face. "No, not that. Don't tell me you want to try it?"

"Yeah, I wanna try it but if you are not comfortable with it, we don't have to do it."
“Maybe when I can wrap my head around that idea but not anytime soon.”

“Okay.”

“So that’s the end of our agreement.” Nat concluded. “At least, we know what we can try with each other right now.”

“Yeah, should we move on to fucking now?”

“After a shower.”

Steve whined and pouted, but Nat pulled him by his shirt and led him inside the bathroom. They stripped each other off slowly. Natasha wanted to make sure that it was slow enough to torture him and build him up, setting the right mood. Her hands skimmed on his bare upper body, admiring his beautiful body. Her slim fingers traced down the line of his hard muscles, feeling it flex against her touch. Steve let out a quiet moan as she reached his jeans and tugged it down until he was naked in front of her.

It was Steve's turn to strip her, but he did it a little rougher than she did. He tore every piece of clothing off and carried her inside the shower, kissing her hard at the same time. Then he let her settle on her feet and took in her beauty. His hands slowly came down from his shoulders to her arms until he groped on her breasts greedily.

“Damn it, Natasha.” He muttered. “Everything about you just drives me crazy.” Steve pulled her into his arms again and kissed her, but Nat pulled away.

“Shower first, fucking later.”

“Fineeeeee...” He groaned, but couldn’t resist kissing her again.

Natasha was the one who pulled away, turning away from Steve so she could clean herself up. Steve came up behind and held her.

“Let me do the cleanup for you.” He whispered seductively, taking the soap from her hand.

He slowly dragged the soap all over her body, followed by his hand rubbing and cleaning her. His lips never left her skin as he pressed kisses on her neck and shoulders, making her melt into him that instant. His left hand came up to cup her breast, playing with her nipples. His right hand slid across her stomach down to her pussy, slipping his fingers between her folds.

“Steve….” She moaned, reaching her arm to grab hold at his neck and planting another hand at the shower tilt. Her back arched until it was pressed up against his solid body, feeling his hard cock between her ass. She rocked back and rubbed it with her backside, causing Steve to moan in her ears, using his finger to stroke her clit a little harder.

Steve tilted her head back so he could kiss her. Their breath was ragged at the stimulation and they almost lost it, almost ended up fucking each other but the lights suddenly went off. It made them jump away out of instinct.

“Perfect timing.” Steve muttered.

“There is a candle and lighter in the cabinet.”

“I will go get it. The water is still running, you can clean out the soap.” He replied.
Steve got out of the shower stall. Luckily, he could find the candle and lighter fast enough and lit it up.

“Bae, come back and join me in the shower.” Nat whined. “The damn water is too cold.”

Steve placed the candle on the bathroom counter before stepping back inside. Natasha immediately threw herself into his arms. The damn water was fucking cold, probably because of the outage taking out the heating system too.

They quickly cleaned up and dried themselves. They both wrapped themselves with only a towel. Nat set off to find more candles that she'd stacked around the place. She was sure she had at least a hundred essence candles lying around the place.

“I can’t believe it. It’s raining and there's possibly a thunder storm outside too.” Steve told her as he opened the curtain to look outside. The whole neighborhood was in the dark.

“Bae, can you get the pillow and blanket from my room while I light up these candles?” Nat asked him. “I think we will be in the dark most of the night with a thunderstorm like this.”

“Okay, bae.”

Steve did as he was told, but when he came back to the living room, Natasha had lit up almost twenty candles around the living area.

“Sorry for the lights going out.” She said as he stepped closer to her. “It might ruin the mood.”

“Nah, since the lights are out and we have all these candles...” He replied, leaning closer to her ear, “The heating system is out too...The only way to keep us warm is to fuck each other’s brain out...right now.” The last word met with a hard pull of her towel, and Natasha was bare before his eyes.

Steve was stunned by the lighting from the candles, only making Natasha look even more beautiful than she already was. He shook his head to bring his head back into the game. He stepped closer and kissed her, loving the feeling of her lips moving against his in perfect rhythm. Natasha melted in his arms again when his lips traveled down to kiss her jaws and her neck. Slowly and tortuously, he kissed his way down her body until Natasha’s legs grew weak. His hot lips mingled on her pussy, teasing her with his tongue and teeth.

“Bae….give it to me good.” She couldn’t take it anymore. She needed him more than this. She wanted to get off by his cock. “Fuck me....”

Steve answered her by maneuvering her to the couch, asking her to bend her body over the arm of the couch while he positioned behind her. Nat looked back and pleaded with him to fuck her again. Steve slowly rubbed her slit up and down with the tip of his cock, making her whole body shudder in anticipation. Finally, Steve entered her, slowly pushing himself in until his cock was fully seated inside her.

“What...You feel so good.” He murmured as he started moving in and out of her. Natasha moaned and rocked back against him. Steve’s hand settled on her hips to help pull her back and forth onto his cock. Nat crossed her ankles and it made her walls squeezed tightly around his cock. “Shit...” He groaned. “Keep your ankles there. It’s so fucking tight.”

Steve pulled his cock all the way out and slammed back in, only to feel the pleasing burn from her tight hole shooting up his spine. Natasha whimpered every time Steve sunk himself all the way in and hit her g-spot. She rocked back against him in the same rhythm. He groaned every time that he felt her pussy literally suck in his cock. “Oh, God,” he moaned.
From this position, Natasha was grinding firmly on the arm of the chair. The multiple stimulation was making her body go into overdrive. It was too intense…too overwhelming, and it was setting whole body on fire. She was going to explode soon, until Steve decided to stop and pull out of her. Nat whined and looked back at him. “Steve…”

“Just want to change the position, darling.”

He lifted her up with one arm as if her weight meant nothing to him before placing her on the couch with Natasha lying on her left side. Steve knelt and straddled her left leg, pulling her right leg around his right side of his waist. He slowly guided his cock back inside her wet heat. Nat moaned out loud as she felt Steve’s cock giving her a deep penetration.

“Fuck, Steve…Yesss” Nat moaned. “It’s so deep…”

Steve began to work back and forth, fucking Natasha with his long, thick cock. He was going slow, using her heated wall to caress his hard length. Steve closed his eyes as it gave him a satisfying sensation. Natasha could feel the orgasm started to pool in her lower belly. Steve had the ability to hit all the right places and make her whole body ignite. She lounged comfortably, enjoying the slow fuck she was receiving.

Steve looked down at Natasha as he worked on her, seeing Natasha’s eyes closed and her head thrown back. Steve shifted, his cock sliding deeper into Natasha. “Shit…” Steve groaned as he felt his cock bump her cervix. He was all the way in. “God…you feel so good…so tight.” He moaned. Then he began to take long strokes, plunging deep into her with every thrust. The friction of his cock was taking her higher and higher in blissful pleasure.

“Mmmmm…that it…right there…” She moaned.

Then he set out a punishing pace, driving into her harder and harder with powerful slams, making Natasha scream out his name. Steve reached his hand down to play with her clit, making her jolt with pure ecstasy. He rubbed the little bud with his thumb and watched as Natasha’s mouth fell open in a silent moan. Her hands started playing with her breast. His thrusts became more determined, his strokes deeper, so she knew he was getting close. He was pounding her pussy hard and deep now, forcing her cervix open with each driving thrust. He could feel the tight opening to her womb stretching around the tip of his cock, making them both moan.

“Oh baby…I’m gonna come soon.”

“Mmmmm…come inside me…Steve…” His cock twitched involuntarily when she said that.

“Yeah…” He moaned, too consuming with lust. “I’m gonna give you every drop right up in your pussy…Imma knock you up.”

He started pounding her pussy again, ramming her hard and deep, wanting nothing more than to bring on their orgasm and filling his girl’s womb with his cum. He pushed her right legs back up and pounded her even harder, making it clear that he was now even more determined not only to cum inside her, but to shoot every drop as deep as possible in her pussy.

“Oh yeah baby…knockin’ you up right now….…” He growled.

“Oh god yes…do it…make a baby in me…”

Steve didn’t need a second thought as he thrust his cock fully inside of her. He growled her name as his cock convulsed hard, spasming forcefully as his orgasm hit. She gasped and moaned, aching as she felt the hot load jet into her. Nat grabbed his ass, holding him tight, ensuring he shot every
single drop of his cum inside her.

“Ahh…ahh…so hot….” She whimpered. “Yes…so good…making me c-cum…Ahh!”

She moaned in ecstasy as she convulsed around him. A powerful orgasm ripped through her body, and she found herself unable to move as her tight center clenched and spasmed hard around his thick cock, milking every last drop of his cum. Steve kept his cock buried deep in her pussy until their orgasms had subsided. He pulled out slowly, letting her pussy stay snugly around his cock, to make sure her pussy closed tightly and sealed every drop of him deep inside.

They laid like that for a while. Natasha was still breathing hard underneath Steve, who began to give her loving kisses on her face and neck. Natasha was powerless to do anything at that very moment, so she just simply enjoyed his worship until she regained control of her body and started wrapping herself around him. Nat tried to flip them, but the momentum sent them falling off the couch. Steve’s back hit the coffee table, but he securely encased Natasha in his arms and she landed on top of him.

“Sorry…” She whispered. “Are you hurt?”

“A bit.”

“Did I ruin the mood again?”

Steve smiled up at her lovingly. “Nothing about you can ruin the mood.”

Nat leaned down to kiss him as she felt Steve was getting hard again, ready for another round. She reached her hand down between his legs and palmed his hardening member until it fully swelled, rock hard in her hand.

“Lay on the coffee table. I will ride you now.”

She ordered. Steve loved it when she ordered him around.

“Lay on the coffee table. I will ride you now.” She ordered. Steve loved it when she ordered him around.

She got up and let Steve lay down on the coffee table. It was a sturdy wooden table, but Steve had doubts about its durability. He forgot about it the moment Natasha clawed on top of him, straddled his hips with her back turned to him and facing the window before slipping his cock into her tight, hot center again.

Steve let her take control and let her ride him hard. He took a pillow from the floor and shoved it under his head, getting a great view of her rear end. He could clearly see how his cock entered her. “God…Nat…You’re so hot.” He moaned. Then she lifted his left leg up and motioned for him to bend it. She shifted to straddle the raised leg and began to ride him again. She held on to his knee, using it as a support as she rocked up and down his member.

“God…you are so deep in me…” She moaned. “I want you to come in me again.”

Steve didn’t reply as his hand gripped on her thigh and hips, lifting her up and down his hard length as he thrust his hips up to meet her. Nat moaned uncontrollably as her pussy also rubbed at his upper thigh every time she rocked her hips. The pleasure was so overwhelming for the two of them. She plunged down on his cock, taking it fully into her tight pussy with every thrust. The table made a protesting noise but neither of them cared at that moment. “Yes…Steve….” Nat whimpered as the tip of his cock stroked her g-spot. “Yes…baby…”
Steve picked up his pace, thrusting hard every time. She met him with equal force, trying to get them to orgasm as fast as they could. Steve groaned as he felt his cock bump into her cervix again and the thought of making her pregnant with his baby came back to his mind. Natasha bounced up and down, hand moving to fondle her breast, moaning while Steve jackhammered hard inside her. She screamed with every deep penetration as he kept bottoming out, but didn’t slow down her pace.

“Come on, bae. Knock me up real good…” She moaned as she looked back at him and gave him a sexy smile.

“Yeah, baby…”

Her lips fell open as her head fell back while they rutted against one another. Nat slammed down on his shaft one last time before she went still. She pressed down so hard that his cock was into the hilt and convulsed around him, milking him. Steve grunted as he couldn’t hold it any longer and came inside her with his hot load. He buried deep as he felt her walls squeeze his cock hard, trying to get every drop of cum out of him.

Nat panted hard before collapsing on top of him with her back to his chest. Steve held her body to prevent her from falling off. He pulled himself out of her, but made the mistake of moving too fast. The coffee broke and the couple fell hard with a loud thud, especially Steve, who took most of the impact but held Natasha tightly, securing her in his embrace.

“Ouch….” Steve groaned as Natasha rolled to her front and faced him.

“Bae, are you alright?” She asked before pressing soothing kisses along his jaws, neck and chest, rubbing her hands gently on his abs and arms.

His hand caressed the back of her neck and he smiled to ease her worries. “Yeah, but my back hurts a little.” Steve replied. “I’m okay, bae. You don’t have to worry.”

Nat leaned in and kissed him passionately. Steve’s arms snaked across her back and held her tight. She felt so good, so perfect in his arms the way no one else could be. His hands dragged all over her back, loving the feeling of her soft skin under his touch.

“God…I love having you in my arms like this.” He murmured into their kiss.

“You can have me as long as you want to.” Nat replied with a smile.

He pulled away and looked deeply into her eyes. “How about we do this forever?”

“Forever? You mean keep fucking like this forever.”

“I’m with you until you don’t want me.” He promised.

Nat smiled and pecked his lips. “I’m with you until you don’t want me, too.”

The gentle make-out session continued on as they both relished the feeling of having each other in their arms in that very moment. Natasha couldn’t get enough of how Steve always looked at her with sheer devotion and adoration. Steve too couldn’t get enough of her lips gently moving with his lips, the way she moaned, or the way she looked into his eyes and reached into his soul.

Steve gently held her up and placed Natasha on the soft carpet, away from the wreck of a coffee table, before bringing pillows and blankets for her. Nat pulled him back for another kiss and Steve was now on top of her. Her legs came wrapping around his waist, drawing him all the more closer
until his entire body was pressed tightly with hers.

She pulled away and he could see a look of amusement in her eyes. “I have to say it again…Steve, you’re a natural dirty talker.” She laughed. Steve had to admit that he could never get enough of the way she threw her head back, exposing her neck to him. He couldn’t resist, and kissed her neck.

He laughed. “You are enjoying it as much as I am, bae.”

“Not to mention the impregnation kink.” She laughed again. “Yeah, you said you would get me pregnant.”

His laughter died down and he looked away, cheeks flushed. “Shit…this one is so embarrassing.”

“No, it’s not embarrassing.” She cupped his face and made him look at her. “There is nothing embarrassing in what we do or what we like.”

Steve smiled. “I know…I’m glad that you played along with me too.”

“I was kidding when I told you I was on the pill.”

Steve’s eyes went wide. “WHAT?”

She laughed. “I’m kidding, bae.”

“I should punish you for that.” He murmured. “For making me almost have a heart attack.”

“Then punish me.” Nat challenged him. She was not the one who would back down from anything.

Steve held her down. “I’m thinking about slow love making and putting a baby in you.”

“You kinky fucker.”

Steve laughed and kissed her again before she could say anything. He continued to punish her with his slow, sweet, love making. Natasha was left begging for him to do it faster and harder, but it didn’t happen. He took his time and worshiped every inch of her skin with his lips and hands, exploring every secret place that could make her arch up, moan, or wither. Natasha never felt so alive than at that very moment, when every inch of her body felt the love from the man above her.

It wasn’t a bad punishment after all, because even though Steve went slow on her, he still got her high on pleasure that left them both breathless when they came together. Steve spilled another load inside her heavenly body, leaving his mark on her.

They fell asleep there on the carpet, with only one blanket and the candles. It was a long, cold, dark night but neither of them complained, because all they needed was each other.
Chapter 14

Las Vegas, Day 13

Awwww. Natasha groaned in her head. She felt incredibly sore, and now she was overheated by the burning bonfire beneath her.

She opened her eyes and realized that she wasn’t sleeping on a bonfire, but Steve Rogers, who'd lately become her personal pillow and sometimes bed. His two big arms were securely locked around her body. She loved it but now, she needed to get out of this.

She slowly moved and managed to slip out of his arms without waking Steve up. She got up and wrapped herself with his shirt.

“Awww…” She realized that his shirt was bottomless because, well, he'd torn his shirt off because he was too damn impatient. She kept it on anyway. Then she looked back at the mess they'd made last night.

They'd fucked in her living room last night and it was awesome. They'd broken a coffee table because she was riding Steve too hard. He would probably complain about his back when he woke up, but she guessed that wouldn’t put sex off for them. To be honest, even if he broke his leg, Steve wouldn’t put sex off (They would probably fuck in the hospital too.)

Duck feathers were everywhere. Wine glasses and empty bottles rolled on the floor. Steve was sleeping on the carpet with the couch pillows piled up around him. They had a lot to clean up but that would probably happen later.

Natasha picked up her phone on the couch to check for missed calls or messages.

‘Talie, we need you for an early performance today.’ It was a message from her day job boss.

Nat sighed. She wanted to spend her time with Steve, but work always got in the way.

She went the bathroom to take a shower and got ready to go out, but all she could think of was Steve. She was hoping that he would hop in the shower with her so they could go for another round, but it didn’t happen.

She dressed up before coming back to the living room to find her man still sleeping, so she left him a note, telling him that she had to leave for her work and that he should hang out with his friends to reduce suspicion.

She also wrote something on his arm with her red lipstick before kissing his cheek with her red lipstick coated lips.

She hate to leave him like this, but she had to. They still had time to spend together after anyway.

“See you soon, bae.” She whispered in his ear before she left the apartment.
Awwww, my back hurts. Steve groaned in his head when he started to stir and felt pain sting at his lower back. He opened his eyes but lay still for a moment, hoping that the pain would stop. He couldn’t believe that they’d actually broken the coffee table last night.

On second thought, Nat had ridden him so hard last night the table would have broken.

They had thoroughly fucked last night. It had left him incredibly sore, but completely sated in a way he hadn’t felt in a very long time.

Where the hell was Natasha anyway? Steve thought as he looked around, not didn’t finding her next to him. Steve rolled on his side, and that was when he noticed something on his right arm. It made him smile when he saw it. It was Natasha’s hand writing in red lipstick that said ‘Love you<3’

“Awww, bae.” Steve couldn’t stop smiling as he sat up and found the note Natasha left on the couch. ‘Early performance. You can hang out with ur friends. I will call you when I’m done. N xo’

Steve smiled again. He fumbled for his phone so he could text her. He took a selfie of himself making a kissing face, showing her the lipstick on his arms. That was also when he noticed a red mark of her lips on his cheek too. He took the photo and sent it to her with a caption ‘Love you too.’

Steve put the phone away because he didn’t expect her to reply soon. She was probably performing at the lounge that he would visit later today. Steve got up only to see that there was a mess everywhere in the living room.

Shit! They'd made quite a mess last night, but there was one thing to remember. They'd broken the record on the second day of their fucking. She'd come like 5 times yesterday, but Steve was never one to back down from a challenge. He would make sure to add more number and hopefully, in their top forms, they could do double digits.

They still had time left to spend with each other before his stay in Vegas came to an end.

Steve found his boxers nearby and put them on before beginning his mission to clean up the apartment for her. He would fix the coffee table too. The chair took him two hours to put perfectly back in place and also to fix the legs of the coffee table.

Steve sighed as he looked around, pleasing at his work. He hoped that it would please her too when she came home to find her apartment tidy. Then he took a shower and went back to his hotel to find the guys waiting for him.

“Where the hell have you been?!” Tony yelled at Steve. “Almost noon, and you just came back?”

“I had something to do.”

“Who’s the girl?” Clint grilled.

“Why does there always have to be a girl involved?” Steve asked back.
“You got laid last night, right, friend Steven?” Thor asked.

“Whatever.”

“We decided to let you decide what we should do today.” Bruce spoke up.

Steve thought for a moment before he got the perfect place that they should hang out. “I got a place. Just follow me, I will take you guys there.”

Steve got changed into new clothes. Luckily for him, no one noticed that it was the same outfit from yesterday. Not to mention that he'd lost his shirt. It must have been somewhere inside Natasha’s apartment. They got into the limo and Steve told the driver the address of where they were going.

His phone beeped as he got a message; it was from Natasha. ‘Miss you, bae.’

‘Miss you too, bae.’ He replied.

“Why are you smiling?” Clint asked. His grey eyes fixed on his friend, trying to detect any facial expressions.

“I’m happy.” Steve replied, and it was the truth.

“Was that Sharon?”

“Yes.” This time Steve lied with such a straight face that not even his closest friends could detect it.

His friend let it slide as they arrived at the place. Tony frowned when he saw the old building.

“Why on earth would I want to step into that building?” Tony asked.

“Because I want to show you something.” Steve replied.

Tony looked excited for a moment. “The girl you had sex with the other night?”

Steve shook his head. “What the hell is wrong with you, Tony?”

“I just want to see the girl who stole you from us.”

“There is no girl who stole me from you guys. It’s just work and ten million dollars.”

“Wow! Even when you are on vacation, you still do work.” Clint chimed.

“Whatever…” Steve groaned. “Just follow me and you will get the best show.”

Steve led them inside the lounge where they could hear a beautiful voice from inside. Steve observed his friends’ reactions when they saw who the singer was, and they were priceless.

“She’s a singer?!” Tony asked.

“Not to mention a very good singer.” Clint added.

“She definitely has the most beautiful voice I've ever heard.” Thor announced.

“She looked absolutely beautiful too.” Bruce commented.
Tony scratched the back of his head. “I thought she was just a stripper.”

“No, she isn’t.” Steve replied as he sat down on his usual table. “She has greater qualities than she shows to you guys. This is what I want to show you. The other side of Natasha.”

The guys were in awe for the rest of the song. Natasha could notice her bae from the stage and his friends with him too. She smiled at them at the end of the song before she came down from the stage.

“Hey, guys!” She greeted. “What are you doing here?”

“Steve brought us here, and we're glad that he allowed us to see you perform.” Clint replied.

“Amazing performance, by the way.” Bruce praised her.

“Thank you.”

“My lady, you are beautiful and have the voice of an angel.”

“Thank you, Thor, but I’m not that great.”

“You are that great, Nat.” Steve insisted. “Do you have anything to say, Tony?”

Tony remained quiet, because he didn’t want to lower his pride in admitting that Natasha was a great singer and that he was wrong the whole time about her. “Yeah…she’s okay.” That was all his ego allowed him to say.

Steve shrugged and invited Natasha to join them. Clint got up and let Nat sit next to Steve so he could observe the couple more easily when they were together. He would love to see them slip out of their mask, and he would get the answer he wanted.

But there was nothing wrong with their gestures or body language except for the proximity. They were comfortable enough with each other to let the other person into their personal space. The way they leaned into each other was the only proof he needed.

Then Clint noticed something. The most important element to the equation—the eyes. The way they looked at one another. No matter how good they were in refraining their gestures, their eyes told him everything. That wasn’t the way you looked at your friend. The longing, loving looks they gave each other were the best proof. Frankly, Steve never looked at Sharon like that.

Clint was determined to know, but right now he needed to ask Natasha more important things than of his suspicions of the couple.

“Hey…is there any chance you know Maria Hill?” Clint asked.

“She’s my friend.” Nat replied.

“Great! Can I have her phone number? I would like to meet her again.” Clint said. “Nothing sexual, nothing about stripping, just a man and a woman looking for something more.”

“She did quite a number on you, huh?” Steve wiggled his eyebrows teasingly at his friend. “She should, because Maria is beautiful and she’s your type.”

“I don’t have a type.” Clint lied, trying to get out of it. “We talked about many things the other night and our interests simply aligned. We were connected!”
“Yeah you do.” Steve and Nat said in unison.

Clint blushed slightly and handed Natasha his phone so she could enter Hill’s number in his phone.

“Here you go, sport. Treat her well or I will hunt you down and cut off your junk.”

“You two take care of each other too. Don’t break Steve’s heart, Natasha.” Clint shot back.

The couple blushed immediately and looked away in different directions. Clint chuckled at their reaction, but there was no more time for him to exploit more when Stark drew attention to himself.

“Umm…What the hell grew on your face, Rogers?” Tony asked.

Steve rubbed his jaw and found the rough stubbles. “Oh…I forgot to shave.”

He'd forgotten to shave his beard because he had something better to do with his time than shave his beard. Why shave it off when he could leave beard burn all over his girl; the mere sight of it on Natasha’s skin was such a turn on for him!

His eyes met with Natasha's and she knew that too.

“You must be hella occupied to forget shaving your beard.” Tony suggested.

“Is that had something to do with the woman you're currently into?” Clint asked. “Well, you seem to secretly disappear from the group everyday so I have to say you are hiding her from us.”

Steve blushed but quickly covered for himself. “I don’t have anyone.”

Under the table, Natasha touched his thigh and deliberately slid her hand against his crotch. Steve went still. Her bare foot rubbed against his leg. Steve got goosebumps all over his body but he didn’t stop her.

He definitely had one of the seductive devils as his girl.

Steve survived at the drinking table without embarrassing himself, but he got a major hard on and Natasha was the only problem for him. She kept palming her hand on his crotch and kept her eyes on him all the time. Steve was trying to play it cool, but ended up drinking lots of whiskey to cover up his reddened face.

When their friends wanted to leave, Steve told them that he would drop Natasha off at her apartment before he had another meeting with his client. (Which was a lie, because he would totally spend all his time with Natasha and take care of unfinished business.)

His friend didn't seem to be suspicious at all, and told them to have a safe ride back to her place. When Natasha closed the door, she was immediately pushed back right up against it. Steve kissed her hard, making Nat moan into his mouth. Her legs came wrapping around his waist and he pressed himself tighter to her so she could feel how hard he already was.
“You little minx.” He groaned. He could hardly see through the lust tinting his vision. “Look what you did to me.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

He grunted against her lips. “You’re unbelievable.”

Steve kissed her deeply and passionately. His hands went to her shirt, trying to pry the buttons off, but lost his patience another second later and tore the shirt off of her body. Nat squealed in surprise. Steve’s eyes were fixed at her lacy bra. Her cleavage was almost spilling out.

"Fuck, Nat," He said as he took in the sight of her and that was enough to get her arching against him. Steve dipped his head back on her neck, kissing, sucking, and nibbling at the soft flesh, leaving purple marks along the trail. Natasha could feel the rough stubble dragging and leaving a burning red mark every time it rubbed against her skin. She shivered, hand grabbing tightly to his neck and hair.

He let her down on her feet to get her jeans and panties off her. Natasha reached behind and unclasped her bra, tossing it aside before she pulled his white t-shirt off and took care of his jeans. They were both naked within a minute and Natasha found herself pressed up against the front door again, legs wrapped around his hips with her stilettos digging into the small of his back. His lips mouthed on her cleavage, light bites that made Natasha whimper with pure need, trying to push his head down on her nipple. He took the cue and sucked her hard nipple into his hot mouth. His tongue flicked, alternating with light bites.

“Steve….” She moaned as she felt the head of his hard cock rubbing against her. Steve put his hand between her legs and found that she was already soaking wet. Steve stroked himself, spreading pre cum from the head before he slid straight into her, his hard length filling her so good that she had to bite down on his shoulder to keep silent.

He began to move, and there was nothing gentle about it. Her hips thudded against the door as he pounded into her. Steve's face was nestled against her neck, his scent surrounding her and she clutched desperately at him when his teeth latched onto her skin. He whispered that he would make her come so hard that she wouldn’t be able to stand when they finished. Nat moaned in his ear, her fingernails digging into his skin. Her head rolled back against the wall. "Fuck Steve...."

"Close your eyes." He ordered and she obeyed. “And feel it.”

Steve began to pick up the pace, making her go crazy and beg for more. His hand went back to squeezing her breasts while his lips kissed away her screams and turned them into moans laced with pleasure. She felt herself get filled with his cock as he pushed himself further and further inside of her until the tip of his cock was buried deep against her cervix. Nat bit into his lower lip. Her eyes remained closed and the pleasure was ten times more intense than usual. Her mouth was wide open, panting as she tried to breathe. She couldn’t really talk, so she kissed him and he fucked her even harder. "There! There! Harder!" she yelled.

When Steve felt her walls convulse, he knew that she was close. He grabbed her hips and held her tightly to the door as he pulled himself slowly and tortuously out of her wet, dripping pussy until only the head of his cock was inside of her. She was panting, begging for him to keep fucking her. She was so close and she wanted him to cum inside of her. Steve smiled against her lips before slamming his hard length all the way back inside of her.

They were both too consumed by lust to think straight anymore. She let her body be consumed by his cock. He thrust inside of her now with an intense rhythm. She bit her bottom lip as his cock
rammed into her soaking wet pussy.

“Steve…almost there, baby.” Nat moaned.

“Yeah…me too.”

He made sharp and intense thrusts and she arched her back into him. Her hands were pulling on his hair, then scratching his shoulders. Her body shook forcefully, muscles clenching. Nat screamed as she came hard. Her walls milked at his cock, pulling him with her. Steve unloaded a hot spurt of his cum deep inside of her, making Natasha arch into him again. Her leg was shaking as Steve continuously shot his cum. She could feel his cock twitching and spasming inside of her. He stayed still, burying deep, lips kissing her lovingly until they both came down from their high.

Nat panted against his lips as they parted slightly for some air. “I don’t think I can walk.” she admitted.

“I can carry you to the bathroom.” he suggested. “I think another shower is in order.”

“Yeah. You made me all wet and sticky, lover boy.” she murmured in his ear.

“I will clean you up, ma’am.” he smiled mischievously.

Steve pulled his cock out of her. He smiled when he heard her whimper at the emptiness. Steve gently carried her inside the bathroom and placed her in the bathtub, running the warm water so it might help soothe their soreness. Steve slid down behind her and Natasha leaned back until she was fully settled against him. His arms came to wrap around her.

“Want me to clean you up?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” That was all she could reply, dropping her head on his shoulders and relishing in the touch of his hands roaming all over her body.

Steve got the soft sponge and poured the liquid soap on it. He began to clean her body, all the while kissing her lips gently to distract her of what he was about to do.

He took her nipple between his fingers, rolling and circling with his thumb. Nat moaned into the kiss but couldn’t anything to stop him. His other hand took the sponge down between her legs, making her breath hitch and squirm in his arms.

“What are you doing?” she asked, a little breathless.

“Cleaning you, darling.” he replied innocently. “Cleaning and pleasuring you at the same time.”

“I have plans for us tonight, so you can't wear me out this early in the day.”

Steve pouted. “Can we skip it?”

“But I got free tickets and it is an incredible show. You will love it.”

He kissed her lips. “Alright. I'll pleasure you later.”

Steve quickly cleaned them both up and carried Natasha out of the tub, drying her before they got dressed. Nat told him to have only his boxers on because she still had something to do to him. She guided him to sit down on the chair in front of the mirror. Then she came back with scissors.

“What is that for?”
She looked at him lovingly, pushing her fingers through his blond locks. “You hair is getting too long. I like it short, but long enough that I can hold on to it when we have sex.”

Steve smiled. “Do whatever you want, bae.”

“I will shave off that beard too. I can’t go to work at night because you leave beard burns everywhere!”

“Then why should we shave it off?” Steve grinned. “I think I will leave it on. I know you like it when I drag my beard on you.”

“No, I do not.”

“You moan pretty loud.”

She flushed but didn’t reply him, keeping her focus on his hair instead; but her bae never got enough of her, so he settled his hands on her hips, thumbs lightly brushing at her bare skin. A victorious smile appeared on his face when he saw her shiver. She ordered him to stay still as he could.

When she was done with his hair, she gently washed his hair again. She dried his hair for him too and Steve pulled her onto his lap.

“You reminded me of my mom.” He said, looking up into her beautiful green eyes. “She always cut my hair for me.”

Nat smiled at him. “What did she look like?”

“Beautiful, long blond hair, big blue eyes.” He replied. “She was a nurse. Sweet and gentle, but a firecracker and protective of her son.”

“If I’d had a chance to meet her, I would have loved her too.”

“She would have loved you too, Natasha.”

She couldn’t resist kissing him. Her hands slightly ran over his beard covered jaw, loving the rough feeling of it. It triggered a sexy memory of Steve dragging it between her thighs, and now she was left with a huge internal debate on whether she should shave his beard or not.

“I will let you keep this for a little while.” She told him.

“I will make sure to put it to good use.”

They spent the whole evening trying to come up with new scenarios for them in the bedroom. Steve took it seriously and googled everything, but Natasha was the one to come up with the most interesting thing. She asked him if he had ever heard of ice dildos before.

It ended up with them watching a whole video of how to make it, and they spent the rest of the afternoon doing science experiments. A massive mess ensued and turned into a water fight, but in
the end, they got like six ice dildos in the freezer.

They had to dry themselves up, and Steve was running out of clothes again. Steve decided that he would have to buy more clothes and leave them at her apartment. They went out shopping to kill the time. Steve got everything he needed and told the staff to deliver it to her building.

Steve took them for dinner, and it almost felt normal. Nothing sexual, just a guy and a girl wanting to be with one another. Everything between them lately had been sexual and very unconventional. They needed this, or else they would not leave their bed and keep fucking like it was the end of the world.

Natasha finally revealed that they would attend the O by Cirque du Soleil at the Bellagio. Nat told him that they should dress in something fancy, and it ended up with them walking out of Gucci in suits and an evening dress.

When they arrived, Natasha surprised him with an exclusive VIP box suite, offering a unique opera-house style and feel. The staff came to them with a choice of champagnes and wines for them to pick. They both put aside their pride for not consuming ‘pretentious’ alcohols by picking champagne for this rare occasion. Then the staff served them with a tower of chocolate truffles and informed them that there was a private cocktail server at their service.

Steve noticed that the VIP box was very private. There was a private entry and a soundproof drapery. Why would he pass up such an opportunity to test how good it was?

When everything was all set up and the staff left them alone, Steve immediately pushed Natasha against the wall and kissed her hard. Nat moaned against his lips, a bit dazed by his sudden aggressive behavior. She thought it was just a kiss until his hand ran up her right thigh.

“What are you doing, Rogers?” She asked.

“I want to prove the quality of this soundproof wall.” He replied slyly, and dipped his head to her neck, trailing hot kisses up and down.

Before Natasha could say anything, Steve had already hiked her legs up around his waist. His crotch pressed against her center and was hardening. Suddenly, Steve stopped his assault at her neck, pulling away as he frowned.

His finger traced at her neck where he'd previously put his lips. “You put make-up here.”

“I have to cover up all the hickeys and burns you gave me, dummy.” She told him.

“I don’t like the taste of cosmetics on my lips. I like the taste of your skin.”

“I have to, or else people will look at me.”

“If they look down at you, I will punch them.” He swore.

Nat kissed him. “Does this mean we don’t have to test the quality of these walls?”

Before Steve could reply, the announcer said that the show would begin in five minutes. Steve had half a mind to ignore the whole thing and fuck Natasha against the wall, but he couldn’t.

“Yeah…let’s watch the damn show.” Steve sighed, and let her down.

Natasha fixed her dress and hair before they sat down in their seats. When the show started and the
whole hall went dark, Steve grinned mischievously and gently placed his hand on her thigh. Nat turned to him with a smile because of his touch. Suddenly, she was shivering when he deliberately dragged his hand along her inner thigh and brushed his fingers at her panties.

“Damn it, Rogers.” She groaned and slapped his hand away. “Just watch the show.”

“You’re distracting me, darling.” He cooed in her ear with his seductive voice.

Her face reddened, and Steve knew she was aroused as he was. He couldn’t wait for the show to end so he could drag her back to his penthouse and spent the rest of the night fucking each other’s brains out.

Steve was trying really hard to his focus on the show, but once he could concentrate, he found that the show was pretty amazing, with world class acrobats and synchronized swimmers performing in, on, and above the water.

The show ended and Steve quickly dragged Natasha out of the building and headed back to his hotel. He couldn’t stand it any longer if he wasn’t inside her. The cab driver almost kicked them out because of their steamy make out session. Steve had Nat pinned down on the back seat, but the driver coughed really loudly.

Steve tipped the driver generously before he dragged Natasha inside the hotel. Once they were in the elevator, he had her up against the glass wall of the elevator. Nat had to admit that she was a little bit disappointed when Steve didn’t do her in the VIP box. Now, he pressed her against the glass wall, probably where everyone down there could notice them.

They reached the penthouse before anything could happen. Steve found a note that Bruce left for him.

‘Out partying somewhere. Probably come back at dawn. Bruce’

Steve turned to Nat but his eyes were still looking at the note. “We have to penthouse all to ourselves.” He looked up at her and found that Natasha was heading outside, slyly shimmying the dress off of her body. “What are you doing?”

“Come on, lover boy.” She said. “We’re gonna go skinny dipping!”

Steve quickly followed her out and shredded the suit off of his body. They held hands before cannonballing into the pool together. Natasha swam into his arms and kissed him. Steve’s senses were suddenly on overdrive. They returned to the surface, breathing hard.

“Bae, look! It’s a full moon.” Natasha said.

Steve turned around to look at the same direction as her. “Everything just triples our mood, doesn’t it?” Steve turned back to capture her lips with his again. “You are so beautiful, darling.”

She pulled away for a little. “Really?”

“The most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in my entire life” He confirmed.

Nat threw her arms around his neck and deepened the kiss. Steve made her want more of him every time they were together. She wanted all of him. She needed all of him.

Because she was sure that she would give him all of her too.
Nat traced her tongue on his lips as she moved in to kiss him. This time, he closed his eyes and pressed his lips firmly against hers. Steve let out a soft moan. She gently parted his lips with her tongue, slipping it inside of her mouth. He instinctively responded, twirling his tongue around hers. He wrapped his arms around her, running his fingers through her hair as their kiss became more heated, more passionate.

“God,” Steve groaned against her lips. “You are making me crazy.”

She smirked, her eyes flashing with lust. His eyes too were a shade darker, full of lust, passion. Steve backed her up until she was against the glass edge of the infinity pool. He kissed her again, deep and demanding, trapping her in dark passion.

Steve broke the kiss and she let her head fall on his shoulder, breathing against his neck. She ground her hips against his, earning a guttural moan from Steve.

“Are we going to do this here?” She asked again. “You friends might come back anytime.”

“Bae, you know this kink turns us on more than anything.” He replied with a smirk. “Besides, if they walk in on us, we better make sure to give them a show.”

Natasha shivered at the thought. “When do they come back?”

“Not anytime soon.”

Before Natasha could say anything, Steve sealed her lips with his and she moaned into his mouth. She ran her hands down his bare chest and to his cock, teasing him for a few seconds before stroking him. Steve bucked his hips into her hand and grunted into her mouth. Steve quickly pulled her left leg up and she hooked it around his ass, pulling him closer to her. His hard length pressed against her hot center, causing her to whimper. The friction was enough to send sparks through their body. She bit her lower lip to keep her moan in.

Steve leaned into her ear and whispered seductively. “Let out your moans and screams, baby. No one can hear us.”

Nat moaned in response. “Fuck me, lover boy. Make me come and fill me up.”

He gave a primal roar and finally thrust his cock all the way into her tight heat. Nat screamed as he bottomed out, holding Steve by his shoulders and biceps. Steve too groaned out loud from the pleasing burn against his shaft. Steve kissed her neck, then bit (it), not quite hard enough to leave a bruise; she shifted her legs and made him slide deeper inside.

“Nat…” He groaned.

Steve began to thrust in and out of her. There was no technique or fancy moves this time. It was the pure desire just to fuck her and get them high on pleasure. Natasha whimpered every time his hips snapped forward, fucking her at a quicker pace. Her breath was hot in his ear, fingernails digging into his shoulders.

Her moans turned into screams when he pulled out almost completely and slammed all the way back in with every thrust. Her hips bucked to meet his with every thrust, as they rutted into one another. Steve started to pant. She took a moment to enjoy the noises coming from her lover. Steve’s eyes locked onto hers the whole time, watching her breasts bounce with every stride. Natasha loved the fact she could feel Steve watching every reaction on her face as he drove his cock in, hitting her g-spot.
“Steve…”

“Oh fuck!” He cried when her walls gripped tightly to his cock. He knew she was close. “Baby, you’re going to make me come.”

“I’m almost there too…”

He held onto her at her ass with a bruising grip as he fucked her into the glass wall. Her pussy clamped down on his cock. Moans broke from him and her name was a steady stream from his lips as he tipped over the edge. She felt his cock expand and throb as he groaned and exploded inside her as she continued tightly squeezing his cock. Her smaller frame was equally shaken, shuddering and trembling as her own orgasm took hold. Steve could feel her walls tightening around him and she screamed his name and cursed in Russian every time she felt his cock twitch, pumping his load inside of her.

Steve shallowly fucked them through their orgasms until Natasha told him to stop because she couldn’t take it any more. Her body was too sensitive. Steve pulled out of her and peppered her with kisses. Nat was still breathing hard, so Steve carried her to the Jacuzzi tub nearby, turning it on and let the water sooth them. He sat her down on his lap and continued to kiss her.

“Bae, that was amazing.” She murmured.

“Like I said, everything just tripled our mood.” He huffed a laugh. “But I have to say, you're a screamer.”

"Shut up, Rogers” She said, but didn’t do anything else as her body went numb and she was weak on his lap.

"What? I just love how you scream my name.”

She retaliated with taking her hand to his cock and stroking him, making his breath shudder. “Don’t start something you can’t finish.” He warned because he knew if he was aroused again, he could last longer than the first time.

“But if I say no to you, you wouldn’t force me to do it, would you?”

Steve knew that there was something more to that simple question. It was about trust.

“You know that I wouldn’t do that to you.” He replied.

Nat smiled. “Lucky for you, lover boy, because I wouldn’t say no to you anytime soon.”

Steve smiled and kissed her. Her hand still stroking him, making him come fully hard. Steve pulled away and ordered her to get on her kneel and let her upper body and arms rested on the edge of the jacuzzi, facing Natasha toward the skyline of the city while he stood behind her.

She screamed when Steve suddenly entered her from behind. He bent over her, covering her back with his torso, his mouth up against her ear. “God…darling, you are so tight his way.” He worked his cock into her, slowly pressing in inch by delicious inch, letting her know that he was taking his own sweet time.

“Steve…please…” She begged.

“Darling, trust me, I will make you feel so good.” He told her, and she could only whimper incoherently in response. “I will discover everything that you like, everything that makes you moan
and come the hardest…”

Talking to her like this was one of those things, and not to mention she loved when he took her from behind. He knew as soon as he pulled his cock out and Nat mumbled a protest. Steve smiled and told her to be patient because he would give her so much pleasure that she would not be able to walk right the next morning. He lifted her hips up until they were above the water. He got down on the same level as her pussy before driving his tongue inside, collecting her sweet juices and thrusting his fingers in. He pulled his fingers out only to place them in her mouth. “Taste how much your body wants this.”

She suckled and licked his fingers, moaning when she found the mixed taste of them. She laved his tongue on his fingers, mimicking the way she would lick his cock. Steve groaned and thrust his member back inside of her. Only after she had licked them clean did Steve pull his hand out of her mouth, reaching down to grasp one of her breasts swinging freely. His fingers teased and pinched her nipple.

Natasha tried focusing her breathing but every time Steve slammed into her, it was practically impossible. When he filled her up this way, it was more intense and more vulnerable than usual since she couldn’t see him, only feeling his breath on her neck or his lips on her shoulder. His cock filled her up at a different angle, it was wonderfully arousing. She bit her lower lip to keep from screaming when the head of his cock bumped against her cervix again.

"Just let it all out, bae. Don’t keep it in. I love when you scream my name.” Nat just didn’t stop screaming. Her throat was sore by the time she felt the orgasm building within her. The way she screamed his name only made Steve pound into her harder. He would admit that he had a thing when Natasha screamed his name like this. She let out a loud cry of pure pleasure when her orgasm hit her. Her whole body was shaking and convulsing, pulling Steve with her.

He was climaxing, too, shouting and growling incoherently as he lost control and pounded into Natasha with all of his strength, fucking her through his own orgasm, until he simply had no more juice left within him. Underneath him, Natasha’s arms gave out, and she collapsed, lying her upper body on the edge of the jacuzzi. Her breath came in ragged sobs. Steve rolled off of her and flopped down, pulling Natasha back onto his lap. Her head nested on the crook of his neck.

“Are you alright, bae?” He asked, a bit worried that she didn’t say anything.

“I’m okay…just need a little time to catch my breath.”

Steve huffed and kissed the top of her head lovingly. “Let’s go clean up and go to bed, hmm?”

“Yeah.”

He carried her out of the jacuzzi and headed to the pool shower. He let the hot water run down their bodies as he quickly cleaned them up with soap. Nat clung tightly to him because she wasn’t sure that her legs would be able to stand on their own.

She was already half asleep when Steve carried her to bed, gently tucking her in. Nat was trying to mumble her thanks but her throat was sore.

“I will get something for you.” He told her, and walked out of the room with only his boxers on.

Steve came back five minutes later with a cup of tea and honey for her. Nat smiled at how adorable he was. He could be a sex god, but he was still her giant puppy dog. His blue eyes were fixed on her, and when she sat the cup down, he kissed her.
“Sorry about that,” He murmured against her lips.

“Don’t be, lover boy.” She replied. “Let’s get some sleep, huh?”

“Okay.”

He slid into bed next to her, pulling her into his embrace before they drifted off together.
Chapter 15

Las Vegas, Day 14

The couple slipped out of the penthouse at dawn despite how sore they were from last night. Natasha took him back to her apartment so his friends wouldn’t notice them. When she arrived at her apartment, Natasha just flopped down onto the couch and continued to sleep, leaving Steve to do the cooking.

But her bae didn’t leave her alone that easily. He followed her to the couch and planted hot kisses all over her neck and every available inch of her skin. Steve slipped his hand under her tank top and lightly nipped at her cleavage. Natasha mumbled a protest and pushed him away.

“Go away, lover boy. I’m still tired and I’m hungry.”

Steve gave her another kiss and got off of her. Natasha heard the sounds of him cooking from the kitchen, followed by the incredible smell of bacon and pancakes, her favorite food on earth. Probably because it was Steve’s favorite, too.

He woke her up with another passionate kiss that left both of them panting and Steve already on top of her.

“Steve, breakfast.”

“Right.” He said, and got off to lift her the tray.

They ate breakfast, but still couldn’t help putting their mouths on each other. It was really hard for them not to do it since they’d decided to start whatever it was that they had together. They were inches away from tearing each other’s clothes off every moment they were together. She could say that Steve had awakened the part she had long forgotten. Natasha was sure that she had awakened something in him too.

The couple was able to keep it to themselves enough to finish the meal without getting it on. Steve volunteered to clean the dishes and let Natasha take the first shower. He joined her later in the shower and was able to restrain himself from pinning her against the wall and taking her right there.

The fire inside them settled down after they took a cool shower together. (The hot shower wasn’t functioning again. Natasha swore she would talk to her supervisor again about this.) Steve suggested that they should take it slow, but Natasha had something else in mind.
“We should start the pole dance lesson since we’ve postponed it for ages now.” Natasha suggested.

“I don’t think I can do it.” he said. “I’m too big for this thing. I’m not even flexible enough.”

“Are you forgetting something, Rogers? You’re more than flexible than you were last night.” she retorted with a wiggled eyebrow. “Our acrobatic sex life makes you more than qualified for this class!”

She pulled him to her dance studio to begin the lesson. She ordered him to take off his tank top so he could use his skin to help grab the pole. Natasha took off her clothes to reveal her sport bra and shorts. Steve audibly gulped at the sight but covered up with a whine that it would end in a total disaster. Natasha ignored him and began to teach him the moves. Steve tried to mimic her moves, but his efforts were unsuccessful and he fell back onto the floor.

“You suck at this, Rogers.”

“Some encouragement would be nice.” He replied. Steve scowled and Natasha took note that he was aggravated and adorable at the same time.

They were at it for an hour, and it left Steve on the floor panting with Natasha standing over him, laughing at his expression. She flopped down next him and continued laughing. Steve didn’t mind, though. He loved her laugh, her smile...her everything to be honest.

“How the hell can you do this every night?” he asked.

“My body developed strong muscles and with all the practice I have since I studied ballet.” She answered.

“You’re the best, bae.”

“I know I am.”

Natasha laughed and gave up on the pole dancing lesson. She moved to pick another song for herself, deciding to give him a little teasing show as a way to encourage him or effectively end the lesson and move on to something else entirely.

Natasha sensually walked to the dance pole, pulling her hair back into a messy bun that revealed the flawless skin of her neck, fully aware that Steve’s eyes were fixed on her the entire time. She grabbed the pole and began to execute exotic moves that Steve wouldn’t be able to do in a million years.

“You’re the light, you’re the night. You’re the color of my blood. You’re the cure, you’re the pain. You’re the only thing I wanna touch. Never knew that it could mean so much, so much”

She swung herself around in the most captivating and sexy way. Her moves were powerful and graceful, and Steve couldn’t take his eyes off of her. He was so turned on, it was only a matter of time before he would get up from his seat and take Natasha right there.

“You’re the fear, I don’t care, ’Cause I’ve never been so high. Follow me to the dark. Let me take you past our satellites. You can see the world you brought to life, to life”

Natasha’s eyes met with his, and she saw fire burning with lust and passion. She knew that he’d taken her bait. She gave him a sexy smile and heard Steve groan quietly, trying very hard to restrain himself.
“So love me like you do, lo-lo-love me like you do Love me like you do, lo-lo-love me like you do Touch me like you do, to-to-touch me like you do what are you waiting for?”

The way she hooked her legs and arched her body was enough. Steve got up from his place and took Natasha in his arms, kissing her in a filthy kiss full with lust that reminded her of the first time they kissed. Natasha kissed back with equal fervor, gripping tightly to his arms and shoulders.

She pulled back a little and Steve let out a groan of frustration. “What about the lesson?”

“I have something else in mind that will test our stamina.” He replied and brought his mouth to hers again, leaving no room for further argument.

But Natasha, being Natasha, pulled away again. “Here?”

“Gotta put the mirror and the pole to good use.” He replied.

It was such a turn on for both of them when they thought what was to come. Mirror and pole? They turned out to be kinkier than they thought. Suddenly, Steve spun her around. She was now facing the mirror with him behind her. His hands move lightly and teasingly over her exposed skin, making Natasha shiver and weak in her legs. His hot lips pressed on her neck, and slowly traveling down to her shoulders blade before giving the other side of her neck equal attention.

Then Natasha squealed in surprise when his finger pinched her hard nipple through the fabric of her bra. Natasha closed her eyes but Steve whispered seductively in her ear, “Open your eyes, darling. Keep your eyes on the mirror.”

Natasha did as she was told, but couldn’t help trembling because Steve made sure his hot breath kept hitting her skin. She squirmed when she felt how hard he was through his sweatpants and rubbed her ass against it. Steve couldn’t be the only one teasing her.

“Damn it, Nat.” He growled at her before maneuvering them to the ballet bar in front of the mirror. He turned her around to face him before claiming her lips again and moving down to her neck, using his beard to tickle her skin and leaving more burns. His hands went to her sports bra, quickly pulling it off and mouthing on her nipple, taking it between his teeth. He rolled it with his tongue, earning a sharp cry from Natasha.

The pleasure from his mouth and his touch combined with the picture of what might come next was enough to make Natasha come so close to her first orgasm of the day, but she wanted him inside her, wanting him to finish her off with his hard cock. Her hands tried to pull his sweatpants off but Steve grabbed her hands and forced them to the ballet bar behind her.

“Keep them there.” That was all he told her. Natasha wanted to protest, but Steve covered her mouth with his again. This time, his right hand slipped inside of her shorts, discovering that she wasn’t wearing anything else underneath. He grunted into her mouth and dragged his hand further down to her wet folds, deliberately slipping his finger down to tease her clit. Natasha moaned and bit on his lower lips. Steve kissed her hard, absorbing her beautiful moans and inserted two fingers inside of her with ease. The walls inside her clamped down and Steve kept still for a moment to let her adjust, but Natasha started to rock her hips. He smiled against her mouth and began to slowly thrust his fingers in and out of her.

Steve pulled his head back to find Natasha staring back at him with eyes darkened by arousal. She was panting hard, and Steve turned her around to face the mirror again without withdrawing his hand from her.
“Look at the mirror.” He ordered, and it was such a turn on for her. “Don’t you dare close your eyes,” Natasha let out a moan as his words filled her head. She never knew he was a dirty talker and she secretly liked it. She wouldn’t tell him how much she liked it but she guessed that he already knew by how wet she was—he slipped the third finger inside without any problem.

Steve increased his pace, pumping his fingers in and out of her hard and fast, his thumb occasionally grazing her clit. She gave out a desperate cry before grinding her hips against his palm, needing more friction between them, and rocking her ass back against his cock. Her lips parted in a soundless moan as Steve briefly paused his movements, seeing Natasha staring back at him in desperation to get herself off. She was so close. His lips quirked up in smug smirk before getting back to work on her again.

Natasha groaned as Steve sunk his teeth on her shoulders and twirled his thumb against her clit again. He left a trail of burn from his harsh beard on her soft skin. Steve knew she was about to reach orgasm, so he decided to just give her what she wanted. Natasha was trembling in a matter of seconds, legs shaking, and Steve had to use his left arm to catch her. Her walls convulsed around his fingers and she came with a loud cry of his name and curses in Russian. His blue eyes fixed on the reflection of her face as she came. She was so beautiful and sexy. Her eyes met with his as a surge of wetness flowed onto his hands before closing her eyes again to savor every sensation of it. He didn’t pull his hand out, slowly thrusting in and out until he heard Natasha breathe evenly.

Natasha looked back to find a sight that she never thought she would have the chance to see. Steve Rogers, licking her sweet nectar from his hand. When he saw that she was watching him, he gave her a shy smile and turned her around for another kiss, sharing her taste. If he wasn’t a real sex god, she didn’t know what he was.

“I love the taste of you.” He murmured against her mouth. “I think I am addicted.”

Natasha tried to come up with a smart retort, but her brain stopped working when she felt Steve’s lips trailing down her body again, nibbling, sucking ever so lightly that she was about to combust.

“Steve, baby…I want you now.” And now he’d reduced her to begging. “Baby…”

“But…condom…”

“No time for that…I need you now, Steve.”

“I got you.” he replied, and quickly undressed them. Natasha pulled his pants down with one swift pull and freed his hard cock from its confinement. It was already leaking with pre cum from all of the foreplay. Natasha was now facing the mirror again, hands gripped on the bar as he entered and took her from behind. The redhead moaned uncontrollably because of how big he was inside of her, stretching her out and filling her up in a way no one could compare to. Finally seated inside of her, his hands took hold of her small waist and began to rock into her. His blue eyes burned with lust as he kept his gaze fixed on her face. Natasha was breathing hard, moaning his name in a sexy voice that was totally consumed by pure pleasure, only making Steve harder. The reflection of her face was washed with pure ecstasy.

Steve continued to ram hard and fast into her, relishing her hot heavenly body. His arms snaked around her small form, pulling her body back until her back was pressed up against him. His hand grabbed her chin and turned to give her a loving kiss. Steve kept whispering sweet words in her ear and kissing her neck, his hand going down to tease her clit again.

“Steve!” she shouted, the sudden friction at her bundle of nerves sending her over the edge for the second time that day. Her walls convulsed, milking him, making Steve almost come with her.
When he was about to pull out, Natasha reached behind to still him, gently rocking back and forth until Steve let out a low groan against her shoulder and came inside of her, filling her up with his hot load.

They were both breathing hard and trying to gather themselves. Steve began to recover while Natasha was still shaking in his arms. He pulled out, making Natasha cry out at the loss of him inside her.

“You alright?” He asked, concern filling his voice. Natasha gave a quick nod and Steve pecked a kiss on her lips.

“What about you?”

“I’m okay.” He replied. “But I have another idea.”

He lifted her up with one arm and placed her against the dance pole. He told her to hang on and went to the corner to get something from the box she kept her workout equipment in. When he came back, he revealed a jump rope.

“What are you planning to do with that?”

“Do you trust me?”

“You know the answer.”

Steve smiled and went in for a kiss. He grabbed her wrists and put them above her head. Before Natasha could realize what was going on, Steve had already tied her wrists with the jump rope. Natasha groaned. All she wanted to do was to touch him. She struggled against it, but it was a useless effort. Steve was so turned on at the sight of Natasha, sexy and tied up, ready for him to take her whenever he wanted.

He was hard again. Steve was sure that Natasha was the only reason. His blue eyes looked deep into hers and Natasha nodded to reassure him that she was okay with this.

Steve plated wet, hot kisses all over her skin, sparking another fire of desire within her. Natasha moaned when he dipped his finger into her to check the wetness between her legs. Her back arched up when his calloused finger ran over her clit again, gaining more wetness. His lips nibbled at her earlobe, whispering sexily. “Someone’s excited, huh?”

“You are excited.” She corrected him, rolling her eyes hard.

“Huh? I can leave you hanging like this, keeping you on the edge as long as I want.” Steve threatened, even though he knew that it was an empty threat when it came to Natasha and his desire for her.

Her eyebrow quirked up. “I don’t think so, baby.”

“I can make you beg.” He said before kissing her on the lips. “Make you moan.” Another light kiss on the pulse point of her neck. “Make you whimper.” He headed down to her cleavage and took her nipple in his mouth. “Bring you to the brink of orgasm…” He dipped his hand on her clit again and rubbed lightly, making Nat gasp and arch. He pulled his hand away. Her eyes widened in shock. “And leave you.”

“Damn it, Rogers!” she muttered under her breath, trying to grind her hips against his, desperate for more contact between them. “Just fuck me already!” When the last sentence fell from her lips, a
sharp slap landed on her behind and Natasha cried in sudden pain and surprise.

“Beg…” He said.

Natasha stared into his eyes and knew he really wanted her to say it. “Please…Steve, please.”

“Oh kay, baby.”

Steve lifted both of her legs up and Natasha wrapped them around him as he slowly pushed himself inside of her again. They both groaned at the sensation and their lips met with each other. Teeth and tongue battled for domination, but when Steve started thrusting in and out of her, Natasha could only gasp and moan into his mouth.

They moved together, rutting against one another. His pace turned fast and punishing, almost too much for Natasha. His name became a prayer on her lips, her arms struggling to break free from the rope. Steve’s hands went to her ass as he slammed hard inside of her with a loud groan, pulling her back and forth to meet his thrusts.

Natasha closed her eyes. Her orgasm was so close. Every inch of her skin was on fire and covered with sweat. She finally broke free from the rope and her arms dropped to his shoulders and back. Her nails dug into his skin hard enough to leave marks. Steve held her close, continuing to ram into her hard and fast. She shouted his name again and came hard, milking his cock, pulling him over the edge with her. Steve pushed as deep inside of her as he could and filled her up again.

They went still for a moment, the dance pole the only thing keeping them stable. Steve let Natasha down when he felt that she could move again. Three orgasms made her legs shake uncontrollably, so Steve scooped her up into his arms.

“Shower?”

“Yeah, shower.”

Steve slowly walked into the bathroom and into the shower. He turned on the shower and slowly cleaned them both off. Natasha clung tight to her man, gripping his biceps, but her conscience wasn’t with her anymore. Her soft lips planted soft kisses all over his jawline and neck. Steve had to restrain himself from pushing her up against the wall and fucking her all over again.

“Bae, stop it.” he growled in warning.

“Uh-uh,” she shook her head playfully and continued to bite down his neck to his shoulder, smirking against his clavicle as she felt his cock harden and rub against her thighs.

“You’re making me crazy.”

She looked up into his burning blue eyes through her eyelashes. “That’s the point.”

She rutted her hips against his cock. Steve growled at her and pushed Natasha against the wall. His hands settled down on her hips and he lifted her up, pulling her legs to wrap around his hips. Natasha had finally wound him up and gotten what she’d wanted. Steve kissed her hard, and without any further foreplay, he pushed his cock inside of her.

Natasha gasped. “Steve! Oh fuck, yes!” she swore as she felt the pleasing burn from the friction of the first thrust. Steve grinned against her neck and sucked hard on her skin, making sure to leave purple marks all over her body. Yeah, he was a total caveman and he wanted the world to see that she was his…and that he was hers. He thrust into her hard and quick, making her moan in delight.
Steve didn’t think of anything else. Fuck the technique and exotic acrobatic positions—all he wanted to do was to dive into her heavenly body. She felt so good, so perfect. His hands went to cup her ass, holding her at just the right angle to send her already over-stimulated body into overdrive. Natasha was moaning louder now, green eyes shut tight against the pleasure that was swimming through her nerves. Steve leaned down to lick the sweat off of her neck, his teeth nipping at her sensitive skin. He couldn’t get enough of her or her body.

God, he hoped that he could have her like this forever.

Steve fucked into her hard and Natasha moaned, rocking with him each time he slammed forward. She was tightening around him already, speaking in some language he didn't understand but sounding oh so sexy. Her hand slowly reached down to rub at her clit. Steve’s hand soon replaced hers and took all control, rubbing hard and fast at her clit, matching the rhythm of his hips. He saw the way she was panting hard, her chest heaving. She’d almost had enough. He was close too, feeling the tension in his own body as he thrust into her in frenzied jerks.

“Yeah, Steve, just like that…” she whimpered. “Gonna come again… Yeah, right there…Arhh!!” Her body was clenching around him tightly again. That was all it took, feeling her body convulse around him, and Steve couldn’t hold on any more. He came inside of her with a groan, thrusting lazily until he couldn’t take any more.

Natasha was breathing hard against his neck, resting her head on his shoulder. She quietly whined when he pulled out of her. Steve kissed her again, carrying Natasha back to bed after he’d dried them off. Steve settled next to Natasha, pulling her into his embrace and closing his eyes. He needed some rest. The day was still ahead of them and there was a possibility of a fourth round.

Natasha didn’t know how long she had been sleeping, but when she woke up again in Steve’s warm and loving embrace, she found that they had been sleeping for the better half of the day. Not to mention that they’d skipped lunch. It was 3PM now—she would cook something for them.

Natasha slowly untangled herself from Steve. She didn’t want to, but his body was too hot for her. Natasha sat up and looked back at her man. He flipped over to lie on his stomach, and revealing red scratches and the crescent marks of her fingernails. Natasha smiled, leaning in and pressing light kisses from his shoulders down to his lower back, but Steve didn’t even move. He was snoring and sleeping really deeply, so she left him alone to fully recover.

But she had other plans for them tonight, too.

Steve woke up an hour later, having had a full rest. His stomach was growled loudly. DAMN! He’d slept the whole day, Steve thought before he flipped to lay on his back, only to see something that made him hard instantly.

Natasha was wearing only a lacy bra and panties with black stilettos, sexily leaning against the
doorframe. Steve’s jaw dropped at the sight of her, and he groaned unconsciously.

“Natasha?” was all he could manage. All could think of was flinging her down on the bed and starting another round.

She smiled seductively. “Hey, lover boy,”

“Wow! I just recovered and now you’re teasing me again.”

“Yeah, you seemed to need to recover pretty hard, judging by your snoring and deep sleeping.”

He smiled shyly. “You wore me out, lady.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

He looked at her expectedly, too excited to contain his smug smile. “So should we go for another round?”

“After dinner. I’m starving.”

“You’re gonna make me wait?” He whined. “And you wanna go out? I don’t have any clothes left.”

“We can eat here. I just threw your clothes in the laundry.” Steve went in for a kiss but Natasha pressed her finger to his lips to stop him. “Patience, lover boy. Good things come to those who wait.”

Steve whined and pouted at her. He knew that she loved to see him frustrated, keeping him on the edge. Natasha tossed a towel at him and Steve wrapped it around his hips, low enough for her to see the hairline on his lower belly leading down to his groin. Well, she wasn’t the only one who knew how to put on a show.

Natasha cooked him his favorite Russian food, Shashlik. She made sure to put on the apron over her almost naked body. Steve’s eyes dilated when he saw her and never left. She could tell that he was so hard and that the only thought running through his head was how much he wanted to fuck her.

The meal was ready, but Natasha had added all of her culinary tricks she had to the food. She’d made good use of the internet, searching which ingredients that could be implemented into her dish to increase sex drive. (Even though they’d fucked this morning, she still needed him.)

Steve praised her for her cooking skills, telling her how delicious the shashlik was. He made a remark that there was still one thing that tasted better than this and Natasha knew what he meant by that. Natasha put the dishes away after they were done eating. She heard Steve take a deep breath, and then she heard his footsteps before his strong arms circled around her waist.

“I have to do the dishes first,” she warned him, but Steve ignored her and pressed his lips on her neck. “Stevie…arhh” Her breath caught in her throat, back arching to press up against his solid body, her head falling to rest on his shoulder.

Steve was patient enough to wait until Natasha was done with the dishes, but his hands wandered all over her body before finally cupping her breast and between her legs. Natasha took another sharp breath, hands slightly trembling as Steve idly sucked and kissed her neck and shoulders. His finger was under the thin layer of her panties between her folds, and finding that she was already wet. Very, very wet. A smug smile appeared on his lips.
When Steve’s thumb applied pressure to her clit, which was the last straw for Natasha. She put the dish down, turning around to kiss Steve hard. Steve smirked.

“Damn you, Rogers.” she muttered.

Steve chuckled and lifted Natasha up on to the kitchen counter. She impatiently pulled down his sweatpants and his hard cock sprung free. Natasha took it into his hand and stroked him slowly. She kissed him hard, deepening it and letting him groan into her mouth while they enjoyed themselves for a few moments—but then she pulled away, slowly turning her eyes up to him and deliberately licking her lips. It was the most sensual sight he’d ever seen. Steve didn’t back down and gave Natasha equal attention as he fingered her and rubbed her clit, but Natasha had the upper hand when she trailed her finger over his slit, earning her a long moan.

She had had enough of the foreplay. She wanted to get off by his cock more than his fingers. “Babe, put that beautiful cock of yours in me. NOW.”

Steve nodded. Natasha slowly stripped her bra and panties as he braced one hand on the counter, the other hand guiding his cock into her.

His hand stopped her when she reached for her shoes. “Can you leave the stilettos on?”

Natasha smiled mischievously. “You are kinky as fuck, Rogers.”

He laughed at her comment and slowly pushed himself in until he was fully seated inside of her. Natasha moaned and bracketed his hips with her thighs. Steve’s cock was slick with her juices and pulsing hard inside of her, making Natasha whimper with. Their breath mingled, Natasha panting against Steve’s lips. Little moans slipped through his lips every so often while their hips moved in sync. He gently laid her down on the countertop until her back was pressed against the cold surface, contrasting with their hot bodies. He continued to move, rolling his hips until he found the rhythm that worked best.

Watching Steve was like looking at an angel being seduced by the devil for the first time, succumbing to the sin. She loved it, seeing him free, being free with her. Everything was perfect. The way he looked at her with sheer adoration as if she was the most beautiful thing in the world to him, even with her tousled hair, even though she was wanton and willing to spread her legs for him. He liked her for who she really was, and that was all that mattered.

Steve sensed she was occupied by other things rather than him, so he bent down to take her hard nipple into his mouth, earning a cry from Natasha as well as her attention. Her nails slid into his hair with a surprisingly gentle grip, forcing him to keep his head there to give every inch of her body pleasure. The angle that he was slamming into her hit every right spot and left Natasha keening against him. The way Steve panted her name felt like a prayer. Her toes curled as she came closer and closer to release, lips parting as her pulse sped up and her whole body tightened.

“Да, да, детка, люблю тебя так сильно, Стив ... да” She came with a sharp cry, shaking uncontrollably in his arms. Natasha slid her hands up and held onto Steve’s hair as he fucked her through it, ducking down to kiss over her jaw and back to her lips. “Baby…”

The heels of her stilettos dug into his lower back, dragging on his ass. Steve groaned deep from his chest. She felt his cock twitch inside her, making her let out a few loose moans. He forced her hips up and made him press himself even more deeply into her, changing from long, hard thrusts to short, erratic rutting, rubbing up against her in the best way. Natasha was a mess, babbling nonsense, over stimulated from her orgasm as she tried to press her hips up against him in return. She decided to try again and dug the heels of her stilettos into his lower back and ass. Steve came
hard with a loud groan, and it was a music to her ears. His hot load filled her up as he bit down on the juncture of her neck.

They stayed still for a long time until one of them could move again, and slowing down their heartbeats. Steve's cock softened inside of her and Natasha's breathing evened out. He pulled out gathering his favorite redhead in his arms and heading back to her room.

Steve laid her down on their bed, but Natasha had energy left for one last round, so she shoved Steve onto his back and straddled him. His eyes widened. “Nat?”

“I’m not done with you yet, baby.”

Natasha crawled over him, turning and bracketing his head between her thighs. Her whole body shivered as she felt him reach up to her immediately, both hands around her thigh and hips, and forcing her down onto his face, eagerly roving his tongue and tasting their juices inside her. Natasha whimpered with pure need and placed her hands on his pecs to steady herself, their juices slipping down and over his chin. Her nails raked on his muscles and she started to ride his face. His groans vibrated up from where his lips were busy licking and sucking on her clit.

“Fuck!” She gasped and rolled her hips harder, desperate for more friction. “Steve… Steve, baby… Ahh, there…right there,” She let her head fall back, her thighs tightening as she desperately sought out her release. She was so close, and when Steve grazed his teeth over her clit one too many times, Natasha came with a shout, swearing in Russian as she gushed against his mouth.

She flopped down beside him, breathing hard and Steve immediately went in for a kiss, wanting to share their taste. He broke away from the kiss and settled down next to her. Natasha snuggled and rested her head on his chest. This time, Natasha was completely spent, sure that she wouldn’t be able to move for another 12 hours.

“We just broke the old record.” He panted. “You came like six times today.”

“You’re not bad yourself.” she replied, that was all she could say at the moment. “It would be really hard to top today.”

“I think so, but I’m one for the challenge.”

“I can’t move right now, so I will just lay here.”

“Get some rest, darling.” he whispered, kissing her forehead.

Steve held her tightly in his arms, his mind playing back the beautiful memories of today that he’d shared with this amazing woman. God! He wished he could have more time with her. He’d never had it as good as this. His sex life with his own fiancee couldn’t compare to what he had with Natasha.

*What could possibly compare with Natasha, really?* Steve was pretty sure there was no comparison.

There was something else troubling Natasha’s mind. Her hand idly traced letters on his chest in Russian, hoping he didn’t know what she was spelling out. She decided to talk to him because she couldn’t keep it all to herself.

"Will you still be here with me when I wake up?" Natasha asked quietly.

Steve stiffened and fell into silence for a moment. "I can't give you that promise and you know
that.

"I know, Steve, but I’d rather have you all to myself until you go back to L.A.” she replied. Her voice was sad and Steve didn’t miss it.

She didn’t want this—whatever she had with him—to feel like it was just an extended version of the job. She was sure he meant more than that to her. Steve meant a lot to her in a way she thought she would never feel with anyone.

Steve took a deep breath and kissed her lips, looking into her eyes with a loving smile on his face. “I will be here when you wake up, darling.”

Natasha flung herself into his arms and kissed him hard. She would give him everything. She didn’t care if she would end up getting hurt. She was willing give him everything she had and she was pretty sure that he would do the same.

Love is for children? Then she was willing to be a child for a little while, just to have Steve Rogers with her.

She knew she couldn’t have him forever. He belonged to someone else, but it felt good just to have him all to herself for a little while.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

beard burn, marks, hickeys, exhibitionism, window sex, semi public sex, orgasm
denial, sexting, dirty picture, sex video, dildo, sexual fantasy, masturbatin, Voyeurism,
hard on in public, Dom! Natasha, Fem Dom, Face Riding, Handcuff, Face Slapping,
BDSM, Delay Gratification,

Las Vegas, Day 15

Yesterday was the best. Steve would remember it for the rest of his life, because he was pretty sure
that nothing could top it. They had gone at it like bunnies-- it was really hard for them—for him to
stop. Natasha was amazing in every way.

Steve tightened his hold on her soft body, feeling her skin press against him. Her hot breath kept
ghosting on his chest. God! Everything about this woman made him want to lose control all over
again.

He wanted to have her with him forever, and nothing in the world would change that.

Steve kissed the top of her head lovingly, waiting for her to wake up, watching her while she slept.
He’d made a promise to her that he would be right there when she woke up. He intended to keep
that promise for the time being, until he had to go back to reality, even though he didn’t want to.

He heard a soft mumble and Natasha began to stir, pressing her head to his chest and snuggling
close. “Steve…” she called.

“I’m here.” he replied.

She nodded, humming happily before wrapping her arms around his torso and continuing with her
sleep. Steve kept his gaze on her and tried not to move. She slept for half an hour more before
opening her beautiful green eyes and looking up at him.

“Morning, babe,” she greeted, and pecking a kiss on his lips before pulling away with a slight
frown on her face. Her soft hand ran over his beard covered jaw. “There’s too much beard. I think
it’s time for you to shave it off. I like you clean shaved.”

“Nah, I’m too lazy.” he replied, and pecked her lips. “I’ve got a better use for the time than shaving
my beard.”

She snorted. “A better use for the time? You mean fucking like bunnies, fucker?”

“You still sore? We can put sex off for today.” he offered with a smug smile, but it immediately
faded away. He gasped as Natasha reached her hand down to grab his cock, teasingly stroking him
a few times. “Don’t start what you can’t finish, bae.” He didn’t back down either, slipping his hand
to cup her breast and circling his thumb on her nipple.
“Oh, I will finish it alright, Rogers.” she screeched, getting up to straddle his waist.

Steve’s eyes widened in expectation as Natasha’s fingers raked down his chest to his six pack. He was expecting her to ride him just now. As if she knew what was on his mind, she slipped out of bed, smiling mischievously, and put a silk robe over her body, blocking the beautiful view of her back and ass from Steve. The man groaned in frustration.

“We should take a bath first because we are totally stinky. I do care for our hygiene, Rogers.”

Steve whined. “Can we do it in the bath?”

“No! Take a bath now, Rogers, or I will be the one who puts off sex for today!”

“But don’t shave my beard, alright? I really like it.”

“Can’t promise that.”

Steve got up and followed his beloved red-head into the bathroom. They got into the bath but immediately jumped out because of the cold water.

“I swear to god I will get someone to fix it today!” Natasha yelled angrily.

Steve immediately calmed her down by kissing her neck and massaging her shoulders. “Calm down, babe. We can take a quick shower.”

“Lucky I have you.” she replied with a smile.

Natasha clung to Steve. The warmth from his body felt so good, Steve always being warm and cuddly. She loved how gentle he was when he washed her, his big hands roaming over her skin. She pulled on his neck to give him a deep kiss, just to tell him how much she felt for him, Steve replying with the same intensity.

She loved the adoration and devotion that she felt from his touch. It was love, she was sure. How could a guy this big be so gentle and loving but at the same time be a sex god that made her sore at the end of the day?

When they finished showering, they dried themselves off and dressed up. Steve was leaning against the bathroom counter, watching Natasha do her hair. She observed how many burns and marks were on her skin. She couldn’t go to work again with all of these red marks. This couldn’t keep going on. She had to eliminate the cause of all these burns.

She stood up and went to him with a razor and a can of shaving cream in her hand. She’d brought it a couple days ago when she’d cut his hair and now had half a mind to shave his beard. Steve saw it and ran out of the room as fast as he could.

“Rogers, come here and let me shave your beard off right the fuck now!” she yelled after him.

“No!”

“Damn it! This is non-negotiable.”

They chased each other around the apartment for a while before Steve caught her in his arms, pressing her against the window. She struggled to get out but Steve trapped her with his weight.

“Let me go.” she hissed.
Steve leaned in until his face were mere inches away from her. “No.” he replied, squeezing her wrists hard enough that Natasha let go of the razor and shaving cream. An idea came to his mind when he realized that they were in a compromising position.

He smirked. Before she could protest, Steve descended his mouth onto hers, absorbing any complaints she might have. It turned into a battle of teeth and tongues in a matter of seconds while they fought for domination. Natasha moaned into his mouth when she felt the hard outline of his cock rubbing at her center.

*Damn! He was turned on by exhibitionism*, Natasha thought as Steve started to tear her clothes off. He was bold enough to do this in broad daylight? Fucking her against the window for the world to see, for anyone that could look up at them any time? The realization only made Natasha burn up with lust and desire. Her heartbeat increase as excitement arose within her.

He unbuttoned her jean shorts and pulled them all the way down. She was now bare for his eyes to see. Steve groaned and sunk his teeth down on her neck, lightly biting and nibbling at the soft skin, eliciting beautiful moans from Natasha. Her needy hand grabbed his and led it to her breast. Steve knew that she was so damn turned on right now, even though she was trying to act like she didn’t like it.

“Needy, needy,” he said against her neck before traveling down to take her nipple in his mouth. His fingers rolled her other swollen nipple between them and occasionally pinched hard enough to make her scream and arch her back. Her hands went to his hair and sharply tugged it. Her breast was soft and tender underneath his palm, and by now he was sure that it displayed the trace of his hand there. His tongue laved on her other nipple and occasionally bit at it.

Then she surprised him with a sharp cry, her legs shaking as she clamped her thighs around his torso. *Did she just come by him teasing her nipples?* Steve thought. He looked up to find Natasha panting hard, cheeks flushed red, and eyes fluttered shut. *Shit, she was so excited that she came this fast?*

Natasha tried to gather her composure and what was left of her mind. When she looked down, she found Steve kneeling between her legs, his head on her toned stomach and looked up at her with a confident smirk before pressing kisses down to the apex of her thighs. His big hands kept holding her in place and Natasha had to press her back further against the window to prevent herself from falling.

“You want me to continue, or we can have breakfast first?” Steve asked teasingly, letting his mouth up from her skin. Natasha groaned, frustrated, and pushed his face down to her center but Steve resisted.

“Don’t you fucking think about it.” She growled at him, showing him how much she wanted him. “And quit jabbing and put that mouth to good use.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Steve smirked again and resumed his task of pleasuring her. He putting his lips down onto her pussy, using his fingers to spread her open. His tongue went to her clit, lightly ghosting it over her bundle of nerves. Her grip on his hair tightened and she moaned louder, bucking her hips into his face. The rough stubble brushed against her inner velvety flesh, making Natasha choke back a cry. Her juices leaked, making her wetter than she already was.

Two fingers dragged up her slit, gathering wetness before entered her hot center at the same time
he flicked his tongue over her clit. Natasha writhed, shaking uncontrollably at the waves of pleasure that washed over her again and again. She didn’t know whether there was someone watching her or not, but the thought of it was enough to push her closer to the edge. Steve reached his fingers as deep as he could and deliberately hooked his fingers to drag against her walls. Natasha pulsed and screamed when she felt him graze her g-spot.

“Steve! God, yes!”

Steve added more pressure by taking her clit between his teeth. Her inner walls began to convulse so he slid his tongue inside of her, drawing more juices from her body. Her vision began to blur and she was breathing hard, but Steve kept forcing screams from her lungs. Steve knew her weaknesses and secret fetishes, intending to exploit every single one of them. Even though she’d said she didn’t like him with the beard, the feel of dragging all over her skin made her shiver and come hard every time.

He pulled his tongue out when he felt she was close, making Natasha cry out in frustration. It was the most agonizing pain Steve had ever done to her. Steve smirked when he saw how furious and desperate she was. Natasha started to curse at him and Steve suddenly felt the need to test his theory again, deliberately dragging his chin over her sensitive nub.

“Fuck, Steve…AHH!” She came hard at that instant, squirting all over his face. Steve desperately tried to swallow her as much of sweet nectar as he could. The orgasm was so intense that Natasha blacked out for a couple seconds and, trying to catch her breath. Steve stayed still between her legs, applying light pressure until Natasha pushed him away.

“Damn…you…Rogers,” she gasped out, still trying to catch her breath.

Steve smiled and got to his feet, holding her in his arms. This time, Natasha leaned in for a kiss. She loved the taste of her on his lips...as if she was marking him in some way. This man had truly mastered the art of pleasing her with his tongue. The passionate kiss alone stroked another firestorm inside of them, and Steve still hadn’t had his own release yet.

Natasha’s hands went to the waistband of his sweatpants, pulling them down with one swift move. His cock was leaking with pre cum. Steve wasted no time and held Natasha up, pressing her against the huge floor-to-ceiling window behind her. He stroked himself twice and entered her in one hard thrust, making Natasha scream. He hiked her legs up to wrap around his waist, his arms under her. Her hands went to grab onto his biceps and shoulders.

Natasha’s body was on fire, two consecutive orgasms making her body super sensitive and more responsive to his touch than usual. All her senses were overwhelmed, and she thought she might combust into flames. Steve drove into her hard and fast as their lips melted together, making Natasha moan softly into his mouth. Every time Steve slammed into her, pulling all of his cock out sharply and thrusting back inside her, it shook her body, making her breasts bounce up and down. Steve put his mouth on her beast, alternating between kissing and dragging his beard over her silky skin. Her pussy was sucking his cock hard. Steve groaned a couple of times, his hard length covered by her juices.

He gradually picked up speed, making Natasha scream out loud. Her head fell to his shoulder and stayed there, babbling incoherently in Russian into his ear, kissing his neck and shoulder with butterfly kisses. Steve shivered, grunting against her neck before moving his lips down to pay attention to her breasts, short flashes of teeth on her nipples making her squeal. Natasha held back a scream, wriggling between him and the window.

“Don’t keep it in, baby. I want to hear you scream.” His order was a growl against her clavicle,
thrusting hard enough to make Natasha scream his name and feel the tip of his cock bump against her cervix.

They realized how much pleasure this gave them. They were close now and Steve rammed hard into her, losing all technique. She rocked back as they headed toward the ultimate release. Natasha came first with a loud shout, convulsing and milking at his cock. Steve quickly pulled out before Natasha pulled him over the edge with her. He still had a very long way to go. Natasha whined at the emptiness, but Steve kissed her hard before pulling away, letting her catch her breath and come down from her high.

When Natasha was breathing evenly and she’d gained some strength back, Steve let her stand on her own feet. With one quick move, he turned her around, using his strength to slam her backside firmly against him. His hand was on her stomach while her ass was pressed up against his hard cock, coated with her juices. He pinned her hands up against the window, yanking on her hair, forcing her to look back at him as his mouth came crushing down on hers. A whimper escaped her lips.

Natasha felt his hand push down against her back, bending her forward. He pressed into her slowly and torturously, fully aware of how sensitive and sore she was. Her breasts were crushed against the cold surface of the window, making Natasha squirm and whimper. She felt his hand reach forward to tease her clit as he began to thrust in and out of her tight hole.

"Keep your eyes open and look out the window." He commanded. "See if you can find someone watching us."

Natasha looked out onto the street, and looking for people who might look up. The mere thought of someone watching them was so arousing. She couldn't believe that she’d come three times already and was now heading for her fourth. She loved it when he took her from behind—it was her favorite position and Steve hit her on the right spots from this angle.

Steve pull his hand away from her clit, reaching up to grasp one of her breasts swinging free. Gently he slapped it a time or two, but then focused on the nipple, teasing, pinching and tugging until she begged him to stop in fear that she might come again. Steve was tempting to keep doing it and make her come, but he stopped because he had a better idea in mind. Natasha tried focusing on her breathing, controlled breathes in and out, but every time Steve slammed into her, it was practically impossible. Her eyes found a man standing across the street and smoking. She kept her eyes on him, hoping that he wouldn’t look their way or else the couple would give him a show. She didn’t care anymore. Someone might’ve been watching them, but she didn’t care when she was so high in ecstasy and consumed by lust. The wanton side got the better of her. Her walls convulsed at the thought and Steve smirked at her neck, knowing that it turned her on.

“Steve…” She moaned his name, feeling her climax bubbling closer to the surface.

Steve stared down at her, smirking. “You’re liking this, aren’t you?” he asked. “The fact that people might watching us right now.”

“No…”

Steve slowed down his thrusts, making Natasha turned to look at him. Seeing how serious he was, she was horrified that he might stop, she was so close. She barely choked back a sob of frustration as she felt the pleasure begin to ebb.

“Do you like it, baby?” he asked again, voice hot and soft in her ear as he bit the lobe just hard enough to make her whimper. His thrusts came to a stop with her low groan of disbelief.
“P—Please—Steve,” she begged, knowing that he couldn't resist when she begged him.

“Oh no. That’s not the answer I’m looking for, kitten.”

He kept her like that for what felt like forever, the five times that he kept her on the edge. He made her wait to climax, alternating between hard fucking and sudden stops, teasing her clit, pinching her nipples, dragging his beard over her neck and back. He wanted see just how far Natasha could be pushed. Steve too was surprised by how much stamina and endurance he had lately. He was probably too drunk on lust and adrenaline. Or just Natasha.

"So...do you like it?"

Natasha’s eyes widened. The fucker really wanted her to answer him. "Yes...Steve, I love it." She wanted to resist but her heart gave out. "I love it so much when you fuck me against the window..."

"I love it too, darling."

Steve began to thrust into her hard and fast again, pounding into her with all of his strength, feeling her orgasm creep closer. Finally, Steve muttered in her ear that she could come. Nothing felt as good as that, she was certain, and as his fingers pinched at her nipples, she screamed as she reached a euphoric high, her whole body rigid with the release. This orgasm was more intense than the last. A moment later, he was climaxing too, shouting and growling incoherently as he lost control and pounded into Natasha with all of his strength, fucking her through their orgasm until he simply had no more juice left in him.

Steve seemed to run out of stamina, turning her around to face him again before leaning his head on her shoulder, breathing hard to force oxygen back into her lungs. They stayed like that for five minutes until Steve was breathing evenly.

"I hate you, fucker.” Natasha panted “You will pay for this.

“But it was totally worth it, darling.”

“Don’t ‘darling’ me right now. I’m mad at you for keeping me on the edge like that.”

"I still insist that was totally worth it."

She smiled. Her hands went to his neck and stared at him lovingly. "Kiss me.”

He leaned down to take her lips without a second thought. It was a sweet, slow, sensual kiss as they relished in their post coitus bliss. Finally, Steve reluctantly broke away and gathered Natasha up in his arms. He looked out the window before looking back at her.

"I think the elderly couple across the street just had a heart attack watching us."

She smiled tiredly against his chest. "Your fault, not mine."

"You were the one who did all the screaming, bae." he pointed out.

She lightly punched his chest before closing her eyes. She needed some rest right now. Steve placed her on the couch and put the robe on her. He put on his sweatpants before pulling the curtain closed to give them some privacy. Steve came back and settled down next to her, Natasha moving up to sleep on his body.

"I don’t doubt that you will put every inch of my apartment to good use.” she commented. “Not to
mention that you were into exhibitionism.”

“T’im into everything with you, bae.” Steve sweetly replied.

“Because you are into me,” she corrected.

“Yeah.” He nodded. "I'm so into you.”

Natasha sighed and snuggled into his neck. *Well*, the attempt to shave his beard had been futile, and she’d ended up with more burns and marks than before.

They slept for an hour before Natasha woke up due to her stomach growling. She used her face to nuzzle his neck and wake him up. Steve opened his eyes and when he saw her face hovering above his, he pulled her down for a hungry kiss.

“I will make breakfast for us, darling.” he said. “You can take another nap if you want.”

“You’re the best.” She pecked another kiss on him before letting him slip off of the couch.

Natasha watched him walk into the kitchen, and contemplating how his firm ass was outlined in his sweatpants and how the muscles of his back moved. *God!* She couldn’t get enough of him. Natasha leaned back and watched her man move around the kitchen, preparing food. Hmm…He wasn’t wearing any shirt, so now she got to watch his chest and six-pack.

Before Natasha knew it, she’d already stood up and gone into the kitchen. Steve was making them pancakes again. Natasha wasn’t complaining—Steve’s pancakes were the best. She went behind him, pretending to get a glass of water but she wrapped her arms around his waist instead, and started to kiss his neck and upper back.

Steve didn’t mind at all. He let her do whatever she wanted, because both of them were too sore and hungry to initiating another round of fucking. Steve was able to finish cooking before he decided to skip breakfast and take Natasha on the countertop again.

They had breakfast, but halfway through it, someone rang the bell at her door. Natasha turned and kissed him, “I will get that.”

Natasha told the person behind the door to wait as she ran into the bedroom to put on shorts, a t-shirt and robe. Natasha opened the door to find her neighbors from across the street. They probably were the couple that Steve had told her about—the elders that might have had a heart attack.

“Hey, Mr. and Mrs. Kaminsky.” Natasha greeted innocently. “How can I help you?”

“We saw you and a man…uh…we saw you from our apartment, but we weren’t sure what was happening between you two, so we thought we should to check that you were okay, Talie.” Mrs. Kaminsky said.

*Shit! They saw she and Steve fuck!* “Oh! That’s my boyfriend.” Natasha lied. “He can’t keep his hands off of me. We have been away from each other for a few months so….”
“Don’t worry, dear. We understand.”

“We used to be like that.”

Steve splashed out the water he was drinking while Natasha’s face reddened. Steve tried very hard to contain his laughter, getting up from his seat with the straightest face he could muster. He walked up behind her, and snaking his arms around her small waist and kissing her cheeks.

“Hi, I’m Steve. Her boyfriend.” he quickly introduced himself and shook hands with the elders.

They stared obviously at the Greek god behind Natasha. Of course they would stare, considering how handsome her man was. Not to mention his incredible physique. The elderly couple fell into awkward silence before Mr. Kaminsky dragged his wife away, leaving the young couple alone.

When Natasha closed the door, she turned around to see Steve with a giant smug smile on his face. She rolled her eyes at him.

“Damn you, Rogers.” She muttered. “Now they’ll never see me the same way again.”

“How is that my fault?” he replied. “By the way, you seemed to enjoy it very much when I pressed you up against the window.”

Her face turned a deep red as the memories filled her mind. He really knew how to play her. He would pay for that crazy act.

“Shut up and go back to eating your damn breakfast.”

“Why are you so grumpy?” Steve asked, following her back into the kitchen.

“Because I’m hungry! And I’m still sore, I need more sleep.”

Steve pulled her into his arms, and kissing her to chase away any remnants of her bad mood. He felt her lips moving against him and smiled into the kiss. She was definitely enjoying this. Steve pulled away when he heard her moan, afraid that it might lead to something else that was borderline indecent territory.

Natasha’s green eyes were dilated when she pulled away. They were darkened with arousal, which Steve clearly noticed, sure that his eyes reflected the same thing. They were totally hormone raged teenagers when they were around each other with nothing to stop them.

At least one of them had a clearer conscience at this moment, Steve pulled her into the kitchen, sitting her down in front of her breakfast before he resumed eating. After the meal, Steve carried her to the couch to let Natasha get more rest. She used him as her personal pillow again. They decided to keep it slow because Natasha was extremely sore. She laid on top of Steve on the couch, him idly playing with her red locks and rubbing her back gently to help soothe her back to sleep.

But when Steve’s phone rang and he picked up, it was Tony. Steve frowned as he had the conversation with his friend. He was a bit irritated when he said yes to some sort of agreement before hanging up the phone.

“What is it?”

“Tony’s forcing me to stay with the guys this afternoon. Maybe in the evening too,” he told her.

“I don’t want you to go.”
“Trust me, I don’t want to leave your side for a second.”

She hummed her approval before nuzzling into his neck. Steve continued to play with her hair, rubbing her back until she was asleep.

They woke up when it was almost noon. Natasha was surprised to find that Steve was still with her.

“I promised you I would be here when you woke up, right?”

And that was how they ended up making out for 30 minutes before he had to get dressed and head out to meet his friends. Steve was reluctant to leave and Natasha wasn’t willing to let him go. They kissed again, she grabbing his jacket when Steve was about to pull away but his phone interrupted the kiss. Natasha groaned because it was another text from Tony.

“I will see you again tonight, darling.” he said.

“See you…”

She pecked another teasing kiss on him, which only left Steve wanting more. Steve walked out of the apartment as Natasha closed the door. Wow! That was more painful than she thought it would be. It was getting harder every moment, getting harder and harder to think about the day that he would leave her to go back to his fiancée. The real woman he truly belonged to.

But…she would think about that when the time came.

Natasha went to the bathroom to take another shower. She was covered with sweat from this morning’s fun time. She’d discovered the increasing amount of burns and hicckeys Steve had left all over her body. Shit! She didn’t have any clothes that covered all of them unless she wore a coat.

Her sexcapades with Steve were things that she needed to tell someone about. Maria was her only choice. She was her best friend and the only other person besides Steve that she fully trusted. So Natasha called her up, and ten minutes later, Maria showed up at her door. The brunette’s eyes widened when she saw her friend.

“Are those burns, or do you have that weird allergy thing again?” Maria frowned at her friend.

“No, it’s nothing.” Natasha replied way too quickly. Maria knew it was a lie.

“You suck at lying, Nat.”

Maria walked in and sat down on the couch. Natasha shook her head to signal her friend not to sit there. Steve and she laid naked on that couch. Maria seemed to get that and moved to the armchair. Maria looked at Natasha again and Nat shook her head. That was enough for Maria.

“Come on!” Maria yelled at her friend. “Where the hell in this apartment I can sit that you and your mysterious boyfriend haven’t done it?”

Natasha blushed before pointing at the other armchair. Maria flopped down into it.
“Alright girl, what did you want to talk to me about?” Maria said. “And I need an explanation to the tons of burns and hickeys on your body.”

“It’s nothing important, but I’m not going to work for the rest of the month.”

“Hmm? I guess you and the guy are pretty serious?”

“Yeah, the sex is spectacular, if that’s what you are asking.” Natasha replied. “Turns out he was kinkier than I thought he would be.”

“What?!!!”

“He just fucked me against the window this morning. Not to mention that he put me on the edge like six times, I seriously can’t remember the exact number…”

“Shit! And I thought you had the weirdest sexual fantasies but this guy…”

“I have to officially state that he is the best at what he does and the best I ever had.”

Maria leaned back, a bit relaxed to see her friend happy. “I’m glad for you, Nat. It’s been awhile since you let someone in.”

Natasha smiled. She knew it too. “Yeah, he’s a great guy.”

“And I think that you should tease him back! Just try to make him cave and put him on the edge like he did to you this morning.”

“Yeah, I’m plotting an evil plan right now.”

“I see you got everything covered. You don’t even need me.”

They chatted for a while before Maria told her that she needed to get going. She was taking the 3PM shift today and would probably leave the club at midnight. Nat wished her best friend good luck and saw her off.

Then she got right to her plan. Everything had to be perfect so Steve would learn how she’d felt this morning, the torturous pleasure of hanging on the edge. She would win this round, and this night would be even better than the previous one. She had planned it all out, had prepared every piece of equipment she might want to use, and had put it in place.

Just thinking about what would happen had already sent her mind into overdrive. Wetness began to gather between her legs and she wished Steve was here to get her off, maybe by his wonderful cock or his amazing tongue. Natasha tried to think of something else but simply failed.

Damn it! She was so horny for him right now.

Natasha paced back and forth, trying to calm down, but it didn’t work. Every inch of her apartment was filled with memories of them having sexy, naughty times together. The most recent memories were already overwhelming her and all she could think of was Steve, as well as the way they going at it like bunnies. The mere thought of it was already burning her up.

Natasha decided to go downstairs to see her supervisor. Maybe he could fix the goddamn hot water, so she and Steve could finally fuck in the bathtub without worrying about hypothermia. There was a possibility that they could use it tonight. The supervisor was kind enough to get someone to fix it for her within 20 minutes.
She came back to her room and found that her mind flooded with memories again. This time, she didn’t push them aside and decided to act on them instead, at least to get some of the pressure off. Natasha slowly undressed herself, imagining that Steve’s rough hands were all over her and peeling her clothes off until she was naked. She went to find a toy that would help her with the problem she had at hand.

_Dammit!_ He’d only been gone for 2 hours, and look how badly it was turning out for her. Her body throbbed and she felt her pulse low in her belly as she remembered the last time they’d been together. _The window_ … she would remember that moment for the rest of her life. How he’d pressed her against the cool surface of the glass, fucking her senseless. Her teeth chewed on her bottom lip as she made her way to her bed.

She dimmed the lights and laid down on the silk sheets of her bed cover, picturing Steve on top of her, holding her down. She hadn’t needed to use her vibrator for some time now. (Since she had Steve and his long, thick cock, after all.) But the smooth, long, blue silicone still felt familiar in her hand. The color reminded her of his favorite color, only reminding her of how much she wanted him— _needed him_ —and was missing him.

Nat let her mind go back to the way Steve had pressed his lips down her body, whispering how good she felt. The way he’d murmured her name, the way his teeth and tongue had grazed her pulse point, her nipples, biting and sucking at her soft flesh, leaving hickeys and burns. She began to touch herself, one hand going to play with her hardening nipple, trying to mimic the way he licked her. The other hand went down to her folds, amazed to find out she was already sopping wet. A beautiful moan left her lips when she found her clit, stroking it in light circles the way Steve always teased her, shivers racing up her spine.

Her spare hand, the one holding the vibrator, slowly twisted the bottom in her grip. Soon after she’d moved the hand on her clit away, it was replaced with the smooth tip of the vibrator. She gave a loud shout. “Steve…” Nat whimpered, closing her eyes. Her head fell back onto the pillow, trying to convince herself that it was him on top of her, his hot breath on her skin. Her breath was a shudder that ripped through her body, demanding air, sure that she didn’t need anything else but the pressure of the vibrations against her clit. It only reminded her that Steve wasn’t here with her, filling her up.

She moved the dildo down, the head easing between her wet folds without a problem before she pressed it slowly into her. It was nowhere near as big as her lover, and though the vibrations felt amazing against her g-spot, it wasn’t nearly enough. A low groan of frustration made its way through her throat as she started pumping the cock in and out of herself, moving her hand as fast as she possibly could. Even as she pushed it all the way in, a low keen leaving her, it wasn’t what she needed.

_It wasn’t Steve._

The mere thought of him not being here with her made Natasha realize that she wouldn’t be able to get off if it wasn’t his cock or the amazing tongue of his. Natasha stopped and pulled the vibrator out. She laid back, thinking of her lover and how miserable she was without him. _Damn his friends for taking him away from her._

She moved out of her bed to go clean herself up before putting her clothes back on. She sighed when she looked back at the blue vibrator on her bed again. It couldn’t compare to her lover’s cock. She would wait for the real thing to give her the intense pleasure she sought.

_This hurt so bad!_ Nat whined in her head. _But wait—she shouldn’t be the only one to suffer, right?_ Two could play this game. She would make Steve pay like she’d promised him this morning.
Natasha scrambled for her phone as she tried to come with a plan to tease her bae. Then she decided to take a selfie of herself making a kissing mouth.

**Natasha:** 'Miss you, bae. Come home soon<3'

Steve instantly replied as if he was waiting for this. *Miss you too, darling.* And he added, *You're beautiful, as always.*

He took the bait. The poor guy didn't even know she had more deliberate plans other than the cute picture. It was just one step toward the most torturous evening for Steve.

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As if being away from her wasn't bad enough, Natasha had to send him a teasing picture of herself. Steve was with his friends, Tony having brought them to the cigar club inside the hotel, but the artist didn’t smoke so he was just there, watching his friends indulge in expensive Cuban cigars.

But as time passed by, Steve found that it wasn’t just a normal conversation, but a tease from Natasha. She was luring to come home to her with the possibility of their second round that day.

The first one was sexy, but came with an innocent sentence: *Miss you, bae.* But the second one came 30 minutes later, a photo of her ‘accidentally’ revealing her ample cleavage with the caption, *I’m lonely*. The mere flashes of her skin was enough to send Steve into overdrive, recalling the time they’d had this morning. *Damn! And now he probably had a hard on in public.*

If this was her plan to torture him, well. It was working.

Steve put the couch pillow in his lap in case he accidentally offended someone. Natasha sure knew how to wind him up. All he could think about was going back to her apartment and fucking her against the front door.

*Why did she do this to him?* As if he didn’t think about her every second already. She didn’t need to fuel his desire for her. It was already eating him up, burning him into ashes every day. The first picture made him think back to how her lips felt on him. How soft and how perfect they were, beautiful moans escaping her lips, murmuring his name lovingly.

He needed to stop thinking about her, or else he would end up just leaving his friends. Tony and Clint would ask him to no end why he’d left early. The second picture wasn’t any help either. He could only think of how soft and supple her breasts were, her sensitive nipples hardening by just his touch, chest heaving hard when she was about to come.

The gang spent their whole afternoon at the cigar lounge. Steve only sipped his whiskey, listening to Tony’s stupid plan that would probably end up with half of the city burnt down. Steve said no to every plan because he had better things to do than going to strip clubs, drinking, or clubbing. *He wanted to go home to Natasha and do her!*

*‘Come home, lover boy. We have so much unfinished business.’*
The third one made him keep still, he was so turned on. He needed to go back to her but his friends kept their eyes on him, probably wondering who he was texting all the time. She sent him a photo of her bare back as she laid sexily on her bed. Damn, his girl was so hot! And now all he could think of was when he’d dragged his beard all over her.

“Hey, man! Do you still hang out with Natasha?”

“Yeah, I still do her…No, I still hang out with her.”

“Shit! Still do her?”

“I was occupied, okay? I’m talking to my buyer.” Steve lied.

“Whatever you say, man?” Clint shrugged. “I bet you’ve found the girl that made you addicted. You are hiding her.”

“You can say whatever you want to, Clint.” Steve retorted.

“One more thing, bro. Tomorrow is your bachelor party and I want you to invite Natasha too. I miss her pretty face.” Tony said. “Besides, she’s the vibe of the party. I invited her as your friend, not a stripper.”

“Ahh, I see that you finally see her more than the stripper you hired for me.”

Tony didn’t retort to that sarcasm. He had been a dick head before for looking down on Natasha, and not looking deeper than the mask she put on or the work she did. Thor moved the conversation to something else and Steve got back onto his phone. He was waiting for Natasha to text him, waiting for the time he could leave this place and go back to her.

The fourth photo came and Steve groaned at the sight of her. ‘Are you with someone else better than me right now? Maybe another stripper? Do you like her more than me?’ It was the side of her beast with a little peek of her pink nipple. God! Why did she have to torture him this way? It reminded him how much he wanted to put her nipple into his mouth and give her pleasure. Look at what he had become because of her-- a sex crazy, hormone raged teenager, the separation only emphasis on how much he missed her. Steve quickly typed back to assure her that there was no one else better than her. ‘Darling, you know I would give everything to be with you right now. Nobody else could compare to you.’

She sent him back a smile and laugh emoji. ‘I should give you a little reward for being the most loving man.’ His phone vibrated, showing another message from Natasha. The fifth one awoke a thousand butterflies in his stomach. Natasha was now showing him a full view of her bare upper body laid on the bed, with her hard nipples and a sexy smile.

God! He wouldn’t make it through dinner.

Thankfully, Tony took them to have dinner early. His best friend had made reservations at the best steakhouse in Vegas and ordered everyone’s favorite food. Steve’s favorite steak was a New York cut and T-bone. (He ate two steaks every time.) On their way to the steakhouse, Natasha sent him another picture of her. ‘Baby, I’m so hot right now.’ It was a picture of her taking her shorts off. Steve swore to god that he would destroy them one day by ripping them off of her body. Natasha loved to wear them to spite him. The shorts now hung around her knees, and revealing that she was wearing nothing underneath. Steve replied, ‘And you had to take off your clothes? Turning off the goddamn heater would suffice!’ Yes, it sounded harsh, but he had to let her know that he was frustrated by all of the teasing.
Natasha just replied with a laughing emoji before disappearing again. The boys were now at the steakhouse. The host took ‘Mr. Stark and his friends’ to the best table and served them with Steve’s favorite whiskey. As the waiter began to serve their food, Natasha sent him another photo of her. She was completely naked—he even spotted his marks and burns on her cleavage and neck. He felt rather proud of all the marks, as if they were his ownership displayed on her body. ‘I’m waiting for you, bae.’ The caption tempted him to leave his friends, but he fought off the urge.

‘How in the world did you take the photo? It’s not even a selfie’ he asked.

‘I got a little help from a friend.’

‘Who is he?’

‘Why are you assuming this person was a man?’

‘Then who is it?’

‘Are you jealous?’

‘Nat…’

But she didn’t answer his question. If he had to endure all this pain to finally go to heaven, he would endure it.

The food was delicious, but Steve was craving something else. His favorite food and whiskey couldn’t stop his needs. The next photo made Steve swallow hard. His girl had spread her legs on her bed, dipped a finger into her. Five seconds later, another photo was sent to him, showing how wet she was as she licked her finger covered with her juice. ‘I’m so wet right now, lover boy. Don’t leave me hanging.’

Firestorms stirred inside of him. Steve knew he would break soon.

‘Darling, stop teasing me, please’

‘No can do. I have to do something to get off.’

‘Nat…Don’t’

‘Make me’

Steve grunted at his phone. Everyone at the table turned to look at him. Steve had to make another lame excuse to cover up his desperate attempts to resist Natasha’s tempting invitations. The last message came in a set and it almost made him squash the whiskey glass in his hand.

The picture of Natasha revealed a vibrator in her hand with the caption, Don’t make me use this, baby’. The second one in the set was Natasha licking the vibrator: ‘I miss your cock inside me.’ The third one didn’t help either, making Steve drop the whiskey glass onto the floor. It was a picture of her putting the vibrator inside her pussy, making her panting face. ‘If you don’t come home soon, I might have to use it.’
Before Steve could reply, Natasha sent him a video clip. The preview was black, so he didn’t see what was inside of the video. He made the mistake of pressing the play button. Natasha’s beautiful moans came from the speaker and Steve had to mute it, stopping the video. He got up and left for the bathroom, leaving his friend dumbfounded by what had just happened.

“Is he…is he watching porn? When he knows I could get him the real deal?” Tony was just as confused as everyone else.

Steve left for the toilet, checking that there was no one inside with him before locking the door. He opened the video again and watched it. It was a clip of Natasha putting the vibrator inside of her center a few times, making her moan. Then the clip was cut.

This was the final straw. Steve left the restaurant through the backdoor and grabbed a cab back to his girl.

Natasha was lying on the couch, enjoying herself with the vibrator and thinking about her man at the same time. He would probably lose it sometime soon, and she would have successfully wound him up again.

She heard the door swing open, but before she could react, Steve was standing over her, blue eyes burning with a dark passion, filling both of them with lust. His eyes roamed all over her body until they stopped at the blue vibrator between her legs.

Natasha slowly pulled it out. “Awww, I was about to send you another one…Ahh!”

She shouted in surprise as Steve shoved the vibrator into her, hard enough to make her body jolt. Moans escaped her lips. He bent down and pressed his lips onto hers, kissing hard to absorb every moan.

“Umm, guys.” A female voice came from Nat’s room, making the couple freeze in their spots.

Natasha slowly pulled it out. “Awww, I was about to send you another one…Ahh!”

She shouted in surprise as Steve shoved the vibrator into her, hard enough to make her body jolt. Moans escaped her lips. He bent down and pressed his lips onto hers, kissing hard to absorb every moan.

“Umm, guys.” A female voice came from Nat’s room, making the couple freeze in their spots.

Nat pushed Steve off of her, covering herself with the robe. It was Maria, who’d now seen her secret lover. Natasha was trying to move, but the vibrator was still inside of her. The change in position of her hips and body made the silicone press further into her, the vibrations directly hitting her g-spot. She gasped, eyes fluttering for the briefest of moments before she bit her bottom lip again.

“God, you guys were kinkier than I originally thought.” Maria cried out.

She had had enough of Nat’s sexcapades. Saying yes to her best friend had already been weird enough. Natasha had called her a couple of hours ago for some help, and Maria had thought that she might be in trouble, so she came only to find Natasha’s weird request: helping her take dirty pictures to send to her lover.

Steve helped Nat pull the vibrator out, and taking a little pleasure in hitting the button on the remote. The silicone vibrated again. Nat moaned before Steve pulled it all out.

“Maria, this is Steve.” Natasha introduced him to her best friend. “Steve, this is Maria, my best
friend.”

“Nice to meet you, ma’am.”

“Nice to meet you too.”

But Natasha hit Steve in the arm. “Don’t ‘ma’am’ anyone else but me.”

“Yes, ma’am” Steve replied with a smile, detecting some jealousy in her voice.

They had small talk and Maria saw how Steve couldn’t stand still, only 1 second away from tearing Nat’s clothes off. Natasha too had the same reaction, but was better at concealing it than Steve. Maria decided to say goodbye and leave the couple alone.

Steve let out a sigh before spinning Natasha around, giving her a kiss. “I missed you so much.”

“I miss you too, bae.” she replied. “And good news, my supervisor already sent someone to fix the shower.”

“Thank god!” Steve exclaimed. “So… that mean we can have bath sex now?”

“Damn you, Rogers. Stop thinking about sex for a second, alright?”

Steve wiggled his eyebrows. ”Final offer, shower sex? A quick one.”

"As tempting as it sounds, I have better idea than that."

"Anything you want, bae."

Steve couldn’t resist pulling her in for another kiss. Natasha felt how hard his cock was and decided to tease him some more by rubbing her thighs against it. Steve grunted into the kiss, his hand going to her robe but Natasha stepped away.

“Follow me.” She said, biting her bottom lips and leading him to their bedroom.

Steve was so excited that he almost skipped. He followed her, and when they were inside, Natasha told him in her low, seductive voice to take off his clothes. Steve eagerly followed her request and shook everything off until he was naked before her eyes, unaware of what was going on. Nat bit her lip again when she saw how hard his cock was.

Natasha stepped closer, leaning into his ear and whispered, "Are you ready, baby?"

"Yes" Steve sounded desperate. Maybe he really was desperate because of the way she’d made him wait for this moment for half a day.

"Lie on the bed," she told him, and Steve did as she said. Natasha came to straddle his waist. Steve shivered in anticipation as his hands landed on her hips. He could feel how wet and hot she was on his stomach, dripping wet. Natasha pulled his hands away, threading their fingers together before leaning in for another kiss, making his mind go into overdrive. The next thing he knew, he was cuffed to the headboard, more aroused that he already was.

“Nat, what are you doing?” he asked before remarking, “You do know that I could break these toy handcuffs?”

“I also have a zip line, a rope and a necktie.” She replied. “But I know you won’t do it, will you?”
“No” His short answer was met with a slap to his cheek.

“No, what?”

“No, Natasha.” He replied, still a bit confused as to what was going on, but his answer was met with another light slap to his other cheek.

“You are supposed to call me what, lover boy?” she said, rolling her hips and rutting her center against his pecs. Her nails lightly teased his nipples, and making Steve take a sharp breath. “I believe you should call me by something else, lover boy. Try again,”

“No, ma’am.” Steve finally understood what game they were playing, the realization turning him on more than he already was.

She laughed as she slowly and sensually shook the robe off, revealing her sexy body before his eyes. “Yes,” she said, resting her hands on his chest. “Good boy.”

Steve shuddered at the words, but whined when Natasha got off of their bed. She was standing and contemplating her lover, naked and aroused, ready to get off any time soon just by their foreplay. Steve looked cute when he was frustrated, now he would learn the same lesson he’d given her this morning.

Natasha went to get something in the living room, delighted to hear Steve groan when he saw she’d left. She didn’t say anything, and leaving him wondering. She came back with the same jumping rope he’d used with her yesterday, the blue vibrator in her other hand. If her lover had said that he could break the cuffs, she had to make sure that he would not move his hands away from where she’d placed them. Natasha straddled his waist again, securing his wrists with the rope. When she bent down, Steve leaned his face up to put his lips on her nipple, sucking hard and dragging his beard over it. Nat let out a low moan and tried to finish the last knot. She let him have this one before she pulled away, showing him the vibrator in her hand.

“Since you made me wait for too long, I will use this friend instead. You have to watch me the whole time, all right? Don’t you dare take your eyes off me.” She commanded.

“Nat…ma’am?” he stuttered. “Can I--?”

She pressed her body against him and kissed him shallowly, tilting her head back every time he tried to chase further into her mouth. She smiled when she saw him all red, panting and frustrated. He was about to go crazy and combust into flame. She shifted and moved down to his hips, feeling his solid cock against her center. “Go ahead,” she whispered in his ear, resting her hands on his pecs, encouraging him to rub against her center until he moaned against her neck.

Natasha’s voice was deep in his ear, muttering, “That’s it, sweetheart. You’re so, so good for me.”

He tried to buck his hips up when she moved to straddle his torso, unable to control his groan when he felt that her heat and wetness were gone. “Nat…ma’am,” he stuttered.

“Steve,” she commanded again. “Look at me.”

He looked. She was flushed bright red from the tops of her shoulders down to her nipples. Her lips were parted and she was breathing fast. She spread her legs wide, revealing her pink pussy before his eyes. Steve groaned when he saw how wet she was and how close he was to having her.

“OK,” she said, taking a deep breath. “Just watch me, all right? Don’t look away. Keep your eyes on me.”
“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good.” She praised, and bent down to give him another teasing kiss. He ached forward so he could feel more of her on his skin. “You have to be quiet too. Got it?”

“I...yes, ma’am,” he said, even he didn’t want to make such a promise in order to put this slow torturing to an end.

“Good,” she praised again, leaning back and planting her hand behind his hips. Her spare hand, the one holding the vibrator, moved towards her clit, pressing the button and a vibration little enough to make Natasha moan. She heard Steve breathing hard and tried to control himself. “Steve,” she whimpered, unable to help herself, eyes closing and head falling back. Steve was trying his best not to respond to her moan.

With ease she moved the dildo down, the head easing between her slicked folds without a problem before she pressed it slowly into her, starting to pump the cock in and out of herself as fast as she possibly could. Her body jolted with the invasion, hips bucking uncontrollably for a moment. Her moans were driving Steve to insanity. He struggled to free his hands so that he could flip her down and fuck her into the mattress.

Her eyes never leaving his, she took the dildo into her and said, “Remember: don’t make any noises or else you will prolong your release.” She sighed, tilting her face to the side. “I can’t decide.” Her eyes met his. “Whether I just want to finish myself off and just leave you like this, or if I want to get myself off with that big cock of yours. What do you think? You can talk.”

“Ma’am...” Steve groaned and took a sharp breath as Natasha reached her hand back to stroke his painfully hard cock. “W-w-whatever you want, ma’am.” He stuttered.

“Hmm?” She cooed while taking her hand away from him, making him grunt before running her hands up and down the front of her chest. “Whatever I want....What about if I come on your chest using the vibrator and just go to sleep?” She held her breasts, rubbing her nipples with her thumbs. Steve choked on a moan and pulled at the cuffs, taking deep, shaky breaths to regain control when he heard the cuff crack. She smiled and kept on pushing the blue cock inside of her. She could see that he was starting to break.

“No, ma’am.” he stuttered out.

But Natasha kept and teasing him by trying to get herself off. “Say the word, lover boy, and I will give you what you want.”

“P-please, ma’am.” He begged. It was surprising how fast he broke.

“You’re so pretty when you beg.” Natasha murmured, slowly withdrawing the blue vibrator from inside her, using her finger to gather her wetness before raising her wet fingers to his lips, humming happily as he desperately licked them clean. Steve had always loved her taste. “Yeah,” she breathed.

Natasha withdrew her fingers from his mouth and leaned down for a kiss. “Baby, I want to get off by your mouth before I ride you hard.”

“Yes, ma’am, anything for you, ma’am,”

Natasha positioned herself so her center was atop his gaping mouth, perfectly for him to try and bring her to an orgasm. Natasha reached one hand up to grab his cock, squeezing hard enough to
make him gasp.

“Get on with it now, Rogers.” She commanded, and stroking his cock with her hands. Steve moaned before reaching his head up to her pussy. He brought his tongue to trace the edges of her already wet center, shivering as she moaned above him. Natasha rocked her hips so his tongue sank inside of her instead. That made her back arch, a sexy moan working its way from her mouth. He could hear the grin in her next words, praising him and calling him a good boy. He thrust his tongue into her, exploring where he could, doing his best to make her as happy. Her wetness flowed out of her, Steve swallowing down as much as he could. He was more than turned on by now, cock red and dripping with pre-cum. Above him, the woman seemed to notice because she gave a laugh and stroked his cock.

“Ohh, someone’s a happy boy.” He gave a low growl that made her grab a hold of his cock, tugging hard on it. “Mind your manners, lover boy. Make me come and I’ll give you what you want, I promise,” she said, grip tightening so much that he nearly cried out. “If you don’t, I’ll leave you like this.”

She was rocking her hips back and forth as he sucked hard on her clit, tongue lapping as though his life depended on it. She moaned his name once more, her voice breaking at the end as she came hard, wetness surging out of her body. Steve lapped at it before she removed herself from his face, allowing him to gain a fresh breath of air.

“I will give you what you want now, since you’ve been a good boy.” she said.

“I know you want me too, ma’am.”

“Hmm, if I was in the mood for more foreplay now, you would have gotten another punishment for your manners, lover boy.” Natasha told him, raking her nails on his chest and settling down on his hips. “I will blindfold you some other time.”

She reached between them and stroked his cock. Steve closed his eyes and then opened them again. He gasped as he felt her envelop him completely, her center soaking wet from her previous orgasm, moans filling his ears. His own moans covered hers but the sound was cut short by a huff of air as she started to ride him.

Steve finally got what he’d wanted since she’d sent him the first picture. She was riding him hard, breast bouncing up and down before she collapsed down onto him. He could feel that she was breathing hard against his neck, and her breasts pressed against his chest as she rolled her hips up and down, whispering how good he felt, what a perfect toy he was, and how she wanted to have him with her forever.

Steve heard himself replying the same sentiment. Yes, he wanted her now and forever, thanking her for being good, kind and generous to him, how perfect she was and how he would do anything to be with her and her alone. Time seemed to stop as they worked their way toward their releases. Nothing else mattered. It was just them, only them.

Natasha leaned down and pressed their lips together. She fucked herself on him until he was sure he’d come any second. Just as his body started to tighten and prepare for his orgasm, she slammed onto him hard, and bringing a hand to his cock as she slid off of it. Her hand held tight to the base of his cock, the pressure staving off the orgasm.

“I’m nowhere near done with you yet, lover boy,” she purred in his ear. “Now be a good fuck toy and just let me fuck you. Show me you really want to be with me forever.”
Steve grunted when all the pleasure faded away. His pupils dilated as he looked up at her in disbelief. They were so close, but Natasha was adamant about teaching him what a real staving off meant.

For how long she rode him he had no idea, he only remembered the pain of having an orgasm so close when she would stop it, making him hang the way he’d made her. Only by the time she’d had her third orgasm of the night did she finally allow him his own relief.

“Come with me, lover. Fill me up with your hot cum.” she moaned in his ear as his hips started to speed up, joining hers even though the rest of him still felt paralyzed from the fear that she might leave him hanging again. “You’re all mine. Tell me that you’re mine…”

“Yes, ma’am. I’m all yours.” he replied.

“I want everything you can give me. Do it. Now.”

He tipped his head backwards as his hips bucked hard against hers, ass lifting off of the bed as he fucked her through his orgasm. He groaned as the hot load of his cum filled her.

Steve was spent, shaking, and covered in sweat.

The woman atop him collapsed onto his body as she slowly pulled his cock out of her. Her loving hand stroked the side of his face before kissing his chin. Steve kissed the top of her head. They laid like that for a moment before Natasha gathered enough strength to free him from the rope, only to find that Steve had actually broken the handcuffs. His arms immediately wrapped around her small frame, pulling her down until she laid on his body.

“I guess you were pretty excited about this too.” she spoke up.

“Yeah, all the delayed gratification you made me go through today paid off nicely.”

“So you learned your lesson, hmmm?” Natasha looked at him.

“Yes, ma’am. I learned my lesson but I’m willing to take the risk again.”

Yes, Natasha would love that too. All that they’d gone through today was paying off greatly. She loved everything about him. She would keep him with her, she decided. He would be hers forever, and she would do anything to keep him with her. Even if that meant that she had to steal him from his fiancée and make him rightfully hers.
Chapter 17

Las Vegas, Day 16

“Hmmm….” Natasha mumbled when she started to stir, suddenly feeling something on her skin.

“Morning, darling.” A low, sexy voice sounded, followed by kisses along her cheeks, jaw and lips.

Nat knew who that was. She didn’t have to open her eyes. The loving embrace, the sweet kisses, the warmth from his body? Nothing could compare to this. She wove her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. Her lips parted to let him deepen the kiss. His tongue met with hers in a heated dance that left Natasha moaning into his mouth.

“Steve…” Her hips bucked up against his crotch, making him growl.

“Hmmm?”

Her eyes fluttered open, and Steve was lost in the ocean of emerald. “Can we stay here for a little longer?” She quietly asked. "I'm still very much sore."

"Of course." He replied and pecked her lips. “Do you want me to cook breakfast for you or…?”

“Stay here and hold me.”

Steve did as he was told. He stayed there, holding her in his arms, but he kept kissing every inch of bare skin he could find.

“That’s not helping.”

“Sorry, I couldn't resist.” He apologized, but he wasn’t sorry at all.

“I can’t sleep if you keep doing this.” She told him. “Go and made breakfast for me.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Steve kissed her one last time before got out of bed, but didn’t miss the way she shivered when he said the word ‘ma’am’. That word got her every time, and Steve planned to use it as much as he could. He was in the kitchen and preparing breakfast for both of them, turning on the music while he was mixing pancake batter.

It didn't take long until everything was ready. He set everything on the tray perfectly. Fresh fruits, pancakes and bacon with maple syrup, and chamomile tea in the pot, everything was just the way Natasha liked. He carried the tray inside the bedroom where he found her still sleeping--or so he thought.

She opened her eyes when she smelled pancakes. “I heard ‘Uptown Funk’ from outside. Did you dance to the song?” She asked.

Steve blushed. “No!” He answered a little too fast. “Yeah, I did. I couldn’t help myself.”
Nat let out a full laugh, throwing her head back. Steve couldn’t do anything as long as it made Natasha happy. He was already tuned to instinctively do anything to make her happy. He loved her smile. He loved her laugh. He loved…everything Natasha.

Steve let her have this one. He sat the tray down in front of her before telling his bae to stop laughing and begin eating.

“You have to do that again. I definitely want to see you do that.”

”.If you are in the room I won’t do that.”

“Aww, but I want to see my bae dance!”

“No chance, darling.”

Steve told her that he needed to go back to the hotel to get some things before they could go out again. He needed more clothes and more art supplies, so he could stay at her place for as long as he wanted.

His friends were out again. Tony left a message on his phone an hour ago, saying that they would go sightseeing; Thor had felt the need to the Eifel Tower when he wasn’t drunk. Bruce said he wanted to see the magician's show. Clint wanted to go to the stripe club and Tony basically wanted to go out.

Steve simply replied, ‘I'd rather do my work’

Nat was upstairs in his room, packing stuff for her man. She walked over to the art corner and got everything that he'd told her to. More pencils, premium quality papers, and paints. That was, until she accidentally bumped into a stack of paintings in the corner, revealing something that took Natasha by surprise.

It was a nude portrait of a red head woman. It was her.

*How the hell in the world could he paint everything accurately?* How the hell in the world could he work on every little tiny detail of her? It was impossible, since he'd only seen her naked twice, and every time, they'd been clouded by lust and passion.

Nat felt herself getting wet just by thinking about their first night together. *God!* She couldn’t control her desire for him anymore. Just the slightest thought of him could get her whole body burning up. Nat sat down on the chair as she shuffled through the nude portrait collection of herself. Wow! He'd really gotten the details about everything. Nat tried very hard not to touch herself when all she could think of was Steve’s tongue, tasting the paint on her body.

“What are you doing, darling?”

Suddenly, a shadow loomed over her. Steve was standing her behind her. Nat shot to her feet and put the painting away.
“Nothing.” She lied, but the redness on her cheeks told him the truth.

“Babe, your cheeks are red and you are obviously out of breath.” He noticed.

“I don’t know what you are talking about.” She evaded it as usual. “What about you, Mr. Artist? Why there are nude portraits of me?”

“Because you are my muse.” He replied honestly. “I couldn’t get you out of my head, so I had to do something before I went insane.”

“I don’t know if that’s creepy or really sweet.”

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you since the first day we met, Natasha.” He insisted. “That’s the truth.”

Nat avoided eye contact with him, because his intense blue eyes burned her to the core. She couldn’t help it. Everything about him was so sexy and attractive in a way she didn’t want it to stop. Steve stepped closer, and she could feel the heat coming off his body. His big hands caressed her face.

Nat still avoided his gaze. “I’m sure that you had someone to model for you,” She said. “Was it one of your French girls?”

“It’s purely from my memories of you, Natasha.” He replied gently. His eyes gleamed adoringly at the woman in front of him. “I could remember most of the things about you starting the first night we met.”

“What else do you remember from that night?”

Steve kissed her lips. “You lips was as red as blood but it as sweet as honey.” His lips trailed down to her neck and light kissed it, whispering. “Your skin is so soft and it always taste so good.” He licked on her skin, feeling her shuddered in his embrace. “The taste of the paint on your body.” He came back to kiss her lips again. “The taste of you is still stick on my tongue.” Steve replied. “I love it and I could remember it every time I close my eyes.”

Nat unintentionally whimpered from the last sentence alone and she clutched his shirt tightly. Steve smirked victoriously and knew that he had won this battle. Nat felt her cheeks burn again and she knew she had to do something to get back at him and earn her dignity back.

“Draw me.” She told him. “Really draw me like one of your French girls.”

“Are you sure?” He asked. “You have to stay still like an hour or so.”

“Yes, I am sure.”

“Alright.” He let go off her. “Choose any place you want. I will get everything ready.”

Nat slowly took off her clothes and made sure to give Steve quite a show when she noticed that he was staring at her. Natasha looked over her shoulder, giving him the saucy smirk and noticed the bulge in front of his pants. Steve swallowed hard when she sexily shimmed out of her jeans and the way she bended to step out of her panties.

She threw her panties at his face, bringing him out of his deep thought. “Stop staring.” Natasha turned around and gave him the full view of her glory. Steve swallowed again and looked down at the black lacy panties in his hand and then he felt the wetness.
She was turned on, probably as much as he did.

Steve hung her panties on the easels and that caused Natasha to smile. He settled down behind the canvas as Natasha sat down on the small stage with cushions and pillows. The same exact place that she laid down for him the first night they met.

“Try not to move, okay?” He said.

There was only the sound of pencils scratching on the canvas and their breathing. His intense blue eyes was on her body and the canvas. Nat couldn’t help but shivered under his gaze and all she could do was giving him the eye fuck the same way he did to her but added a sexyly sly smile. Steve noticed it and resisted every temptation to stand up and went to her.

He could resist but only half way through it. Steve sat his pencil down and got up to her. Nat smirked as her plan worked. Steve lose control and she hoped she would get some rough action from him. He stood in front of her and kept his eyes fix on her.

“Do you know what you do to me?” His voice was low and dangerous. The same voice that she love.

She played it off like nothing happened and shrugged. “Absolutely no idea”

Steve bended down and slowly, gently pushed Natasha down on the soft cushion and kissed Natasha hard, conquering her. Her hands went to card through his hair, legs came wrapping around his hips and deliberately bucking up to meet his growing bulge.

Steve growled. “You’re driving me crazy.”

“Take off your pants, Rogers so we can get right to our business.” She murmured against his lips.

Steve pulled away and sat on his heels. His hands fumbled on his belt and Natasha had to sit up to help him. He willed his pants off while Natasha tore his shirt away and peppered light kisses on his bare chest, alternating with kitten licks that left Steve shivered and got harder than he already was.

“I never lick you abs before.” She murmured and slowly dragged her tongue down the outline of his muscles.

“Natasha…” Steve moaned as her hands went to palm on his cock, getting him to fully erect. “Shit…Nat…”

Her finger swiped at the ridge of his cock, getting the fat pearl of his pre cum that was leaking out of the head of his cock, spreading it all over his shaft. She took him into her mouth, earning guttural sound in the back of his throat. Nat let her tongue drag roughly against the slit.

“God…” He moaned when Natasha finally fully had him in her mouth. He could feel the head bump against the back of her throat. “Nat…”

She started to bob her head. Steve’s hand cradled the back of her head, fighting of every urge to thrust his cock in and out of her beautiful mouth and come down her throat. Nat moaned, sending a vibration through his cock. Her hands squeezed his ass and pulled him closer. Steve watched as she took him down her throat. Her enthusiastic worship only made him harder.

“If you keep this up, I will come soon.” He told her.

Nat released him from her mouth. She didn’t want him to come now because she loved it when he
filled her up so fully, bursting all his seeds inside of her. Nat pulled him down and laid on her back. Steve was now hovering above her, blue eyes burning with lust but Natasha could see how much he adore her. Steve dipped his head down to kiss her deeply before trailing his lips to her neck. Nat moaned in his ear, breathing hard before leaving sloppy wet kisses against his shoulder. He licked a long stripe up the side of her neck and around her ear, plunging his tongue inside until she squirmed.

“Steve…” Natasha ran her hands through his sweat-soaked hair and yanked. The pain shot straight through his cock but Steve ignored his want, he had to pleasure her first. It was all about her. His tongue laved at her collarbone, traveling down to her cleavage and finally closing his mouth on her nipple. Natasha arched up, pushing her breasts into his face. His thumb played with her other nipple, getting a ragged moan from her.

Steve abruptly pulled away and her hands scrambled to pull him back. Steve simply reached for the edible paint and a brush. Nat knew he would take his sweet time pleasure her and reducing her into a begging mess.

“How about refreshing some memories, darling?” Steve murmured against her skin and Nat moaned when she felt the brush gently dragged over her nipple. Steve painted the trail of color down her body and licked it up by his tongue, alternating between hard sucks and light nibs. She carded her hand through his blond locks, panting hard as his tongue raved down to her toned stomach, taking pleasure as her stomach raised and fall. Her whole body coiled when he plunged his tongue into her belly bottom.

“Steve…” She breathed. “Baby…just…do something…” She couldn’t think anymore. He found another hidden place in her and he planned to exploit as much as he could. When he finally pulled his tongue away, he replaced with the brush while his tongue dragging down the remaining of the edible paint until he finally reached the place where she wanted him to be.

Steve put his mouth on her fold, drinking on her wetness that was leaking out of her. His tongue gently dragged up and down her slit, collecting the moist that came out of her continuously. He stopped using the brush and used his hands to part her fold. The knuckle of his finger trailed behind his tongue. The contrast between soft flesh of the tongue and hard bone of the finger was creating a pleasing sensation that left Nat screamed as a wave of pleasure hit her when Steve flicked his tongue on her clit, adding two fingers inside her. His fingers went deeper, twisting more and causing Nat to squirm and whimper.

His blue eyes kept a close watch on her as she began to get caught up in the sensations building within. His tongue still working on her clit, relentlessly press it hard. He gripped tightly at her hips steadying her as he intensified his assault. Natasha tried to buck her hips up against his mouth but she couldn’t. He was too strong. Steve smiled and began pumping his fingers, setting a punishing pace until he body seized by the pleasure as she climaxed around his fingers. Steve continued to thrust in and out, licking at her clit until she came down from her high and pushed him away, over stimulated.

Steve got up to the same level as her face, watching her as Natasha trying to catch her breathe. Her hands cupped his cheeks, smiling at him lovingly.

“Do me, lover boy.” She commanded.

Steve didn’t have to be told twice. He settled down between her legs, pulling her legs up and pressed in backward so she was in the angle that we could sink into her so deep before he slowly slid his hard length inside of her tightness. They both groaned at the sensation rippled out through their body. Steve pushed in until all of him sheathed deeply inside of her. “Fuck…” He groaned.
“You’re so fucking tight.”

Natasha bucked her hips up impatiently, urging him to start to move. Steve pulled out of her before plunging back right into her tight wet core, eliciting series of moans and whimpers, stroking the fire inside of him. She wrapper her legs around him as he fucked her slowly at first. He looked down to meet her beautiful green eyes, fucking her with his burning blue eyes as he glided the base of his shaft against her clit, pushing in as deep as he could and holding there. Nat’s lips quivered, moaning and shaking at the intense pleasure.

“Yess…Steve…don’t stop…” She whined as her hands grabbed his bicep and shoulder so she could rock with him. Then he put one of her legs over his shoulder and straddled the other. This new angle allowed him to hit all the right place inside her. He held her legs to his face. His beard roughly burned scratched against her sooth, soft skin as he slammed into her faster and harder.

“Baby, you feel so good.” He growled, looking deep into her eyes. “God, I want this forever.”

Their naked body glided against one another. His heart pounded at the look of ecstasy on her face —eyes squinted close and lips parted. Her disheveled red locks were everywhere. His body tingled from head to toe, and Steve knew that he was getting close. Natasha started to tremble too. He lowered her leg and lowered himself onto her, pressing his chest into her soft breasts, moving up so that he could get as deep into her as her could as they fucked each other in perfect rhythm.

Wrapping Natasha tightly in his embrace, Steve whispered. “Come with me, darling.”

She squeezed him hard with her legs. “Yes…” She breathlessly agreed.

Steve thrust into her tight hole and the intense waves of orgasm washed over them. Nat screamed and Steve growled. He thrust deep as they held each other tight. His cock pulsed and unloaded hot cum into her, filling her up to the brim. They moaned loudly as Natasha let go, walls clenched on him and her juices flow out.

They laid in each other’s embrace for a moment, their bodies spent, heart still racing. Natasha was breathing hard while Steve started to regain some control and pulled out of her. His lips met her neck, pressing soft kisses to soothe her back as she came down from her high.

“Shall we move to bed?” He quietly asked.

“We should. This stage isn’t really that comfortable.”

Steve carried Nat up and placed her gently on the bed. Natasha was still trying to recover from the previous intense orgasm. Steve got them some water before getting back into bed with her. He started kissing his way down her body with light, soothing kisses. Nat hummed her approval, leaning back and closing her eyes. Then she felt something else against her skin that make her open her eyes. Steve was using color makers to trace on her skin.

“What are you doing?” She asked, looking down at her arm, where Steve was currently writing something on her skin.

“Telling you how much I adore you.” He replied, and kissed her skin, sending tingling sensations through her body. “Telling you how much you mean to me…” He wrote another word on her skin. “How important you are to me…”

Nat felt tears started to fill her eyes as Steve continued to write down on her skin with markers of different colors. He moved toward her stomach, so Nat lifted her arms up and found what he wrote with markers.
‘Strong’, ‘Independent’, ‘My little firecracker’, ‘My beautiful enigma’, ‘My Russian darling’ were on both of her arms. She smiled at every word of it. If he kept this up, she would probably cried.

“Bae, you’re making it emotional.” She told him.

Steve looked up from her stomach with a smile. “I intended to make it that way, darling.”

He kissed her skin after he put the words on. When he finished, he moved up to the same level as her face to kiss her lips deeply and lovingly. Then he turned her onto her stomach, kissing his way down her back before lifting her ass up, getting her on her arms and knees while her head rested on the pillow. Natasha looked back at him as he spread her knees apart, presenting her wet pussy to him.

Steve groaned and took her in for a moment before positioning himself behind her. His upper body draped over her petite frame and kissed her lips deeply. “Nat…baby…”

“Yes, do it…make love to me.”

“Yes, darling.” He replied, and kissed her again, sliding his hard length inside her tight core slowly until he was seated inside of her. Steve’s lips never left hers as they moaned into each other’s kisses. He started to rock in and out of her slowly and intimately, leaving Natasha whimpering at all of the pleasure.

Steve broke his kiss, only to place it on her shoulders, suckling and mumbling how good she felt. His hand snaked across her stomach to her breast, groping and playing with her nipple between his fingers. Nat moaned his name through the panting. Steve kept his pace slow but steady and thrust all the way in, making sure to hit the places that made her shiver.

“Ahh…baby…” Nat moaned, looking back at Steve, who was panting hard against her skin. “Yes…”

“Nat…you feel so good.” He grunted. “You’re so perfect.”

Their lips met each others’ again. His hand travelled down between her legs and rubbed at her clit, increasing his pace. His cock rammed into her hard and fast. He could see her beautiful ass ripple as he pounded her tight, hot pussy with his thick cock. The glistening wetness leaked from her. Her breasts swung free with each pounding thrust. The sounds of their moans blended with the slapping of their skin.

He increased his speed, stroking her clit in the counter point to his hard thrusts. They were not going to last much longer, as her walls started to convulse around him. Natasha thrashed wildly. Steve was marking what was his in the most primal way, covering her completely with his body, putting as many purple marks as he could on her flawless skin.

“You’re mine.” He growled possessively as he ground her clit harder.

Nat turned her head to the side and kissed him. “Yes, I’m yours.” She gasped between the kiss. Steve could feel her tighten around him. She came hard and screamed his name. Steve was only seconds behind before he emptied his seed deep inside of her, moaning out her name in reply as he filled her to the brim.

They shared another passionate kiss until the last tremor had passed. Steve slowly pulled out of her and Natasha turned around to lay on her back, staring up at his blue eyes. Exhaustion took over her and Steve could clearly see it on her face.
“We can get some rest before we go out.” He suggested. “You need some rest, babe.”

“Umm…” She agreed. “But give me a go-to-sleep kiss first.”

Steve was more than happy to comply. Natasha let go of him and closed her eyes. It didn’t take long for her to fall deeply asleep. Steve settled down next to her and kept a watch on her. He pulled out another permanent marker and wrote one last thing on the back of her left shoulder. Something that meant to say to her.

After he was sure that he would be stuck on her skin for a little while, he kissed on her bare shoulder, hearing Natasha hum happily. Steve smiled before getting out of their bed.

Natasha didn’t know how long she had been asleep, but she was incredibly sated by all the sex they’d had. Not to mention how sweet and loving Steve was. She couldn’t get enough of him. Now that she was all wrapped in his sheets and sleeping tightly in his bed, she couldn’t feel more secure than she already was.

The redhead slowly opened her eyes and realized that her man wasn’t lying next to her.

“Steve…” She called and turned to look around the room.

“I’m here.” His voice came from behind the easel.

Nat turned to her other side and saw her man painting something. Then his eyes fell on her, and she knew he was doing another painting for her.

“Come back to bed” She commanded.

"Almost done,” He replied, but never took his eyes off of the canvas.

She sighed, knowing that it could be a while before he was done with his painting, so she would threaten him with the thing he loved the most. "Babe, come back to bed or I’m withholding sex."

"Awww" He cried out, putting down everything and jumped back in bed with her. "But I’m about to complete another masterpiece!” He whined the last sentence like a little baby, looking at her with his big puppy dog eyes.

Nat smiled and cupped both of his cheeks. "Babe, we ARE the masterpiece.”

Steve returned the smile. “Yeah, we are.” He agreed. "But you told me to draw you like one of my French girls, and then you distracted me with...you!” He gestured to all of her. "Everything about you is so distracting!”

Nat squinted her eyes. "So there really are French girls.”

"There’s no comparing you with a French girl. You’re my little Russian firecracker,” He tried to end their argument, kissing her hard.

But Nat pulled away and asked him teasingly. "Should I really believe that, Rogers?”

"Do you want me to prove that to you?”
"Aww, the last time I asked you to prove something...we ended up almost fucking in the fitting room," She said. "So just making out with me is enough."

“Yes, ma’am.”

Steve was more than happy to comply, and resumed his make out session with Natasha. It was an hour of lip locking until they actually pulled away. Natasha said that they should get out of bed and do something else.

“I have plans for us tonight.” Steve said. “But we have to dress up real nice for this event.”

“Mind to tell me what is it about?”

He shook his head. “Nah, I want to surprise my bae.”

They ended up making out on the couch for another hour after Natasha discovered that he had painted her a portrait again. This time it was when she was sleeping, and with his expert hand, she could clearly see her post coitus bliss coming out of the painting.

When the time came, they adjusted their clothes and went out to the place that Steve wanted to surprise her with. It was dark outside, so there were many possibilities of where he would take her.

“Here we are.” He told her as the limo dropped them off at the Eiffel Tower.

“Are you trying to seduce me with a romantic date night?” She asked teasingly.

“We can skip to fucking if you want…” He suggested.

“Hell no, how could I miss the chance of having a normal date like normal people?”

Steve smiled and offered her his arm. They took the elevator up to the top of the tower. The restaurant he made a reservation at was holding a ballroom dance after 10 PM. The couple got their table right away and quickly ordered their food. This was one of rare occasions that Steve and Natasha decided to have champagne over their favorite whiskeys.

“What are you planning here, lover boy?” Nat was still curious as to why he'd brought her on a date, because they hadn't had a normal date like this for like… forever.

“Nothing. I just want a nice dinner with my girl. That’s all.” He replied. “Why are you assuming there is something?”

“Because…since all of this…our main focus was to—you know—go at it like bunnies.”

Steve laughed. “That’s ridiculous.”

“It’s the truth, Steve. What made it change that suddenly you want us to have a normal date?”
“I want to be with you.” The answer took Natasha by surprise, and Steve could tell that the answer wasn’t what she expected. “Like normal people do.”

“Are you planning to play with my heart, Rogers?”

“I won’t do it, if you don’t fry my brain first.”

“That’s good enough for me.” She said, looking at him through her hooded eyelashes.

Steve was sweet to her the whole night. Not that he never had been this sweet to her before. He was always such a sweetheart, but tonight, he made extra effort and it was too damn cute. They had an easy conversation about anything they could come up with.

It was a slow and romantic night, and everything seemed so right. Natasha hadn't felt this way in many years. She thought she had walls building around herself, but this sweet, loving guy in front of her had found his way into her life.

It was destiny, fate, whatever they called it.

After the dinner was done, they relocated themselves to the balcony of the restaurant. Steve stood behind Natasha with his arms around her waist as they looked out to the beautiful view of Las Vegas at night.

Everything tripled their mood. It was so romantic and they both were caught up in the moment. At that moment, every look and touch felt so real. It was also the moment they completely let their guards down.

It was just them and a moment of pure love.

Steve rested his chin on her shoulder, occasionally pressing kisses on her neck, inhaling her intoxicating scent. Nat shivered when he kissed on her pulse point and lingered there. His hot breath hit her skin, making her melt into his body more.

“You’re so beautiful tonight, Natasha.”

Nat smiled. “You’re not too chubby yourself, Rogers.”

“I remember you once said that my bae was handsome.”

“That was a one time thing.”

Steve turned her around to face him. “Whatever you say, bae.”

He kissed her tenderly, gently wrapping Natasha in his embrace, pulling her close until all of her was against all of him. Her arms snaked around his neck as she tiptoed to deepen the kiss.

Steve pulled away when he heard a song coming from inside. “Can I have this dance with you, ma’am?” He asked.

“Of course.”

He offered her his hand and led them to the dance floor in the middle of the restaurant. The band played something slow. Natasha didn’t recognize the song until the singer sang the first sentence.
You’re in my arms
And all the world is calm
The music playing on for only two
So close together
And when I’m with you
So close to feeling alive

Nat smiled. How could she not? This song was perfectly fitted to them. She had to admit that she never thought she would have a situation like this happened to her. She never imagined that she would have someone holding her so close that she could inhale his scent or feel the warmth of his body. Never imagined that someone would be the one like Steve Rogers.

A life goes by
Romantic dreams must die
So I bid mine goodbye and never knew
So close was waiting, waiting here with you
And now forever I know
All that I wanted to hold you so close

For the first time in his life, Steve knew that this moment was the closest thing to the romantic dream he'd always dreamed of. When he held Natasha in his arms, every dream seemed to stop being a dream and came true. He never wanted to say goodbye to her. He wouldn’t dream of it. To have her in his arms, it felt so right…so perfect. He wanted to do this with her forever.

So close to reaching that famous happy end
Almost believing this was not pretend
And now you’re beside me and look how far we’ve come
So far we are so close

Steve saw it in her eyes, the same affection that he was sure reflecting from his eyes too. God, he wanted to lose himself into those loving green eyes. Natasha showed him nothing but caring and tenderness. He knew he had found her…the right one that his mother loved to talk about everyday. The right one that made forever seem to be not enough.

How could I face the faceless days
If I should lose you now?
We’re so close
To reaching that famous happy end
And almost believing this was not pretend
Let’s go on dreaming for we know we are
So close
Steve looked deeply into her eyes. Something inside of him was suddenly too much to keep to himself. “Nat…I…” He whispered, but before he could finish the sentence, he kissed her.

Even though he didn’t say it out loud, in her heart, Natasha knew what was he about to say. She would say it back to him too, because Natasha was sure she felt the same way about him.

They couldn’t stop kissing each other all the way back to his hotel and Steve couldn’t get his hands off Natasha. All he wanted to do was to hold her close, feeling her skin against his, to know that she was his. The limo driver had the partition up so there was a chance for them to act crazy all they want but Steve wanted to keep this night as perfect as it was, beautiful and innocent.

Maybe they will go a little slow tonight. He wanted it to be perfect for them so he only pulled Natasha on his laps and kissed her tenderly, slowly, relishing in the feeling of her soft lips moving against him.

When they arrived at the hotel, he hold her hand as they walked through the main lobby to the private elevator. Once the door closed, Steve pulled her into his embrace again and kissed her as if his life depended on her lips. She still tasted like a champagne and Nat could feel him slowly pressing closer to her.

They reached the penthouse before anything could happen inside the elevator. Steve saw no one was home. Thor left note for him that they would go out tonight. Steve kissed Natasha again as he lifted her up and headed to the couch, lying her down on the seat. He was atop her, his blue eyes alight even in the dim of the living room. Steve pulled away only to kiss his way down her neck gently.

Natasha never ever felt so treasured and cherished. The way he touched or kissed her was the best thing. Her past lover couldn’t compare to Steve. He could be so rough but yet so gentle and sweet that turned Natasha into a blushing virgin again. “Maybe…we should go a little slow tonight?” He murmured when pulled back to look into her eyes. His hand moved to cup the side of her face.

*How could she say no to his honest request?* Nat smiled and said.“Make love to me.”

Steve nodded and carried her up to his bedroom bridle style. Once they were inside his bedroom, he let her stood on her feet and began to undress her. His hands found the zipper and he moved around so he was standing behind her. Hot lips pressed at the soft skin, kissing along her shoulder blades, making her shiver and moaning softly. His teeth caught the zipper and slowly pulled in down, revealing the smooth skin of her back.

Natasha could feel his lips lingering at her lower back while his hands traveled to pull the front of
her dress down all the way to the floor. Then he slowly kissing his way up her spine, leaving tingling sensation behind his trail. Steve turned Natasha around and admired her beauty. His blue eyes burned with passion and lust the way that made Natasha grew wet between her legs. His lips caught hers again.

“You’re so beautiful.” He murmured.

“You too.” She replied and brought her lips down to his ear, nibbling the soft flesh, making him moaned. Steve walked her over to his bed, laying her down on it.

Steve got on top of her. His blue eyes never left her for one second. Nat whined when she saw he was still fully clothed. Steve smiled down at her and quickly removed his clothes. It was Natasha’s turn to admire the living Adonis in front of her. When he completely naked, her eyes roaming up and down his body and stopped at his hard cock. Steve knew what she was thinking so he distracted her with another passionate kiss that left Natasha planting when he broke away to trail his lips down her body. His lips kissed each inch of her skin. His contacts with her only broken by his murmurings of how sweet she was, how good she was to him, how beautiful and perfect. How to want to have this with her forever.

“I want it with you too.” Nat replied, carding one hand through his hair before pulling him gently for another loving kiss.

Steve took his time worshipping every single inch of her perfect body, kissing, marking, suckling, and licking until Natasha moaning softly. His hand caressed her breasts, lightly circling her nipple with his thumb while taking another one in his mouth. Nat moaned out his name as her hands splayed across his back. Steve kissed his way down to her stomach, lingering there as he had one thought slipped into her mind that made him smile against her skin.

What if this wonderful woman carry his child? What if there was a life growing inside of her body? Their child, a tiny little baby with red hair and green eyes. It would be perfect. Everything would be perfect. He would have the happily ever after that he want.

Oh! How wonderful of a mother Natasha would be?

His hand splayed across her toned stomach, lips lingered as her murmured something Nat couldn’t catch.

“Is there something with my stomach?” She teased.

“Nothing, darling…I just thought about something.” He replied.

“Why don’t you go a little bit down there and pleasure me with your tongue?”

Steve smiled eagerly. “Yes, ma’am.”

He kissed his way down to the apex of her thighs where he buried his face between her legs. Lips mouthing at her core, tongue lapping at her clit. She arched her back, moaning loudly as he continued to touch her. His fingers found their way between her legs but Natasha stopped him, only wanted him to use his mouth alone. Steve settled his hands on her hips, using his finger to part her folds. His tongue alternating between thrusting inside of her tight hole and flicking on her clit. Nat writhed as her wetness flew out of her and her man drank in all in, addicting to the test of her.

Natasha made a strangled noise as she felt a rough stubble of his beard on her inner thighs and when he dragged his chin up along her slit, she tightened the grip at his hair as exquisite pleasure swam through her nerves. Steve deliberately rubbed his chin on her clit, making her scream and
then going back to his slow licking. He massaged her swollen clit with his lips, pressing hard against it, occasionally sucking and nibbling gently at it.

“Steve, please…” She begged. “Put it inside me.”

Steve complied to everything his girl wanted. He positioned himself on top of her, kissing her firmly to share the taste on his lips. Nat moaned at that. She loved her ownership on him, the way his lips taste of her. Her legs just above his hips, lips clashing with his as he let her take control and search every corner of his mouth, gyrating her hips against his, desperate for more friction between the pair of them. “Baby, please…”

Slick with her own arousal and his saliva, Steve had no problem sinking himself fully inside of her, seating himself fully that Natasha could feel every inch of him in her tiny body. He started sliding his cock in and out of her slowly but the tightness sucking and pulling at his cock, making him shuddered. She was lost in a haze of lusty, primal ecstasy. She closed her eyes, hands scrambling for a purchase on his back, holding on to him. Her head tipped to the side, lips parted as she struggled to find words for how good it felt.

It only intensified when she opened her eyes to see Steve smiling down at her, the smile and his eyes were overwhelming with love that made her heart fluttered. He pressed a kiss to her lips, slow and sensual. He slid in and out of her to the hilt in every thrust with a loud groan. Her hips undulated with his, matching him thrust for thrust as he took his time with her. His eyes hardly left her as his hand roamed gently all over her body. She bit down on her bottom lip, trying to hold back a choked sob. Her heart swelled every time he murmured all the beautiful thing about her. He felt like heaven as her climax building with every full thrust he took.

She whimpered as she felt her orgasm nearly explode and she closed her eyes, trying to let go but Steve whispered for her to open her eyes.

“Open your eyes, darling. I want to see your beautiful eyes, Please.”

Her eyes fluttered open as she whimpered at the pure pleasure. Her beautiful green eyes stared up at him, forced herself to watch him come undone. Her name became a prayer on his lips. The sensation was overwhelming her, and Natasha was soon quivering as he long stroked her pussy slowly. He thrust into her as deep as he could but also, gentle that made Natasha shuddered with blissful pleasure. His hands ran all over her body only added flavor to the warm tingles under her skin. She loved that feeling, the feeling of being filled to the brim. To feel complete.

“Nat—I…”

“I know…me too.”

She began to feel a single tear ran down the corner of her eyes. This was so perfect, everything she ever wanted, everything she needed with him. Steve had a quizzical look on his face when he saw her cried and kissed away her tear.

“What’s wrong, darling? Did I hurt you?”

“No…It…just…perfect.”

Steve smiled. “You are prefect.” His hips was still pounding into her.

Her head thrown back and hands finding his shoulders. “Steve—please. Need you to—.” She gasped, rocking her hips back to meet his thrust.
“That’s it, baby. Come for me, please.” He moaned. “I will make you feel so good.”

She choked on her orgasm, the pleasure erupted from every fiber on her body, twitching and tightening and convulsing as he helped her ride it out, helping her come even further undone, and as she did she pulled Steve along with her. He rammed his cock into her one last time, planting the head firmly against her cervical opening. Her walls milking him, forcing him to pump into her and fill her to the brim. She felt his cock stiffen then it started spasming and throbbing rapidly inside her.

He tipped his forehead against hers. They stayed like that for some time before Steve rolled off of her. She smiled loopily over at him, allowing him to pull her into his arms as he stroked her hair, at the same time pressing loving kiss on her hair.

“You’re so perfect…so amazing, darling.” He murmured.

“You are too.”

They were trying to catch their breath and when their heart beat came back to normal rate, Natasha was already half asleep. Her head was on his chest, listening to the steady trump of his heart. He was warm but she still felt a bit cold so she snuck her feet between his legs. Steve jumped a little at the contact but he held her closer, pulling and tugging the blackout around them, entailing their legs together to keep her warm.

“Good night, darling” He whispered and Nat hummed her replied, pressing a kiss on his chest.

Steve waited until Natasha was already deeply asleep before reached for the sharpie on the end table. He re traced the line on the back of her shoulder again. The line that he wrote in the morning.

He intended to make it stay there forever.

Chapter End Notes

Some part wasn't proofreader. Sorry for any mistake. Mistake is all mine (elcapitan-rogers)
Las Vegas, Day 17

Steve was the first one to wake up the next morning. He startled awake as he felt something bite into the skin of his bicep. He woke up only to find Natasha sleeping on top of him, hold him tightly as if she was afraid of letting him go. Steve gently rubbed her back and kissed the top of her head repeatedly to soothe her. He felt her smile against his skin and loosened her grip on him. Her right hand rested on his chest and Steve felt weirdly warm inside.

It was almost...loving and cherishing.

He laid like that for a little while more before he slid out of bed without waking her up. Natasha mumbled something so Steve kissed her cheek and shoulders to help soothe her back to sleep. Natasha smiled.

God, could he have more time with her?

Steve knew he didn’t want to leave, especially when everything between him and Natasha was so perfect. It felt so right Sharon couldn’t compare.

He sighed and went inside the bathroom, leaving the door slightly open. He had to clean himself up since he wanted to smell nice when Nat woke up and snuggled up with him.

Natasha slowly opened her eyes but didn’t try to move her body. She was incredibly sore but sated in every possible way. There was also something more than just ‘sated’...it was kind of a foreign feeling for her. Something she hadn't felt in a very long time, but somehow, she felt it with Steve.

The connection between them was deep...true and pure. It was...love?

Nat rolled over to the side with a sleepy smile on her face, hoping to see the man who made her happy sleeping next to her, but there was only emptiness next to her. Where the hell was he? she thought, feeling a pang in her chest. It hit her right away how her bed was too big, or how cold it was without him.

She sat up and looked around the room to see the door to her bathroom was slightly opened and she heard the shower running. Steve must be in there. Natasha got up and slipped on his white shirt, leaving nothing underneath. She snuck in and made sure that he didn’t realize that she was ready in the shower with him until she wrapped her arms around him.

“Hey, darling.” He greeted, and turned around in her arms only to find a sight that made him hard
in an instant. Natasha was in his white shirt that was now wet and stuck tightly to the skin of her body, revealing that there was nothing underneath it. Steve groaned.

“Turn around, honey, and keep showering.” She ordered him, tiptoeing to press a kiss on his lips. “Turn around.”

Steve pouted but complied with what she said, continuing with his shower. Nat grinned as she reached her hand to grab his hardening cock. His breath hitched in his throat before turning into a moan. Her lips peppered kisses along his back and shoulders, sending another wave of shivers straight down to his groin as her hand tugged at the base of his cock.

“Nat…” He breathed when her fingers came to circle around his nipple.

Her skilled hand worked on his cock faster with all the finest technique to make Steve came with a shout. Hot cum spurted out on the wall. Before he could even calm down from his high, Nat had already slipped out of the shower stall. “I will wait outside.” She told him.

Steve was left there, standing still and looking lost. It happened too fast; and he didn’t expected that. Once he got his mind back in place, Steve quickly cleaned himself up and washed his sticky cum off of the wall. When he stepped out of the shower stall, he found Natasha sitting on the countertop with a smirk on her face. Steve stood between her legs, taking her small waist into his hands.

"You little minx." He murmured. "You really do know how to wind me up."

"Because you have a lot of weaknesses that I can exploit."

He growled, pressing his lips to her neck. “I can fuck you right here and make you come so hard your legs are still shaking.”

Her hands cupped both side of his face, looking at him lovingly. “As much tempting as it sounds, maybe a slow fucking would be nice.” She suggested. “I feel a bit fragile today.”

Steve chuckled. “Oh…darling, you are many things but fragile isn’t one.” He kissed her. “You’re one of the strongest, the most independent women I ever knew.”

“You almost make me believe that.”

“You are, and I will remind you every day if you forget.”

Nat kissed him. “And that, mister, is how you seduce a woman.” She said. “Now back to fucking.”

Steve returned the kiss with a full passion and hunger that only Natasha could fulfill him. His hands lifted her legs up to wrap around his waist, pressing themselves all the more closer to each other. His shirt was taken off and tossed aside before his mouth sucked at her nipple, hand groping at another one. Nat moaned and held on to Steve as she felt herself weaken in his embrace.

His hand slipped down between her legs as his legs nudged hers to spread her wider. Nat whimpered when he slipped two fingers inside of her, growling at how wet she already was. Steve pulled his fingers out only to replace it with his more fulfilling cock. Natasha gasped as his hard length slid against her tight walls until it rested fully inside of her.

Steve captured her lips before he began to move as slowly as he could so he didn’t make her more sore than she already was. Steve absorbed her moans by kissing her senseless.
“Keep going….” Nat whimpered. “Harder…”

“Yes…”

Steve was panting as he thrust into her harder, picking up the pace that left Natasha moan, biting her full bottom lips to keep herself from screaming. He moaned and muttered how good she felt around him. He told her he wanted to hear her scream.

And scream she did. Natasha moaned and arched her back, hands scrambling for purchase on Steve’s well-muscled arms. Steve’s lips sucked on her nipple, his hand pulling at her hips so she could meet every deep thrust of his. His hot lips were now set against her throat, biting and kissing to leave purple marks. Steve’s relentless fucking was making her toes curl.

It was no surprise that Natasha came hard and so suddenly, her fingers gripping fiercely at his shoulders as she pulsed and convulsed around him, teeth sinking into his neck and leaving an indentation. He followed not long after, shouting her name and he went still. She could feel his cock throbbing with the aftershocks of his orgasm, and she took a few moments just to catch her breath.

“Steve…” She called him. He grunted in return before slowly pulling out of her. “So much for a slow fucking, huh?”

He grinned. “You asked for it, darling. I only followed your command.”

“You are such a good boy.” She teased and slightly patted his hair. “I guess it’s my turn to clean up.

“I will wait outside.”

Nat nodded and pulled Steve in for another kiss before she got off the countertop and slipped into the shower stall.

Steve waited for Natasha in the bedroom, fully clothed and trying to read all the messages his friends and his agent, Phil Coulson, had left for him. Tony was whining about Steve missing another great party (which Steve thoroughly ignored). Phil said that Sharon had already increased the amount of guests to 1,000 people (Steve had a mild panic attack when he saw the numbers), many costumers were waiting for his new collections (Steve told them that he would start another collection after his wedding), and that Phil and his wife would be taking a week off but would be back for the wedding.

Natasha came out of the bathroom with just a towel on. Steve’s eyes were fixed on her every movement as she moved to his closet and pulled out his shirt and—Steve frowned at her—the sinfully short shorts that he hated so much, even with how good they looked on her. Nat knew that he didn’t like it, and that was why she was doing it.

Steve got up from his seat and stood behind her, contemplating between ripping it off or—if she showed any resistance—fucking her in the walk-in closet until she was a whimpering mess and let
him destroy it. Both choices were very tempting.

“I hate these shorts.” He said. “Can you wear something else?”

“No, I like it.”

“Or I will rip it off.”

“No, you won’t.”

“But bae….” Steve whined.

Nat kissed him to shut him up, and in the heat of passionate make out, Steve forgot what he was about to say or do and let Natasha drag him downstairs. It was still early enough in the morning that none of his friends cared to wake up.

“Where are you guys going?” A voice stopped them in their tracks.

Steve and Nat slowly turned and found Clint perched on the couch. His grey eyes pierced through their souls, and the couple knew that he knew about them. Maybe because of Maria. Clint and Maria had started to become close, and Nat knew that her friend was quite serious about him.

“I will take Steve…somewhere…” Nat said.

“I’m surprised that you guys can wake up this early.” Clint noted. “How long has this been going on?”

“About a week or more…” Steve replied. There was no point of hiding it anymore when his friend was ‘dating’ Natasha’s friend.

“Is that why you disappeared all the time?”

“Yep.”

“We have no time for your interrogation right now, Barton.” Nat said, giving him a deadly glare. “Anyways, call Maria too. She has a day off today.”

“I will pick her up in two hours.” Clint replied. “Good luck, you two.”

Steve nodded and Nat dragged him into the elevator. Clint waved at them one last time before the elevator close. Steve sighed loudly. “I guess Clint knows about us.”

“I’m surprised that we kept it this long before someone knew.”

“Yeah, but to be honest, Clint only knows because he's going out with Maria.”

“You’re right. We kept our secret pretty well.”

“Consider you did all the screaming you did, everyone in town probably heard you.” Steve teased, and was met with a punch from Natasha.

“Shut up.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

You fucker, Nat muttered in her head as a wave of shivers ran down her spine. Steve deliberately
used the word ‘ma’am’ when he knew what that word did to her. The boyish grin on his face was the only proof she needed that he was teasing her. In his blue eyes, she knew he wouldn’t miss the way her legs were shaking a little bit, but he snaked his arms around her waist and pulled her closer.

“Where should we head out today, darling?” He asked.

“Remember when I told you that I volunteered at the homeless shelter?” Steve nodded. “I will take you there today. We can stop by the supermarket and buy some food to cook and some stuff to donate.”

“That’s a great idea.”

They took Steve’s car and headed out for the supermarket. Nat jumped in the shopping cart as usual and let Steve push her around while she grabbed for something that she wanted. Steve ordered a whole rack of ribs and many expensive ingredients so he could cook for the homeless. Nat didn’t say anything because she was really proud of how generous her man was.

It ended up with them having two shopping carts filled with food and another cart filled with stuff to give to the homeless. Steve didn’t even flinch when he saw the total cost and handed the cashier his black card. The supermarket manager offered to deliver everything for them, so Natasha gave them the address of the shelter.

Nat stepped inside the building and the head of the shelter greeted her immediately.

“Hey, Natasha! It’s been a while! ”

“I know, Matt.” She replied and hugged the man. “I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too, Talia.”

Steve tensed up when he saw the red haired man touch his girl. He stared at them until they broke off from the hug. An old woman stepped to stand beside Matt.

“Who’s that handsome young man?”

“My boyfriend,” Nat lied, and pulled Steve along with her. “Steve, this is Matt. He's in charge around here, and this is Mrs. Black.”

Steve shook hands with both of them and slipped his arm around Natasha's waist, marking his territory in the process.

“We also brought a lot of stuff and food that will help the shelter run smoothly for a month.”

“Thank you so much, Talia and Steve.” Mrs. Black said. “You guys make a cute couple.”

The couple flushed and it made Mrs. Black laugh. Matt told his team to unload everything from the truck so they could sort things and make a plan. Mrs. Black gave Steve a little tour around the shelter, showing him the main dining hall and the kitchen. Steve asked how many people would come here for food and the number caught him by surprise. Too many people came here, but they didn’t have enough room to provide for all of them.

The second floor was the main office and also a small clinic for those in need. The third floor was an emergency shelter on a first come, first serve basis. They had two empty floors that had not yet been renovated and were in poor condition. The money they’d raised wasn’t enough for the
renovation.

When they came down to the main dining hall, Natasha and other volunteers had already prepared for lunch. Steve offered to help them cook because he wanted to give everyone a special meal. Nat also volunteered to help Steve.

The couple had a lot of fun cooking food for everyone. Steve did his best, and it started to smell so nice that everyone turned their heads to look at the delicious rack of ribs. Steve also taught the kitchen volunteers how to do it properly and be creative with the ingredients without wasting any part of them.

Natasha kept her eyes on her man all the time, knowing that many of the female volunteers paid a lot of attention to Steve. She would occasionally give them a murderous glare until she'd had enough and went to him. Nat leaned up to kiss her man in front of everyone and stayed close to him. Steve was a bit entertained, but being the perfect man he was, returned the kiss and hugged her, calming his little fire cracker down.

It was a fun morning for all of them until Matt and Mrs. Black told them to be prepared for the people that were currently lined up outside. Steve and Nat took care of the beef station. Steve would slice the rack of rib, and Nat would handle the garnish and side dish.

“Okay, guys! Get ready!” Matt shouted from the door.

Once the door was open, people came in and stood in line, getting a tray from the starting point. Everyone seemed to be happy with the food, and Steve couldn’t be more proud of himself. Natasha was playing with the little children at the kid's corner.

“That is one sweet man you've found, Talia.” Mrs. Black said. “I'm surprised that you haven’t snapped him up yet.”

Natasha smiled and looked at her man. “Soon.”

“Don’t wait too long, darling. A man like this is really hard to come by.”

“I won’t wait that long.”

Nat’s eyes met with Steve’s across the room and she couldn’t contain her smile again. He smiled back with the same amount of adoration.

Steve looked at Natasha. He couldn’t be more proud of her than he already was. Natasha was the best. He could say that she was an angel. Come on! Look at her, playing with kids, not to mention how happy she was around them. Moreover, she'd volunteered to work at the homeless shelter even though she didn't have to.

Steve couldn’t help himself and compare Natasha to Sharon, and thought back to how different she was. Sharon hated getting down and dirty with people who weren’t on the same level as her. She'd never ever visited a homeless shelter, nor gone on the charity trip in Africa with her father. Steve had tried to convince her many times that it would be fun to volunteer, and it would help her understand the people who had less than her. How could these two women be completely different and manage their way into his life? He was sure that he would never have an answer to that question.

But right now, Natasha never failed to amaze him with everything she did.

Natasha walked to him and leaned up to kiss his cheek. Steve heard a shutter ring in front of them,
and the photographer handed them a Polaroid photo.

“I will keep it.” Nat said and took the picture from him. “This will go to the scrapbook.”

“You should let me have some of those photos, darling.” He replied. “Or else I will forget you as soon as I leave this town.” The joke was met with a punch to his stomach. “Ouch!”

“Don’t ever think about it.”

“I was just kidding, bae. Like I said before, how can I forget you when all I can see is you?”

Nat hummed her approval and leaned up to kiss him again. Steve held her in his arms, and the whole world suddenly faded away. It was just them, and even time seemed to stop.

It felt right. Everything was perfect.

We could have this forever. The thought snuck up in the back of their heads, but instead from making them jump away from each other, it only made them hold each other closer.

Another shutter noise sounded and broke the magical moment. The same photographer handed them another Polaroid, and this time, Steve kept it.

“I will keep this, because you already have one.” Steve said as he put said photo into his wallet.

Nat let him have this one, and continued to cling tight to her man. Now it was Steve’s turn to glare at every man who looked at Natasha. He knew what they were staring at. It was her legs, and he had to blame her sinfully short shorts. He hated them so much. Steve stared down at every guy and successfully scared everyone away.

The old people otherwise adored the couple so much that they gave them a blessing for the couple and hoped that they had a long-lasting relationship. Steve smiled and told them that they would indeed have a very long relationship.

They spent their whole afternoon at the homeless shelter, until Tony called him and told him to invite Natasha for his bachelor party; Steve needed to come back to the hotel as soon as he could so he could get measured for his suit.

“Fine. I will tell her and I will be back soon.” Steve hang up and walked back to Natasha. “Hey, darling, I have to head back now. Tony wants us to get ready for the party.”

“Oh, but I will go get something at my apartment first, if that’s okay with you.”

“Oh, of course.”

They said goodbye to Mrs. Black and Matt, but before they left Steve pulled a checkbook from his jacket, writing and signing his signature before handing it to Mrs. Black.

“I hope that this amount of money will help you guys with the renovations and food for the time being.” Steve said, and also gave them his agent’s business card. “You can call my agent if you need more help. I will do as much as I can.”

Mrs. Black looked at the number on the cheque, and she almost passed out. “1 million?”

“Seriously?” Matt cried, and looked at the paper.

“This will help us with the renovations, and we can provide food for the homeless for a year.”
“Thank you so much, Mr. Rogers.” Mrs. Black said, hugging the young man.

“You’re most welcome, ma’am.”

They blessed the couple again before they bid one last goodbye, and the couple drove away.

The couple came back to the hotel only to find chaos occurred in the penthouse. Hotel staffs were trying to set up everything for the party. Tony was talking to their penthouse butler while Clint were going through the music library with the DJ. Thor and Bruce were getting measured by the tailors.

“Dude!” Tony shouted over all the noises. “Go get measured right now. Both of you.”

“I don’t think we need to dress up.” Steve said.

“Of course, we have. The guests are fine with the casual wears but we…” Tony gestured to all of them. “Had to look ravishing!”

Steve sighed but let the tailors measured him anyway. He kept his eyes on Natasha as she was bickering with Tony about some random things. Clint soon joined them in the conversation and it turned into a dirty joke, ego contest, and boosting their crazy story.

Steve and Bruce finally got their suit and Steve looked extra handsome in it. They joined the group and Steve immediately stood by Natasha’s side. Soon the party people began to arrive at the penthouse and Tony got the party started with all the crazy thing he could imagine. The contortionists hanging in the air, acrobats, jugglers, and many more.

DJ was blaring a sick beat music and Steve was dancing with Natasha on the crowded dance floor. Nobody was paying any attention at them now because Tony and Thor were stealing all the spot light with their great conquests.

Then they were caught by surprise when Clint walked up to them with Maria in his arm. Not even Nat knew that her best friend will be here.

“What are you doing here?” Nat asked.

“Clint invited me yesterday.” Maria replied. “But I guess you guys were too busy going at it to notice that your friends were dating.”

Steve and Nat blushed at the same time. Clint and Maria laughed at them. The four relocated themselves to the VIP area at the pavilion at the balcony. Steve could see how happy Clint was when he was with Maria. They seemed to get along very well and he could be more proud that his friend finally found someone that could capture him.

“How long have you two doing this?” Nat asked.

“About a week now.” Clint replied. “I’m glad that you let me call her.”

“You owe me big time, Barton.”

“Well, I give you my permission to do whatever you like with Steve.” Clint retorted.
Steve sighed but Nat had a wide smile on her face. “I already did most of the things with him.”

“Ewww!” Clint and Maria cried at the same time. “But I bet you guys didn’t go that far, aren’t you?”

“What do you mean?” Steve asked.

“Well, total domination, total submission. You know…those BDSM stuff all together.” Maria replied.

Judging by the silence from the couple, Clint new the answer. “God, babe, I think we won.”

“Care to elaborate?” Nat glared at Clint. “There is no way both of you can top both of us.”

Natasha knew right then she made the biggest mistake in her life because Maria and Clint grinned at her. Maria was rambling about how good Clint is and Clint described how think went down from the first night they met. Steve and Natasha couldn’t say anything about the matters because they couldn’t risk anyone eavesdropping them.

Natasha was sure that her story could top Clint and Maria but she had to stay silent and listen to them boosting. She turned her attention back to her man whose face was bright red. Aww, he wasn’t even shy when he seduced her but when he heard someone else’s sex story, he blushed like a virgin!

And Nat thought her man wouldn’t get any cuter than he already was.

After Maria and Clint were done with their sexcapade, they left the baffled couple alone.

“Is there any way I can unheard that?” Steve asked.

“Think of it as a pay back.” Natasha suggested, taking his hand and rubbing it gently to sooth him. “Maria walked in on us doing it, remember?”

“Yeah…” He replied. “Should we get inside? I still wanna dance with you.”

The couple went inside and got on the dance floor. Clint and Maria were on the second floor, looking over the living area where they observed everyone, especially how Steve clung tight to Natasha all night without leaving her side for once.

“Who clung tight to who?” Tony came from behind and startled them both.

“Steve and Natasha.” Clint slipped out and received an elbow from Maria. “Which is nothing.”

“Yeah, I see this two are too close.”

“They just hang out together, Tony. They have a lot in common.” Maria explained, trying to get Tony to stop wondering about them.

“I’m okay if Steve is happy with her.” Tony said. “As long as she didn’t try to nube him out of his money.”

“She won’t” The brunette vowed, glaring at Tony. “She’s better than anyone I ever met.”

Tony let it slid this time but he still stayed with Clint and Maria, conversing with them. Tony wasn’t the only one who could notice how happy Steve was, like really happy and back to his normal self for the first time. Thor raised this topic to attention with Bruce too.
“Lady Natasha seems to make our friend happy.” Thor said.

“Yeah, she did. Steve never smiled that much before even when he was with Sharon.”

“Perhaps, Lady Sharon pressured him with the wedding details.”

“It could be.”

Steve and Natasha didn’t even care about who might see them together or notice that they were a little too close with each other. Steve held Natasha in his arms as they swayed to the music, laughing and talking about everything as usual. When they were tired from all the dancing, Natasha dragged Steve to the bar to get something to drink and rested her feet. She took off her high heels.

“You might have to carry me home tonight.” She said. “My feet’s hurt.”

“I do notice that and carry you home wasn’t a big trouble for me, darling.”

“You are the best.”

“Anyway, we should go to somewhere private because I have a lot of thing to talk to you.”

They grabbed their drinks and Steve led them upstairs to his bed room where they could have a private conversation without anyone listen to them. Steve locked the door so no one would interrupted them either.

“So...I have something....” Nat was interrupted by a kiss from Steve. “To talk to you...”

“I wanted to kiss you all night but I can’t.” He murmured. “Let me kiss you for a while now then we can talk.”

Nat hummed and pulled him down for another passionate kiss. Steve gently guided her back until he pushed her down onto his bed, getting on top of her immediately. His lips trailed down the side of her face to her neck, sucking and licking on the soft skin.

“Screw the talk, do me first.” She said and let out s soft moan when he sucked at her pulse point.

“What do you want to talk to me?” Steve pulled away a little. “If it’s important we can talk about it first.”

Nat groaned and pulled his hair. “Shut up and do me.” She had no time for his stupid question.

“Yes, ma’am.”

He dipped his head back to her neck, nibbling at the soft skin and traveling down to her collarbone where he laced his teeth on it, making Natasha whimpered. His hands pulled the shirt off her and quickly unhook her bra. His mouth sucked on her nipple while rolled the other one between his fingers. Nat arched her back, pushing her breast into his face. Steve trailed his hot kisses down to her toned stomach, whispering that he would love to have a baby with her. Natasha seconded that thought, she would love to have his baby too.

As his lips were grazing on her hip bone, Steve took this opportunity to settle his hands on the hem of her shorts before mustered all of his strength and ripped it off her body. He grinned as he threw the sinfully short shorts she’d been wearing, tossing the useless fabric to the ground to the sound of her protesting.

“Hey...”
“I hate it when men look at your legs when you wear this.” He growled from her pelvic, slowly moving his lips down to her center. Nat bucked her hips up in anticipation but Steve grounded her with his hands. “Don’t move.”

Nat bit back a moan when she heard his commanding voice. It always made her wet easily. She loved it when he dominated because she knew he would take a full advantage of it and pleasure her until she was screaming and all she saw was million stars. She mewled when he finally put his month on her folds, slipping his tongue inside of her tight hole and licking around. He juice flow out and he lapped it all up, swallowing in all down. Steve didn’t even touching her clit yet but she could feel the first wave of orgasm started to build up within her.

“Steve…” She cried out, urging him to finally touch her where she wanted him to but Steve only nipping at her sensitive bud for 2 seconds before he completely pulled away, kneeling between her legs.

Nat stared up and saw him taking off his clothes. This was another that she loved, her man stripping off his clothes, revealing his muscled body that made her mouth watered every time. Nat whined to urge him to come closer to her. All she wanted to do was to touch him. She wanted his body on her, receiving the heat of his body.

"Bea..."

"Yes, darling"

"Fuck me"

He laid down next to her and Steve took her as they lay on their sides, him behind her, easily fondling her breasts and nipping at her ears and neck. His cock slowly slid inside her wet heat. Steve groaned in her ear when he felt the head of his cock bumped against cervix. Her body was seized up with pleasure that swam through every fiber of her being. This coupling was no less primal or raw than the previous ones but Nat could still feel how relevant when he was touching her.

Their orgasm was quickly approached as they rutted against one another. His focus suddenly shifted on Natasha, began stroking her clit. Nat screamed his name as she enjoyed his debauching on her. He tilted her head back and captured her lips, both groaning and moaning into each other's mouth.

"Yesss...bae...almost there"

"Yes, baby. Come with me."

Nat cried out as wave after wave of pleasure hit her all at the same time. Her whole body jerked from the extreme pleasure. Tight hot walls convulsed around his hard member. He followed her not long after but he didn't stop fucking through their intense orgasm. He filled her, warm cum oozing out of her, making her whimper and shiver.
Steve pressed kissed on her neck and shoulder as they both came down from their high. Until his breath evened out, Steve pulled out and Nat turned around to face him, kissing him lovingly and murmuring a thank you.

"You are most welcome, baby." He replied before lying down on his back.

Natasha immediately moved to position herself on her favorite place, on top of his body, waving her arms around his neck. Steve could felt Natasha smile against his skin.

"So...what do you want to talk?" He asked.

"About that..." Nat wiggled out of his arms but Steve caught her. "Bae...let me go. I have to get something first before we can talk."

Steve let go of her but pecked on his lips before she slid out of bed. His eyes followed her naked form, they were showing nothing but love when he watched his little firecracker retrieving something. She came back and straddled on top of him.

“So...I have a little reminder for you.” She told, revealing a red letter box in her hand.

Steve had a quizzical look on his face then he realized something. “Is it the bracelet and necklace we drunkenly brought that night?”

“Yes, it is.” She smiled. “I want you to remember everything that happen while you stay in Vegas.”

“You don’t have to.”

“But I want to.”

Steve sat up, pulling her closer before he kissed. “Thank you, darling.”

Nat hooked the necklace around his neck and let the pendant engraving small ‘N’ and ‘S’ letter on it, resting on his chest on top of his heart. Her hand ran gently on it and smiled. It did look nice on him as if it was showing of her ownership. Steve lifted her chin up so he could look into her eyes.

“Don’t forget about us, alright?” She said, hands cupping his face, smiling lovingly.

Steve smiled back and kissed her. “How could I forget someone like you?”

“Remember me for centuries. Pinky swear.”

“Now it’s a song.” He laughed. “But I can do pinky swear.”

“Nah, lips swear would be better at this point.”

Steve kissed her and gently held Natasha down on their bed, proceeding to another passionate make out session.

They had half a mind to abandon the party but Nat reminded him that it was his own bachelor party so they had to get out of bed and snuck but to the party downstairs. But when they opened the door, the couple found Maria and Clint waiting for them.
“I guess you guys didn’t even hear the knock on the door.” Clint’s face was blank but his eyes filled with humor.

“Tony wants us to find you guys.”

“Did he notice?” Steve asked.

“He noticed that you were gone.” Maria said. “But he didn’t mention Nat.”

Steve nodded. The couple was relieved that their little secret was still a secret. They headed downstairs and smoothed right back into the party without any suspicion. Steve and Natasha decided to stay at the party until midnight when everyone was either drunk off their asses or really tired.

Tony and Thor were barely conscious. Clint and Bruce were sending the guests home. Natasha took this opportunity to drag Steve out of the penthouse. When they were inside his limo and the driver put the partition up, Steve pulled Natasha on his laps and kissed her.

"How do you get the necklace back?" He asked. "I thought that Andre already returned it."

"I text him that I want to keep it and that was how I plan to give you something for your bachelor party. Something that you never thought about."

"It indeed surprise me." Steve admitted. "Thank you, bae."

"Don't forget about the bracelet too." She pulled the red box out and gave it to him.

"Of course." He took it and put the box in jacket pocket.

Nat rested her head on his shoulders. Hand rested on his chest where the pendant was. It helped soothe her knowing that Steve had something of her on him. When they arrived at her building, Steve carried Natasha back to her room. They walked pass an old married couple and they smiled at how adorable the couple was. Steve let Nat down when they were inside her bedroom.

"Darling, you should take the shower first."

"Why don't you join me?" She asked seductively, trying her best to tempt her man.

"As much as I want to but it probably ended up with something else." He replied, enveloping his arms around her. "And I have to learn how to say no to you because since day one, I can't resist you."

Nat laughed because of his cute afford but it was a futile one that they both knew. "Whatever you say, lover boy."

Natasha made Steve regret his decision right away when she deliberately took off her clothes in front of him, revealing her naked body that made him hard that instance. Steve groaned as she sauntered her way into the bathroom.

When Natasha wasn’t around, Steve didn’t know what to do so he shifted around the room and began to explore another part of her room. He opened the door to her closet, only to find the thing that made his mind turn into overdrive.

It was her costume closet that literally packed with numerous costumes for every occasion. They could have use all of this if he discovered it earlier. Not to mention the fun that they will have.
Steve didn’t know how long he had contemplate the endless possibility of costume kink.

“Why are you ransacking my room?” Nat’s voice came from behind him

Steve turned to her, cheeks flushed. “Uhh—bae, can you wear this?” He gestured to the costumes.

“I just took a shower, damn it!” She said.

Steve used his puppy dog eyes at her. “Come on, Nat.”

“Fine. Let me go get change, you kinky fucker.” She pretended to be annoy by him but Steve knew her better than that. She was as excited as much as he did.

“That is all I need to hear.” Nat said and threw herself in his arms. “What do you think?”

“Wow!” Steve repeated it again. “You’re so hot, darling.”

Nat hummed her approval. “How do you want the night to proceed, lover boy?”

His eyes gleamed mischievously and a boyish grin appeared. “Can I rip it?”

“Am I look like I’m kidding?”

“You have to buy me a new one.”

He kissed her. “I will buy you ten.”

But Natasha pulled away. “So you can rip it again.”

“Yes.”

Nat laughed. “You kinky fucker.”

Steve smiled and kissed her, pulling Natasha closer to him until all of her flushed against his body.
Steve dragged his hand over the leather of the cat suit, feeling it smooth surface but it left a trail of burning sensation on Natasha’s skin. He found a zipper and pulled it all the way down to her belly and slipped one hand inside to touch her directly. Nat moaned when he fondling her breast. Nat closed her eyes and relished in the feeling when he circling her nipple.

“Bae….” Nat shivered when he pinched it a little. Steve grinned and withdrew his hands. Before Nat knew what would happen, Steve grabbed hold of the hem of the cat suit before used all of his strength to tear it in two pieces. Nat squealed but she could feel arousal rushing through her because of the aggressive action.

Steve quickly peeled the rest of the useless article of clothes off her body and carried her to their bed but he never made it to bed. Steve was too damn impatient and turned on that all he knew was to take Nat right there so he guided them down on the wooden floor. Steve laid her down on her back and quickly mouthed his lips on her neck.

“Steve…..” She moaned as her man quickly trailing his lips down her body until she could feel his mouth on her folds. Even when he pleasured her with his mouth, he didn’t waste the opportunity to intensify the pleasure for her. His hands reached up and squeezing her supple breasts and toying with the hard nipples. “It feels so good…don’t stop…”

He flicked his tongue once up her slit, making she let out a gasp. Nat closed her eyes and Steve licked up and down her slit, all over her pussy. Sometime darting his tongue in and out of her tight hole. He massaged her swollen clit with his lips, pressing hard against it, occasionally suckling and nibbling at it. Nat felt like she was in heaven again every time he used that beautiful talented mouth on her. Nat moaned uncontrollably, whispering encouragement from time through time. Her hands ruffled through his hands as she felt the first wave was about to hit her. Steve suddenly broke away and Nat whined, unhappy that he stopped.

Steve chuckled and kissed her, letting Natasha taste herself on his lips. “You will not getting off with my mouth tonight. I want you to come on my cock alone.”

Nat shivered in anticipation. Steve flipped her on her hands and knees as he will take her by his favorite position. Steve situated himself behind her, dragging the fat head of his cock up and down her dripping wet core, mixing his pre cum with her juice. “Just put it in already!” She grunted. Steve leaned down to kiss her shoulder, loving that she was as impatient as him.

“Beg…” He murmured, pressing light teasing kisses everywhere that he could.

“Don’t make me top you.” She growled. Steve laughed and used his body to weigh her down.

“Say it.” Steve still didn’t give up. “Beg…”

Nat groaned in disbelief but met by a sharp bite on her shoulder. Nat whimpered at the small sting of pain, realizing he wouldn’t give it to her unless she did as he said. “Please…”

“Good girl.” He praised, smirking against her skin at his small victory.

Steve nudged forward a little, sending the head of his cock inside of her. Nat moaned as it stretch her opening. He set a slow pace, gradually working his cock in and out of her tight hole, getting a bit deeper with each short stroke. “Bae…you feel so good.” Steve moaned but all Nat could manage was to hum back, closing her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of having him inside of her.

He pushed it deeper and deeper until he finally fully seat inside of her. He sat his hands on her hips before slowly pulled all the way out. Nat whimpered at the loss but It suddenly changed into a
scream when he slammed all the way back in. Her tightness sucking and pulling at his cock. Nat moaned for him to go harder but Steve ignored her.

"Fuck you, Rogers--ahh!" She screamed, body jolting as his cock hitting her cervix when Steve grounded his hips hard against her ass, moving it in circling motion. He could feel her tight walls clamped around his cock, making him groan. "I won't give it to you that easily, darling." He cooed, teeth lightly gazing her earlobe and Nat shivered. "I love to hear you beg. I love to make you...submit." He withdrew his cock from her tight hole.

Nat groaned. "I hate you--Fuck!" She shouted as he slammed back inside her, making her entire body shook with his powerful slam.

Natasha was willing to give up her dignity right now. She wasn't going to beg and she didn't how it turn out to be this way. It turned out to be more aggressive than she thought, probably it had something to do with him ripping her costume. The slow torment continued and she knew Steve set his goal into wrenching submission out of her.

A string of venomous curse in Russian falling in a steady stream from her lips, Steve didn't understand it but his hand came wrapping around her throat, lightly squeezed it to make oxygen went through her harder. "Don't swear. It's not nice." He growled in her ears. Her breath soon became a short gasp and ragged. She stopped cursing and trying to focus on breathing. Steve let go of her throat and grabbed her chin instead, forcing her to look back at him and kissed her hard. Nat kissed him back with equal fervor as if he was the air she need to breath.

“Bae…” She moaned into his mouth.

“Yes?”

“Please go faster… I can't take it anymore.” Her voice was so sincere that it managed to make Steve let his steel demeanor down. She was about to breakdown any second because of the slow excruciating pain. “I want you to make me come.”

“Yes…” He replied, feeling his cock jolted at her plea. “I will pound you good.”

Steve picked up the pace as she asked. He wrapped his arm around her torso, lips came mouthing his way up her spine. Nat shivered, moaning as Steve pounding into her hard finally satisfying the urges she had. She couldn’t get enough or resist as the head of his cock slid against her g-spot over and over. She squirmed helplessly as he viciously slamming into her.

Steve gently grabbed her red hair out of the neck so he could kiss her but then he saw the sharpie he wrote on her skin the other day and took note that he will retrace it again. Steve moved his hand to her chin and forced her to look back at him and kissed her.

“Almost there…give it to me, darling.”

Steve thrust his cock deep inside of her. Nat’s full lips parted with a soft gasp but it was replaced by the wet sound of their bodies slapping together. She felt his cock swelled and get even harder, and she knew he was close. She tried to encourage again but all that came out was a gasp and a moan of pleasure.

“Fuck, I’m gonna come.” Steve grunted.

“Come it all in me, baby.” Natasha replied. “

All his vigorous movement stopped as he pushed himself as far as he could go. The only thing
moving now was his cock deep inside her. She could feel it and she could feel the heat of his seed filling her up, pumping all of him into her while giving her one of the most powerful orgasms of her life. Natasha came intensely she blacked out for a couple second and her ear when deaf for a moment. She moaned in a mix of defeat and pleasure.

She was all his. He owned her.

She was completely surrounded by him, all of him, his body and his scent. The realization only made her feel helpless, but in a very good way. Being helpless in his arms meaning that she could let it all go. He would catch her.

“Mine….” He whispered against her hair, kissing the side of her face lovingly as he slowly pulled out, flipping her onto her back so he could directly capture her lips.

“Yes, I’m yours.” She replied in between the kiss.

Steve pulled and huffed a laugh. “I thought you would put up more fight than this, darling.” His eyes gleamed mischievously. “You make it way too easy.”

“You fucker.” She groaned and was about to get up from the wooden floor she currently lying but Steve trapped her with his large frame.

“Oh, you are going nowhere.” His voice left no choice for her because he will not let her slight so easily this time. “I’m not done with you yet,” He leaned closer to her ears. “Color?” then pulling away to look into her eyes.

“Green.” She replied. There was no hesitation or lie in her eyes. “I trust you.”

She trusted me. Steve thought and the realization made his heart flutter. Whatever they did together, it only cemented their trust even with a short period of time but Steve could say this. He would thrust her with everything that same way she did to him.

Steve kissed her, hard and passionate, claiming her again and again until he felt Natasha melted in his arms. Then he suddenly pulled away, seeing her eyes blew wide. Before she could say anything, Steve gathered her up in his arms and pressed Natasha against the window of her bed room. Her insides tightened in anticipation, and moisture was dripping from her core.

“No!” She pretended to protest.

“Quiet, pet.” He shushed her. “I will fuck you anyway I want.” He stared down at her, pressing her body tightly to the window. His steely gaze locked at hers. “You don’t get a say in this.”

Nat shivered and stared back up at him, showing a defiance. Steve growled and his hand came wrapping around her throat, squeezing it. His eyes flushed a concern and Nat gave a nod for him to continue on. This time he squeezed a little harder, forcing oxygen supply to dwell. Natasha whimpered and submissively looked away. Steve grinned as she let him take her like that. He slowly stroked his hardening cock before slammed it inside her already soaking wet pussy.

Nat moaned at his invasion. He filled her like no man ever had before. A lightning bolt of ecstasy went through her body. Steve fully seated inside her and he stayed still for a half a minute, trying to get her to relax by kissing her neck. She finally relaxed in his arms and her legs finally, willingly wrapping tightly around his waist, pulling him deeper into her, feeling him slide in deep.

He started thrusting long and slow, making sure to have Natasha feel every inch of him rubbing against her inside. She moaned with a mix of Russian and English, pleading him to go a little faster.
He responded positively to the sexy noises she made with a lustful grunt. He started moving in and out of her faster. The slow, steady, rocking rhythm was gone.

Their lips met in a heated passionate kiss. He picked up his pace, and she found that the base of his cock was rubbing against her clit with every thrust he made. It felt like nothing she could explain. He pounded her good and hard, just as she liked. Her back slammed against the window glass. Even if it was dark outside and the light inside the room was pretty dim. The thought of someone might see them only intensifying the pleasure. His lips kept nibbling and kissing the soft skin of her neck or buried his face on her cleavage as he ravaged her.

But then he slowed down and started fucking her slowly and deeply for his own pleasure. She knew he was about to cum. He leaned forward, speaking softly, breathily into her ear. “Want me to come in you again?” He asked. “I know you want it. You want to feel me come in you. You want to feel all my hot load inside you.”

She paused for a second then wrapped her arms tightly around him. “God, yes…” She breathed, closing her eyes and clearly imagining the feeling.

Steve kept his slow and punishing pace, thrust his hip shallowly in and out of her. All the while filling her mind with all the dirty thought, reeling her up to the point of no return. “You want me to bury my cock in you and shoot it all inside of you?”

“Mmmmmm….yessssss…” She replied and clench her pussy tighter around his cock, and the second she started doing that, he started moaning and grunting. His breath was hot in her ear as he pounded her tight pussy deep. “You want me to knock you up?”

Nat was high on pleasure right now that she didn’t think straight anymore. The primal instinct took over both of them. “Oh god yes…”

“Good girl…” He cooed. “I will make you come hard and let you take every drop of me.”

He picked up the pace again, and started pounding her pussy harder, driving it home with each thrust. Nat started clenching her walls even tighter, maybe too tight, because Steve was really having to work to force his cock back inside her. His cock hitting her cervix with every thrust and as she tilted her hips, her pussy sucking and clenching around him, literally milking his cock. Steve groaned at the sensation, knowing that they were close so he fucked her hard and fast, driving into her for all he worth.

Nat cupped his face, looking into his eyes as she asked him to come in her again, owned her, marking her as his for the world to see. Steve replied with a guttural roar. His cock getting thicker and harder before he unloaded his hot cum inside of her. He fucked her though his orgasm as he coated her insides with his thick cum. Her pussy responded with a sudden orgasm that milked his cock dry. She screamed his name.

Their lips met again. With his hips still lazily moving, Natasha occasionally moaned into their kiss. “I’m all yours.” She murmured. “All yours….yours….yours alone.”

Steve didn’t reply but sealed their lips tighter together. He went still when their orgasm was subsided. Nat broke away from the kiss, panting, looking sexy that it made Steve groan with pure need. She was breathing hard, chest heaving and her mouth fell open, looking at him with her hoody, sleepy eyes.

“Mine…” Steve murmured.
Nat let out a moan when she felt his cock stiffened up inside her so she slightly shifted her hips and this time he was half erected. Their lust and libido were out of control lately. Steve groaned when she grounded her hips with his, sending his cock all the way inside her.

“Bed now, Rogers.” She grunted. “I don’t want anymore burns.”

His boyish grin appeared. “Yes, ma’am.”

Steve gently carried her back to bed, lying her down on her back but making sure that his cock was still inside her all the time. She whimpered with every friction she felt. Her hands cupping his face and looked at him lovingly. Steve looked back at her the same way. He started moving slowly in and out of her, from a hard fucking slowly turned into a love making session.

Steve didn’t care at that point. He just wanted to be with her, to feel her in his arms.

He wrapped his arms behind her shoulders and held her tightly to him. He pulled out almost to the head, then plunged back in deep with every stroke. Every thrust elicited beautiful moans from Natasha. She wrapped her arms tightly around him, and instinctively lifted her legs higher, spread wider so he could penetrate her more deeply. Heels dug into the small of his back, making him moan.

“Oh g-god it feels s-so good…” she stammered.

“Oh good, darling….you feel so good…” Steve moaned in reply. He had a good rhythm going now, sliding his cock in and out slowly, grinding up against her hard clit with every thrust stroke.

They held each other tightly as he continued to piston in and out of her tight core. She was moaning in ecstasy with every thrust. She felt every part of his cock sliding along her inner walls. It was the most incredible feeling, so tight, so sensitive, and so heavenly. The way his eyes never left her. The way his burning blue eyes showed her nothing but unconditional love, she was willing to lose herself in it.

“Oh come with me, baby.” She moaned as he cupped her breast, pulling the most bewitched smile she could mustered. “Come inside me.”

She felt his cock tapping her cervix with each thrust, driving her closer and closer to orgasm. As her pussy rhythmically squeezed his cock, he spurted jets of cum deep inside her, intensifying her orgasm. When she felt him ejaculating, Nat screamed his name and her body shuddered with pure ecstasy, and she pushed back against him, forcing him as far into her as possible so she could take his loads of hot seed deep within herself, savoring the unique pleasure. Steve looked deep in to her eyes as he spilled every last drop of his seed into her. Nat stared back up at him with the same desire.

They stayed still like that until the last aftershock subsided. Steve slowly withdrew his cock form her. Nat moaned at the lost of him, making him smile. He laid down next to her and Natasha immediately snuggled up with him, resting her head on his chest.

“Umm…I have to say this because the quality of the leather isn’t that great.” He commented. Nat huffed a laugh as she snuggled on him. “I mean…I hope you didn’t pay that much money.”

“You dummy, it’s not leather.”

“You?”

“I will debate about this with you tomorrow, okay?” She yawned. “I’m tired.”
“Okay, darling. Good night.”

She hummed again before closed her eyes and quickly drifted into her deep sleep. Steve waited until he was sure that she wouldn’t wake up when he slipped out of bed. He went outside to find something before he came back to bed.

Natasha was lying on her stomach and Steve gently traced the permanent marker on her shoulder, with the exact same words. He will make sure that it would stay there until he left Las Vegas.

He could only hope that she would discover it soon and things might get a lot easier.

Chapter End Notes

First half is edited but the second half isn't. So sorry for the mistake.

We are both really busy but we don't want to keep you guys waiting any longer.
Chapter 19

Las Vegas, Day 18

Steve was the first one to wake up. Last night had been wild when they ’d come home and she ’d put those costumes on. He was indeed kinkier than she ’d thought , a sexy skin tight leather catsuit making him go into overdrive mode. They went at it like bunnies last night. He could n’t remember the exact number of orgasms , but it was enough that Natasha passed out.

Steve could only remember asking her if he could rip the costume off of her body. Natasha allowed it with one condition —that he had to buy her a new one. Steve didn’t say anything , just ripped the outfit off . It ’d turned Natasha on more than he ’d thought.

Now Natasha was sleeping in his arms. She occasionally whimpered , sleep talking , but he couldn’t catch it. He heard his name slip from her mouth once and he was sure that she was dreaming about him.

Steve knew she would be pissed when she woke up and couldn’t find him , but he really needed to take a shower . Nat probably wouldn’t wake up anytime soon, anyways . He gently untangled himself from her and got out of bed as lightly as he could. Steve looked back and heard Natasha moan his name again. He couldn’t help but smile , leaning down to kiss her lips.

He walked into the bathroom , and as he walked past the mirror, Steve noticed a lot of the marks Natasha had left on his body last night. He was rather proud to show it to the world : as if it was a sign of her ownership. There were countless hickey on his neck, crescent indentions of her fingernails on his shoulders, long scratches of her fingernails from his shoulders to lower back, and bite marks on his biceps. Wow! They had gone at it really hard last night.

Steve took a hot shower , trying to put his focus on something else rather than Natasha because the mere thought of her only made him want to lose control all over again. Since they ’d started doing all of this together, it was really hard to stop. They couldn’t control themselves , their libidos making them want to tear each other clothes off and fuck their brains out.

Who could blame them , when they were on limited time table ? All they could do was spend as much time together and do whatever they wanted.
Steve finally finished cleaning up and wrapped himself only in a towel. He didn’t have to waste his time dressing up when they would probably tear anything they wore off soon.

But when Steve stepped out of the bathroom, he heard a moan come from their bed, followed by a series of pants. He was confused at first, so he stepped closer to the bed and found Natasha moaning his name out loud. He finally realized what was going on.

*Was she having a sex dream about them?*

Steve settled down next to Natasha as she continuously whimpered, moaning out his name quietly. Her breath began to quicken as she started to wiggle underneath the blanket. She was touching her own breast, her right hand traveling down between her legs.

*Shit!* Steve got a hard on as she parted her lips and tried to get air into her lungs, her chest heaving. Her hand was playing with her nipple, and he could see how hard it was even under the sheets. He pulled the towel off and found how hard his cock was, jerking himself a couple times to get it to fully erected.

*How far could he go with her in this sex dream?*

Steve gently grabbed her chin and whispered into her. “Darling, open up your mouth.” Natasha whimpered and opened her mouth. “Keep it open for me, darling.” Natasha nodded obediently and Steve slowly slipped his cock into her mouth. His red, leaking head went in and it made Steve groan at the friction. His whole body shuddered when he felt her tongue lightly swipe at the slit, licking his pre cum off.

“Shit…” Steve groaned. His hand went to cradle the back of her head. “Yes… Nat… keep going.” Natasha withdrew her hands to touch him, but Steve stopped her. “Keep touching yourself.” Natasha complied and continued to fondle her breast, thumb circling at her nipple. Steve pulled the blanket off her to see the magnificent sight.

*He couldn’t believe that she was still sleeping! Not to mention that she thought she was dreaming.*

Steve kept pushing his cock into her mouth, but his eyes were focus on her reaction. He wouldn’t want to gag her in her sleep, so he kept it to an acceptable point. He was panting softly, whispering little praises and curses. Natasha unconsciously moaned, and it sent a vibration from her throat to
his cock. Her tongue licked beneath the sensitive head. Steve began to thrust his cock shallowly in and out of her mouth, all the while making sure that he didn’t gag her. When she whimpered from around Steve’s cock, he grunted again and held her red hair back as her body began to tremble.

Natasha moaned and Steve groaned at the vibrations. “Damn, that feels good,” he said. His hips moved of their own accord, fucking into her mouth as she slackened her jaw. She swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock as he liked, and he gave a soft keen of pleasure as he bucked into her again. He felt that he was getting close as he flushed, panting as he came close, telling her how good she was being, telling her that he would shoot his cum down her throat and he wanted her to swallow it down.

“Yes, Steve…” She quietly replied before Steve shoved himself into her mouth again. Steve couldn’t resist and pushed his cock deep into her throat, completely enveloped by her hotness. He loved to see the way her throat bulged with each movement of his cock. He loved hearing Nat moan as his hips thrust up into her face, faster and faster, losing all control because her mouth felt too good. Her head bobbed in time with his thrusts, and then—he practically shouted loudly in heated lust as he shot a hot spurt of his come into her mouth and down her throat. He held her head in place, gently whispering for her to swallow it all down.

Steve pulled off when he stopped pulsing inside her mouth. He bent down to kiss her and licked her lips, liking the taste of his cum on her lips and inside her mouth. *She was his.* Steve thought with a large grin on his face. He pulled back and climbed on top of Natasha. He called her again to check if she was awake or not, but she only mumbled his name in her sleep.

*God! How deep was her sleep anyway?* He couldn’t help thinking.

Her hands were still fondling her breast and teasing her clit. She called out his name again, sounding so desperate. Steve gently removed her hands and replaced it with his own. His hot mouth sucked hard on her nipple, making Natasha arch her back, pushing her breasts against his face. His other hand dipped down between her legs and found that her pussy was soaking wet. His thumb found her clit and alternated between hard circling and light rubbing. Natasha whimpered, trying to breathe but Steve kept torturing her. His teeth lightly bit on her nipple, making Natasha dig her fingers into his hair.

When Steve was sure that he had given equal attention to both of her breasts, he slowly and sensually pressing light kisses down her cleavage to her stomach. His hands travelled down her side until his face was between her legs. He heard her whisper from above him, telling him what she want him to do her. Steve complied and put his mouth on her wet, hot pussy. His tongue found her clit and vigorously licked it, taking it between his teeth, earning another sharp tug from Natasha.
“There…Steve…arhhh…” She moaned as his tongue slipped inside her and licked around her, trying to get as much of her sweet juices as he could. Her body jolted when Steve slipped two fingers inside of her and started pumping in and out.

“Steve…I want your cock in me…” Natasha begged. Her lips quivered. “Baby…please.”

Steve pulled away, got up to the same level as her face, and whispered, “Beg…”

“Steve…please…give me your cock…I want your cock…please fuck me.”

He kissed her before guiding his cock slowly inside of her. Her body arched up from his slow intrusion. The pleasing burn gave them a surge of pleasure and Steve almost lost control again. He took a deep breath to regain control of himself before pushing into the hilt and slowly withdrawing from her, earning a desperate cry from Natasha. He thrust in slowly, then suddenly jerked in and out fast, making Natasha’s toes curl, back arching up. Steve grabbed her small waist and bent down to kiss her stomach, moving his cock in and out of her heavenly body, alternating with grinding his hips against her center.

When he finally started to jackhammer into her, making her whole body shake at the force of his slam, he felt her inner walls started to convulse around him. Her orgasm was close, and when Steve looked over her when she was about to come, he saw her eyes fly open to see her man, pumping into her hard. She was awake, Steve holding her completely still so she couldn’t arch into him. Her walls were squeezing at empty air because Steve had pulled out, and Natasha couldn’t get to the euphoric high. Her eyes widened in horror and she looked up at Steve.

“What…Steve…no” She shook her head, whimpering uncontrollably as she felt the orgasm began to ebb. “Baby…please…”

Steve smiled down at her and kissed her hard. “Good morning.” He murmured against her lips before plunging right back in, making Natasha bit on his lower lip. Steve pulled away and continued to mercilessly jackhammer into her heavenly body, making Natasha scream when she felt his hard length deep inside of her, likely waking up their neighbors. She couldn’t arch to him or move because he’d forced her down with his hand. Natasha grunted angrily because all she wanted was to rock with him, meeting with his thrusts.

Natasha’s hands clutched at the sheets tightly. Steve threw her legs over his shoulders, spreading her legs wide to allow him to ram deep inside of her. Steve loved the way she screamed his name with pure ecstasy, the way she tried to struggle against his hold. Finally Steve let go of her hips and Natasha immediately started to rock back against him. Her back arched, voice coming out in one
long, broken moan that vibrated between the two of them, and he set to work seeing just how loud
she could scream. Natasha whimpered as she looked up into his burning blue eyes, shivering as she
noticed the look of intensity on his face.

Nat pulled his neck down for a kiss, whimpering on his mouth as he pulled out all the way,
moaning that she wanted him to finish her off, only to get cut short with him slamming back hard
enough to make her arch up, pressing her entire body against him. He kept thrusting like that until
he felt her whole body tense up. His thumb found her clit and quickly rubbed it, making Natasha
screamed loudly, setting her off. Her wall convulsed, gripping tightly to his cock, milking him.
Steve groaned at the friction, but it didn’t set him off.

Steve—baby, please,” she sobbed, looking up at him and deliberately squeezing her inner
muscles, making Steve grunt but hold her legs tighter. He filled her up so perfectly, held her so
tightly, hissing her name in pleasure. She rasped and shouted his name. The intensity was too much
for her to take. His name steadily fell from her lips, only to make Steve fuck her harder. He didn’t
last much longer than that, the tightening of her walls around him setting him off like a firework so
he was shouting and shaking as he filled her up. His hips thrust upwards jerkily, filling her so much
that some of his come dripped down her inner thigh. She couldn’t help but moan at the feeling,
loving how close he was.

Neither of them moved until they’d slowed their breathing. Steve slowly pulled out of her, fully
aware of how sore she might be. He leaned down to kiss her lovingly, caressing her face between
his hands.

“I’ll need to take a shower again.” He murmured against her lips.

“Why?”

“Bae, do you realize you just had a sex dream?” He asked.
Her eyes widened as she realized what just happened. “You fucker! I was dreaming about us doing it and you decided to fuck me for real? While I was sleeping?”

“You were moaning, withering, begging me…and I quote, ‘Steve…I want your cock in me’. How was I supposed to say no to your request?”

“You fucker!” She hit him hard in his arm before covered her face with her hands. “God! This is so embarrassing.”

Steve smiled and pulled her hands away from her face to give her a kiss. “Nah, it’s cute that you dreamed about me…about us doing it.” He gave her the boyish grin that Natasha loved so much.

She smiled and kissed him. “Only happens with you, bae.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

She bit her lower lip and gave him a seductive grin before asking, “Do you think…maybe we can have another round in the shower?”

“I can’t see why not.”

They had round two in the shower stall. Steve made sure to turn the dial to the highest so the water was louder than Natasha’s screams. He fucked her from behind, slamming her tiny body back to meet his thrust. Round three was when he lifted her up on the bathroom counter and fucked hard into her before turning her around to make Natasha face the mirror, fucking her from behind.

She ended up incredibly sore, with 4 orgasms on the scorecard. They’d probably broken the record.

“I am tempted between going back to sleep or going out with you.”

“But you promised!” Steve whined. “You said you would take me to Fremont Street!”

“Okay, baby boy. Stop whining.” She shushed him “But I will just stay on the sidelines today because I’m sore.”

That was good enough. He wanted her to have something else to fill in the scrapbook other than the memories of them fucking each other’s brains out and staying in bed all day. Even if that was really tempting.

Steve cooked her breakfast because Natasha was lying on the couch lazily, waiting for him to cater
the food to her. He brought her the plate and they started to dig in before it turned into a make out session after Natasha tried to steal his last blueberry. Steve had Nat pinned down on her back, and when things started to heat up, she pushed him away, leaving him wanting more.

“Come on, lover boy. We have places to go.” She panted against his lips.

“You’re making me regret my decision.”

“I know, but it will be worth the time.”

Yeah, everything would be worth his time if he got to do things with Natasha all day. They could just sit in the park, doing nothing, but it would still be worth his time. They got up, straightened their shirts and fixed their hair before gathering everything they needed for today. They took a cab and went to the Fremont Street Experience.

“Wow.” He said when they arrived at the place. “I could make a new painting for this place.”

“I’m sure you could, but don’t forget to give me half of your selling.” Natasha told him. “Because I gave you the inspiration.”

“I will give you everything, bae.” He replied and pulled her in for a kiss.

“I know.” She said. “I made one mistake…”

“What is it?”

“I should’ve brought you here at night…with all of the neon lights that would be going on during the night.”

Steve kissed her temple. “Don’t worry, bae. We still have some time left to come back here again.”

Natasha smiled and leaned against his body as they walked through the street under the barrel vault canopy. Steve had the gopro camera in his hands, so he snapped as many pictures of Natasha as he could. He wanted to have to pictures of her smiling, laughing, or everything Natasha in case he forgot her smile. *(Which would be really hard, to be honest. Steve thought.)*

She told him how different this place would be at night. Steve listened to her attentively, as she seemed to know everything about it. He could picture the lit up canopy just by her words. She told him about the light and sound show, which was truly fascinating, and how the firework show during New Year would be.

It left Steve wanting to spend all of those times with her. If he had more time. If he could go back — if he could’ve met her earlier than all of this.
“Bae, are you with me?”

“Til the end of the line, darling.”

Natasha smiled. “That’s the wrong word to say, bae.”

Steve knew why she said it like that when Natasha dragged him through waves of tourists until they reached one of the main attractions, the SlotZilla zip line. She took him to the highest one.

“This is a stupid thing to do. It doesn’t look safe at all.”

“Bea, you said you were with me til the end of the line, and you also said that you would do whatever I wanted you to do.”

Steve swallowed and got dragged into the queue with Natasha. He was whining the whole time, which resulted in Natasha pulling him in for a kiss to shut him up completely. When she pulled away, she could feel the wave of envy coming from every direction. Girls were envious of her to have this handsome man in her arms and completely wrapped around her finger.

Steve was a bit shaken, but he put on a brave face. Natasha put the camera and the helmet on him again because she wanted to record every second of Steve screaming like a little girl.

And screamed like a little girl he did. Natasha was having a good time laughing about it. She put it on replay throughout the whole lunch and made him watch. Steve stopped minding it because it made Natasha happy.

Nat brought them to the casino and played slots only to lose a couple hundred dollars. Steve whined because they would not win again and they were running out of luck after hitting the two million jackpot eleven days ago.

It was not a so wild day for them (not including the whole sex dream incident that morning). They were acting like normal tourists, having fun and pretending to be fascinated with everything, taking a lot of stupid selfies together.

As long as Natasha was smiling and laughing, Steve was okay with it.
Steve dropped Natasha off at her club, and he said that he would pick her up after work so they could go out together or go home. Natasha kissed him passionately before she disappeared into the building. Steve went back to her apartment and found himself alone, missing having Natasha in his arms.

*What was she doing right now?* He mind couldn’t help but wonder about her. He sat down on the couch and turned on the TV, but his attention was somewhere else. He knew he was worried about Natasha before, but now that things had gotten more intimate between them, Steve couldn’t help but think of what she was doing. Did she had many costumer who wanted a private lap dance? The thought of disgusting customers touching his girl was enough to make his blood boil.

He was sure that he'd passed the point of aggressive and irrational jealousy, now but every now and then, he couldn’t control it. He didn't like his girl being touched by someone else.

*Shit!* He had to do something else to put his mind at ease. Steve got up from the couch and went to do the laundry. After he finished with the laundry, he carried two basket of clothes back to their room and began to iron them. *Yes,* he could iron clothes and fold them properly. Steve had started to leave his clothes at her place a while ago. Well, since they'd started fucking each other’s brains out in her apartment.

Unfortunately for Steve, while he was putting the clothes back in the closet, he accidentally pulled out one drawer he wished he hadn't found it. This was as bad as when he'd discovered her costume closet.

“What the….” He muttered and pulled the drawer wider, revealing all of her toys before his eyes.

Now this just sent his mind on overdrive. The most perverted part of his brain was now working fast, coming up with hundreds of scenarios that he could use with her. They could use it sometime.

*Wait!* Why not try it tonight?

Steve pulled out a small box and put it in his jacket. He decided to leave the apartment early to surprise his Natasha, only to find himself a bigger surprise from her.
The bouncer let him in from the backdoor. Steve walked along the hallways and found that Maria was hanging out with a group of strippers during her break. She told him that Nat was dancing on stage right now. Steve had a sinking feeling when he heard that, but decided to shake it off. When he reached the main area of the club, he froze in his spot when he saw Natasha climbing up and down some random guy.

Blood roared in his ears. His whole body burned up, and Steve realized that he wasn’t over that aggressive cave man jealousy at all. Another realization hit him hard. He’d never ever been jealous of anyone his entire life until he’d met Natasha. When he was with Sharon, he’d never had this searing pain, but with Natasha, Steve felt the urge to punch every guy that was ogling her. *Protective and possessive.* Those were the words for it.

Luckily for him, he (didn’t have to endure for so long because Natasha’s shift was finally over, but the guy that she gave a lap dance was lingering and pulled her away for a little conversation. Natasha let him down easily and walked towards her man. She could tell that the guy wasn’t ready to give up, so she threw herself into Steve’s arms and kissed him hard.

“Hey” He whispered.

“Hey, bae.”

“Is that guy bothering you?”

“I knew he just gave up because he saw you.”

He hummed in approval and held her close. Steve only pulled away when he got an idea for them. Nat gave him a quizzical look, but she wanted to see what he would do next. Steve dragged her toward the nearest cleaner stall. Once they were inside and he closed the door behind them, Steve shoved her up against the wall and kissed her passionately.

“Here?”

“Yeah, I have to show the world that you’re mine.” He replied with a shit eating grin. “And… fucking in a semi-public place. I thought you loved it as much as I do.”

“I hate you.” She groaned, but Steve only smiled and crushed his lips on hers. “I super hate you.”

He playfully wiggled his eyebrows. “So…are you up for it? We can scare the shit out of everyone too.”

Nat ground her hips against his crotch. “You know the answer, bae.”

Steve kissed her again and started undoing her clothes. He got her bra off and threw it over his shoulders before mounting on her nipple and sucking hard. Nat arched her back and pushed her
breasts up until his face was buried. His hand groped her breast and squeezed hard enough to make Nat squeal. His lips assaulted her neck, making sure to leave a series of hiccups on her soft skin. Her nimble fingers had already undid his belt, boxers and pants, pulling his cock out and stroking it a few times.

“Bae…” Nat moaned. One of her hands carded in his hair. Natasha heard something snap against her thigh. She pulled away to see that Steve had already ripped the garter belts.

“Sorry.” He mumbled, and continued to take off her panties, but he lost his patience and hiked her legs up around his hips, leaving the panties hanging around her knees. His rough hand dragged along her stockings, and Steve groaned. “I will fuck you now.”

He dipped his hand down between her legs to check that she was ready, using his fingers to spread her open before thrusting in with his fulfilling cock. His forehead pressed against hers, eyes staring into her sea of emerald as he fucked her into the wall. Her arms locked around his neck as his own hands guided her hips back and forth onto him. She bit down on her bottom lip, unsure how much more of this intensity she could take. His lips descended on hers and took her lips possessively. Nat bit down on his lower lip when he thrust deep inside of her.

The couple was going at it hard and fast. The door occasionally opened behind them and immediately closed, and Steve could hear a muttered sound from outside. He didn’t see who saw them doing it, but Natasha did and she blushed, burying her face in his shoulder.

“God! I can’t believe it!” Steve heard someone mutter when the door opened again. From the sound, it was Maria. “God!” The door slammed shut.

Steve snickered. “I bet everyone in the club knows that you’re mine now.”

“Shut it.” She groaned, but her strong demeanor faltered when Steve slammed hard into her again. “God…yes. Fuck…Steve.”

He leaned in, whispering how badly he wanted to see her come and scream his name. Natasha moaned in reply as she felt their orgasm was close. Then Steve’s movement faltered when he heard footsteps coming toward their direction. He thrust in hard again and made Natasha scream, but it was covered by his mouth.

“Bae, someone’s coming.” He murmured against her lips. “Well, now you have to come quietly.”
She groaned in disbelief and took her revenge on his lower lip, lightly chewing it to keep herself from screaming as he jackhammered into her. His pace turned punishing. It was really hard for her to keep her voice down. Natasha’s nails were scoring Steve’s back through his leather jacket, and there were certainly going to be bruises on her hips from where he was guiding her onto his cock, using all of his strength to hold her at just the right angle.

Nat breathed shallowly as she watched his face contort with his own orgasm, releasing himself inside of her heavenly. She whined again, choking back a scream as his orgasm triggered hers. Her walls convulsed around him as her body jolted, but she couldn’t scream, so she bit hard on his shoulder.

They were breathing hard, clinging tight to each other. Steve occasionally pressed his lips on her skin. He slowly pulled himself out and let Natasha down onto her feet.

“Are you alright?” Steve asked.

“Yeah.” She nodded and pulled her panties up, trying to adjust herself while Steve pulled his pants up. “Bae, do you feel like clubbing tonight?”

“If that’s what you want to do, I’m okay with it.”

“Then let me go get changed. I will meet you outside of the club and you'd better clean yourself up too.”

“Nothing too revealing, okay?”

”No promises!”

Steve pulled over at the parking area of the club. He turned to her, eyes flashing dangerously. There was a mischievous smile on his face. Nat shifted in her seat, feeling the heat begin to pool in her belly at his predatory gaze.

“Before we go inside that club, I want you to put something on for me.” He told her.

“What is it?”

“Bae. I have to make sure that you really are comfortable with what I’m about to propose to you.” Steve explained.

“I think we've reached the kinkiest point, Steve. I think I can do it.”

“If you say so…” Steve pulled a black box from the glove box and revealed a pink remote control vibrator in his hand.
Oh! So he’d found her toy drawer. This would turn out to be the kinkiest thing they ever did if she said yes to this. Steve looked at her expectantly; and she could see fire already burning brightly in his eyes.

“If you’re not comfortable, we don’t have to do it.” He leaned closer to brush his lips against her ear. “But I know you aren’t one to back down from a challenge.”

Well, well, the fucker knew how to play her. It didn’t surprise her at all, considering how well they knew each other in just this short amount of time. He knew her weaknesses, and Steve utilized them quite well to maximize their sexual experiences; not to mention that she was always all in with him anyways.

“Fine.” She agreed, and took the vibrator from his hand. His face lit up instantly, filling with an excitement that he didn’t bother to contain. Her fingers were sliding the zipper of her tight jeans down, and Steve moaned when he saw that she was wearing black lacy panties. Steve had half a mind to just slip his hand in and rip it off of her.

Steve kept his eyes on her the whole time. Natasha gasped as she pressed a finger into her already wet center. She slid the vibrator inside of her, the other half of it lying flat against her clit. She gave a quiet moan as she felt it begin to vibrate. She looked over to Steve and found him with a shit-eating grin on his lips, the matching pink handle in his hand, switch pushed to the first level of vibration.

“Just testing that it really works.” He replied before leaning over to kiss her. “Shall we?”

“Yeah, let’s do it.”

They got off the car and went in without having to wait in line because of Natasha. Once she stepped inside, she let out a surprised moan when the vibrator started to work slowly. Steve grinned like a mad man next to her, but his smile faded again when he saw that most of the men in the club had turned to look at his girl. Steve tightened his hold on her waist, giving her a possessive kiss to show everyone who she belonged to.

Natasha chuckled at his reaction. “You’re a total caveman.”

“I’m a very possessive man, Natasha.” He replied, his voice low and seductive, making her shiver.

“I don’t see the need to be possessive toward me. I’m all yours.” She looked into his eyes, leaning closer until their lips were inches away. "Besides, they can look but they can't touch."
Steve smiled against her lips before pulling Natasha further inside the club. They had to walk through the crowded dance floor to get to the bar. The vibrator started to work on low frequency every time that some random guy looked at her, and Steve saw it. She wound him up even more by batting her eyelashes at them, sending playful winks. Steve grunted against her ear, and the vibrator inside her increased the level by one notch.

“Bae, you are trying to wind me up.” He said.

“I’m doing nothing.” She acted innocently. “You’re the one with all of the problems, bae.”

Steve sighed and sat them down at the bar before ordering their favorite drinks. Steve saw that her legs were starting to shake, so he kept the vibrator on for a little longer for his amusement. Since this would be a long night for both of them, he would not let her have an orgasm this fast. When Natasha leaned closer and panted in his ear, Steve suddenly stopped and all the pleasure inside her was gone.

“Damn you, Rogers.” She cursed.

“I will keep you on the edge all night, darling. This is my promise to you.”

Natasha glared at him and Steve had a victorious smile. He turned to the bartender to get their drinks, but when he turned back, Natasha was gone. Damn her for being so fast! He muttered in his head, trying to locate his girl. He had half a mind to raise the frequency level to make her come back to him, but it would just giving her what she wanted.

Steve poured the whiskey down his throat, his eyes scanning the whole area until he found Natasha on the dance floor with a tall, blonde man that resembled him in some way. She wanted to play this game, didn’t she?

Natasha smiled at him when she saw that he was looking her way. She pulled the guy a little closer and Steve clenched his jaw. He hit the start button again and set it at slow speed, gently stimulating her clit and g-spot at the same time, making Natasha moan in her dance partner's ear. Steve kept his eyes on her. He couldn't miss any of her reactions, because he wasn't going to let her come anytime soon.

When the guy laid his hands on Natasha’s hips, the vibrations against Nat’s clit ratcheted up another few levels, going between a quick buzz to a low, steady thrum; to a long stop and then starting again with a whole new pattern. The pattern was intermittent, keeping her guessing what might come next, but she jumped every time; Natasha made sure that her breasts brushed against
Natasha was pretty sure that Steve would be mad and jealous to no end, and the sudden increase in frequency to the maximum level only confirmed her suspicions.

Her cheek were flushed as her breathing and her heartbeat began to quicken. She pressed her ass into his crotch, placing his hands on her toned stomach and hips as she ground her backside into his. Their bodies twisted so Steve could get a perfect view of them dancing on such an indecent level of closeness. Steve deserved the same amount of pain that he put her through.

The man was going on and on about how good she felt, but Natasha didn’t care, because he wasn’t the one she wanted to hear those words from. She met his intense blue eyes, burning bright with jealousy and uncontrollable rage, knowing well she would be in trouble tonight. She couldn’t help it really, it turned her on so damn much when he was jealous and very possessive of her. The vibrations at her clit continuously stimulated her that she would orgasm in a blink if Steve kept going like this. She winked at Steve, parting her lips in a soft moan as the guy ground against her. That was the last straw, it seemed, for Steve stopped the vibrator just when she was about to come. He got up from his seat and jerked her away from the guy.

“What the hell, dude?!!”

“Hands off my girl!” Steve yelled and pushed Natasha behind him, standing between her and the guy.

“She likes it, dude”

“Fuck off!!”

Steve and the guy were about to get to the fight while Natasha pulled Steve’s arm to calm him down. They entered a staring contest and Steve stared down at the guy, successfully scaring him away. Steve turned to her, fire burning in his eyes.

“Were you enjoying yourself, bae?” He asked, voice just as low and dangerous, his arm wrapping tight around her waist, pulling Natasha closer until she was all pressed up against him.

“Yes, do you want me to dance with someone else?” She asked teasingly, voice sweet. Steve tightened his hold on her. From the look in his eyes, he was caught up between wanting to drag her out of this place or fuck her right there for everyone to see. She afraid it was the latter. Judging by the level of their kinkiness, Steve would probably fuck her right there.

“Yes, dance with me now.” He commanded, growling into her ear, sending shivers up her spine.
He grabbed her arm and led her towards the more crowded dance floor, where couples were already bumping and grinding shamelessly, worse than Nat had done to that random guy. She couldn’t read Steve, nor did she know what he might do next. He had her pressed tight against him and kissed her possessively.

“Don’t do that again.”

Her eyebrow quirked up. “Or what?”

He grinned, and Nat should have known what this meant. He started the vibrator again and this time turned it up all the way to maximum, stimulating both her clit and her g-spot, lightly swirling inside of her. Her legs shook and suddenly it was really hard for her to stand. His leg came ever so slightly between her legs, so that when he shifted, he could press the vibrator tighter against her clit. Natasha trembled, her hands clenching at his shirt to hold herself up.

“Steve…” She whined in his ear, forcing him down to her level as she choked on her pleasure. “Bae… bae… arhnhh!”

Steve pressed his lips on her neck and sucked it hard, making Natasha moan loudly. The music was blaring loud enough to cover up whatever they were doing. They started moving, grinding themselves on another. Then Natasha went still, breath catching in her throat, fingernails digging into his jacket.

“Bae… I can’t…. I’m gonna…” She whined as Steve forced her onto his thigh, grinding the vibrator hard against her clit. “Arh!”

“Do it. Now.” He ordered and her wail hit his ear as her body convulsed in front of him. Natasha had to bite down hard on his leather jacket to keep herself from screaming. Steve felt her wetness leaking out of her body through the fabric of her jeans onto his pants.

Steve kept the vibrator on during her orgasm as if it was him fucking her through it. He turned it to medium frequency, so right after the first one, another wave of pleasure started building up to a second.

When she finally caught her breath, Steve forced his lips down on her and murmured what a good girl she was. Her right hand slid down his chest and palmed his cock though his jeans, making Steve grunt in her ear. Nat felt his cock already hard in the confinement of his jeans. She knew how sensitive it was, and any contact or friction would make him cum in no time.
Natasha turned her back against him and ground her ass on his crotch, making Steve groan at the friction. He tried to pull away, but Natasha’s hands stilled him in place, circling her behind on his cock, feeling it stiffen up and tent in his pants. Steve had to grab her body so he could balance himself. Steve couldn’t hold it together anymore and began to rub his cock against her ass cheeks, pulling her close until he felt their bodies melt together. His big hand went to cup her breast, lightly tugging at her hard nipple perking out of the thin fabric of her t-shirt, while his left hand traveled down between her legs and pressed the vibrator hard against her clit.

It was long until his body began to jerk. Steve breathed hard and Natasha felt his cock twitching and pulsing inside his pants as he came, hip thrusting into her ass in a frenzy jerk, hands gripped hard enough on her body that Nat was afraid he might leave bruises on her. Finally, his hot cum spurted out inside his pants.

Steve finally came down from his high. Nat turned around in his arms and smiled at him.

“You little minx.” He groaned before he kissed her hard on the lips.

"We need to get outta here or we’ll get arrested for public indecency,” Natasha suggested. Her hands were tugging impatiently at his belt.

She grabbed his hand and dragged Steve out of the club using the back door. On their way out the door, her legs suddenly wobbled and she had to lean against Steve, moaning quietly as the second orgasm hit her. Steve could see the strains of wetness running down her inner thighs.

“Fuck, the vibrator is still working.”

“Ops. That’s my bad.” He replied with a boyish grin.

“Turn the damn thing off.”

“Nah.”

This time Steve dragged them outside the club and into a dark and seclude alley nearby. It was dark, but with enough lighting to see the way. When Steve found the perfect spot behind the abandoned crates, he shoved her right up against the wall. He pressed his lips on her on a searing kiss that burned Natasha to the core. His hands found her jeans and shoved it right down her legs along with her panties. He broke away from the kiss to see the sight that made him hard again in an instant. The pink vibrator, still working and sending a quiet noise, was still inside her core, her juices dripping down.
“I’m caught up between wanting to pull it off and leave it on.”

“Your cock. Now!” Natasha had already lost all her patience and taking none of his bullshit.

Steve smiled but still left the vibrator in. He shrugged his jeans off, and letting them hang low around his knees. He hiked her legs up to wrap around his hips, supporting her body with one hand.

Steve looked into her eyes again. “I don’t want to pull it off yet.”

“Rogers, just pull it off and put your cock in!”

Steve pulled the vibrator off her body, making Nat jerk, before shoving his cock right back in, going all the way in until was he fully seated inside her. She screamed at the pleasure, nails digging into his skull. His lips descended on her neck, sucking, biting, and making sure to leave purple marks showing off his ownership. His lips trailed down her throat to her cleavage, biting and sucking when he got the chance, relishing the moans that left her lips. He loved to hear his name coated in her voice.

“Steve, just fuck me already!” She yelled at him. She had had enough of their foreplay.

“Yes, ma’am.”

He pulled his cock all the way out, just to shove the vibrator in his hand inside of her, still working at the maximum level of frequency. It hit right against her g-spot, making Natasha cry out in pure pleasure, holding on to his back and neck to prevent herself from falling. He pulled the vibrator out and shoved his cock back in. He kept repeating the pattern, slowly and tortuously, making her whimper helplessly and buck her hips back against him.

Steve pulled his cock out. “Bae…” He whispered breathily in her ear. “This turns you on, doesn't it.” His hand shoved the vibrator right back in and pressed it hard against her g-spot. “God, you’re soaking wet.” He pulled the fake cock out and thrust himself inside her. “Knowing that we’re fucking in a place that someone might walk in on.” Nat moaned at his words as the realization hit her. “You love it, don’t you.” She nodded. “I know. I love it too.” He thrust the vibrator in and circled it inside of her. “Time to step up the performance in case someone wants a good show.”

Then he picked up a new pattern; every time he thrust the vibrator in and out of her body, Steve made sure to have it slide against her clit. Her voice broke with pure pleasure. The intensity was too high and her body shuddered uncontrollably. At this point, she was babbling incoherently against his ear. Steve whispered all the things that he would do to her for the rest of the night. The images he kept feeding in her mind sent her already overstimulated body on over drive once again.
While Steve kept pounding his hips into her, rain began to pour over them, but neither of them wanted to stop. Their clothes quickly became wet, sticking to their skin. This was especially true for Natasha, who wore a white t-shirt that made Steve get a better view of her cleavage underneath the fabric. He groaned before sinking his teeth onto her clothes cladded breasts, leaving hickeys and shirt burns while she still had her shirt on. It would be an image he remembered for the rest of his life.

“Steve…baby…” She choked. “I’m gonna…”

Steve took the hint and set a fast pace, snapping his hips into her. His cock hit deep inside of her, rubbing against her g-spot; he pulled out all the way before slamming back into her again and again. He stopped penetrating her with the vibrator, but instead pressed it hard against her clit, rubbing in a circular motion. Her eyes fluttered shut as her body convulsed around his cock, milking him. Natasha screamed his name as she felt herself shatter into pieces, dissolving into pleasure before being put back together again by his kiss.

She opened her eyes only to realize that her lover hadn't come yet.

“Bae…you still haven’t come…”

“I know…but are you okay?” He asked, still putting her well-being above his need. “I don’t want to force you if you can’t do it anymore.”

Natasha cupped his cheeks, looking him in the eyes. “Bae, I’m with you till the end of the line.”

Steve smiled and kissed her hard before letting Natasha down and turning her around. Her hands rested on the wall as she faced it. Steve drew her ass back against his hard cock, rubbing it between her ass cheeks, groaning loudly as he did. He used his hands to spread her and thrust back into her tight core from behind. Her breath hitched as Steve set a punishing pace. Her whole body trembled with the force of his hips snapping.

“Darling, you feel so good.” He cooed against her neck, pressing his lips down hard and sucking at the soft skin. “Can you do me a favor?” She nodded eagerly and Steve handed her the vibrator. “Press it against your clit, play with yourself.”

Nat did as he said and when she pressed the pink vibrator on herself, her whole body jolting at the sensation. Steve's hands went to cup her breasts and stimulated her nipples with a sharp tug and harsh circle, rolling them between his fingers while he kept hitting all the right spots inside of her. His beard rubbed against her neck and her shoulders, leaving red burns.
Natasha started to convulse again, and this time Steve couldn’t hold back. Her tight walls contracted around his hard length, milking at him, and he shouted as he came hard inside her, spilling his hot seed into her. His whole body spasmed violently at the sensation of her hot heat grabbing on his cock. Nat could feel his cock twitching as Steve still continued to empty every last drop of his essence inside her. Finally, he went still, breathing hard behind her. They felt like their hearts had stopped breathing, and there was no oxygen left in their lungs.

Steve pulled out of her a couple minutes later and turned Natasha back to face him. Her whole body went limp and she had to lean against him so she didn’t fall down on the floor. Steve brushed the rain off of her face and took off his jacket to cover her head.

“Can you move? We should get back to our car before one of us catches a cold.” He suggested.

“Can’t move.” That was all she could say.

Steve smiled before pulling away from her to pull his jeans up and adjust her clothes so they could at least look decent enough to walk out of the alley. Steve gathered her up in his arms and walked back to their car. He took them back to her place. Natasha was asleep the whole ride back to her apartment, so he had to carry her up the stairs again.

It wasn’t really a big trouble, because her weight was like nothing to him; he loved to have her close to him, in his arms, knowing that she was perfectly safe.

When they were inside her apartment, Steve made sure to lock the place down. Her placed her in the empty bathtub and started to undress her before gently cleaning her without waking her up. He dried her off after he finished cleaning her up and took Natasha to her bed. He took a shower before coming back to find that she was still sleeping.

It was the most vulnerable moment Steve had ever seen Natasha.

There were so many things he wanted to do to her. God! He wasn’t able to resist anything when he was with her. How would he get through the life without her after he went back to LA? He would miss her like crazy in every waking moment that he was away from her.

Steve finally had his resolve clear, and set off to find the things that he might use for their next round. He came back with toys he’d found in her ‘fun’ drawer and took most of the things before lying in on the table nearby. He took the rope, gently tying her wrists to the headboard and her
ankles to the bed posts, complete with a black silk blindfold covered up her eyes.

Oh god! He groaned in his mind. This would be the sight that he would remember to his death. Natasha Romanoff, naked, all tied up to the bed, blindfolded, legs spread wide. This was every male chauvinist’s dream.

Steve felt his heart pounding, blood roaring in his ears, his whole body burning up. He was losing control again and knelt down between her legs, pressing kisses on the soft skin of her neck. Natasha hummed in approval. Steve smiled when he heard her voice. It made him think back to this morning when she'd had that wild sex dream. She was enjoying this, and he would pleasure her again to wake her up for another round.

He slowly trailed his lips down her to her breasts and gave tentative licks on her nipples, making them harden under his tongue. Her breaths started to quicken and a few loose moans slipped from her beautiful lips. The moans only fueled his desire and lust even more, if it was possible. Hot trails blazed across her skin leading down to her toned stomach, worshipping every inch of her skin.

His tongue slowly dragged down to her center, which was spreading wide open for him, waiting for him to take her. He pulled away to admire her secret part, the part that she rarely let anyone see except those who she trusted. Her juices started to drip down as her inner muscle occasionally convulsed, making her sweet nectar flow out of her body. Steve quickly mouthed at her pussy, licking the sweet juices, getting drunk on her additive taste.

He slipped his tongue inside her wet core, lapping out all the sweet wetness. Curling his tongue against her wall, Steve felt her inner muscle clamp down as Natasha’s hips started to buck up in his face. His nose was buried into her center, and he inhaled the intoxicating scent of her. He pulled his tongue out, only to be met with a mumbled protest from Natasha. Her eyes were still shut tightly, indicating that she was still sleeping. Steve grinned and started to flick his tongue on her bundle of nerves. Her toes curled tightly from the sensation, and she started to moan loudly.

“Steve…” He heard her moan his name.

Natasha started to buck her hips too frequently, and Steve had to ground her down with his hands. When he took the little nub between his teeth and swirled his tongue on it, it was no surprise that Natasha came hard, squirting all over his face. Her body jerked as Steve swallowed up her dripping juices. Her body seized as extreme pleasure cause through her body.

Steve finally pulled away, but Natasha was still up in cloud nine, so he got out of bed and let her come down peacefully to prepare for the next stage of this play.
Nat was slipping in and out of her sleep when she felt Steve’s hot lips on her, feeling the heat started to pool inside her. It was a good dream about them again so she will just enjoy this. Steve slowly trailing his lips down her body until her lips was at her pussy and started to pleasure her.

She didn’t know how long he was between her legs but it all winded her up so high that she came so hard and snapped her eyes open, seeing only the darkness. At first she thought she was blacked out again by the extreme pleasure. She tried to catch her breath and when she finally came down from her high, she realized that something was wrong.

Her hands were tied to the head broad by rope. Her legs speared wide and tied to the bed post. She suddenly became alarmed and started to struggle against her confinement but she couldn’t get it off her.

Where was she? Where was Steve?! What the hell happened to her?!!

“STEVE!!” She screamed his name from the top of her lung.

She heard someone running toward her and a metal sound of something hitting the table then she felt the mattress sink at the added weight. Someone was above her and she could the warmth coming off the body on top of her.

“Steve! Steve, is that you?” She was scared that it might not be him.

She felt gentle hands on her arms. “Calm down, darling. This is me.” It was Steve. Her Steve.

“Steve…” Her voice was still shaken. “What happen?”

“Nat, I need you to calm down and listen to my voice.” His voice was calm and soft and it helped sooth her. She felt his lips pressed on her face, a gentle, loving kiss. “This is me. You don’t have to panic, okay?”

“Yes…”

“Breath in and slowly take in of what is going on right now.” He told.

Natasha closed her eyes and started to feel the environment around her. Steve was naked on top of her. Her hands and legs all tied up and she was naked. Wait! This was their next round?
“I guess that you know what I am about to do to you.”

“Yes, I know.”

“Darling, I need to know that you are okay with this. I need your consent.”

She trusted him with all her heart so Natasha wasn’t hesitate when she answered him. “Yes, you have my consent.”

“Do you trust me?”

“I trust you, Steve.” She confirmed. If she couldn’t trust him, she didn’t who else she could trust.

“Thank you.” He murmured and kissed her. “Anything that borderline something you don’t want to do. Just tell me right away and I will stop.” He kissed her cheek on more time and whispered. “Be prepare, darling. It will be a long night.”

His last sentence sent shiver down her spine and goosebumps erupted. Every fiber of her being awakening and waiting for him to take her as his.

“Okay, pet. What should I do with you, hmm? You look nice, all tie up and blindfold like this.”

His hot breath hitting her skin, making Nat arch up in anticipation but he held her down.

Natasha felt Steve got up from the bed, leaving her alone. Natasha could hear or feel him around her again. She started calling him but there was no answer. Steve went to get the metal bucket and placed it on the end table.

“Don’t make a noise, pet. Can you do that for me?” He asked sweetly. “Or else you will only prolong your release.”

Natasha unintentionally shaking when she heard his threat. She experienced that first handed when he fucked her against the window and Steve deliberately starve her off for like five times. She didn’t want that again because it was too painful but on the other hand, it was the orgasm ten times intense than the normal one. So she nodded to let him know that she would comply with his command.

“Good girl.” He praised and gave her a kiss as a reward but he quickly pulled away, leaving her wanted more and followed him. “More to come, pet….When you actually earn it.”

Nat sharply inhaled as her body jolted at the freezing touch of Steve’s hand on her thigh. She
instinctively clutched her legs tightly together. She was trying really hard to make no noise but Steve made it extremely difficult when he dragged his cold hands to her breast, thumb circling around her nipple. Her chest heaving up and down as she tried to choke back her sob but when Steve put an ice cube on her other nipple. She moaned which immediately met by a slap on the side of her ass cheek, not hard enough to make he feel too much pain.

“Pet.” He growled. “Do not disobey me.”

Natasha nodded again. This time she bit on her lower lips to keep herself from making any noise. Steve smiled when he saw her turned all red, waiting in anticipation for his next stimulation but it was his hot lips that pressed down on her cleavage, giving her the warm feeling from his tongue. Suddenly her body jerk again when he placed ice cube on top of where he just licked her. The sudden change of the temperature on her skin almost made Natasha lost it. She wanted to scream at the sensation but she couldn’t….She didn’t want to disobey him.

The water from the melting ice running down her body was adding another new thrilling feel to her, with she was all blindfolded like this, her other senses heightened and it only excited her even more. As the old ice cube melted, Steve quickly replaced it with the new one. When his hot mouth sucked in her nipple, her body jolted and again, he rubbed an ice cube on her other nipple. Hot and cold at the same time that her body couldn’t comprehend. His tongue dragged from her breast to the flat of her stomach, following with ice, leaving a blazing and a freezing trail along. When Natasha started to enjoy and get used to this, he stopped and pulled away from her.

“I will be right back, kitten.” He whispered and got off bed again.

It left Natasha wondered where he went. Did he left her like this? Please, no, he can’t leave her like this. It was part of the play. Natasha reassured herself and calmed down. Steve was gone for quite some time and her body slowly returned to the normal temperature then she heard a footsteps coming toward her.

“Kitten, I have a little surprise for you.” Natasha could hear the shit eating grin in his voice. Steve bended down to kiss her. “Do you want the surprise I prepare for you?” Nat nodded. “Listen to me, you can talk and make any noise as loud as you want.”

“Yes, Steve”

“Good, I wanna hear you scream my name.”

And screamed his name she did. When Steve suddenly brought his cold hand back to her stomach, making her body jumped. This time he headed down to her dripping wet core without any more teasing, his lips molded into her pussy, tongue licking up and down, getting her hot juices as much
as he could. It was one thing Steve couldn't resist. Another ice cube rubbed against her inner thighs, making Natasha moaned and raised her hips onto his face. He let her enjoy this.

Just as Natasha started to relish in the pleasure Steve gave her, Steve shoved the ice dildo inside of her pussy, making her whole body jolted at the invasion and her muscle clenching around it. Steve soothed her by kissing her on the lips, whispering. “Relax, Color?” Nat leaned up to kiss him and Steve knew the answer but he still wanted to hear it from her. “Darling?”

“Green.”

Steve kissed her again and resumed with his task. He still his hand to let Natasha adjust to the coldness and the size of the ice dildo. He listened to her closely and his eyes kept on he the whole time, it was a new scenario for them, brand new experiment they never experienced before so he didn’t want to hurt her for his own need. Steve started to move when she bucked her hips up. He kept whispering in her ear, telling her that this might be the only cock she ever receive that night which met with her plea for him not to. Steve was able to resist and kept threatening her.

“Don’t come until I say so.”

“No—Arhh!!!” She screamed as he shoved the dildo deeper and it coldness only sending shiver through her body, making it really hard for her not to come.

“Pet, this is not an argument.” His voice was hard, leaving no room for her to argument.

Natasha kept her mouth shut because she knew Steve took a lot of pleasure in denying her what she want. Steve kept swallowing thrusting the dildo in and out of her, also applying the lube to help with the moving and prevent from hurting her. Steve doubled his effort in getting Natasha so high on pleasure by alternating between using his tongue to lick her clit and rubbing the bundle of nerve with the dildo. He wasn’t stop there when he rubbed another ice cube on her nipple, fully stimulate her. Natasha choked on all the pleasure but she had to force herself not to come when she really want to fly apart by his hand. Then Steve pulled his mouth away from her pussy only to suck on her cold nipple, laving his hot tongue thoroughly. Natasha struggled against the rope in hope to break free from it so she could hold on to him.

Her orgasm hit her hard before Natasha could stop herself when Steve put the ice inside his mouth and sucked hard on her nipple together with rubbing the ice and let out his hot breath. She came on the ice dildo and squirted on Steve’s hand. He quickly pulled the fake cock off and let her inner wall squeeze at nothing.

“Steve…..” She breathed as she felt the orgasm quickly fade fast but he slapped her back side hard.

“What did I tell you about coming?” He growled in her ear.
“Not to come unless you say so.”

Steve licked her ear lobe. “That’s right. You disobey me, kitten, and that will be the only cock you will receive tonight.”

“No…”

“Wait…Maybe my cock will be the only thing you will not get tonight.” He said. Hand reaching to get the blue vibrator. He pressed the start button and teased it against her clit, letting her know that he was about to use her old friend. “I heard the last time you can’t even get off by this…” He whispered seductively.

“Please…don’t…”

“You disobeyed me, kitten.” He replied and pressed the vibrator hard on her clit. “That’s why I have to punish you. Don’t you dare come again.”

“Yes, Steve.”

“Because if you do that again, I will leave you like this for the night and I will never touch you again.”

Oh! He was getting really good at this and she could tell that he loved every minute of this. Natasha will play along because she knew it would make him happy but the only thing she didn’t know was when he heart would give out if he keeping all of this up.

His hand grabbed hard on her jaw before kissing her possessively. “Say that you won’t do it.”

“Yes, Steve. I won’t do it again.”

“Good because I will not take it slightly again.”

Nat nodded eagerly. Steve smiled and kiss her again before shoving in the vibrator. Nat arched her back but Steve quickly grounded her in place. From how her lips twisted, she was really frustrated by this. His hands worked fast and slow, shallow that made her groan and deep that it her g-spot. She didn’t want this when she had the real thing so close.

“Steve, baby please.” She begged, normally he wouldn’t be able to resist it but this was a very special occasion.

“No.”

“I want your cock, baby, please give it to me.” She pleaded but Steve will not give in.

Steve answered her by clamped her nipples with clothespins and Natasha whimpered and arched her back at him. The pain was so exquisite. He shallowly fucked her with the fake cock and turned
on the vibrator to the maximum level. She was babbling in incoherently, the one that Steve could understand was that she beg him to fuck her. That would happen later, much later.

Steve pulled the fake cock off and looking at the toy, dripping with her juice and shoving in again. “Wow, you really can’t get off with this. I don’t think this one will work anymore. What do you say we use something ‘bigger’ than this?” He asked before pulled the blue vibrator off her. Steve licked the juice that dripping down the vibrator. “You taste so good, kitten.” He said. “This vibrator is slick with your cum.”

Natasha panted but didn’t reply anything, she couldn’t find her voice anymore with all of that screaming but dear god, she knew that he was licking her juice on the vibrator and the thought only made her moan again. She couldn’t see what Steve was doing to her or prepare for her next. She was breathing hard in anticipation but he only pulled her onto his laps. At the wholly unexpected moment, he thrust a double vibrator instead of the blue fake cock. The bigger one than what she wore at the night club. Steve kept the vibration and the swirling at low level and turned his attention back to the clamped nipple.

“This excited you, isn’t it?” He purred in her ear and unclamped the clothespin on her left nipple. “A little bit of pain and pleasure.”

“No…”

“Aww, it’s nice with the little resistance, darling. You say no but your body tell me otherwise.” He reached down between her legs and gathered the wetness dipping off her core. “You know I have all the time in this world to torture you, right?”

“You won’t.”

“Don’t try me, pet.”

He proved his point again by clamped her nipple a little hard that made her yelped in surprise. She accidentally pushed her thighs together only to make the vibrator pressed deeper inside her. Her steady moans almost made Steve lose it so he put his attention back to the clothespin. He kept alternating between clamped and unclamped at her nipple. A small stroke of his finger and paint brush were added to the torment. She was so high and she couldn’t come down now, with all the pain and pleasure that overwhelmed her sense, she couldn’t separate it at all.

Again, she almost came when Steve decided to put his mouth on her unclamped nipple only to quickly put it on her again. She withered on his laps, every muscle jump and tensed up. Steve added the trilled to this ride again by removing the clothespins and replacing with the nipple vibrators. She choked back a moan as Steve turned around so she laid on her stomach on his laps. Her nipples pressed hard against his thighs, making the device vibrated on her nipples stronger than she expected.
“Color?” He whispered again.

“Green.” She rasped out. “All the way.”

He kissed her, only to leave Natasha wanted more. Steve turned his attention back to the double vibrator between her legs. He slowly fucking her with the vibrator, so slow that Natasha grunted in frustration and started to curse in Russian only to met by a hard, unexpected blow on her ass. Natasha shouted involuntary as she felt the sting of pain.

“It’s not nice to curse, pet.” He whispered. “Say you’re sorry.”

“No.” He rewarded her with another hard hit of his hand against her ass but this time he push in the vibrator hard when he delivered the blow, making Natasha scream again.

“That’s not the answer I want to hear.”

Another firm slap against her ass snapped the word out of her. “I’m sorry, Steve.” She turned to look back at him and saw a shit eating grin again.

“Good, little pet.” He praised and continued to fuck her with the vibrator again.

Nat lose track of time. She couldn’t remember how long it was that Steve thrust the vibrator in and out of her. He knew she couldn’t get off with it and he intended to do it as long as possible just to torture her. Begging wasn’t working this time but she kept doing it, hoping that he would finally give it to her. He occasionally slapped her ass and told her to stop begging. He would give it to her when he wanted too. Steve stopped delivering blow when he saw her ass cheek was red and raw and placed her back on bed, turning her to lay on her back again.

“You know what, kitten. I think I will just jerk myself off and leave you here because I’m getting bored and I want to go to sleep.” He said as he pulled the double vibrator out of her pussy, leaving her whined at the emptiness.

“Please don’t… Steve…please.”

“Your begging won’t do any effect on me, kitten.” He said.

Steve laid on top of her, supporting himself with one arm. He made sure that his right hand and his cock was rested on her stomach, to let her feel how hard his cock was. Steve wiped his finger over the slit, gathering the pre cum before thrusting his finger in her mouth. Natasha moaned as she tasted him, knowing how arouse he was.

Steve started to slowly move his hand up and down. He groaned at the friction and Natasha moaned back in replied. She wanted to be the one who brought him off. She wanted to be the one who please him and she made sure to tell him that but Steve was still resisted. All the while he
"You know if I close my eyes I can pretend that it's your pretty little mouth sucking me off" His sexy seductive voice mingled in her ear, making Nat bucking her hips up in hope to feel press his cock against her. Steve moaned and tips his head back as Nat groaned and struggled, wanting to touch herself. "I know how bad you want your mouth to be my hand. Just sliding up and down, having it inside of you but not where you want it to be…" Steve made sure to slide his cock up and down her wet slit without thrusting in. “Can you imagine me inside of you, bae?” He leaned down to whisper in her ear. “You know you've wanted it all night. It must be killing you to know it's so close but not being able to touch it.”

Natasha was babbling about how she wants it so damn much and Steve only grinned like a mad man and remembered everything. "What would you do for it, hmmm?" He asked and Nat just let out everything she would ever do to it, for it, and with it. How she want to suck him off, licking him on the slit and taste his pre cum. How she want his cock deep in her throat and having him come in her mouth.

Steve with his cock hovering right over her and muttering. "It's so close, huh?" and his hand was grazing right over her as she screamed in desperation. "Unfortunately, that's the closest it's ever going to get.” Nat struggled and begged because she needed more of his touch but Steve won’t give it to her. "I fully intend for you not to get any of this tonight. You're going to learn what 'look, don't touch' REALLY means."

Finally, he decided to take the blindfold off and make her watch. The first time he saw her pleading green eyes, Steve almost give it to her but he only kissed her lips and pulled away, sitting on his heels and began to jerk himself again. Natasha looked like she about to cry, constantly pleading for him to fuck her or let her help him with her mouth. As tempting as it sounded, Steve denied her, knowing it will be painful for her for not being able to do it herself. He closed his eyes and going into his own little fantasy, pretending it was Natasha sucking him off. Her hips were mirroring his hand as her eyes are squeezed shut, imagine that it was him fucking her.

Steve surprised her by a shallow thrusts. She thanked him because he finally decided to give it to her, even the shallow thrust was good enough at this point. But then again, Steve pulled away with a devilish grin on his lips that made Natasha moan in frustration. Her pussy was dripping wet and Steve slightly teased her by brushing her clit with the tip of cock, making Nat arched her back.

“Please….please give it to me.”

“Not yet!” He was relented. His hand went to grab her chin. “Remember the rule. Don’t come.”

He slowly jerked himself off again and a pearl of pre come at the tip grew until it dribbled slowly down over his fingers. Steve gave a little helpless cry and let his head drop. Nat moaned in reply, bucking her hips as she watched him. He jerked himself slowly a few times before allowing
himself to pick up the pace. Steve felt it coming, felt the slow crawl of pleasure building up from his toes. Steve felt like he was about to lose it soon so he went back to shallowly thrust into her again. This time a little longer and she was screaming for him to go deeper. Steve wouldn’t do it because he knew how bad his body want to just fuck her into the mattress and bury himself deep inside of her. Natasha whined all the time because it wasn’t enough for her but Steve gave her one really deep thrust occasionally in a wholly unexpected moment. He kept a steady pace, hard enough that she gave a soft grunt each time he bottomed out.

Steve's face was nestled against her neck, his scent surrounding her and she bucked her hips desperately at him when his teeth latched onto her skin for one blissful second before he push all of his cock inside her and froze.

“Ohfuckohfuckohfuckohfuck,” He said as he come inside of her and she could feel his cock pulsing inside her, filling her up.

But his orgasm accidentally set Natasha off too. He could feel her tightening around him, could hear her breath catching in her throat as her walls clenched around his cock. Steve immediately pulled out, making Natasha moaned at the lost of him inside her. She stared back up only to find Steve’s expression darken.

“I told you not to come and you disobey me again.” He said. Her body involuntarily shivered with fear of his punish. He might stopped fucking her tonight and left her. “When I decided I will finally give it to you and you did this to me, pet.”

“I’m sorry, Steve.”

He leaned down and growled in her ear. "You're lucky that I still wanted to fuck you, pet, but don't make a mistake thinking that I might not punish you."

Steve gave another shallow thrust, making Natasha scream. “Please fuck me! I want you to fuck me…Fuck me anyway you want.”

Steve smiled before untied her legs. He gave a shallow thrust to make her beg for more before he gave into her hot wetness and sunk himself to the hilt. Nat screamed his name and her leg came to wrap around his hips. Nat moaned how good he felt inside her and how he filled her up so completely and thank him for taking mercy on her.

“Arh!” She screamed at the sudden strike of his hand on her back side.

“You think I would let you punishment slight?” He cooed. “Even I pleasure you…even you don’t deserve it at all?”
He kept talking to her, feeding her with all the dirty fantasies he had for her, occasionally delivering blow on her backside. Natasha moaned uncontrollably. She couldn’t reply when she was in a haze of pleasure like this.

"I will make you scream all night, pet and it will not end soon."

“Yes, master.” She whimpered.

Steve grunted and pounded into her harder. She didn’t know how much that word made him. He had never been so aroused like this very moment. He made her feel like she had all the power in her world and he could do anything. She gave him everything and he would give back as much as he could. He needed to hear that word again because it sounded so sexy and arousal.

“Say it again.” He groaned.

“Yes, master.” She replied, starring up at him.

“Say it again.”

“Yes, master!”

He bended down to kiss her hard, melting their lips and tongue together as they rocked back and forth together. His lips moved down to ravage her neck, leaving bruising purple marks along the trail. His hand still slapping her ass, making Natasha wiggled and screamed. Steve pulled away all the way and drove his tip against her clit. She came and squeezed at the emptiness again. Her eyes rolled back because of pleasure, her hands gripped on the rope, and bucking her hips up to keep contact with him.

Steve thrust back in to the hilt, feeling her walls squeezing on his cock. He fucked her through her orgasm. He grabbed a pillow first and tucked it under Natasha’s ass, allowing him to go deep inside her and the new angle making there both groaned. He put both hands on the sides of her head, looking into her eyes as he pounded his cock inside her wet cunt.

“Want me to keep fucking you?” He asked

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck!” She replied and rocked her. “Master, please!”

Steve kissed Natasha passionately as he trembled by the intense pleasure he was feeling. She felt so damn good, so damn tight to stop, and he was close when she told him to go faster, he followed her immediately. She bucked her hips on his and moaned. He slammed his cock in her soaking wet pussy, making the bed squeaked and shook.
Steve shouted as he came inside her, burying his cock deep. Hot load spurted out as his cock twitched and pulsing inside, and set her off into another intense orgasm. Natasha came while biting his lips hard to stop herself from screaming and waking the neighbor up.

Steve rested his forehead on hers before he kissed her neck. They were both panting hard and trying to come down from their high. Steve pulled out of her limply body while Natasha laid back down on their bed, three consecutive orgasm making her body weak and sensitive. Steve kissed her gently and held her close in his arms. Natasha was still trying to catch her breath as Steve got off her to get Natasha some water.

“Hey, darling.” She whispered and Natasha opened her eyes to look at him. “Drink this, okay?” He handed her the glass and helped Nat up. She drunk up all the water before Steve sat down the glass and laid Natasha back down on bed. Steve quickly joined her and had Nat back in his arms. Natasha immediately rested her head on his chest. He kissed the top of her head and pushed the strain of her hair away from her face.

“I hate you…” She mumbled. “You fucker…you have fun, don’t you?”

“Yeah, thank you, bae.”

“I hate you.”

“No, you’re not.”

“I will get you back.”

“I can hardly wait but I know that you like it.”

But there was no answer from Natasha as she was already asleep. Steve kissed the top of her head again. He closed his eyes and quickly fell asleep with her.
Las Vegas, Day 19

Steve woke up first, feeling sated but incredibly sore. He never felt this way for so long but he guessed that last night, they were completely fucked-out. Nat was still slept in his arms and doing the cute little twitch with her nose. Her hands clutched tight at his arm.

Aww, his girl was so cute and he wanted all of this with her forever.

He just wished that he hadn't have to go back to LA. He wished he could have forever with Natasha.

Steve kissed the top of her head and laid back, holding her tight in his arms. It felt so right…so perfect. She fitted so perfectly in his arms. God, he couldn’t believe that he only had three more day with her. He didn’t want to think about their goodbye because it would be really hard to do it.

“I can sense you thinking very hard, Rogers.” Nat’s voice brought him back from his deep thought but her voice was dry and cracked. Nat coughed as she shuffled so she was lying on her stomach on top of him. “Morning, baby.” She greeted with a sleepy smile and kissed him.

“Morning.” He murmured back. “Are you okay? Your voice…”
“It just…last night…scream too much.” She replied but Steve frowned, looking a bit worry. “I’m fine. Just sore throat”
“I will get you some drink.”
“No…just lay here for a moment. I’m still pretty sore.”
“Yes, ma’am.”
Nat closed her eyes and getting back to sleep but the way Steve traced his finger over her bare back sending tingling sensation all over her body. Even she was incredibly sore, the lust for him didn’t go away. She needed him more and more everyday.

“Stop it, bae. I don’t think my body is ready for another round.”

“I can do all the work. You can just lay back and enjoy it.” He whispered seductively. “Your voice is incredibly sexy. I don’t know why but it turns me on.”

“You fucker” She laughed. “How about after breakfast? I think we need more fuel.”

“Okay. I will make your favorite pancake.” He volunteered.

Nat moved from his body so Steve could slip out of bed. Pulling his boxer on before finding Natasha a silk robe. He helped her put on before carried her into the kitchen.

“Extra bacon, please.” She asked.

“Of course.”

Steve prepared and cooked everything in under 15 minutes. He even made her tea with honey to help her with her sore throat because he was such a sweetheart like that. He always put her need and well-being before himself.

“Hey, just out of curiosity, can you make a chocolate fondue?” She asked.

“That’s pretty random for you.”

“I just wanna know because I suddenly craved for it.”

“It’s 8 in the morning.” He said. “But I can prepare it if you want.”

“Since we have no plan for today, I think chocolate fondue would take up the rest of the morning and we could probably put those chocolate to good use.” She suggested and Steve’s face slid up in excitement.

“I’m all the way in, bae.”

After breakfast, Steve cleaned the dishes up while Natasha tried to find her fondue set. He then prepared the ingredient for the chocolate sauce. Nat watched him, amazed by how this guy could practically do anything. His mother would be really proud of her son being a completely sweet and good man.
“Honey, can you also bring a can of whip cream and syrup too?” She asked sweetly. “I’m craving all thing sweet and I don’t know why.”

“Of course.”

“And lots of strawberries”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Finally Steve finished with everything and they settled down for their morning fondue in front of the coffee table. Natasha went for a strawberry first and took a first dip in the chocolate sauce. Steve couldn’t take his eyes off her when she slowly took a bite. Her full sensual lips parted seductively to take the fruit in, sending an image that had nothing to do with fondue to his head at all.

How could someone manage to eat strawberry and look sexy without even trying?

Okay, Rogers, pull your head out of the gutter now! Steve scolded himself and diverted his attention to the fruit tray in front of him but Natasha didn’t stop there, she also teased him by eating banana in the most obscene way she could muster, know that he was starring at her. Steve got turned on by watching her like that and he know he had to shift there focus to something else before he completely lose control.

“You know, I thought fondue is a metaphor for having sex?” He told her with a laugh at how stupid he was.

“Really?”

“Yep, it was when I have a crush on my first love, Peggy and I thought that she and my childhood friend, Bucky were having sex. Bucky asked her to have a late night fondue with him and all I could think of was that they will going at it.”

Nat laughed. “You don’t know a damn thing about women at all, Rogers.”

“That’s what she said.” He admitted. “Maybe I still don’t know a damn thing.”

Nat smiled fondly at her man and cupped his face. “Awww, you do know something, bae.” She said. “You know how to make woman happy, how to please them, how to be with them like a real man should do, like a gentle would treat a lady.”

“Thank you.” Steve said and pecked on her lips, feeling better with her loving words.

“What would you do without me, Rogers?” She asked, rubbing her thumb against his strong jaw line. Green eyes twinkled like a thousand stars.

“That’s the question I ask myself everyday.”

“You will be a mess.”
Steve pulled Natasha on to his lips so he could feel the reassuring warm from her body so as he could touch her, feeling her in his arms, safe and secure and nothing in this world could take her from him. He needed Natasha. By a very short amount of time, she became an important part of his life that he didn’t want to imagine a life without her.

“Nat…” He murmured as his hand gently tilted her head back for a kiss.

It was slow and sensual, hot but gentle, filling with the feelings that hidden deep inside of him. Steve couldn't say it out loud but he could tell her everything he feels about her with his action. Natasha shifted so she was now straddled him. Arms wrapping around his neck. Steve tasted the delicious sweet on her lips that drove him wild.

"I thought we will fondue first." She murmured against his lips. "We are fonduing right now." He corrected. Eyes burned with fire that made Natasha shiver at a rush of heat through her body.

She laughed at his answer and proceeded to kiss him. Steve gently moved her so Natasha was now lying on the carpet. He came on top of her, balancing himself on his knees as he kissed her while his hands parting the silk robe, revealing her beautiful body before his eyes. Steve pulled away to take a good look at his woman. He took time taking every part of her, trying to remember, letting it burn in his memory.

Steve reached his hand for a bowl of chocolate. The dark liquid was still warm but not hot enough to make her feel any pain. He looked into her eyes and Natasha could read him like an open book. "Yes...do it."

"Thank you, darling."

Steve trickled the chocolate down from her neck, leaving a small trail all the way down to her chest and the plain of her stomach. She moaned at the feel of the warm liquid on her body and it shot straight to Steve’s cock. Steve brought his lips down to the soft skin of her neck, licking at the sweet trail he left on her, sucking and biting to make sure that he cleaned it all up. The chocolate combined with the taste of her skin and the scent of her arousal was the best thing he ever taste. It was overwhelming his sense and Steve lost to lust.

Nat whimpered as he gazed his lips on her collarbone, leaving red marks as he trailed down the
sweet stain. He dropped more chocolate over her hardened nipple that came to full attention the second a warm chocolate dropped on it. Natasha was breathing hard, overpowered by consuming lust and excitement. She squealed when his mouth descended on her puckered nipple, suck hard as if his life depended on it and using his teeth to take all the chocolate of her skin. He made sure to take his time winding her up until Natasha was a whimpering mess and begging him to go down there.

"Darling, I will take my time pleasuring you." He said and met with a childish whining noise from her. "You are sore and I don't want to rush anything."

"Steve...just put your mouth down there."

He looked up at her. Eyes showed nothing but sincerity. "Let me worship you the way you deserve, my goddess."

Nat felt her eyes burn up and tears gathered. "Okay."

"Don’t cry, sweetie. It's just a foreplay before we move on to fucking."

"Shut up...you're ruining the moment." She shushed him. "Put the mouth back on me."

Steve smiled fondly at her. "Yes, ma’am."

He licked down the stripe of chocolate to her toned stomach where he took his time there, thinking about baby and family that they could have together. All he could do was wishing that there was a life growing inside her body. Their child. It sounded so strange but yet made him incredibly happy to think about it.

A light tug on his hair pulled Steve back from his deep thought. He looked up and saw Natasha pleading him with her eyes, urging him to keep going. Steve smiled and dipped his head back, tongue lapping around the apex of her thigh before he settled between her legs. He inhaled the heady scent of her arousal, making him drunk with lust and extreme desire for her. Nat begged him again and Steve poured warm thick liquid over her mons and letting it dripping down her slit. He parted her folds and watched as chocolate seeped over her clitoris. Her head fell back, eyes squeezed shut as she moaned.

“Oh fuck!” She braced herself on her hands, clashing at the carpet, arching up, begging without words for him to take more of her, tasting her. Steve ran his tongue over her clit, sucking lightly at first then harder as she moved her hips, lifting up so his face buried into her core. Steve had to ground her hips down, gathering the mix of her wetness and chocolate and oh god! He was pretty sure that this was how heaven taste like.

“Steve…” He loved how she moaned his name. He loved this, the smell, the taste, all uniquely her, the way she lifted her hips up to meet every lap of his tongue or when he grazed her clit with his teeth. He was thoroughly licking every part of her pussy as if he wanted to make sure that she was
clean by the time he pulled away. Steve intended to get her off with his tongue alone so he thrust his tongue inside of her tight hole, feeling her arousal flow out almost immediately. Nat arched up and moaned his name again.

His tongue continued to pleasure her, delving his tongue into her walls, making Nat trash around. Her hand gripped tightly at his hair, sending a light sting of pain through him but it couldn’t compare to the excitement of tasting the intoxicating juice of his woman. He pulled his tongue out of her and came back to flick it over her clit, one too many times that made her come undone. She clenched tight, arched back, and came, screaming out his name as she shuddered beneath him. He kept on licking and sucking at her clit and helped her rode out her climax until she pushed him away, too overstimulated. Steve got back to the same level as her face and gently kissed her until she came down from her high.

Her forehead rested on his broad shoulder. She was so precious to him. All the little things, the little gesture made him feeling something for her even more every day. Then she pressed kisses on his neck and jaws, humming contently to feel him in her arms. Her hands tugged his boxer down, letting his cock sprung free.

“Needy…needy.” He murmured as her smiled down at her. Steve pulled away so he could shrug off it, fully naked before her eyes, making Natasha lick her lips in anticipation.

“Put it in now.” She ordered. Steve chuckled. Oh how he would miss her bossing him around.

“You say you are sore.” He countered

Nat glared at him. To consume with lust to take her time with his nonsense, locking her legs around his waist, hands sliding up his arms “Don’t make me flip you.” She warned.

“Okay, bae.”

“Too late.” She said and quickly flipped him down on his back. She moved to straddle his waist, looking down at him with a saucy smile on her face. “Just lay there because I will lick you abs.”

He laughed. Natasha reached her hand out to get her choice of food to put on her man’s body while she was licking him. Hmm, what will complement the taste of her man the most? She had a choice between honey, maple syrup, caramel, and whip cream. Licking whip cream seemed nice so she will try it first.

“This is a payback, Rogers.” She said, pumping the first drop of cream on his chest.

He smiled. He loved this kind of punishment. “I will gladly accept my punishment, ma’am.”

Nat put her lips on the place where the whip cream was, sucking and nibbling lightly. The soft flick
of her tongues making him shivered. He loved when Natasha go hard and fast but he loved it more when she deliberately going slow, taking her time and using light touches, making him want more and making him excited of what might come next.

She squirted a trail of white cream down the middle of his chest before licking it all the way up to his chin, pressing a teasing kiss on his lips, sharing the sweet taste in her mouth. Steve moaned, desperate for more of her. Nat put whip cream on his nipple but then a creative, dirty thought came to her mind. She reached for the bottle of caramel and the bowl of chocolate before adding them on top of each nipple as if he was her favorite sundae.

Steve breathed hard, looking down to see her work. "Nat, I'm not a dessert." He noted, lifting his brow in question.

Her mischievous grin appeared. "Oh, you are my favorite dessert, honey." She replied and placed a strawberry on top of the whip cream. "And I will enjoy eating you up."

Natasha made a good use of her time. She took a bite on the strawberry before feeding him another half of it through a kiss. When his hands came wrapping around her to pull her closer, she ordered him to stand down and he will not touch her until she said so. He groaned in disbelief but Nat gazed her teeth over his nipple and cut any further complaint short. She swirled her tongue around, licking up the sweet mess of him. Steve was breathing hard, judging the way his abs moved underneath her.

She sprayed whip cream over the outline of his eight packs with a mix trail of chocolate. Her tongues tracing every line of his muscles, licking and sucking, making him gasp. Steve tried to refrain himself from touching her. His hands clenched tightly to the carpet underneath him when she finally reached to his cock, lazily stroking his painfully arched member, letting her hot breathe ghost over his sensitive head.

"Nat..." He gasped. "God, baby..."

"Stay still. We will fuck soon but let me make you come first." She commanded, tracing her finger over the slit of his head, making him shuddered. Pre cum leaked out of the angry flushing head. "I will lick you like a lollipop."

She pulled away, only to spread another trail of whip cream but this time over the length of his shaft on the underside. Steve didn't dare to close his eyes. This was the sight that he couldn't miss. Her hand went to cup his ball and massaged it lightly. Her tongue licked up the underside of his shaft, taking the white cream into her mouth. It was a good mix of sweet and salt. Steve shivered when her mouth finally closing on his leaking head, probing at the slit, drinking on his pre cum.
Steve groaned as she slowly taking his impressive member into her mouth. His hand came buried in her hair as she traced her tongue at the ridge of his cock. Steve’s cock was becoming all too familiar to her, the shape, the length, the thickness, and basically everything. She needed to remember everything. Her other hand stroked at the base of his shaft as she tasted him, sucked him, waited to hear the primal roar.

Finally, she took in all of him, feeling the head of his cock at the back of her throat. Steve groaned as he stared down. Natasha began to work her mouth back and forth, making sure to deep throat him every time. She hallowed her cheeks as she took him all the way back inside her, tongue stroking the base of his cock when he bottomed out. Steve gasped and cursed as she sucked hard enough to nearly make him come down her throat.

“Nat, Please, I can’t take much more of this,” he whispered, voice loud enough only for her to hear.

She increased her pace, bobbling her head up and down, taking him all the way in each time, making sure to envelope his cock with every part of her mouth and throat as he could. Then she pulled out all the way while one of her hands cupped his balls the other stroked the bottom of his shaft. Her tongue licked at the tip of his cock, teasing the slit with the tip of her tongue and swirling around the head.

“Nat—,” he hissed, bucking his hips into her mouth gently. “Fuck—baby, I’m going to…”

Nat smiled and pushed her head down, taking his cock all the way in again. It was all he needed and he shouted her name, as the next moment his hand buried in her hair to hold onto her for dear life, his hips thrusting up as he fucked her mouth, come dripping down her throat. She gave a low moan, setting off a few of Steve’s own from the vibrations around his incredibly sensitive cock, and eventually when she’d swallowed all of it entirely down she pulled away and licked her lips.

Steve took his time to catch his breath as Natasha moved up to straddle him again before kissing him deeply. Steve moaned when he tasted himself on her lips and tongue.

Nat pulled away for a little and looked into his eyes. She found nothing but pure love and sheer adoration showed. “Was she pretty?” She asked.

He was slightly confused. “Who?”
"That's what I thought."

That was all she needed to hear. He didn’t even remember the name of someone else. He didn’t even compare her to anyone anymore and that made Nat believe that she was his only girl. She was his and he was completely hers. *They belonged together.*

Finally, Steve regained his strength and slowly laid Natasha back on the carpet again. It was time for him to worship her. He would run that point home again by spending an entire day worshipping her, to tell her how much she was important to him.

Steve leaned down to kiss her, slowly, lovingly and sweetly that could make she feel all warm and fussy inside but it could also make her head spinning around. Natasha threw her legs and arms around him, pulling Steve all the more closer to her until their body flushed against one another.

"Baby, make love to me." She murmured against his lips.

"Yes, darling."

Steve brought his hand down to stroke his cock, bringing it back to full attention. Natasha spread her legs wide, presenting herself to him, telling him that she was ready and she would give herself completely to him. Steve slowly thrust his cock inside of her tight opening, feeling the pleasing burn traveled up his spine. Nat held onto his strong arms, loving the way his biceps tensed and flexed underneath her touch.

He finally fully seated inside of her, making them both groaned and went still for a moment. Her body trying to adjust to his considerable grit while Steve just wanted to make sure that he didn't hurt her. Natasha bucked her hips up as her eyes stared up at him, telling him that she was ready. He took the cue and began to move in and out of her slowly, setting slow and deep rhythm that made Nat whimpered and writhed under him.

Steve gradually picked up his pace, mindful of how sore she previously told him. Nat was babbling incoherently right now because of his cock stroking her g-spot every single time. His lips mouthed on her neck, peppering kisses at every inch of her skin she could find. Loving encouraging praises kept falling from her lips before she pulled his face to her, kissing him.

"Oh shit… it's so warm, so … so good." He grunted out against her lips, "I love it..."

“More than you love her?” she asked, still kissing him as he fucked her.

"Y… yes.” He moaned.
"Good answer.” She smiled, “…keep fucking. Don’t stop.”

He started thrusting harder, burying his cock to the hilt with each slam of his hips. He wrapped his hands behind her shoulders and pinned her beneath him. Her petite form was so perfect in his arms. He kept sliding his cock in and out of her as he kissed her gently, taking deep and hard strokes. He grounded hard against her clit, working to build her lust to the point of no return. He leaned forward, whispering hotly in her ear, filled her mind with all the dirty thought that he wanted to do to her.

His whispers became softer in contact of his hard thrust. Her moaned sounded so sexy as he coaxed her with his word. Her eyes closed, lips parted in pure ecstasy as she imagined what he would do to her. Her walls convulsed as she suddenly tightened her arms around him, bucking up frantically to meet his powerful thrust as if she tried to get his cock as deep as possible.

”Baby...I’m gonna...” She whimpered. ”Almost there...come in me...”

He threw all his weight on top of her, pinning her in place and started pounding her tight pussy hard and deep to bring on his own orgasm. She kept bucking with him, meeting him with every thrust. Her legs spread wide, ensuring the deepest possible penetration.

She felt his cock stiffen and start to spasm inside her. She grabbed his ass to pull him deeper, not wanting him to pull out until every drop was inside her. He suddenly grabbed her legs and threw them back, pinning her to the floor and pounding her pussy like a madman. He growled in her ear that he was going to cum in her. She panted and gasped. “Do it. I want you to cum deep in my pussy…shoot it all in me…”

He just groaned and started slamming into her harder. Her body stiffened and she arched up towards him, pressing her core up to the base of his cock. He felt her inner walls going into sudden, violent convulsions, squeezing and clamping down hard on his cock.

“YES! God….Steve…don’t stop.”

“Yeah, baby.”

“Come with me, honey.”

Steve grunted against her neck and plunged his cock hard one last time before spasming rapidly. The head of his cock was right up against her cervix. She locked her legs around him, eager to take it all. Steve exploded inside of her with his huge load of hot cum, blasting forcefully into her tiny
body. His hips thrust involuntarily with each spurt, groaning and murmuring how good it felt. He kept his cock buried deep in her until they both came down from their high.

Steve held her tightly in his arms, pressing loving kiss along her exposed skin. “Baby…you are so good.” He whispered. “So perfect….”

“You always said that every time.” She noted, cupping his face between her hands.

“Because you are perfect. You are so good to me.” He replied sincerely that Natasha couldn’t detect any lie from him.

“You are telling the truth.”

“It’s the absolute truth, darling.” He sweetly said. “I will never lie you. Not to mention that I am able to do once without you knowing it.”

“You are an open book to me.” She said and she was sure about it. She knew him.

“You look tired. You should get some sleep before we go another round or do something else.” He suggested.

“But taking a bath first. I don’t think my legs can support my weight anymore.”

“I got you.”

Steve carried Nat into the bathtub and settle down behind her. He proceeded into cleaning her from all the sweet mess they made on each other’s body. Nat fell asleep against his chest and her head rested on his shoulders, curling into his body.

He took care of them and soothe her with light kisses over her neck and shoulders and he heard steady hum of contentment from her. Steve saw the sharpie again. Even it didn’t fade away yet, he will retrace it again to make sure that the line stayed there forever.

He dried her up and carried her back to bed. It was only 10 AM so they could have a little rest before they headed out. She laid on her back and Steve brought a pen to retrace it again, slowly and gently.
When he finished, he waited until the paint was dried and Steve kissed her there.

“Sleep well, princess.” He murmured before lying back next to her.

He didn’t know how long they were asleep but when he woke up again, he saw he emerald green eyes stared back down at him. Nat gave him her trademark sleepy sexy smile and kissed his lips.

“Wake up, sleepy head,” She murmured against his lips. “It already past noon.”

“Are you hungry?” He asked.

“No, with all those chocolate and whip cream.” Nat replied.

“You didn’t feel any soreness?”

“No.”

“Great.” His thumb traced her jaw gently. “I think I might need a little more time to recharge.”

Nat laughed. “So I wore you out this time, huh?”

“You can say that, my dear.”

“You never called me that before.” She noted. “It sounds strange to my ear but it sounds nice at the same time.”

He smiled and leaned up to kiss her, holding her tightly in his arms until the sound of his ring tone blaring. Steve groaned and broke away to answer his phone.

“What, Tony?” He sounded harsh but he didn’t care. He didn’t like it when someone interrupt his alone time with Natasha.

“Steve, I don’t where you are or who you are with but if you wanna join us…”

“I will not partying with you.”

“No party today because all of us was down due to hang over.” Tony told him. “We will do a movie marathon the whole day so if you and Natasha want to join us do join. Clint’s already with Maria.”

“Fine. I will pick her up.”

“Where are you anyway?”

“Not your damn business.” Steve replied. “See you in an hour.”
Steve groaned and dropped the phone on their bed. Nat smiled at his childish gesture. “You have to spend some time with them too, bae.”

“I know. Let’s go get dress, shall we?”

They came back to the penthouse. Natasha helped him decide his cover of where he would go and what he would do but lucky for him, no one asked him anything when they stepped inside the dark living room. Tony and Bruce were sitting on the armchair, watching intently at the movie. Thor sat on a bean bag with a huge bowl of popcorn in his laps. Clint and Maria laid on the carpet snuggling with each other. Maria was already dozed off.

“Glad you decide to join the party.” Clint said. “Suit yourself.”

“We will.” Nat replied as she sat down on the couch.

“Quiet.” Tony shushed at them. “Vader about to reveal his secret!”

Steve and Natasha rolled their eyes at the same time. When Steve was sure that no one was looking at them, he bended down to kiss her cheek and told her he will make some popcorn for them.

“Bring me a beer too.”

“Okay, bae.” He whispered.

Steve came back five minutes later with two bowls of popcorn and a whole case of beers. Then Clint got up from his seat, telling Steve that they should order pizza and food because it gonna be a really long day ahead.

“Sure.” Steve said and followed Clint into the kitchen where his friend called the room service with a help from Steve to pick the food. When Clint hung up, he turned to his friend and Steve saw it in Clint’s eyes that this was all just a trap.

“I have something to talk to you.”

“I knew.” Steve nodded. “What do you wanna talk about?”
“You and Natasha.” Clint got right to the point. “You have to stop this before it gets out of hand.”

Steve frowned. “Now you’re the one to talk about things getting out of hands when you bang her best friend.”

“This is not about me and Maria, Steve. It is about you and Natasha.” Clint shot back. “You can’t keep doing this with her. We are about to go back to LA and you know it in your heart that your fiancée is waiting for you. You will marry in two weeks for crying out loud and now you’re cheating on another woman who clearly have feelings for you…”

“Whao! Hold on, Clint. Have feelings for me?” Steve asked. “No, the thing between me and Natasha is purely physical. We talk about that from the start.”

“No, Steve, you listen to me. Both you and her have feeling for each other and I want you to know that no matter how this end, you will break Natasha’s heart.”

Steve went silence. He knew that Clint was right about this and he put some good conscience back in his mind but how could he let go of Natasha to be honest? If he could let go off her he wouldn’t do all of this. She could be just a one night stand for him but she wasn’t, she turned out to be something else really special to him.

“Just think about it, okay? There is still time for you to pull away from her.”

“I know.” Steve nodded.

“I know you will thoroughly ignore me.”

“Yes.”

Steve shrugged and walked out of the room before Clint could anything else. He settled next to Natasha who currently had a mountain of blanket wrapped on her. She pulled the blanket away and let him slip in with her. Steve wrapped his hand around her and pulled her on his laps. They were underneath the blanket so no one knew what was going on between them.

Steve stared at her beautiful face rather than the space war.

Time flew by pretty fast and Steve already fell asleep on the couch with Natasha lying on her side in front of him. By the time Tony started another movie, Natasha was already curling up with Steve as well.

The doorbell rang and it was waking Steve and Natasha up. Everyone turned their heads toward the door.
“Probably the room service.” Clint said.

“I will go get it.” Bruce offered and got up from his seat.

Everyone turned their attention back to the television. Steve and Natasha were now in sitting position with a little more distance. Maria turned to converse with the couple but her sentence was cut short by the sound of heels clicking with the marble floor, letting everyone knew that it wasn’t belonged to the room service.

Steve snapped his head to the direction of the sound. His eyes widened when he saw who was leading Bruce back inside the living room. Steve slung himself up from the couch, fully turned his attention to the new comer.

“Sharon?” He greeted her, dazed by her appearance.

That was when the atmosphere of the whole room shift from a complete serenity to and unbearable tension. Natasha also stood up and looked at Steve’s fiancée. Tony wasn’t surprise and greeted her. Thor also smiled at the woman who just arrived but deep down, the man also knew that storm was brewing up. Clint and Maria came to stand at both side of Natasha.

Steve was rendered speechless by his own fiancée. He wasn’t expect her to come here at all. Not to mention that Natasha was here too.

“Are you stunned by your own fiancée, darling?” Sharon asked as she approached her man.

Steve stepped a little further from Natasha before he went to his fiancée to greet her properly.

“Hey…” He said.

“Almost twenty days away from me and all you could say is ‘hey’?” She asked, quirking her brow up. Steve was about to open his mouth to say something but she cut him off. “Oh my…Steve, you look horrible. Why do you start growing beard? It doesn’t suit you at all, darling.”

“I—I” Steve stammered. His eyes trailed off from his fiancée’s face to Natasha.

“I will shave it for you.” She told before kissed him on the lips. “You’re a mess, Rogers.”

Steve smiled. He didn’t know what to do or what to say anymore. He looked at Natasha again and
he could see how much pain it was in her eyes when she was looking at him and Sharon. No, he
didn’t want this to happen. It was supposed to be just Natasha and him until the day he had to go
back to LA. Not like this, not when he had two more days left to spend with her.

“What are these purple bruises?” Sharon’s curios voice brought Steve’s attention back to her. A
smile crept from her beautiful features. “Someone’s having fun.”

“It’s nothing.” He shrugged it off, trying to conceal everything away from Sharon.

But Sharon being Sharon, she will not give up until she got an answer from him. “Who is she?”
He frowned at her, clearly showed her that he didn’t want to talk about this. “Sharon…”

“Tony, did you really find some whore for Steve?” Sharon directed the question to Steve’s best
friend.

“No, I didn’t remember anything.” Tony lied because he could see the discomfort on Steve’s face.
“It’s kinda went in a blur the past week.”

“Who is this girl that is so willingly to spread her legs for my fiancé?” Sharon tried to grill her
man, running her finger up and down his chest. “I guess she did relieve some pressure for you.”

“Can we change the topic, Sharon?” Steve’s voice was hard, leaving no room for further argument.
“And there is no one.”

“Okay, honey. Let’s go get you shaved.”

Sharon took Steve’s hand and led him upstairs. The couple quietly talked as they walked away
from the group. Nat looked at the couple heading upstairs but all she could hear was her heart
shattered into million pieces just by looking at them. Sharon’s confident and beautiful self was
wrecking any confidence that Natasha had in herself to the ground. The tall, lean, blonde woman as
if she came out of those fashion magazine. Steve and Sharon were a golden couple. A perfect
match. Not the illusion of perfection that Natasha saw what Steve and she could be.

She thought they would have more time. She thought she would have him all to herself for a little
longer or maybe, she could convince him to leave the woman that was no good to him.

But Natasha could see the way he looked at Sharon. It was the same way he looked at her.

Her heart arched badly but she was trying to keep her composure. She couldn’t let anyone knew
about this but Maria’s hands came to her shoulders and light squeezed it.

Nat inhaled but she couldn’t take her eyes of Steve and Sharon when everyone turned back to
watch the movie. She didn’t like the way Steve was easily complied to everything Sharon want
without putting up a fight to get what he really wanted. Unlike her, he put up the fight all the time. That was the beginning of how Natasha compared herself with Steve’s fiancée and it only lowered herself esteem to the point of no return. Sharon was intimidating with all her glamour and her title as his fiancée while she was just…well, it was time to use that term. She was just his one night stand.

The whore who was so willingly to spread her legs for him.

The bitterness suddenly consumed her. The remorse regarding her decision for the past two and a half week. The decision that led her right into Steve Rogers’ bed.

“Maybe we should leave, Nat.” Maria suggested. “It is no good for you to be here.”

“I agree.” Clint seconded.

Before Natasha could reply, they heard the voice from the stairs as the golden couple came down to the living room. Steve Rogers was now cleanly shaven and back to his Sharon-fiancé self. Not the sex god Steve Rogers that made Natasha came like 6 times on daily basis. She hated to see him go back to be the wimpy guy under Sharon’s clutch.

“Why are you looking like you are about to go somewhere else, Clinton?” Sharon asked.

“Because I will drop my friends of at their apartment.” Clint harshly replied.

“Why? Don’t let my surprise appearance ruined your party.” The beautiful blond said. “You guys can stay for dinner too.”

“Don’t worry. We will go our way and let you guys have some private time.” Maria made some excuse. “Besides, we are just the outsiders.”

Sharon laughed. “Nonsense! Clint’s friends are my friends too.”

Natasha was looking incredibly uncomfortable at this invitation. She wanted to get the hell out of here as soon as possible but Sharon insisted that they all should stay and celebrate for her and Steve’s wedding that will occur soon. Nat looked over at Steve who stood behind Sharon like a little obedience puppy he was. She hoped that he would say something, anything that would set her free from this awkward moment but he didn't.

Steve stayed quiet the whole time as he got no say in this and it disappointed Natasha.
Sharon stopped smothering them with her relentlessness when she got a yes from Maria and Nat. The blond then proceeded to cling tightly to her fiancé and was too busy to notice that Clint and Maria already dragged Natasha into the kitchen and sealed the door shut.

But Steve saw everything but he couldn't do anything. What was he supposed to do? Sharon was here. Natasha was here and he couldn’t choose.

Sharon pulled him down to sit next to her on the couch where he previously occupied with Natasha. Sharon talked to the guys and caught up with them. Steve pretended to listen but his eyes always drifted to the kitchen door.

Because the only person he wanted to be with was behind that door.

"Clint, I can't do this." Nat said out of panic. "I can't have that stupid dinner with Steve. Not when he has Sharon with him."

"Nat, calm down." Maria told.

"Everything will be fine, Natasha. We will sneak you back to your home." Clint added.

, his hands were preparing some drinks to help calm Nat down.

"How could you be sure that the vulture bitch will not see us sneak her out?" Maria asked her boyfriend, glaring at the man, letting him know that she was expecting a good answer from him.

"I don't now." Clint admitted. "Maybe the dinner isn't that bad. Sharon doesn't now you guys so she might treat you better than me."

"Within five minutes, she indirectly called Nat slut and whore."

Clint handed Nat a drink to at least calm her nerves. Nat poured it all down and demanded another one. She needed this. At least the help dull the pain in her heart. Maria and Clint were arguing whether they should or should not stay for dinner, ignoring Nat's previous statement that she want to leave. This was another proof that no one really listened to what she want, except for Steve.

Steve who was someone else's fiancé.
A sound of glass shuttering against the wall startled Clint and Maria as they turned to Nat who threw the whiskey glass in her hand.

"Shit..." Nat muttered when she realized what she just did. It was pure emotion moment that sudden anger made her throw glass at the wall. She hurried to collect the broken shard.

"Nat, leave it. You will cut yourself!" Clint warned.

"Ouch!" Nat cried out as the shard cut her hand open.

Clint quickly hurled her up on her feet and away from the glass then told Maria to get the first aid kit from his room. As Maria reached the door, Steve swung the door open and rushed in, followed by Bruce who offered to check on her.

"It's okay, Dr. Banner. It's not a big deal." Nat told but Bruce took her hands to check the wound.

Nat didn't miss the way Steve tensed up when Bruce touched her. His eyes burned with sudden anger when another man touched her. He didn't like it even if it was his closest friend.

"What is all the fuss?" Sharon came to stand next to Steve and looped her arms around his waist. "Is that blood?" Her face went pale.

"Yes, Sharon." Steve's voice was harsh as he stepped a little closer to Natasha but she waved him off.

"It's nothing." She said. "Really, Dr. Banner. It's nothing."

And again, everyone ignored her request and did exactly what she didn't want. Steve folded his arms as Bruce pulled another small piece of glass out of the wound, turning out it was a bigger cut than she expected. Blood seeping out and it sent Tony running out of the room. Maria finally came with a first aid kit and Bruce began to tend to the wound.

Sharon didn't like the way everyone paying attention at Nat rather than her, the bride-to-be. She could read the way everyone reacted around Natasha especially her fiancé who looked extra worry about this woman. That was the first time Sharon Carter ever feel threatening by an unknown variable, something that she wasn't expected or foreseeing when she told Steve to come to Las Vegas.
Sharon held onto Steve a little tighter as he watched Bruce tended to the red head. She didn't like the woman who took all of Steve's attention from her but she tried to put it aside. They were just friend and Steve had every right to worry about his friend.

For Steve, it broke his heart that the one who tended to her was Bruce with help from Clint and Maria. He wanted to be the one who take care of her and he wanted to be able to express his worry and concern for Natasha but he just couldn't, with Sharon near them. If Sharon knew about this, it would put Natasha in danger because he knew his fiancée. She would do anything to get her opponent out of the way.

Bruce finally wrapped the bandage on her hand and told her that she can take it off after the bleeding stop and avoiding using her hand too much. Nat huffed at that suggestion. She wouldn't use much of her hand anyway when Steve wasn't by her side. The mere thought of that almost made her cry.

"Thank you, Dr. Banner."

"You're welcome, Natasha."

"You should stop by tomorrow so I can change the bandage for you."

Nat didn't reply and looked at Clint and Maria. They knew what she thought and they just nodded in acknowledgement. They will handle this for her.

"Hope you still stay for dinner with us," Sharon said. "I even get Chef Pierre Gagnaire to cook for us tonight."

"Sure..." Nat muttered under her breath.

"Great" Sharon nodded with a satisfaction smug smile on her face and headed out of the room to handle with the dinner arrangement.

Everyone slowly cleared the room until it was only Maria, Clint, Steve and Natasha. Steve was clearly reluctant to leave. His eyes fixed on Natasha who didn’t even look at him.

“Are you alright?” He asked, stepping a little closer to her.

“I’m fine.” She quietly replied.

“Look at me, Natasha.” Steve used his commanding tone and she did look at him but her eyes showed no feelings that it made his heart arch.
Maria shifted her feet impatiently that Clint had to touch her hand to stop her. Maria didn’t want Steve to talk to Nat anymore because it only prolonged her pain.

"Steven! I need you in the dining room!" Sharon called her fiancé.

“Go…your fiancee is looking for you.” Nat said.

Steve sighed and left the room.

Everyone was gathered in the dinning room. Steve didn’t know that Sharon intentionally made Natasha sit at the opposite seat of him or not but now he had a big trouble, he couldn’t take his eyes from her or paying any attention anymore.

This was the worst torment. He had Natasha so close within his arms length but he couldn’t touch her, couldn’t talk to her. All he wanted to do was to make the whole world disappeared so he could have her back in his arms again.

As if she could feel his burning gaze, she looked up from her food and found Steve's intense blue eyes. A wave of shiver ran down her spine and Nat knew. It would take a long time for her to forget them, considering how much power he had over her. Just from the look in his eyes, it made her wet between her legs.

"Steve, honey, is the food isn't good?"

"It's not exactly my favorite food." He told her, glancing at his fiancee.

Of course, it's not his favorite food. Nat thought. He loved good steak, preferably new york cut or t-bone with Glenmorangie. Sharon who dated him for a very long time ordered a grilled White Sea bass for him with white wine.

Thank god that Tony drew all attention to him again with a great tale of their adventure. Sharon demanded to know every tiny little detail. Steve and Natasha didn't listen to any of that bullshit and maintained their highly sexual eye contact as if they would tear each other clothes off at that very moment.
Clint and Maria could feel the intense sexual tension that raised within a few second. Clint kicked Steve’s legs to make him break the eyes contact with Natasha while Maria nudged at Nat. They looked away, just in time that the Chef came to talk to them.

Sharon stood up to introduce the Chef to everyone before continued on and on praising that Chef for his magnificent meal. Of course she didn’t miss to tell everyone about the fact that she asked the chef to come just for them.

"I am not always cook for my costumers wearing a casual wear like this."

"Well, chef Pierre, I want to surprise my fiancé and no one knows that you will cook for us tonight which resulting in successful surprise for everyone."

Everyone just mumbled their agreement. No one really enjoyed this meal as they were trying to pretend. The Chef soon left and it was just a private little dinner for them. Sharon was now focusing on her fiancé and showing off that he was her with too much PDA that even Tony groaned out loud.

“Just stop sucking each other’s face, please.” Tony said, covering his eyes.

“Fine, if you tell me who the slut you find for my fiancé and I will stop.”

“Jesus, Sharon.” Steve groaned in disbelief. “I told you there is no one.”

“I needed to know who she is so I can properly thank her for put you in a good mood.” Sharon replied.

“Cut it out.”

“Why do you so adamant to keep this a secret? It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Steve when that woman is just a whore.”

“I told you I don’t want to talk about it so stop asking.”

But Sharon kept continue on even Thor and Bruce signaled her to stop. Clint kicked Steve again to make him shut his fiancée up. Even Sharon had every right to know about Steve but it was something that Steve wanted to keep it a secret. Tony had half a mind to tell Sharon that he hired Natasha the first night to stop Sharon for smothering them with her relentless question but He kept it to himself. He didn’t want to cause a drama and he also didn’t want to admit that Natasha was kinda…grow on her.

Maria grabbed Nat’s hand under the table to make her friend keep calm. She could see that Nat was
on the verge to lung forward and snapped Sharon’s neck in half. Steve couldn’t stop his fiancee either so he let her stream rolled all she want.

“Stop it please, Sharon.” Steve asked.

“You gave him the permission, Sharon.” Clint reminded her. “You couldn’t blame him if he fucked anyone that he want.”

“I never thought that he would really do that.” Sharon said.

Steve choked on his drink because she has a point Steve himself didn't even think he would do it. The man glared at Clint but the way Clint said it did stop Sharon for a moment. Before she continued again. This time Nat got up from her seat when the word ‘slut’ and ‘whore’ came out of her mouth in the same sentence.

“Excuse me. The sea bass did a thing to my stomach.” She made a lame excuse and hurried away to the bathroom.

She had enough of this slut shamming. It didn’t make her feel even worse by the fact that she was actually one. Because the fact that she was willing to spread her legs for him was the only damn evident that she couldn’t evade. She felt a wave of disgust surging through her.

She needed to get out of here but after she got rid of the sickness stir in her stomach.

When she was inside the bathroom, she was trying to get rid of everything inside her stomach but nothing came out. It was only how her heart was heavy that she couldn’t breath. Why did it hurt so much? Nat felt tears began to flow down and she couldn’t stop it.

The door behind her slid open. She quickly turned away to see Steve locked on the door and towered in front of her, blocking the way to escape. Steve closed the gasp between them and took her face between his hand, wiping the tears away.

“Nat…”

“Don’t say a thing. I don’t want to hear it from you.”

“Nat…please hear me out.” He begged.

“No. I will leave now and pretend that whatever we have never happen.”
Nat tried to shirk away from his grip but Steve tightened it, forcing her to stay still. “You know I can’t do that. I can never forget you.”

“Steve, I’m sorry I can't stay”

His big blue eyes gave her a puppy dog look again. ”No. I need you to stay.”

“I’m not the person you need, Steve.”

“Yes, you are. I need you. I don’t need Sharon.”

Steve pulled her into him and kissed her hard, bruising her lips. His hand was in her hair, fisting it roughly, holding her in place so she couldn’t turn away. She shoved at his shoulders with all the strength she had, but she couldn’t budge him and he didn’t stop.

God, she wanted him. The crave for him hadn’t gone away, not even for a second and the damn evident was her moan into his kiss.

Steve kissed her like he was starving and he backed her up until her lower back pressed against the sink. Her resistance began to melt. His scent surrounded her, clouded her mind and she was intoxicating. Her body betrayed her. Nat took the bait and she kissed him back.

But it was Steve’s moan that made her abruptly pulled away and tears fell down again.

"I'm sorry I cant do this” She said and pushed him away. Steve stumbled back and gave her enough space to slip away. Nat quickly ran off to the front door when one thing came to her mind.

She wanted him but she couldn’t have him. He belonged to someone else. Sharon owned him.

Steve ran after her but he couldn’t catch her in time. Nat was already in the elevator down to the lobby. Steve sighed and he couldn’t help but feel his heart arched so bad. He never wanted thing to go south like this. It was supposed to be better than this.

He had to fix this.

He gave up and went back to the dining room. Sharon immediately asked him about Natasha.
“She has food poisoning and she goes back to her apartment now.” He made a lame excuse for her to everyone.

Maria narrowed her eyes. Bullshit! She shouted in her head because she knew it was something more than that. Maria also got up from her seat.

“I have to go check on her. The food is great and thank you for letting us have dinner with you.” The brunette quickly said and walked toward the door. Steve followed Maria to see her out.

"What the hell did you do to her?” Maria asked him.
"I tried to make her stay.”
"What a fucking idiot!" Maria smacked him in the head. "You idiot! You already broke her heart when your bitch fiancée showed up!"

He didn’t even fight back because he knew he deserved it. Maria unloaded string of curses at him until the elevator came and she stepped inside.

As the foot slid close, Maria said. “Don’t ever come near her again or I will kill you.”

Maria took a cab back to Nat’s apartment and she walked right into her bedroom to find Nat buried herself in her bed, crying loudly. Her friend was completely wrecked, unlike before this turning point, when she was extremely happy and in love.

“Hey, Nat…” She called and sat down next to Nat.
“I was a fool.” Nat mumbled through the pillow.
“You’re not.”

But that didn’t help soothe the crying Natasha. All Maria could do right now was to stay by Nat’s side until she stopped crying and ready to talk. It was two hours and she was still crying and blamed herself for making the mistake of her life. Maria ensured that it wasn’t her fault, trying to say everything to make her feel better but Nat did not. Clint called her to ask about Natasha and that Maria needed his help to not.

“I’m fine, babe.” Maria lied. “How is Steve?”
“Looking happy with his fiancé but I know that deep down he’s faking it.” Clint replied. “He is as miserable as Natasha.”

“I don’t think so.”

“I will check up on you guys tomorrow and I will bring Bruce along with me to. To check on her hand.”

“Okay, see you tomorrow.”

They hang up and Maria turned back to see that Natasha was already asleep. Finally exhaustion took over her. Maria adjusted the blanket and her friend to make her sleep comfortably.

Maria decided to stay here for the night. At least Nat could have someone to talk or stop her if she decided to throw herself in harm way.

*Things going to be rough from now.*
Chapter 21

Las Vegas, Day 20

Steve didn’t sleep last night. After the boring dinner, everyone headed back to their room. Sharon attempted to seduce him but he told her he was tired. They took shower separately and she was quickly asleep. Steve stayed awake all night, feeling empty and his heart was arching.

When the new day came, he was still relentless. The fact that he was away from Natasha was driving him insane every minute. Even when his fiancée was sleeping in his bed, all he saw was Natasha, moaning and writhing.

God, he couldn’t stop! He knew it was wrong to think about her but she was the only thing that kept his sanity right now.

Steve was now standing in the art corner in his suite, gathering every painting in one place. He needed to ship everything back to LA. Sharon woke up 20 minutes later after he finished sorting out everything.

“Babe, what are you doing?” Sharon sleepily asked.

“Prepare to ship everything back to LA. We have only two days left here.”

“When will the mover come?”

“About an hour.”

She hummed her respond before getting out of bed to take a shower. She asked if Steve wanted to join her or not, he declined and lied that he still had to call Phil and Melinda.

“Phil will be delight to see you finally has your new collection out.” She said from the bathroom.

“Yeah, he would.” Steve replied. “Will you come the opening night of my new collection?” He asked hopefully.

Steve had a lot of hope in Sharon. He believed that she would give him some of her precious time. He believed that the time they were away from one another could at least made her see any value in him or appreciated what he was doing.

But it was just an illusion. False hope that he gave to himself.

"I can't promise you on that Steve. You know I'm always busy at work."

"I know."

Natasha would probably be there for him. Steve thought. She will be there for him if she was it Sharon's place. Natasha would give all the love and support that he needed.

Steve shook his head and took his mind away from the red head that haunted his mind but the more
he tried, the more the image of her became clearer and clearer. When he heard the bathroom door open, he snapped his head to see Sharon with only a towel around her. That should easily get him a hard on but it didn't. All he saw was Natasha and the thought made him snapped his head back to the phone in his hand.

"Maybe you should getting ready, honey." Sharon said as she went to her luggage. "Is there still any room for me in your closet?"

*Shit! Nat's clothes were all over the place.* Steve just realized that and it made him sweat in anxiety. “I will clear some space up but we will go home in a couple day, you don’t have to put your clothes in the closet to be honest.”

“You’re right.” Sharon agreed and walked her way to her fiancé and hugging him from behind. “What would I do without you?” She said, pressing her lips on his shoulders and neck.

But the touch only made Steve tense up. It was so unfamiliar for him. Sharon never did this and it was weird. Steve pulled away from her. “You seem to do fine without me.” He faked a joke. “

She laughed. “Don’t be silly, honey. You know that I need you.”

“Do you love me?” Steve asked, hoping to hear she said it for the first time.

“You know that I do.”

Steve frowned. He should know better than to keep his hope up like this. He gave up on her telling him she love him for a very long time. It wouldn’t matter now but it did hurt. Natasha wouldn’t do this to him.

His train of thought was interrupted by the moving man. He instructed them with the temperature and humidity to preserve his artworks in the best condition. Of course he used the same mover every time so they knew the drilled.

“Mr. Rogers, it would be more expense on the moving because we have to get more men to protect the cargo since there will be like hundreds of your work in it.”

“Of course.” Steve nodded. “My agent will handle the rest of the expense.”

“Yes, sir.”

They finally emptied the art corner, leaving only his equipment. Sharon came in the room again to order him to go take a shower because they will do a romantic sightseeing today, just the two of them.

“If I tell you that there is nothing interesting about this city?”

“We’re still going, Steven!”

Steve sighed.

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*Urgh! The pain is real.* It was like the giant wasp stung into her heart. She thought that if she woke
up again this morning, the pain from last night would be gone. Crying and drinking away with two bottles of vodka would help her forget Steve but it didn't. The pain only tripled when she realized she dreamed of him, opened her eyes only to see the cold emptiness next to her.

And the first thing she thought of was Steve. All she thought about was Steve.

*This was so fuck up.* She thought that she could have more time. More time to change his mind. More time to spend with him but now his fiancée had come to claim her man back and she couldn’t do anything to stop it.

Nat closed her eyes again because they were arching from excessive crying. Her hands hurts badly. *Everything hurt really.*

Nat groaned and tried to go back to sleep again. She couldn’t think about anything right now or if she tried, it would make her like to hurl. God! Head, stopped spinning. Nat groaned in her head and buried her face into the pillow.

“Nat, you have to get out of bed and get something to eat.” A voice came from the door and Nat recognized as Maria.

“Nah.” She replied.

“Damn it, Nat. You’re not helping me here.” The brunette scolded. “Clint and Bruce will be here.”

Nat made an incoherent noise muffled by pillow. “Why?”

“Bruce’s here to check your hand. Clint’s here to help in case something happen and I can handle on my own.”

Nat sat up and looked at Maria. “You mean when I’m going crazy and out of control.”

“Something like that.”

“You’re mean to me.” Nat whined and sunk herself back into the comfort of her bed. “Why are you always mean to me?”

“Because I’m your friend and I only telling you the truth to prevent you from getting hurt by all the beautiful lies someone else told you.”

Nat moaned as her head pounding hard like a hammer strike. Maria moved around the round to pick up all the mess her friend made. Clothes were tossing around the room and junk was everywhere. Maria found two bottles of vodka rolling under the bed.

“How much did you drink last night?” Maria asked.

“Enough to make me numb and almost passed out.” Nat replied. “But crying that made me pass out.”

“Get the hell out of your bed, Nat. It doesn’t help you coping with this if you keep making yourself depress.”

“I can’t help it.”

She couldn’t help falling deeper and deeper for Steve every day and yesterday was like a hard punch to her gut with the fact that he belong to someone else and not her. The memories of last night that she was trying so hard to forget flooded her mind.
Steve and Sharon kissing, hugging, looking so perfect together and it made Natasha was cry. Then the way the beautiful blond deliberately used the word ‘whore’ and ‘slut’ rang through her mind because every time Sharon said those words, she looked at her as if she knew that Natasha was the one that spread her legs for Steve to fuck whenever he wanted.

Nat shot herself up from bed so suddenly that Maria jumped. A wave of disgust surged through Natasha’s body and she got out of bed so fast and into the bathroom before empty everything into the toilet.

Maria hurried in with her, holding Nat’s hair back as she vomited all the alcohol she consumed out of her stomach. The brunette handed a facial tissue after Nat finished.

“Are you alright?”


Maria flopped down next to Natasha and held her close. “I will be alright, Nat. Just stop thinking about him.”

“You know that it isn’t that easy…” Nat replied, looking scared like a little child.

“But you have to. You are stronger than this. This isn’t the real you.”

“He took me and spun my world around inside and out.”

“Come on, Nat. Everything will be better if you have pancakes.”

For the first time in that morning that Nat finally did as Maria said but she needed Maria to help her walk into the kitchen and settled her down on the stool in front the kitchen island.

“What do you think about pancakes and bacons?” Maria asked as she was taking the ingredient from the refrigerator.

Steve always made pancakes and bacons for her and at the thought of that made Natasha want to puke again. She shook her head. “Not pancakes, please.” Nat begged, on the verge of crying again. “No pancakes…no…”

“Oh, sweetheart.” Maria said. “No pancakes it is. What do you wanted to eat then?”

“I don’t know…”


“Soup…” Nat nodded.

Maria found a can of corn and mushroom soup in the cabinet and began to prepare for Natasha. This wasn’t the Natasha that she knew. Maria knew that this version of Natasha was the broken Natasha.

Steve Rogers did something to her.

Then Natasha started to cry for no reason. Maria let her do it. Things started to get out of her hand and she didn’t know how to handle this version of her friend. She only hoped that Clint and Bruce will come soon so she would have someone to talk about the way to handle this.
Once the breakfast was finished, Nat stopped crying and began sipping up the soup. Maria took the chance when Natasha was stable enough to be left alone to call Clint.

“Where are you?” She quietly said. “I can handle this alone.”

“We are on our way.”

“Defy the word ‘we’.”

“Just me and Bruce.” Clint replied. “Steve will not be there because Sharon is taking him out for a sightseeing.”

“I don’t want him here forever.” Maria demanded. “He broke Nat.”

Clint went into silence for five seconds. “He is as broken as Nat, Maria. I saw him and how miserable he was.”

“I don’t care. He chooses Sharon over Nat.” Maria sighed. “I will not talk about this anymore but I need you and Bruce here as soon as you can because Nat is unstable and I don’t know how to deal with her.

“We will be there in five.”

They hung up and Maria came back to the kitchen and lucky for her, Natasha was still intact. Maria began a little conversation to keep Natasha’s mind as far away from Steve as she could.

Then a knock on the door that made Nat jump out of her seat. Fear flashed in her eyes.

“God…” Nat whimpered.

“Nat, it’s just Clint and Bruce.”

She was relived and her stance relaxed. Maria went to open the door and it was Bruce and Clint.

“Morning, Natasha.” “Morning, Nat.” The both of them greeted.

Maria quickly came to collect Clint and dragged him into the kitchen where she could talk to him in private, letting Bruce tended to Nat’s hand in the living room.

“Clint, this is bad. Do you see her?”

“I see her. I thought she would take it better than this.” Clint said. “I mean, she knew that Steve is engaged to Sharon and one day he will have to leave her, right?”

“She knows but she thought that she could change his mind.” Maria explained. “I think he had to say something that make her believe that he will choose her after all of this.”

“I will try to grill Steve for the answer.”

“Good. Now I need you to help me handle Nat.”

In the living room, Bruce gently unwrapped the bandage and found that there was still a little blood coming out of her wounds. He quickly wiped it out and applied more medicine to help her heal up.

“You will have be careful with it for a couple of days.” He told her and gently wrapped the new bandage on her hands.
"It hurts so bad." Nat whined. "I never thought it would be this much."

"I will heal soon, Natasha, and all the pain will be gone."

"Bruce, why is it hurt too much?"

Nat was whining like a little baby and Bruce was mistaken it for a hurting on her hand while she meant the breakup. She was still pretty hammered from last night so Natasha couldn't keep her mouth shut. She needed to get everything that bottled inside of her out in the open, relieving some pressure. If she kept it all in, she will lose her mind soon.

She was on the verge of crying now and she didn't care about her composure anymore.

She missed Steve so much. One night without him making her go insane. She missed his arms around her, protecting her during the night. Missing the way his body radiated safety and security, shielding her from everything. She missed his voice, calming and soothing as well as his touch. It was making her going crazy.

Then tears unstoppably streaming down her face and Bruce was freaking now that he saw her cry. The good doctor called for Clint and Maria and they quickly rushed in to console their friend. It was just awkward padding at her back because they knew Natasha. She wouldn't listen to any of their advice right now.

Bruce looked at Natasha concerned. This was the one thing he couldn't understand, one thing he couldn't cure, one thing he didn't know how to heal. Love was such a strange thing.

When Natasha’s sob began to subside, Maria told them that they could leave before anyone noticed that they were gone. Clint was reluctant to leave Maria alone to handle Nat but she insisted that she could handle her for now.

"If you need anything, just call me and I will be here."

"Of course." Maria replied.

Clint kissed her before he left with Bruce. Maria turned back, only to find Nat with a bottle of beer in her hands.

This was going to go straight down to hell. Maria sighed and went back to her friend.

"Why is Natasha crying?" Bruce asked when he and Clint were in the cab. "I never seen her like that before."

"Do you really wanna know, Bruce?" Clint asked back, looking serious.

"Is it that complicated?"

"Complicated in the way that shouldn't even happen."
“Then I don’t need to know.” The doctor sighed. “But I’m concerned about her behavior.”

“How?”

“She will go down a self-destruction path and you should warn Maria about that.”

“I will.”

Steve and Sharon left the hotel after breakfast. Steve expressed his wish that he didn’t want to go to the sightseeing because it was totally nothing interesting to see.

“Nonsense, Steven.” She brushed him off. “Well, you stayed her for almost 20 days. I guess this city have something to offer more than you give it credits for.”

*This city gave me Natasha*. Steve thought and the mere thought of her made his heart arched. Vegas had nothing interesting. It wasn’t never ever his taste but when he spent his time with Natasha. She could light up everything around her and made the world seem like a better place to live.

And now she was gone and Steve was lost. He will never see the world the same way again now that it was back to a normal and dull and Steve didn’t pay attention to anything.

“You still have a couple days left.” She spoke up. “I think we can use a little time to relax before we head back to LA.”

“What about the wedding?”

“Yes.” Sharon answered with a smile. “I would love to spend times with you here, Steve.”

“What about the wedding?”

“My parents can handle it.”

Steve scoffed. He didn’t trust Sharon’s parents for 1 second, knowing that they would do anything that they want. They might end up invited hundreds more guest. All the more reason for Steve to have a second thought about his one wedding, not to mention that he would run away.

*Maybe he could run away with Natasha*. Another solution came up in his mind and it startled him. Is that really what he want? To run away with Natasha so he could have to happy ending that he want with the one he truly want.

*It was wrong, Steve!* You were engaged with another woman and you gave her your promise to marry her. What the hell is wrong with you?!

“You seem distracted.” Sharon noted and it brought Steve back from his deep thought.

“I was still surprise that you came here.” He lied. “It isn’t exactly the place that you would want to
“I want to be here because my fiancé is here.” She replied. “Almost three weeks without you made me miss you so bad.”

“I almost believe that.” Steve didn’t buy it at all. He knew that she would be distracted by the wedding and her work to think about him.

Sharon pulled him in for a kiss to stop him from talking. Steve froze in the spot and he didn’t return the kiss.

“Why are you acting so weird?” Sharon asked. “It’s like you are not the same person anymore.”

“I’m not the same person. I can say that.”

“Who is she? Who is the woman that made you suddenly change?”

“Why is it has something to do with woman?”

She knew that he was trying to avoid this question and in her mind, Sharon calculated all the possibility of the woman who could make him turn into this icy man.

“I don’t really mind it, Steve. I know you'd never cheat on me for real, Steven. That's just a fling. It’s not real like what we have.”

Steve didn’t want to argue with her about that. It was better to let her think that way so she could stop smothering him with all of her question that he didn't want to answer.

Sharon looked at the map in front of her and she asked him about the first place they should go.

“Mandalay Aquarium?” Steve immediately shook his head. There was no way in hell that he would go back there with woman other than Natasha. Not when they almost fuck there, right up against the shark tank and Steve still remembered the beautiful noise that she made in his ear.

When she suggested the Mobs Museum, Steve quickly declined again when he thought back to the incident at the costume rental. He had Natasha on the floor, almost going all the way with her, the thrill of almost getting caught on made it better.

She lost her patient at the second suggestion and let Steve decide where he should take her. Steve quickly thought about the place that he never went with Natasha. It was really hard though, when he practically had memories with Natasha all over the town.

It ended up with Steve taking Sharon to Caesar Palace. He said she should try to indulge herself in gambling. For the first time since they were dating, Sharon listened to him. He took her too the poker table.

"It's not exactly gambling. More of a calculation and reading people. I know that you are good at that."

"I will try."

"I will wait for you at that bar, okay?"

Sharon kissed him and turned back to the table, missing the shot that Steve wiping his mouth as if her lips leaving a bad taste. It felt wrong to have someone kiss him other than Natasha. God! Sharon was his own fiancée and it was now weird when she kissed him.
Steve pulled his phone out and began to scroll through his photo library. He missed Natasha so much that even the picture of her couldn't help. Only one day without her already made him miserable. He missed them, missed the time that they were together. Nothing could compare to the feelings when he was with Natasha but he couldn't do anything about it when he promised to marry someone else.

How could someone he just met for like 20 days ago connected to him in every level?

But there was more important question than that, why was he ever wanted to marry Sharon in the first place?

Steve was thinking while sipping away with Natasha's favorite Lagavulin whiskey, just so he could remember how she tasted like when he kissed her after those drinks. Steve then finally realized of why he chose this woman in the first place.

It was a logical choice. Sharon's parents were his biggest patrons (rivaled only to Tony). She was the most eligible bachelorette. Bachelor degree from Oxford and Master Degree from Harvard. She was an heir to Carters Enterprise. She was a smart, beautiful and successful woman. Any man would die to marry her but Steve had a second thought about his own wedding.

His mother would be disappoint that he chose wealth and fame over his true love. He couldn't do anything to fix it, not when he was only two weeks away from his own wedding.

He should start letting Natasha go. Time will heal everything.

"Hey, you are million miles away." A voice came from his right. Steve turned away only to find Sharon was there.

"Hey" He said back. "I'm just thinking about the work."

She nodded but didn't pry unless he wanted to talk to her. "What do you think about dinner at Eiffel tower?"

"No, I hate it there." He lied because it will only reminded him of Natasha and the night they making love to each other. "Foods there suck."

"Aww, but it will be super romantic and lighten up the mood for us."

"How about Luxor?"

"It would be great." Sharon agreed and reached his hand out to his.

Steve shrieked away from her touch as if it burned him. Then he realized Sharon was only trying to hold his hand so he reached his hand to hold her again, pretending that there was nothing happen a second ago.

They headed out from the casino and into the streets. There was still too much time in hand so they will just stroll around. Sharon told him about the time she spent without him, handling the wedding and her work made her stress out but everything turned out fine.

The wedding will go as smoothly as she expected.

They were just about to cross the street when Steve saw a fiery red hair from the corner of her eyes and he whipped his head to that direction.
Natasha.

Nat was lying on the couch with a massive hangover. She only took one bottle of beer and it took her down. Maria carried her to the couch and she told Nat that she had to go to work.

“Thank you for today, Maria. I will not cause you any trouble anymore. I will just lay here all day.”

“This is the best choice you made today.”

Nat groaned again and closed her eyes. Maria kissed her forehead before she left the apartment. The red head didn’t know when she was asleep or how long would that she had been asleep but she was abruptly woke up by her ringtone.

“What the hell….” She groaned and saw her boss from her day job on the lock screen.

“Yes…”

“Talia, we need you at lounge. Sonia called in sick and we can’t find anyone who can replace her.”

“When do you need me to come in?”

“4 PM?”

“Okay, I will be there.”

“Thank you.”

Nat hung up and dropped back on the couch. She still had three more hours to get over her hungover and time passed by too fast. She woke up again to take a shower and get dress for the show.

It was time to get back to her real job when she didn’t have to spread her legs for Steve on regular basis. Nat bitterly thought and it made her feel bad about herself again.

She quickly left the apartment before the ghost of him stirred up any memories that she had with him. She walked to the lounge so she could let the noisy crowd could overwhelming the voices in her head. The way Steve sweetly talked to her and the way he moaned her name when they made love.

She missed him so much.

Nat stopped at the crossing light, waiting for the light. Her eyes drifted around until she spotted the golden hair and a tall muscular guy across the street.

Steve!

Her heart almost jumped out of her chest and memories flooded her. Steve looked at her way and their eyes met. She froze in the spot as their eyes burned with passion. Even from the distance, Natasha could still feel the desire burning in his eyes. It sent shiver traveled up her spine.
Then he shook his head and turned away. His attention was back to Sharon and he smiled at his fiancé. Nat felt like her heart was ripped out and shattered into million pieces all over again. Finally, Steve became just one of clients who pretended they didn’t know her.

A tear filled her eyes before it silently fell down her cheek before Nat wiped away and kept walking in the opposite direction of Steve.

After all the sightseeing, Steve was completely, utterly exhausting. He needed a drink now. He missed Natasha way too much that he hallucinated. He thought he saw her but it was just an illusion.

He had to turn away or else he would run straight to her, swept her up in his arms and kissed her senseless.

“Sharon, I will take you somewhere else. I need drinks, a lot of drinks.”

“Why do you need a drink?”

“Just come with me. I will show you to one of the best lounge in Vegas. They had the best singer in town.”

“Okay”

Sharon slipped her hand into his again and Steve stiffened up. He then relaxed and held her hand until they reached the lounge. The security guard looked at him confusedly and looked at the woman next to him. Steve didn’t blame him because he must have thought that Natasha was his girlfriend.

“Glenmorangie, sir?” The waitress asked as they sat down near the stage.

“Yes, please, and she will have a glass of your finest champagne.”

“Of course.”

Sharon waited until the waitress was gone and turned to her man. “Come here much?”

“Yes…I love it here.” Steve replied. Because Natasha was here. “The singer has a very beautiful voice and it helps soothe me.”

“Don’t tell me you fall in love with her voice?”

“No” He lied. “Just wait until you hear her voice.”
Nat was in the room, preparing for the stage. She applied a lot of makeup to conceal her puffy eyes and her red nose. Nothing will ever make her look good in her absolute wrecked version. She was warming up her voice when the stage manager told her to get on the stage because the crowd was began to gather.

Nat followed him out and she stopped dead in her track when she saw Steve and Sharon among the crowd. Why did he bring her here? Why did her decide to torture her this way? What had she done to him to make him punish her in the cruelest way possible?

_Brought his fucking fiancée here??!

She thought she was brave enough to do this but she couldn’t. It was just a step on to the stage and sing the fucking song, pretending that they weren’t there.

She was a coward so she turned back and ran away. The stage manager followed her.

“Talia! What are you doing? Get on the stage!”

“I can’t do this.” She told him, crying. “I fucking can’t do this tonight.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“He’s here and I can’t face him right now.”

“Who? What? Tell me!”

“No, I can. I just have to go. I’m so sorry.” Nat began to run again. “I’m sorry.”

Steve was waiting patiently for the show to begun but he lose it and started fiddling with his phone and tapping his feet. Sharon had to stop him. He was on his third glass of whiskey and he was dying. All he knew that he wanted to see Natasha.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we’re sorry to inform you that the show will be postpone foe the time being due to technical issue.” The stage manager announced.

Sharon didn’t miss the disappointed look on his face.

“What is it, Steve?” She asked.

“We miss the good show.”

Now the last chance for him to see her or even hear her voice was gone.

“We should get out of here. We’re just wasting our time.”

Steve paid for the drink and he quickly led Sharon out, much to her confusion but she didn’t ask him anything.
They had a very quiet and lame dinner even Steve got his first steak of the day. All he wanted to do was to go back to the hotel and when to sleep so his mind would stop thinking about Natasha. The engaged couple also quiet the whole way back to the hotel. Once they were behind the door of his bedroom, Sharon pushed Steve on bed and climbed on top of him.

He was surprised at first but he wanted to how explosive this sex would go when Sharon was actually the one who initiate it. She began to slowly undress him until he was laid bared before her eyes. She gave him a little strip tease too.

When they were both naked and wet, Steve flipped her down underneath him, pinning her arms with his steel grip. He didn’t even bother with the foreplay when he could feel the warm gush of wetness surging out of her body. He drove right in, making Sharon gasp his name.

Steve sure did rock her world. Sharon never made this much noise before. She was more of a moaner than a screamer but this time, Steve ravished her with all the hunger bottled up inside him, begging to be release. He made her come once and he was still hard inside of her so he went slowly on the second time. Sharon was still trying to catch her breath before they were going for round two.

He gradually picked up his pace, fucking his own fiancee in hope that she could help flush the memories of Natasha out his mind. It was driving him insane every minute. As he slamming into Sharon, his eyes were close and his imagination ran while with all the arousal that he kept inside. He saw Natasha. The way she moaned and screamed his name. The way she writhed, begging him to go faster. Her parted lips let out a gasp as he drove hard into her.

Steve snapped his eyes opened only to see Sharon under him. Her second orgasm hit her fast and milking at him, screaming his name as she let it all go. Her body sprawled on top of their bed, breathing hard, eyes fluttering shut. Steve wasn’t nowhere near his orgasm so he began to move again but Sharon pushed him away.

‘I’m too tired, Steve. I don’t think I can do it.”

“But…”

“Tomorrow?”

He sighed and pulled out of her as he was still fully erected. Pre cum was dripping down his shaft. He was so close to the edge that three more minutes would release him from this pain flu agony. Sharon already passed out so Steve got out of his bed and went to the bathroom to calm himself down.

Cold shower did lower his temperature but it didn’t do anything to his fully erected cock. He was so on the edge and nothing could help him right now with the image of Natasha in his mind. He gave on the cold shower and stepped out, dressing up with only his sweatpants, also adjusting himself so he would offend anyone if he walked out his bedroom.

Steve heard his phone rang quietly from somewhere in the room. He found it in his jeans and the name on the lock screen making his heart pound so hard.
Natasha

“Nat?” He quickly answered the phone and hurried outside the room so he didn’t wake Sharon up.

“Steveeee…” She slurred a reply, obviously drunk her ass off.

“You’re drunk, Natasha.”

“No, I’m not.”

Steve quickly walked into an empty guest room and locked the door behind.

“You should stop drinking and get some sleep.” He tried to persuade her even he knew how hard it was.

“Why the hell should I do what you said, fucker?!” Her voice laced with poison as she screamed at him through the line. “I hate you, Steve! For what you did to me!”

“I know…I have no choice.”

“Shut up! Everyone has choices, Steve. You already chose her! Why the fuck did you choose someone who never stood by you?! What about me? The one who understand you more than anyone and you ditched me because I’m just some random whore.”

“It’s not—you are not—you don’t know what you’re talking about, Natasha.”

“Shut the fuck up!”

Steve tried to calm her down. “Bae…”

“Don’t ‘bae’ me! I reserved that word for the man I once really like him but not you! Not this wimpy ass who can’t even stand up for himself and make his own choice!”

Natasha unleashed everything that bottled up inside of her since yesterday. Steve kept quiet because everything she said was true. He was a coward and now she hated him. She yelled at him, asking him of why he should Sharon over her. Was she isn’t good enough for him? It broke his heart even more and it only got worse when he realized that she was drunk because of him. He drove her to that low point.

He listened to her every word until she had nothing left to say but panting after long yelling. Steve had nothing to say because what came out of his mouth would sound like a lame excuse to her.

"Steve, come to my apartment, please…” Her voice changed from angry into begging and it caught Steve off guard. He didn't know how to deal with unstable Natasha. "I know you want to be with me, not your fiancée."

"I can't do that. You know I can't."

"You can Steve..." She purred. "You want me more than you want her. It's the ugly truth but it's the truth. You want to fuck me more than your own fiancée.”

She knew him too damn well. She knew how to wind him up and knew what best that worked on him. He had to resist this temptation but all Natasha kept talking to him only weakened his defense.

“You are drunk, Natasha. Go to sleep.”
“What? You are tempting to come here, aren’t you? Your fiancée can’t satisfied you sexual appetite, isn’t she?”

“Hang up, right now, Natasha.” He said in an authoritative tone.

He forgot what that voice made her. It was his commanding tone that got her going than usual every time they had sex. She loved him being in control and his voice was only turned her on when he heard a moan came from another end of the line.

Natasha knew that her moan would make him hard in that instant too. Oh how she missed them being together, fucking each other’s brain out. They were so well tuned that they knew how to wind each other up to the point of no control or restraint during sex. A primal grunt from Steve was the only confirmation she needed.

“Bae, come here and fuck me. Give it to me good.” She kept purring. Her sinfully seductive voice making him painfully hard than before. It was too painful that he let out a low groan that sending shiver down Natasha's spine. She knew it’s working. "Come back to me and I will let you fuck me all you want."

Steve swallowed hard at the tempting offer and Nat knew she got him. "Go to sleep, Natasha." He tried again, hoping she would do what he said. "You're not in your right mind..."

"Oh, yes, I'm in more than a right mind right now, Steve. I need your long, thick cock inside me and fuck me hard."

Steve inhaled sharply. "Nat, stop." He was nearly breaking. She exploited his weakness perfectly.

Natasha was too drunk to stop right now. "I know you wanna be in my bed, doing me all night. I missed you...I missed how we fuck, how it would rock our world every time. I want you to make me come with your big cock. Want you to make me come so hard I black out."

Steve remained silent and Nat knew she got him. He was about to break and the fact that he still on the phone with her was all the evident she needed.

“Maybe I should get myself off, knowing that you will not fuck me anyway. I can still use my finger and I will make you listen to me doing so.” Nat coaxed him and Steve gave a low growl of total frustration. It pissed him off because he wanted to be the one that get her off. "I know you want it. What are you waiting for Steve? I'm here for you to take, wet and naked and ready for you to fuck."

Steve growled. "Then I will make you come so hard you see stars." His dom voice made her whimpered in respond, wetness leaking out of her core just by listened to his commanding voice.

“Yes...” Nat moaned. “Please come to me...”

“No.” His voice was low and dangerous. “You will come from only listen to my voice.”

“Steve...please...I need your cock in me.”

“Don’t argue with me.” He growled again. This time it was more primal and raw, making the arch between legs was too much to bear. “Or else I would hang up and let you hang there.”

“Please no.”

“Then listen to me and do what I say.” His voice gave no room to argue.
“Yes, Steve.”

Steve slowly pulled his sweatpants down and settled on the bed, closing his eyes, imagining that Natasha was with him. Nat did the same thing, lying back on her bed, touching herself as if it was actually him doing it to her. He would love to kiss her lips like now because he really needed it. He made sure to tell her that he was addicted to her taste and Natasha moaned the same respond. His deep, sexy voice kept telling her, filling her head with the most graphic instruction.

“Tug your nipples, darling. . . making them hard. Circling it with your thumbs…like it was licking you. Remember how my tongue feel on your body…” From the way she breathe hard and moaned, Steve knew she could remember. Her chest heaving in his mind only making him, leaking more pre cum.

“Steve—baby”

“I’m kissing down your body right now, mapping you the way I always do, and licking every inch of your skin to remember it. I want it to stick in my brain until the day I die.” Nat whimpered as her hand traveled down to her toned stomach. Another hand still cupping her breast.

“Touch yourself” He said and her hand went between her legs. “Are you wet?”

“Yes…I’m so wet for you.”

“Push your fingers inside you…” Nat thrust two fingers inside her core, making her moan, feeling the heat and wetness surrounding her fingers. “Feel how tight you are? A hot, tight, little heaven for my cock…You’re so fucking gorgeous. I would love to bury my cock inside you again.”

“Then come to me…” She gasped.” I want your cock.”

“Not now.” He hushed, hand stoking himself, imagining it was her mouth and tongue doing it. “Now be a good little pet and do what I say.”

“Yes, master.”

Steve groaned. He didn’t know that Natasha deliberately used that word or she was too drunk. She knew what that word did to him and Steve was now regretting his choice not going to her apartment. His hand stroked his cock to relief some tension, letting another growl. Nat moaned when she heard his voice, circling her clit with a pad of her thumb. Pleasure built up within her.

“Fuck…your voice is so damn sexy when you moan. I’m so damn hard it hurts…see what you do to me? I’m going to come so hard for you. . .”

“I want to suck your cock, making you come in my mouth.” She said.

“Tell me what you would do to my cock.” He ordered. “Tell me but don’t stop touching yourself.”

Nat started thrusting her finger in and out, trying to keep the moan. She was to caught up in lust. Her mind wasn’t function properly right now. “Steve…I can’t think….Ahh….I—I” She made a voice that sound like she was about to cry. She didn’t want to fail him.

Steve smiled. “Shh, darling, I got you. I will make you feel good.”

“Steve, please….”

“Go get the blue vibrator.” He commanded. “I want you to use it, imagine that it is me fucking
“But it’s not your cock.”

“That’s the idea, bae.”

Nat shuddered at the term he called him. The term that she exclusively used with him and no one else. She couldn’t handle it if someone else called her that. It was something between her and Steve.

“But—I can’t get off. Steve, please, I can’t get off with it.” Natasha whined. Her head was fuzzy, remembering faintly that she once tried to do it but if it wasn’t his cock or mouth, if it wasn’t Steve, there was no chance she could come. “No—please…I can’t come.”

“Pet, I will make you come from listen to my voice only.” He said. “And you're going to do it.”

“Yes, master.” She whimpered and got off her bed to find the blue object her told her.

A blue silicone vibrator felt familiar in her hand. Steve proceeded to tell her to switch the level knob to medium and pressed it to her clit. Her whole body jerked in extreme pleasure as his low sexy voice filling her with the burning fantasy. All the while Nat was begging him to come to her apartment and filled her up for real. He declined and cut her off with another set of instruction.

“I ran the head up and down your cunt a few times to get it nice and wet, squeezing my cock and mixing my pre-cum with your juices.” Nat closed her eyes and did as he told her. “Now I will out my cock in you…” He said. Nat slid the cock in her hand inside, slowly until it was all inside of her. Still, she knew the different since the silicone cock couldn’t compare to the real one she always had. It couldn’t fill her completely and deeply the way his sexy voice filled her ear could make her go wild. “God…your pussy is so tight, so hot around me. It’s perfect for me. It was made for me.”

“Yes, Steve…I’m yours.”

“I was all the way inside you. I started to fuck in and out of your perfect tight pussy, slowly at first.” Nat whined because all she wanted was to fuck him hard as fast. “I started thrusting harder, burying my cock to the hilt with each time I pump into you. I hold you in my arms and pinned you beneath me. You always love when I fuck you into the mattress. Oh baby…your pussy’s so tight”

Nat moaned as her body reacted to his seductive voice. Her walls clamped down, spasm sing occasionally with the vivid image her gave her. “Baby—please.” She pleaded in a short gasp. “I want to come.”

“Don’t you dare come until I say you can,” He growled. “I kept sliding my cock in and out of you slow, long, deep strokes. I ground hard against you clit with his fingers.” She screamed when she touched her sensitive bud, hard and fast, she circling her clit. Her body was thrashing around at the sensation that overwhelming her body.

“I want to bury my cock all the way up your pussy so you can feel it throbbing and pulsing inside you, feeling how rock hard it gets when I cum…” He whispered. “I want you to feel every spurt of my hot cum shooting deep inside…I want to shove my cock in you as deep as I can and squirt every drop all the way inside you”

“Yes…baby…come in me.”

“My balls are so full right now…I have so much cum for you…I want you to feel how hard my
cock gets when I cum…feeling it spasming and pulsing deep inside you, just knowing I’m filling your pussy up with every hot drop of my cum”

“Yes…” That was all Natasha could reply at that moment. Her head filled with the image he gave her. So graphic that she actually felt that it was his cock ramming into her senselessly. His whispers became softer, his strokes slow and deep. Her moans became softer as Steve coaxed her, her eyes closed, mouth agape in pure ecstasy as she imagined the feeling of everything he said.

Steve could hear Natasha thrashing wildly in her bed as her moans getting more and more ragged. She was closed now so he continued with his seduction that driving her to the edge.

“Steve—I’m gonna—please…” She thrust the cock in and out of her. “Make me come.”

“Listen to me, you will come exactly when I say so… I pinned you in place and started pounding your tight cunt hard and deep to bring on my own orgasm. You are milking at me with you impending climax….Fuck yeah baby…I’m gonna shoot it in you so fucking hard.”

“Yes…yes…come hard for me…deep inside…” Nat panted. “C-cum in me! Cum in me, baby! Shoot it!”

“Fuck! Come with me now, Natasha.”

She screamed as she reached her climax. Her whole body wrecked, convulsing, milking at the cock in her hand. Millions of stars exploded behind her eyelids. She shouted his name over and over as the wave of pleasure washed over her again and again. Steve quickly jerked himself off and came not long after, just hearing how she screamed his name.

Natasha was still trying to catch her breath, lying limply on her bed. Steve too was breathing hard, gathering his composure. Then she began to gasp out something Steve couldn’t catch it all.

“How could you still do this to me?” She rasped out. “You shouldn’t—I—you have power over me…”

“Darling…” Steve tried to say something.

“You chose her—not me…What have I done?”

“Natasha, lieten to me—I”

“Why do I let you do this to me again?”

Then she started crying. It broke Steve’s heart to hear the strangled sob and painful moan. Feeling ashamed of herself, Natasha didn’t hold back. Tears didn’t stop falling from her beautiful green eyes she when she realized what Steve had done to her. He still had his power over the whole time and she couldn’t resist him. She blamed him that he was using her even he knew they shouldn’t do it.

She was crying and crying and Steve was there to console her, feeling awful as if he was using her for his own pleasure like she was accusing him. He tried to say, telling her that it wasn’t what she think. He did it because he really had feeling for her but Natasha shut him out and continued to cry relentlessly.

Hours had passed and Steve felt worse with every moment of it but he had to be there, listening to every sob and cried and moan of pain. The sound that only cut his heart open.
Finally, he sobbed began to subside and fell asleep then it was Steve’s turn to cry himself to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

No beta sorry
Any mistake is mine
Chapter 22

Las Vegas, Day 21

Steve stirred awake, feeling like his head was about to explode. God. He groaned as he slowly sat up, only to realize that he was completely naked and wasn't in his room. Yes, last night. He thought. Last night had completely broken his heart and hers.

His stupid decision to try to pursue Natasha had caused a lot of pain to many people around him. Natasha...the worst of all was that he'd hurt Natasha.

Last night's drunk phone sex had only made the memories of her in his mind clearer than ever. He could remember how Natasha writhed, how she'd moaned, how she'd screamed his name. How beautiful she'd looked when she'd come undone underneath him.

God, he missed her, and it was driving him insane. He'd been away from her for too long, and every minute of it only made it worse. His sanity was on the verge of madness.

"Fuck..." Steve groaned. He was just realized that this was the last day he would stay in Vegas.

He needed to see Natasha, to say goodbye, to say that he was sorry. She might slap him across the face and call him names, but he didn't care. He had to make things right with her.

Steve got out of bed and put a sweater on, walking out the room to find Clint and Bruce in the kitchen.

"Hey, morning, guys." Steve greeted.

"You look terrible." Bruce said.

"Not to mention — what the hell did you do in the guest room?" Clint added.

"Nightmares." Steve told him. He did have nightmares last night, but it hadn't been that big of a matter. What mattered was that he'd just hurt Natasha again. "I didn't want Sharon to wake up, so I just slept here."

Both of his friends were genuinely concerned when they heard about it. They knew about Steve's nightmares and his long time sessions with psychiatrist, a trauma from the past that he couldn't shake off. They hadn't heard about it in a very long time so something must have been really bad to triggered it.

They wanted to help and talk to Steve, but he brushed them off.

"Guys, it's not that big of a deal." Steve insisted. What the big deal was that he needed to see Natasha one more time before he left this city and missed her like crazy. "Actually, I need a gigantic favor from you." he said carefully "I need to do something before I leave."

From his gestures and facial expression, Clint knew what Steve was about to do, while Bruce only knew that Steve was about to do something stupid.

"No!" Clint yelled.
"Whatever you are going to do, I don't recommend." Bruce calmly said.

"Please, I have to. I need closure."

"You need another bang with her!" Clint yelled. "You cannot do this. You will hurt her more than she already is."

"I have to do this. Clint, please."

Steve looked at them pleadingly and his friends couldn't resist the puppy dog trick.

"Fine, what do you want us to do?" Clint asked.

"I want you guys to keep Sharon occupied all day and possibly all night." Steve replied. "By all means, do anything you need to do, and I mean anything."

"Fine, but my way."

"Which is?"

"You don't need to know, but it will get her occupied possibly all day and night."

"Thank you." Steve said.

"Don't thank me yet. I still don't of approve this, Steve."

"I don't need anyone's approval on this." Steve retorted. "Bruce, can you cover for me too?"

"Should I ask why?"

"Please don't, man."

"Then I won't."

Steve said thank you to them one more time before heading upstairs to take a shower and get changed. He nodded at his two friends again before he quickly left the penthouse. Clint and Bruce looked at each other.

"What is your plan, Clint?" Bruce asked.

"Get Sharon drunk off her ass."

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Nat woke up, feeling like something inside her had just died. She'd found herself asleep with a vibrator in her hand. She was confused and could barely remember what had happened last night. She knew she was drunk, lonely, and a little bit horny because she hadn't had Steve's cock inside her for like a day.

_But why did it feel like forever?_ She felt so empty without him by her side or inside of her.

When she saw him and Sharon together, her whole body was spiked up with jealousy. She should know her place, but somehow, Steve made her feel like she was the only one for him. The only woman he would choose.
She should get over with him as fast as she could before it ate her up alive.

Steve had his own fiancé, someone to really go home to, but what did she have left? She had nothing left after he'd left her for Sharon.

He'd taken her heart with him too. *How could she function from now on?*

Nat slowly crawled out of bed, pulling the silk robe on and heading out to the kitchen. She hoped Maria would come here soon, because she had a lot to talk about with her friend. Nat went for a cup of coffee and found a sandwich that Maria had made for her yesterday in the fridge.

She'd only eaten it halfway when the doorbell rang. It must have been Maria. Nat got up and walked to the door. She didn’t look through the door hole and swung it immediately open, only to find Steve standing in front of her. His blue eyes lit up the moment he saw her.

“Nat…” He called her. His voice sent shivers down her spine, and she felt every fiber of her being ignited with a feeling that she believed had been numb from the moment Sharon came.

She stared at him, barely believing that he was standing there. She went frozen as all of the emotion overwhelmed her.

"What the hell are you doing here? Don't you have a fiancée to go to?” She yelled at him.

"I have to see you again.” He said.

“Go away.” She shushed, and tried to close the door. The more she saw him, the more her defenses weakened.

“Please, Natasha. Hear me out.” Steve used his strength to push the door open. “I’m sorry. I came here to say goodbye and apologize.”

Nat let her guard down, feeling her heart quicken when she looked up to meet his intense blue eyes. She opened the door for him and let him in, praying that this wasn’t another mistake.

Steve stepped inside and closed the door, making sure to lock the door behind him so no one would interrupt. Nat was standing behind the kitchen counter to create some distance between them. She watched closely as Steve slowly followed her. She could see the way he inhaled the smell of her apartment, relaxing the moment felt the familiarity.

He stood at the opposite side, his gaze fixed on her face. Tapping her coffee mug impatiently, Natasha waited for Steve to say something, all the while gathering her courage and building some defenses; but he always had his way to tear it all down, stripping her power to resist him.

“I want to say that I’m terribly sorry for what I have done. I don’t expect you to forgive me, but I just want you to know that I’m sorry.”

“Apology unaccepted.” Natasha replied without thinking.

Steve wasn’t entirely shocked at her answer.

“I want to ask you something, Steve.” She said coldly. “Does anything that happen between us mean anything to you at all? Or is it just a quick fuck for you?”

“Natasha…” He murmured. “You mean the world to me.”

“And Sharon means the world to you too? Are you expecting me to believe what you say when
what you did was exactly the opposite?"

“I’m telling you the truth, as always.” He said. “I can’t lie to you, Natasha. I will never lie to you.”

“I don’t believe that, Steve. I can’t believe anything you say at all.” She shook her head. “Why, Steve? Why did you truly come here? What exactly do you want from me? You want to fuck me? Is that it? Cum inside me one more time before you leave me and go back to LA with your loving and caring and understanding fiancee?!”

The sarcasm was like a searing pain to his heart. He made her feel that way. It was his fault. He would try to undo this and get things back to the good side. All he wanted was for Natasha to forgive him. Steve stepped around the kitchen counter so he could be close to her but Nat stepped away from him.

“No, Natasha. I didn’t come for that.” He said calmly. "I can’t stand a moment without you and it’s driving me insane. Every second of it is like hell to me when I’m away from you. I can’t eat, I can’t sleep. It’s not the same without you.”

"Steve, don’t—" She waved him off, making him stop, afraid that his words would break through her defenses. "You made your decision. It’s not something we can change.”

He caught her in his arms. Steve didn’t say anything but pulled her closer. His gaze seared her, setting her body on fire in a way she didn’t want it to. The close proximity was too much. He groaned, tilting his head and kissing her. Nat sighed and let his tongue slip inside, tasting the sweetness that she had been craving since their separation.

"I need you, Natasha," He whispered against her lips.

She went weak against him. When she was in his arms, she was weak, unable to resist him, helpless to resist the urge to spread her legs for him to take whatever he wanted from her. He knew that. He knew better than anyone else that he could drive her insane with the drugging pleasure of his touch.

Her hands went to his hair, locking them in a passionate embrace. She pulled at his blond locks, using them to direct his mouth over hers. He growled, deepening the kiss, stroking her tongue with his skillful tongue. His hands went to cupping the back of her head and the curve of her ass, lifting her off her feet.

“I want you, Natasha.” He murmured. “You are the only thing I want to touch.”

That somehow broke the spell of their kiss and Natasha pulled away from him, feeling regret that she’d just let him in again. "Stop it, Steve.”

"You need me as much as I want you.”

"No, I don't." "Look me in the eyes, angel." He cooed. His hand went to her chin to make her look at him. "And say it again."

No, she couldn't lie. Not when he looked at her like that. She tried to find the words to say, to lie and make him go away, but she couldn't. Steve knew, and this time he crushed his lips on hers with more force, knowing that if he went roughly with her, she would go wild any second now. He lifted her up, guiding her back until she was pressed against the fridge. Nat panted and moaned into the kiss, making Steve's mind go into overdrive again.
He broke away, only to press his lips on the soft skin of her neck. Nat closed her eyes and relished in the way his hot lips were on her once again. She had missed this so badly. Steve licked, sucked, and bit on her skin, taking no mercy on it. Natasha told herself she would let down her walls one last time, and then she was done forever.

A fuck that would take him out of her system.

His hands quickly tore her clothes off and Nat was helping him out, pulling and discarding the clothes around her kitchen floor. They were both naked and Steve didn't waste anymore time, hiking her legs up and wrapping around his waist. His lips were mouthing on her hard nipples, paying equal attention. His fingers skimmed all over her body before he lowered it between her legs, only to find that her pussy was already soaking wet.

Without any further foreplay, he rammed his rock hard cock inside of her. As her push in, Natasha was overwhelm at how good her felt, how much harder he seemed to get and the amazing feeling of his kisses as Steve stretched her open. His lips swallowed all her moans until his hard member fully seated in her.

“Steve…” Natasha panted. Arms wrapped at his neck, both hands threading in his blond locks.

He began to move his hip, thrusting in and out in a punishing rhythm. Drunk in lust, Steve wasn’t thinking straight anymore. She always had her way of driving him insane. His teeth biting on the nipple and sucked it into his mouth while his hand was grabbing, squeezing and tugging the other breast. Natasha was reduced to a whimpering mess, her legs were still securely locking his waist while he pounded hard into her.

He rammed into her and she let out a loud scream, her voice broken and throaty. He bit down his lip, grunting with each thrust into her as the fridge shook. She was in a little bit of pain because of how he ravaged her hard but it was also an extremely turned on for her. Steve pulled away from her breast when he heard something in her voice. He looked at her face while slowly down his pace. He could see tear gathering in her eyes and he knew he was too rough with her. He didn’t prepare her enough for this.

“I’m sorry.” He said and moved them the kitchen table while he sheathed inside of her. He gently placed her down and pulled out of her.

“No…” She moaned. Hands scrambled for his body, trying to pull him closer. “Steve…”

“I hurt you. Let me prepare you first.” He gently said.

“No…I want your cock. Fuck me with your cock.”

He shook his head and knelt down between her legs, telling her to spread wide for him. Nat couldn’t resist it when he ordering her around and did as he told her but a little voice in the back of her head telling her something else so she tried to push his head away from her pussy.

“Kitten—don’t.”

“You can’t do this…” She rasped out.

“I will make you wet and relax before I fuck you hard.” He growled before kissing her inner thigh. “Let me do it, Natasha.”

The scent of her arousal only drove him insane. It was too overwhelming and his primal animalistic instinct will take over him any second now. Nat tried to stop him from giving her an intimate action.
but he already lower his lips onto her pussy. Nat closed her eyes as she felt his lips sucking on the soft pink flesh.

“God…” She moaned.

No…they couldn’t do oral now. She thought but the feels of Steve’s lips on her was too much. It was making her mind going crazy. Oral was too intimated, threading the lover territory. All Natasha wanted right now was just a raw, hard, quick fuck with him. She couldn’t let him in that territory again, knowing it would tear her apart from the inside if she let him be more than a guy she fucked, more than a one night stand.

He was licking up and down her sensitive clit. Nat felt his hands on her stomach and breast and rolled her head back, letting out a sigh of pleasure. She was dripping wet. She could feel her juices pouring into his mouth. How could she deny this? Deny such pleasure of his mouth?

“Yes…Steve…”

His tongue licked her insides, swirling and pushing, trying to get it as deep as he could until his face was buried against her pussy. His tongue danced inside of her while his teeth glided over her clit and his lips moved against her fold, stimulating her all at once. She bucked her hips harder and harder against his mouth.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” She yelled, screaming as she came inside of his mouth. “YES—Steve!” Her hot juices spilled out of her and he licked up all of it.

Steve pulled away and bended himself down over her until his face was above her. “Taste yourself on me, baby.” Steve said, and kissed her deeply. She feel his tongue in her mouth and tasted the sweet taste of her pussy on his tongue and lips. It made Nat so horny to know he enjoyed this so much. They were so caught up in this intense passion, that when he entered her again, she was relax and rarely feel any pain. All she could feel was intense pleasure and his rock hard cock. Nat bit on his lower lips before panting hard.

“I will fuck you hard now.” He growled. She didn’t answer him. She just looked at him with pleading eyes as if to say fuck me . A gasp caught in her throat, her eyes rolled back when he pulled his cock all the way out and slamming back inside her. Steve lowered his body and pressed against her body, ravaging her flawless skin.

She laid back, grabbing her ankles exposing her pussy wider to get him as deep as he could. His thrusts were long, deep, and hard. The more increased pace, the more Natasha moan louder, fueled his desire for her. She was still tight as the first night they fucked and she felt incredible around him. So perfect in the way that no one could compare and it was all for him and him alone.

“You’re mine.” He murmured against her ear.

“Yes…” She held him tight in her arms as his hips still moving. His cock was hitting all the right spot that made Natasha’s head spinning around.

Steve kissed her. He could feel her thighs jolting against his side before wrapping around him tightly. She felt his long hard cock hit the her cervix. Natasha amazed again at how good it felt and it was so perfect like it was every time he was inside of her. He always lived up to his promise, he will fuck her hard and he did, pumping his big cock into her with all the strength that he got.

Nat crawled at his back and arms as the pleasure began to bundle up inside her. Steve kept his relentless pounding. Every time she felt it hitting her womb, she let out a loud moan and moans
turned into screams.

“Look me in the eyes while I come in you.”

Her beautiful green eyes looked up at him. He smirked, pounding her harder. Their eyes locked and never broke it. A steady stream of curse with a mix of scream triggered animalistic side of him when she said she wanted him to come in her, ruined her for any other man.

“You’re mine.” He said it again. “No one will make you feel the way I did.”

Nat only moaned in reply. His thrusts were brutal, and she loved every second of it. Her legs hooked around him as Steve gripped her ass with both hands, grounding her with him when her whole body shook and jolted violently. Her inner walls convulsed around him, milking hard. Natasha screamed as the orgasms stormed sturdily down her spine, her pussy spasming wildly, her orgasm so intense she nearly blacked out. Steve couldn’t hold it anymore. He clung to her for dear life and with a final thrust, he went still and his cock swelled, then pulsed, and then he flooded her pussy with hot cum.

“Fuck, Nat.” He groaned as her body was still spasming, pulling at his cock.

Natasha was panting hard, trying to catch her breath and as she looked down between her legs, she saw his cum leaking from around his cock. He came so much he filled her to overflowing. The separation only increased their lust for each other. That thought caused her to shudder again and his cock was still half hard inside her, another little orgasm finishing off the perfect fuck.

“Shit—Nat, your body won’t stop milking me.” He panted.

“Fuck me again.” She told

“You don’t have to ask.”

He pulled out of her before lifting her up. Nat whined when he pulled out. One second without him inside her was too much to bare. The separation was already too much and Nat didn't want to waste any minute of it when she had him back. Steve smiled at her.

"You will have me again, darling.” He said. "I'm not done with you until I fuck you in every corner of this apartment."

She shivered in anticipation and Steve knew that this one last time will last for at least whole day and hopefully, whole night too. Steve slowly placed her down on the wooden floor of her dance studio.

"Let me ride you.” She told and Steve shifted so he was lying on the floor and Natasha moved to straddle his waist, facing the mirror.

"Remember the last time we fucked here?” He asked, his gaze locked with her but he saw nothing but lust stared back.

“Yes...” The image from the last time making goose bump erupted. Her nipples hardened up.

He smiled as his hands ran on her thighs. "I want this time to top that memories. Can you do that, darling?"

"Yes..."
Nat grabbed his cock and gently stoked it back to full attention before sliding his hard length inside of her. Nat watched as her pussy swallowed the full length of Steve’s cock from the mirror until she felt its head nudged her cervix. Nat moaned in pleasure and fondling own her breasts. His hands found her hips to help with her balancing.

“Keep your eyes on the mirror.” He ordered. “I want you to see how much you enjoy this.”

“Yes, Steve.” She replied and fixed her eyes at the mirror, seeing how wanton she was when she had his cock inside her. She slowly raised her hips up and down, easing the mixture of their cum from their precious orgasm on his hard cock. She felt so hot and wet around his member. She sunk down on him, shivering and moaning with every little friction.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so hot.” He grunted between deep thrusts. “Oh… fuck…”

Her pussy tingled in pleasure as it adjusted to the thickness and hardness of Steve’s massive shaft. She trembled a little and dragged her fingertips across his chiseled chest and abdomen. Steve let Natasha take control for the moment and enjoyed himself as the most beautiful woman he ever seen fucking him, riding up and down his cock.

It was slow and gentle at first and he was the one who grew impatient. The gentleness of before had subtly grown fiercer as a primal urge began to build in Steve. He took hold of her hips as handles to bring her in with every thrust, and her breasts swung with the motion.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Natasha made a soft, surprised sound every time the thick head of Steve’s cock slammed deep enough to bump her tender cervix. “Yes—Steve!” She writhed her hips in circles, squeezing and pulling at his cock. “Nat—babe…” Steve breathed, losing all control of the beast inside him. He lifted up to met her slamming down in a powerful thrust. His heavy balls slapping up against her butt hole.

Steve began to talk dirty to her while his left hand cupping her breast, fingers tugging at her nipple to ensure the stimulation at every part of her body, making her body going wild and on fire. Natasha was nearly shrieking, slamming back against him, one hand suddenly rubbing her clit with a fury.

“You want me to fill your womb with my cum? You want me to fill you to the brim… Want to feel me knock you up?”

“Yes—baby…fuck me hard.” She cried. “I’m almost there…”

What a tease. Steve thought. Her hips swirled to get the muscles tightened at his stomach, forcing him to fight back the orgasm that was building up inside. He wanted it to last a little longer but she would have none of it. She clenched her walls and grind on his cock. Leaning down to her ear, she whispered the very thing that got a man weak in the knees.

She begged for his hot cum inside her with whimpering sighs. The idea of being filled with his hot load made her warm juices flow down his huge shaft. She knew how to play him as Steve replied with a grunt. Natasha enjoyed the look on his face, so consumed by animalistic lust. She fingered her clit hard when he told her he was getting close. She wanted to make sure that when he came inside her, she would cum with him too.

“I’m going to fill you up with cum!” He yelled, pushing himself up balls deep at the same time he forced her down. “Keep your eyes there when you come.” Her eyes were still at the reflection of the mirror as he commanded but his burning gaze was on her face.
Her face. That gasp the second she felt his cock getting thicker and harder. His hands ran all over her body only added more warm tingles under her skin. She loved that feeling, the feeling of being filled to the brim by him and him alone, to feel completed. Natasha reached her hand down and took hold of his full and heavy balls, gently pulling and kneading them. It was all it took. Steve let out a cry then increased his pace as he slammed up into her faster and faster. With a final thrust he pushed as deep as he could, and Natasha screamed with the earth-shattering orgasm as she felt the huge cock swell and then explode inside her cunt.

“Oh fuck….fuck…..FUCK!!” He shouted.

“Yes, that’s it baby…come hard for me…Ahhhhhhh YESSSSS!!!!!!!” Nat screamed when she felt his cock shooting his hot load inside of her. She saw herself screaming in the mirror only intensifying the orgasm. Her walls milking at his cock until there was no cum left. Her pussy went into rapid, violent convulsions that made Steve cry out at the pure ecstasy. Natasha collapsed on top of him, breathing hard. Her head rested on his chest, listening to the hard pound of his heart.

“Oh baby…that feels so fucking good…” Steve gasped, keeping his cock buried in her.

Nat smiled at his words and deliberately rolled her hips to tease him. Steve growled at the friction but was too boneless to do anything to stop her at that moment. She wrapped her arms around his neck, bracketed her legs at his hips and keeping him inside her until his cock started to go soft.

Natasha closed her eyes as she felt the unbearable tension began to relief. She was relief too. After she had so many orgasms over the last two weeks and then she went a day without them. It was the worst feeling. It was like a drug that she addicted.

To be honest, Steve was her drug and she thanked god for the two intense orgasms she just had or else she would go insane.

Finally, her heart beat came back to normal rate and regained some strength. She pushed away from his embrace and she finally pulled off, her legs still shuddering from the intensity of her orgasm, she felt the hot liquid ooze out and ran down his cock. This time it was Steve’s turn to groan when the hotness that encased his shaft was gone. Nat smiled and took his cock in her hands again, palming and dragging her tongue to lick up their cum from his length.

“Fuck—Nat” He gasped.

She licked him until he was clean and fully erected again. She pulled away and wiping his cum off the corner of her lips with her fingers before licking it seductively. Steve groaned and lung up to kiss her hard.

“Are you trying to make me go crazy?” He asked fiercely.

Natasha didn’t have a chance to say anything witty because he took her mouth, french-kissing her passionately. She moaned softly as our tongues twirling around in each other’s mouths. They continued kissing as if they needed each other like air to breath. She began to breathe more heavily, and dragging her wet folds against the length of his shaft.

“God—you’re so irresistible.” He moaned at the friction.

“Do you want to fuck?” She asked.

“Oh god yes!” He replied without a second thought.

He flipped her down on her back and sliding his cock in right away. He took her on the floor and
half way through it he had her against the mirror. It was hard and fast just like when they started. He didn’t slow down his pace. He had only one mission in his mind and that was to fuck her until there was no strength left for them to do it. He came in her one more time before pushed her back onto the sofa, fucked her hard and fast. He slipped an arm around her waist, and moved his other hand up under her ribs and over her shoulder, clenching her to his chest.

“Yes—YESS—Steve, fuck!” She cried out as she clawed at his back, pulling him in deeper. Steve grinned, and shoved into her fiercely, and as his cock started to throb, he pulled her hard onto his hard length, down until he could feel her clit rubbing right above his cock and her pussy lips kissing his balls.

He came in her over and over again. Nat screamed every time she came hard around his cock. She was boneless from four consecutive orgasm and it hadn’t pass noon yet. Steve’s stamina didn’t seem to wear out too.

“Where did you get all these stamina?” Nat asked as he started kiss up and down her body again.

“Heavy work out, brutal sex session with you, and…just you.” He replied and Nat could feel his lips curved up in a smirk against her skin.

“We seriously need to stop and catch our breath—arhh!” her ramblings were cut short when his mouth was on her folds again.

“What did you say?” He looked up and his blue eyes gleamed with humor.

“I need some drink.” She forced the word out.

Steve immediately pulled his mouth away from her and Nat regretted it. The wonderful feeling was gone when he pulled away.

“No…” She whimpered, reaching her hands out to pull him back.

“I will be back, darling.” He said. “I have to take care of you too.”

“But—Steve…”

He bended down to kiss her. The taste of her on his lips made her heart fluttered. He was hers.

“Give me a minute.” He murmured before pulling away to get her a glass of water.

He handed the glass to her and placed the jug of water on the coffee table. Nat quickly drank it and sat the glass down and Steve drank it too. He quickly gulped down. Steve saw Nat looked at him. Her eyes roamed all over his body and licked her lips as her gaze fixed at his hardening cock. Steve sat the glass down and he yanked Nat up from the couch before pressed her tightly against his body.

He kissed her possessively, bruising her lips. “God…you’re so fuckable and I couldn’t get enough of you.”

Their mouths continued to ravage one another like animals as primal instinct kicked in. Steve backed her up until she was pressed against the window. Lust consumed her fast and the wetness leaking down her thighs. Steve smirked against her lips.

"Remember our favorite place?” He murmured. "I will show the world that you are mine."
She feel him grab her hips hard, spinning her around that she was facing the window, looking out the street and drove his cock all the way inside her, grunting as he pushed the last few inches into her. Her pussy was dripping wet with their cum and she could feel the wetness sliding all over his delicious cock. He spanked her ass and Nat yelped in surprise with a little sting of pain before Steve started ramming her from behind.

Nat planted her hands on the glass. Her nipples pressed against the cool surface of the window in contrast of his heated body behind her. His hot lips were kissing her neck and shoulders, whispering all the dirty thing he wanted to do to her tonight. How he intended to make her scream and how he would ruin sex for any other man and woman. He kept repeating all the time that she was his and no one else would have her.

He didn’t know that he already ruined her for everyone and that she was already his. Even her mind told her that this was a mistake and all the reason for her to stop but the way her body and her heart reacted to every touch of him was another story. Her body needed him, needed him to fill her every way possible.

"Yesss--Steve, harder..." She panted and rocked her ass back to meet his powerful thrust.

His long, full strokes were driving her lust filled body crazy. Neither of them were prepared for the level of intensity. They were wild for each other, fucking like feral beasts, and they were so turned on by their own primal lust. They were definitely fucking like animals now that he was pounding hard from behind, ramming his cock all the way into her core.

Moans of pleasure escape her lips as he grabbed her hair with one hand and thrust roughly in and out, becoming more aggressive with each stroke. She rocked back to meet his ferocious thrust, urging him on. He clutched her hips, fucking her hard and fast. Her head thrashed as she moaned shamelessly, loving the feel of him, that blazing sensation of being possessed, being owned and ruthlessly pleased.

His hot breathe mingled against her neck. His hand fisted in her hair, tilting her head back so he could kiss her. “I need you so much.” Her core tightened in response to the roughness of his voice. Her skin was tingling and tightening expectantly, craving for his greedy touch.

“Oh then fuck me like your life depend on it.” She rasped out.

“My life already depends on it.” He replied. “I feel like I’m going insane every minute without you.”

Steve took her mouth again with searing possession. His hunger was too much that it radiating and overwhelming her. Natasha whimpered, hands flexed on the windows. At that moment she didn’t care who might look up and found them fucking when she had his cock inside her. His answering groan vibrated between the pair. Steve grabbed her arm behind her on hands found her mouth, holding it firmly shut. She whimpered, looking over her shoulder, looking at him. Their eyes connected.

“Don’t stop.” She moaned. “Almost there…”

“Yes, darling, come for me.” He said.

Natasha fingered her clit hard when he told her he was getting close. He core tightened when she heard him moan with pure ecstasy. His hips rocked into her, his cock sliding through the parted folds, driving it home with each ferocious slam. She cried out, her body jerking. His hand came wrapping around her toned stomach. Natasha secretly wanted her belly to swell as his hands rubbed
across it and his cock explodes inside her, filling her with his cum again. He grabbed her throat as he unloaded, knowing that it will trigger her orgasm.

Natasha screamed as she reached the euphoric high. His name became a thick prayer on her lips. Her body shook, tightened and pulling on his cock, milking every last drop of cum from him. Steve held her boneless body tightly, pressing his face on her back and trying to catch his breath.

“Oh my god, that felt so fucking good…” she moaned.

"I still have more of my cum for you," he growled.

“What?” She looked back and found Steve was grinning. “Arhhh…” He started moving again, feeling her pussy all slick with his cum. “How can you…?”

“I don’t know. It’s just you….only you can make me feel like this.”

He pulled his cock out, turned her around and hiking her legs up. She automatically wrapped her legs around his waist, leaning her back against the window. Her hands crawled at his back and shoulder. Steve slammed to the hilt again.

“I love it when you scream.” He cooed in her ear. “So beautiful…every inch of you.”

He fucked her deep, her tight pussy clinging wetly to his cock with every stroke, the friction making it almost impossible to hold back. She felt so fucking good. Not a word was said after that, there was only their breathings as he started pounding into her harder, deeper, his motions and breathing making it clear that he wouldn’t stop until she sent her into another wild orgasm.

He wrapped one arm around her waist to pull her closer. His free hand worked away at her clit and nipples, alternating between tugging her nipples and rubbing her clit so furiously Nat began to see stars. He felt her breath quicken and her moans grow shorter. He thrust hard enough to make her scream.

“Oh god baby, I can’t hold it anymore…” Nat gasped.

She clenched her pussy tighter around his cock every now and then, and he started moaning and grunting in return. She felt the base of his cock was rubbing against her clit with every thrust he made. He started pounding his hips ferociously against hers, his cock hitting her cervix with every slam. Nat looked up into his eyes and she found nothing but an animalistic lust. There was sweat pouring off of his face. His cock was so hard she could feel the veins in his cock rubbing her insides. He used his weight to hold Natasha in place, impaled on his throbbing cock. Her fingernails and her heels dug into his back.

“Oh g-god—Arhhh!—Fuck!” She screamed.

Her body tightened for a split second, then spasmed around him. It was enough to make him grow faster, but he pulled her off of him before he could come. Her walls squeezed into nothing and Natasha whined. Her body still jerking with the aftershocks of her orgasm but kept her eyes on him, watching as his hand wrapped around his cock and stoked himself. His hand became a blur on his cock, moving it up and down so fast. He moaned all the while and with one final cry, his body tensed. His member stiffen, and there was a twitch then he exploded.

His come splashing over her stomach and breast, warm and sticky, some managed to even pepper her bottom lip and chin. She wiped it off and licked at her fingers, moaning at the taste of him in her mouth. “Fuck…” He groaned at the sight and kissed her hard before carried her to the couch and laid her down. He settled down on top of Natasha, lips were on her body trying to clean up the
Nat moaned and whimpered when she felt his tongue gently licking up his cum on her body. She could still hear her blood roar and her heart pounding hard in her chest as if it will jump out of her chest. He occasionally leaned up to kiss her, sharing the taste of him on his tongue and lips.

Steve was busying cleaning her up. Natasha laid back and enjoyed the gentle, loving touch from him and then something came up in the back of her mind that knocked some sense into her. He will leave her tomorrow and this was probably their one last fuck.

Steve probably wanted nothing more than a fuck with her and then he would go back to his fiancee and live happily ever after with her. _God, what had she done?_ She let down her defense for this man again. How could she let him take whatever he want from her? How could she let him use her again?

He already made his choice since Sharon came. _Why would he choose some wanton whore he just met over his own fiancee?_

“Stop it, Steve.” She said and tried to push him away but he wasn't done with her yet.

“No.” He held her down with his hands but Nat wiggled to get loose from his grip.

“Let me go!” She yelled and Steve became alarm and let go of his hands.

He hovered above her and he could see distrust and pain filled her eyes. It broke his heart.

"Go back to Sharon. I have my fills. You can go now." She bitterly said and tried to push him off her.

"I'm not done with you yet, darling.” He replied, looking deep into her eyes. “I don't want to be with her tonight. I want to be with you."

"So you're truly came here just for one last fuck with me."

"If that it is what you want to hear, then yes, I came here for one last fuck with you.” It hurt him too to say that. It hurt him that she thought of him that way but he wasn’t going to shut his mouth. If that what she wanted to hear, he will make her believe it. "I intended to make you scream all night. I want you to remember no one but me even when you fuck with other guys. Remember only my cock inside you."

Nat was left with pain so agonizing it was crippling. She felt tear began to fill her eyes at his crude words. It hurt her that he thought she would have another man other than him. "Fuck you, Rogers."

"I only say what you want me to say.” He told. His blue eyes were stern. "Can we stop wasting more time and continue with fucking now?"

"I hate you.”

That hit him hard because Steve knew from her voice that it wasn’t a lie and Natasha had every right to hate him. He cupped her face and wipe away the tears that falling on her cheeks. His eyes turned back into gentle and loving as he caressed her face between his hands.

"How can you doubt me, Natasha?” He asked softly.

Nat sobbed. "Because you chose her over me.”
"There is nothing you have to doubt.” He insisted and kissed her lips. "I really want to be with you. That's never a lie.’’ Nat didn’t say anything. His soft, gentle voice soothed her and tearing her walls down again. "How could you doubt that, darling? It’s never just sex between us and you know that. I want you and everything that happen between means more than just something physical. Every time we fuck, have sex or made love, it means so much to me. It is something beautiful that I want to cherish forever. You mean that much to me, Natasha."

"I'm sorry.” He quietly said and broke eyes contact with him.

"You don't have to say it. I'm the one who cause this to happen. I hurt you." He said and kissed her forehead. "I feel so deeply for you, my love."

“Me too.” She admitted.

Steve kissed her forehead repeatedly to sooth Natasha until she stopped crying and held her tightly in his arms. She snuggled into the warm and safe embrace.

She had no more defense left against him.

The rest of the day went by a blur. Steve cooked them a huge lunch and they ate it all. They needed more energy for all the sex they would have. They couldn’t keep their hands off each other either so when Natasha put all the dishes back in the sink and made a futile attempt to clean it, Steve snuck behind her and seduced her again.

He took her from behind and forced her to try to clean up the dish but she couldn’t. Her hands were trembling and she couldn’t stand on her shaking legs when he pounded into her. Steve sat her down on the kitchen stool and told Natasha to hold herself steady on the counter before he pile-drive into her.

Nat clung tightly to his back as he sent her high on ecstasy once again. He came inside her with a loud groan that made her walls tighten around him even more, milking him, making Steve come even further undone as their eyes locked with each other. She had to admit it that she loved watching him losing himself into her.

It sent he warm feeling through her body and made she believe that he was truly belong to her.

She was boneless after the last aftershock had passed. Steve kept his lips pressing lovingly at the expose skin he could find, murmuring all the good things about her that made her heart fluttering.

He carried her up and went to the bathroom. After all the mess and sweats of the previous rounds, the both needed to freshen up. Steve sat Natasha down in the bath after running warm water. He slid down behind her and began to clean them up. Nat moaned every time he brushed his hand on her sensitive spot and she squirmed in his embrace. Her moans were only ignited his lust for her, fueling it to the point that he couldn’t keep his hand with himself and he wandered it all over her body.

Pressing his lips on her shoulder, Steve told her to relax and let him take care of her. He lowered his hand between her legs and made her come on his fingers again while another hand using sponge to rub on her nipple and his lips kept sucking on her pulse point. Nat’s mind were on overdrive and high on pleasure.
He carried her out. God! She loved it when he carried her around with his two big arms around her protectively. He dried them up and as he carried her out of the bathroom, Steve couldn’t resist the hunger in him and pushed Natasha up against the wall and took her there.

There was no foreplay, there was no need to get the other to become aroused because they were both turned on all the time by each other. Steve was so hard for her and Nat was wet and ready for him.

Natasha had three more orgasm before they made it to bed. Steve had her against the wall, her vanity desk, and the floor of her bedroom that would slightly left burns on her back and ass. Steve just wanted to fuck the memories into every corner of her apartment. He wanted Natasha to remember him because he would remember her forever too.

Finally they toppled on her bed, lips still melting with each other. They both wanted to memorize the way their lips move together. The way the skin pressed on each other. They wanted to remember every line of muscles, every freckle on the skin, every curve and every scars.

From hard, primal fucking slowly turned into slow, passionate love making so naturally that both of them didn't notice but every time their eyes locked and came together, it brought them closer in every level.

Sun was already set and they were lying on bed together with Steve on top of her. He pulled away only to stare at her with his burning blue eyes. Nat shivered, the feeling of vulnerability under that piercing gaze was so intense.

She couldn't live without him. She will try her best to make him stay. She will give him anything to make him be with her, left Sharon for her, because she needed him that much.

"Make love to me." She whispered. "Like you really do love me."

Steve lowered his head down for another passionate kiss, melting their tongues in a heated dance. He wanted to show her with his action rather than words. He sweet talked her all the time but his action was the only thing that would prove his words.

His lips covered her nipple, gently raved it with his tongue and making Natasha relaxed before he entered, eliciting whimpers from somewhere deep within herself. When she began whimpering, he moved from sucking her nipple to plunder her mouth. The initial thrusts were slow and gentle. She felt so tiny and wonderful under him.

Natasha looked up at him. Green eyes sparkled with pure love. She will give him everything, all of her, a complete submission to him. She will use everything she had to make him stay even it was her last card. Her hands went to his chest and gave a gentle push to stop him. Steve stopped, afraid that he might hurt her.

“Are you hurt?” He became alarm.

“Fuck my ass.” She quietly said.

“But…” He hesitated because Natasha once told him that she didn’t want to do it.

She pulled herself away from him until they were separate. Steve grained at the loss of her around him. She managed to turn over and got on her hands and knees. “Do it, Steve. Do whatever you want with me.” She looked back at him submissively. “I’m all yours.”

Steve couldn’t hold back a moan of pure need as he knelt behind her. Bending down and covered
her body with his, Steve licked all the way up her spine and kissed her neck and shoulders. Nat moaned at the loving touch.

“Lay on your stomach, and spread your legs, darling. I will prepare you.” He whispered in her ear. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

Natasha did as he told her, hoping that he knew she gave him all the trust she had for him. She took a gamble and she hoped that she was right about this. Steve felt her body trembled a little so he pressed another soothing kisses on her back. “I will make you feel so good, my love. Trust me, I’m going to make it feel amazing for you.”

Steve sucked at the pulse point of her neck, feeling her body shaking at the pleasure. He began to slide his hand under her body and coaxed her to lift her hips a little. He worked his finger inside her pussy and found that it was still wet. “Darling, you’re dripping.” He cooed. Once his fingers slicked up with her juices, he gently, slowly worked his index finger into her ass in one knuckle. She was incredibly tight.

“You’re so damn tight, darling.” He said. “I love it.”

She felt the bed shifted and back to normal, then something cold was spread on her asshole, a whole finger slowly pressing past the ring of muscle. She whimpered and bit the pillow as she tried not to resist it. He added a second finger a few minutes later, scissoring them to stretch her out.

When Natasha began to adjust, he added the third finger so when he used his cock, she will rarely feel any pain. He kept talking as he slowly pumped fingers into her, stretching her out. Steve leaned over and peppered kisses on her neck, and shoulders, and back with slow, gentle seduction. He heard a quick intake of air and he certainly felt the clutch of her skin and muscles against his fingers. His fingers thrusted into her until her hips began to buck backwards to meet him. She was ready for him now.

He reached his hand fort he lube and poured on his hand then working the lube slowly into her. He also smeared more lube generously on his cock then he placed his hands gently on her hips. He coaxed her until she was kneeling on bed, leaning her weight onto her elbows, presenting her perfect ass to him like a beautiful gift, waiting for him to plunder.

Steve was nearly lose control but he was able to held himself back from thrusting his cock into her with wild abandon, and lose himself in the blissful sensation of her narrow passage yielding to his intrusion. Instead, he slowly lined his hips up against hers and began a slow slide into Nat. Her body quivered under his hands, and he heard her sharp gasp of air as he first entered her.

He leaned forward, bringing his mouth close to her ear as he pushed a little further, he caught the soft skin of her earlobe in his teeth and gave a gentle bit, eliciting a moan from her. She was adjusting to him as he moved a little faster. The tension was leaving her body, little by little, the deeper he went. “God, you feel fucking incredible,” he moaned.

He lost control when he finally seating all of him inside her tight hole and the iron grip of her muscle clenching at him. Steve groaned and this time there was no slow or gentle anymore. He thrust into Natasha more forcefully, his hands gripping her hips, his fingers already leaving bruises. Steve did pound into Natasha, and good god, she felt incredible, a tight, vise-like heat on his cock.

“Don’t stop….. don’t stop….. don’t stop……” She was able to breathe out.

Steve reached his hand to cup her sex and his skilled fingers found her clit, already swollen and
throbbing. He began to rub it hard to stimulate her. Natasha cried out his name and her breath quickened, thrusting her hips back against Steve’s.

“You’re mine.” He growled possessively.

“Yes, I’m yours. I’m all yours. Making me yours.”

She was crying out beneath him, her body shuddering as another exploding orgasm strike her, washing over her like crushing waves. Her pussy clenched and convulsed hard by his hand and triggered Steve who had his cock inside her ass hole. The muscle tightened and he finally came in her ass. He felt as though he’d never stop, his body shaking with the force that he swore he nearly blacked out.

They collapsed on her bed with Steve on top of her. All they could do was to lie there bonelessly until they caught their breath. Steve got off her body and lying next to her, pulling Natasha in his arms with a loving kiss on her lips.

“Do you like it?” He asked. “Are you hurt? Am i hurting you?”

"Yes, I like it the way I never thought I would like it and no, you didn't hurt me."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Then stay...stay with me. Don't go back to her. Don't leave me."

"Let me say it again by my action." He replied with a loving smile before he kissed her.

The kiss was so sweet and gentle as if he wanted to convey all of his feelings for her through this one kiss. She felt it, she felt as if he was really love her that much. Before he fucked her mind up by his touch and kissed, the last reasonable consciousness told her not to conjure any illusion that might give her hope, that he still had Sharon to go back to.

As if Steve could sense her doubt, he tilted her head so he could deepen the kiss. Drowning her mind, making her drunk until she couldn't think straight anymore. Nat threw her arms around him, pulling him closer until his hard muscle body pressed tight against her, radiating love and security that she could show her vulnerability.

Steve pulled away only to kneel between her legs and shoved a pillow under her hips, angling so that he would go so deep when he penetrated her but Steve knelt there, eyes falling on her, admiring the most beautiful woman in front of him, lying there for him to take whatever he desired from her.

She stared up at him too. Everything in her tightened with extreme greed. His big body was carved with well defined muscle, his skin shinned with sweat. He was so powerful, bluntly primal, every part of him. His cock was thick and long, and painfully aroused, just for her. His balls hung large and heavy even after he blew loads after loads in and on her.

Honestly, Steve had been designed to seduce and fuck a woman’s brain out.

But there was no any other woman right now. It was just her. He was doing all of this for her. For once that Natasha truly felt like Steve really loved her and will choose her over Sharon. It was lust and desperation at first and then it turned into love making at the end. The roughness changed into gentleness because of all the deep feeling they shared with each other.

She had to let it all out. She wanted him to know and she also needed something to hold onto. They
will have this perfect memory together and they will make sure that they will never forget.

“Steve…love me.” She whispered. “Do me good.”

“Yes, darling.”

He lowered his lips down to hers, devouring her in a searing kiss. Nat thought he would put his cock in her that instant but he took his time, kissing every part of her body until she trembled, begging for him to take her. He refused, taking his own pace in exploring her with his lips, marking and remembering how each inch feel against his lips and under his hands.

By the time he was done with it, her body quivered uncontrolled with want that only him could satisfied her. He gave into her plea, whatever she wanted she will get in. He couldn’t deny her.

Steve slowly thrust his cock into her tight, wet passage until he was fully seated inside her heavenly hotness that securely hugged his hard member. He grained at the feel, even they were fucking all day and this was almost midnight, she was still as tight as the first time and feel as good as it too.

“God…baby, you’re so perfect, so beautiful.” He murmured as he started his slow rhythm. Hands planted at either side of her body. Her legs came wrapping around his waist making him go deeper and deeper inside her.

His hips snapped forward, fucking her at a quicker pace and he felt his composure weakening. Every time he was inside her, he could hold himself for that long. He wanted to lose himself in her, fucking her into wild abandon.

Her grip on the sheet tightened as his thrusts grew more forceful, more intense. Clenching around his cock, she whimpered and groaned. They held each other firmly as his thrusts became more urgent, his breathing ragged. She hiked her legs back, allowing him to penetrate deeper until he hit her cervix with every thrust. His name spilled from her lips between the breathy moans. “Harder,” she ordered. Natasha clenched around him again at every strike and she made a weak, keening noise. “Fuck, Steve—”

His hand stroked her belly gently, completely opposite from the way he was moving in and out of her right now. He thought of how amazing it would be if she really carried his child inside of her. He would leave everything behind just so he could have a child with Natasha.

Steve’s fingers slide between her thighs. A moan slipped from her throat and her back arched up into his touch, fingers circling her clit. “Steve—arhh” She breathed, chewing on her lower lip. Steve loved watching her writhe under him like this, knowing that he was the only one who could do this to her. He quickened his fingers and his pumping into her and she shuddered with intense pleasure from being overly stimulated. Green eyes opened up and looked into his, dark and lusty with primal need to mate.

Her hands were gripping onto his sweat-slicked shoulders. She was tightening around him already, and Steve didn’t care. He wanted her to have the most explosive orgasm ever so her fucked her hard and slow and Natasha moaned, rocking her hips up each time he pounding into her. Moans in Russian with a mix of his name fell from her lips. He watched as one of her hands reached up to play with her nipples as he fucking her. Her moans come as a whine. She was so close now.

“I love you...no matters what happen....please remember, I will always love you.” He murmured as he was about to send her onto cloud nine. Natasha wasn’t in the right mind to register the words he just said to her.
She was mistaking it. He didn’t say that. It was just something that her mind came up with and she wouldn’t risk her heart with those words but his voice was so sincere and the way he looked at her was enough of the confirmation that she needed. Their eyes locked as they worked their way toward the release together.

She whimpered, her body clenching around him tightly again. That was all it took. Feeling her body convulsed around him, tightening around his cock was enough, and Steve couldn’t hold on any more and he exploded his hot cum into her.

Natasha screamed as her climax took hold. Her orgasm was set off by the feeling of the first hot spurt of his cum streaming into her, and lasted well after he had pulled out. Nat felt like she was shattered into millions pieces and Steve put her back together with his loving embrace.

He pulled her into his arms and on top of his body before kissing her senselessly. He noticed how tired she was and she was about to pass out any moment now. He hummed a song to help sooth her to sleep but when Natasha finally caught her breath and her consciousness came back.

Her mind began to function again and with all the assessment, reality finally knocked into her sense and she knew it deep down that Steve would leave her after this.

“Don’t leave me…” She quietly spoke up and held onto him tighter. “Don’t go back to her, stay with me.”

“Darling…” He said lovingly. “Go to sleep. Your’e tired.”

“I’m not. I want to hear you say that you are with me.”

“I’m with you.”

“Why don’t you give me your promise?” Nat asked, voice sounded like she was about to cry but then he felt a hot single tear on his chest.

Steve became on high alert. He pulled her away from his embrace so he could get a better look of her. She was definitely crying. Pain was all her could see in her emerald green eyes. His angel was crying and Steve didn’t know how to handle this.

He didn’t want to give her a promise he couldn’t keep. It was wrong to give her hope.

It was wrong from the start.

Natasha was crying uncontrollably now that Steve still remained silence. His hand rubbed her back, trying to comfort her with his gentle touch. Her cry became a strangled sob and she clutched tightly to his chest, just below the necklace she gave him.

“Go to sleep, okay, darling?” he gently said , holding her tighter. “Stop crying, baby. I will be here.” It was the only way to made her stop.

Natasha continued to sob , crying against his neck while Steve continued to whisper gentle consolations in her ear, soothing her until her sobs began to subside . Finally exhaustion took over , and she fell asleep.

Steve kissed her forehead and continued to soothe Natasha with his touch and kisses until he felt that Natasha was deeply asleep. He slowly adjusted her so she could sleep comfortably on her bed. She needed a long sleep to regain her strength again. Steve loomed over her and pressing kisses all over the smooth skin of her back, murmuring how much he wanted to be with her.
He just couldn’t, knowing and well aware that he was still engaged to Sharon. The woman he
promised to marry her. When he was all to consume by his lust and desire for Natasha, he seemed
to forget Sharon for a little while and enjoyed his moment with Natasha. That was until when
reality punched him in the face. Everything reminded him that he was bounded with someone else
that wasn’t Natasha.

He hoped that it could be another way to do this. He really hoped.

Steve brushed her hair away from the shoulder he wrote something with a sharpie on it. The mark
was still there. It didn’t fade away but he will retrace it anyway. He wanted it to stay there as long
as it could, as long as Natasha finally saw it.

He gently traced the mark again, waiting for it to dry up and kissed on top of it. Then he spent a
good hour staring at her, trying to remember everything about her, letting the memories burned in
his mind.

“I hope there is another life that we could be together, my love.” He said.

Steve slowly slid out of bed, being careful not to wake her up. He kissed her on the lips again,
trying to remember how soft they were and how good he felt when they were on his. It was so
perfectly fit with his.

He started to dress before heading toward the bedroom door. He halted at the door, turning to look
at Natasha again for one last time.

“That’s sorry.” He whispered before leaving the bedroom, never looking back.

It was the best decision for everyone. They ’d already crossed too many lines. Steve had to do the
right thing. He turned away from Natasha but couldn’t help feeling like his heart was being ripped
from his body.

He would return to Sharon, but he knew his heart would never be the same. Steve quietly closed
the door and headed out of the building. Steve decided to take a long walk. He had a lot to think
about. He had to think this through.

The only one thing that was clear to him was that he felt bad for leaving Natasha. It was wrong not
to keep the promise, but he had no choice.

He wouldn’t doubt his resolve anymore.

He finally reached his hotel and went back to the penthouse. When he was inside the apartment, he
found himself swamped by memories of him and Natasha. They were everywhere, every single
corner of this apartment. Steve shook his head, trying to get rid of the ghosts in his head. He should
stop thinking about Natasha and focus on his fiancée instead.

Rogers, this is the right thing to do , he repeated in his mind.

Steve slowly walked upstairs to his room and found that Sharon was asleep. After a shower, Steve
headed to bed and gently slid in , waking Sharon anyway. She opened her eyes and saw him, a
smile breaking out before pulling him down for a kiss and snuggling into his chest. Steve kissed
the top of her head, and trying to force himself to go back to sleep.

It was gonna be really hard , because all he could think of was Natasha.
Day 1

Natasha startled awake, green eyes snapping open as her nightmare was too much to endure. It drowned her until she suffocated with pain: his wedding, and she had been there to watch another woman claim him as hers forever.

It’s not happening! Steve had already chosen her. Natasha tried to calm herself down, but when she realized that her bed was empty and that Steve wasn’t by her side, she had a mild panic attack. She still believed that he ’d chosen her over Sharon. He loved her, right?

“Steve?” she called, but there was no answer.

Natasha started to falter and her heartbeat began to quicken. She called him again, but there still no answer. The door to the bathroom was open, no sounds coming from it. Where was he?

“Steve?” Her voice was a bit out of breath as Natasha swallowed hard. She wrapped the sheets around her body and got up from bed, still believing in her mind that he hadn’t left her.

She kept calling his name repeatedly. He probably occupied by something and didn’t hear her. She slowly walked into the living room only to find it empty. There was a trace of him all over the place. Steve hadn’t take anything that he ’d left at her apartment with him. Everything was still in their places as yesterday but he wasn’t here.

He just wasn’t here.

“No…no…” Nat mourned. “No…no…no…”

Her worst fear hit. He wasn’t even there when she ’d woke n up.

She searched every corner of her apartment. When she reached the front door, she found something hanging on the doorknob. It was the necklace that she ’d given him at his bachelor party, which hit her like a ton of bricks. Natasha broke down on the floor crying, sobbing, and screaming in disbelief that Steve had left her for good.

She ’d already given him everything. She ’d tried to hold him back but he ’d still left her. She ’d give him everything, but it didn’t work.

A wave of disgust cursed through her as she thought about everything she had done in order to make him stay. She ’d used sex to try to make him choose her. God! What had she done? Why did it hurt so much?

Why Steve do this to her? Was what she ’d given him not enough? Had he been embarrassed to choose her?

How could he do this to her? He ’d given her his promise. He ’d never broken any of it until now. Steve had chosen Sharon, the perfect girl for him, not a wanton whore who was willing to spread her legs for him to take whatever he wanted. How would she handle all of this? The last time someone had broken her heart, it ’d cost her everything. It took Natasha a long time to get over it. She couldn’t stop loathing her bad decisions. Even though she ’d known it was a temporary thing, she ’d allowed herself to do all of this with him. It was all her fault.
It had just been a fling for him, but it was real to her. Everything she’d felt with him was real and it hurt so damn much.

And the realization hit her again — she still belonged to him, but he rightfully belonged to Sharon.

Steve woke up but he felt like he was dying. He didn’t want to move. He didn’t want to leave this city either. When he first opened his eyes, he saw the beautiful blond sleeping next to him with her back turned to him, not the usual exquisitely beautiful red head who loved to snuggle up.

God, he still felt incredibly awful about leaving Natasha. His heart was heavy and everything from yesterday kept replay in his mind as if it was trying to torture him and make him go insane.

What have he done?

“Steve…” Sharon murmured, signaling that she was already woke up too.

“Morning.” He replied and rolled to the side to wrap his arms around her, pulling her closer to his him.

It felt weird. This wasn’t the same curve, the skin complexion, and it didn’t feel right. Another hammer just strike him in the heart. The pain was real. He didn’t have Natasha anymore. He chose Sharon only because it was the right thing to do.

“Should we prepare to go home?” She asked. “Flight will leave at ten.”

“Flight will leave when I said so.” He replied, starting to kiss his way up her spine.

“I have a meeting with mom and dad about the wedding at lunch so basically we can’t delay the flight.”

Steve groaned and jumped off the bed. He couldn’t believe that she was still the same person who always blew him off. God! Why couldn’t she be a little supportive like Natasha?

“I will take a shower.” Steve said and immediately left the room.

When he came out of the shower stall, he saw Sharon in the bathtub but he didn’t say anything to her, just dried himself and putting his clothes on before leaving her alone. After he packed his bag, he came down to the living room and found all of his friends were ready to leave for the airport. Some still had their hungover but Clint seemed to be pretty fine.

“You look terrible.” Clint noted. “Not to mention hickeys and bite marks and many other things that left on your body.” Clint’s sharp gray eyes pieced into Steve’s soul, telling the man that he knew the truth. “Having fun with Sharon last night?”

Steve stared back with blank expression, completely unreadable. He didn't say anything.

"I guess you say your goodbye."

"Yes, I had say my goodbye." No, he didn't. Steve thought. He broke her heart by leaving her.
"Say goodbye to who?" Sharon's voice came from the stairs.

Steve turned to her with his impassive mask intact. "All the whore I fuck probably. Is that what you want to hear?"

Clint made face at him when Steve said the word ‘whore’. Steve could tell that he was very angry but he didn’t care at that moment. He was very pissed off about Sharon and he wanted laid it all out on her.

"What is wrong with you this morning, Steve?" Sharon pouted. "Waking up on the wrong side of the bed?"

Waking to a wrong woman in his bed. Steve corrected in his mind. How could his own fiancee is the wrong person? Since when he wanted Natasha more than the woman he will marry in two weeks?

The couple had a quick breakfast before the bellhop came to collect their luggages. Then they took the limo to the airport. Steve couldn't feel good about this. He didn't want to leave. He wanted to be here with Natasha.

But he had to leave. He made a promise that he would like to keep it, a promise to marry Sharon.

So he took a deep breath and turned away from the city he loved, no, the city that the woman he loved lived in.

"We're all set, bro." Tony said from the door. "Ready when you are ready."

He exhaled and stepped inside the airplane. "Yeah, let's get the hell out of here."

He should leave. Before all the memories will break his heart all the more.

*Goodbye, Natasha.*

Steve sat in complete silence and stared out the window while drinking away with his favorite whiskey. He hope that he would get drunk soon so he could finally stop thinking about Natasha. All he could think of was her even when his fiancee sitting next to him, holding his hand.

The moment when Sharon finally got his attention was when she ordering her drink.

"Lagavulin rock, please." She said to the hostess.

Steve looked at her in total confusion. Sharon despised whiskey but she loved wine and champagne more than anything. She told him she hate the taste of it.

“You drink that?” He asked.

“Why? I like that taste of it. Tony ordered for me yesterday.” She replied. "Why are you interest in my drink all of the sudden?"

"You never drink whiskey."
"People can change, Steven. Even just over a night."

"Yeah, you are right." Steve admitted. People could change. His heart also changed.

It belonged to Natasha now, not Sharon.

Steve looked away because that only reminded him of Natasha. It was her favorite drink. She ordered it all the time. It was painful for him though, knowing that he would have to live with every little reminder of her all the time. To be honest, everything would be a trigger it.

The real question was how long could he withstand this before he completely lose his mind.

"You wanna know what happened last night, darling?"

"Sure..." He lied. No, he didn't want to hear any of it.

"Clint and Bruce challenged me to a drinking game very early in the morning anyway." She told. "As if it was what you guys were doing on daily basis."

"That's what we do, Sharon. Drinking game or wake up to a total hangover." Tony chimed it. "That's how we do it."

"They made me drunk my ass off for the first time. " She continued.

"For the first time?" Steve asked. "You never get drunk before."

Sharon shrugged, rather proud of herself. "Why would I get drunk, Steve? It's stupid. Like, why would I want to lose total control of myself? Once is enough for me."

Steve school his head and wondered to himself of why he would want to marry Sharon in the first place. Sharon kept going on and on about what she did yesterday with the guy while Steve went back to his deep thought about Natasha again.

He was thinking about them since the first day they met, trying to remember everything and he will remind himself of it everyday from now on so he wouldn’t forget about her. He realized now that he didn’t want to forget her when she was the best thing that ever happened to his life.

But he made a promise to Sharon.

He really hoped that this was just a dream.

Sharon caught his attention again when she asked Tony about how many girl that Steve really slept with during his bachelor getaway. Steve said he wouldn’t kiss and tell and they were now back at the topic, discussing about the same thing again.

“'I just saying that you can do it because I gave you my permission!’” She argued with her fiancé. “'But I don’t understand why you protecting their dignity when they had none for themselves.”

“'They are good people trying to make their livings, Sharon. Not everyone has everything like you.’”

"What good woman would spread her legs for an engaged man?” Sharon retorted. "'You don't have to worry, Steve. I gave you permission so I won't blame you with all the whore you fucked during your bachelor vacation.'"

Steve sighed. The only way to stop Sharon from talking was to agree with her. "'Yeah, you're right.’" Steve nodded along. "'No good woman spread her legs too easily.'"
Steve's eyes met with Clint across the seat. His friend looked at him disappointedly. Steve's face and eyes went impassive, completely unable to read.

But deep inside, he was dying.

Natasha didn’t how long she was sitting there, in front of her door, clutching to the necklace she gave to Steve. She was still naked with only sheets covering her. There was no more tear left in her eyes but the sadness and pain in her heart didn’t go away at all.

How could Steve leave her after she gave him everything like this?

She thought that Steve was different from everyone, especially Alexi. With Alexi, he always psychologically manipulated her to believe everything that he said to her, making her completely relied on him and his approval. He changed her to someone she wasn’t. He made he think that she wasn’t good enough for anyone else and he would be the only one who really loved her and could understand her. She was fooled enough to believe him so wanted to please him, fearing that if one day he left her, no one will ever love her again. She took a long time recovering from that psychological trauma and backed to her confident self.

Turned out it was just a mask she put on because deep down in side, she was only a fragile little girl who wanted to feel love and cherish and being treasured by a perfect gentleman.

Probably that why she fell deeply, completely for Steve.

Steve came into her life, like a light chasing away the darkness, like a sun giving warm to the coldness wasteland in her heart, like a rain after a long drought. He was everything. Steve gave her all of his devotion and eagerly showed her how much he wanted to please her and make her happy. He was so loving, supportive and very understanding that she couldn’t help but fall for him, attached to him.

He left her even more broken than when Alexi broke up with her.

God, why this hurt so bad?

Finally she scrambled up from the floor and dragged herself back to her bed, flopping down and made mistake of inhaling. The scent of him was still thick in her sheets. The scent of him and all the sex they had. She curled herself tightly in the blanket as if it would help sooth her that Steve was still here with her.

Nat reached her hand for her phone and quickly dialed Maria. She needed a clearer mind to help her deal with this heartbreak before she decided to do something stupid.

“No more dirty pics, Nat.” Maria quickly replied with a hint of amusement in her voice.

Nat couldn’t hold herself together anymore. “He left me.”

“I’ll be right over.”

They hung up and Nat sunk herself deeper into her bed, curling in fetal position because the bed
felt empty without Steve beside her. She hate how big her bed was when she was all alone. Five minutes later, doorbell rang and Nat quickly got up to open the door for Maria.

Except, the person behind the door wasn't Maria but a young couple, about twenty years old.

"Hey, we knew it's weird but we live across the street." The girl said.

"And we saw you and your boyfriend doing it at the window last night." The boy continued.

"I must say that you guys are our inspiration to try something new in our bedroom."

"What?" Nat was so confused. "How old are you guys actually?"

"Twenty two. We came here to celebrate our graduation." The boy replied. "Probably get marry to since we love each other so much."

"Congrate, guys!" Nat said. "But the getting marry part. I hope you guys to clearly thinking about it first. Or it will turn out to be a biggest mistake."

"Sure."

"Your boyfriend is super hot too. You’re very lucky that he knew how to do it. Such a total package." The girl blurted out.

"Yeah…” Nat's face immediately sadden but the young couple didn't notice it.

"You guys are so cute together."

Nat just nodded at that. Everyone said the same thing about her ad Steve. They were perfect together but he still left her for someone that didn't even compatible with him.

Nat didn't remember when the couple said goodbye or when she was back in her bed. But now she was crying again over the fact that everyone could see that Steve and her were meant to be.

They were so perfect together but they couldn't even be together.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

No beta

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Day 2

Once Steve arrived in LA, Sharon dragged him to lunch with her family even though he said that he had so many thing to manage at his art gallery. She ignored it and he had to sit there in complete silence as the Carters talked about the wedding plan.

It was in the last stage. Everything was going according to plan except the freaked out groom-to-be. They didn’t like the fact that Steve was disappeared and left Sharon to deal with this alone but they also like it that they could do whatever they want with the wedding without Steve saying no to everything.

Once the lunch was over, Steve had back to his art gallery where Phil and Melinda were still trying to arrange a huge chunk of arts that arrived yesterday. All the painting Steve shipped from Las Vegas.

His manager and his wife didn’t get a glimpse of any painting because it was perfectly concealed with paper. Steve told them they could see it when he done arranging it. The married couple left the artist alone to himself in his art studio and private gallery.

Steve slowly put everything in place, hanging the portraits of the woman he loved in his art studio. God, he missed her so much and it was not even a day that he left her.

But arranging the gallery could help him calm down and as if his mind knew that these painting was something of her. It reflected how he thought of her, how much he love Natasha. Steve took off the current centerpiece of his art gallery and hung up the portrait of Natasha, The neon painted portrait of Natasha in box canvas, the red head woman whose fiery red hair burned brighter than the neon signs at night, he intended to give her when he said goodbye in the better circumstance that the on he had.

He hung it up and set the light so it could beautifully display the portrait. It the best he could do to worship the probably last remaining of what would remind him of her. Steve didn’t know how long her stood there admiring his own work, no, he didn’t admire his work, he was thinking about Natasha and how that night at the neon sign museum went.

It was a night of a warm fussy feeling that brought them closer together. Every memory was so beautiful that he really wished he could turn back time and revisited that moment again.

He came home late because he lose track of time after lying on the floor of his studio and looked at the painting of Natasha. He just could take his eyes of it. He came home to find that his own home feel completely strange, like this wasn't his place anymore.
"Hey..." Sharon went up to him and gave him a kiss.

"Why are you still up? This is very late."

"Wait for my fiancé to come home." She replied sweetly but he couldn't help but feel like she was forcing it. "Go take shower, sweetie. I will wait for you in bed."

Steve nodded and did as she said. When he came back to their bedroom, Sharon was already asleep so he just kissed her cheek and slipped in beside her.

Steve woke up, feeling a little bit disoriented. It felt a little bit familiar as if he was waking up in Natasha's bed once again. The warm body that was pressing against his chest smelled so good. *This must be a dream.* He dreamed that he was back with Natasha.

He could sleep forever if he was dreaming like this.

Steve wrapped his arms around her, pulling her closer and kissed her back up to her shoulders and neck. The woman hummed happily and relaxed into his touch.

But the voice wasn't belong to Natasha and reality strike him.

It was his own fiancee, Sharon.

*Aww, shit!* He thought she was Natasha and how bad of a fiancé he was to think about other woman.

"Morning, honey." Sharon greeted, rolling over to face him and gave him a kiss. "How do you sleep?"

"Great." Steve replied. "Do you have to go to work today?"

"I have to deal with our wedding in the morning. I will be in my office the whole after for a meeting." She told before slipping off their bed. "You have any plan today."

"Yeah, got a meeting with Phil."

"Then you should get out of bed."

Steve didn't move but Sharon didn't care and went on to do her things. Steve closed his eyes and tried to get back to sleep. Then he felt Sharon kiss him on the lips.

"I will make you pancakes and bacons."

"Thanks."

He heard the door shut behind him. Steve sighed and sunk back to his deep thought for Natasha and how pancakes and bacons was her favorite breakfast.
"Nat, you have to get out of bed, darling." Maria gently spoke to the red head who laid on her bed in fetal position. "You'd been sleep like this for day."

The only reply was a strangled sob and Nat pulled the blanket over her head, curling herself tighter in to a ball. The covers smelled of Steve's cologne and she needed to but a new one if she really wanted to get over him.

But on the other hand, it was the only thing that helped her sleep at night. She made herself surrounded by his scent to sooth her that somehow he was here with her.

"Nat, you gotta eat something." Maria said. "Starve yourself to dead isn't going to bring him back."

"At least it will put me out of misery." Natasha mumbled through the covers.

"You can't go on like this, Nat."

"I don't want to live anymore. Leave me alone, Maria."

Maria sighed. "Alright, if you need anything, I'm right out side."

Nat didn't say anything in reply. She closed her eyes to hold back another wave of tears. It kept coming even though how much she already cried the past few days. Natasha cocooned herself tighter with sheets as if it could fill the emptiness when he left her. It wasn't the same because Steve wasn't under the sheet with her.

Natasha inhaled sharply to take in another whiff of his scent. Dear god, she will never ever wash these sheets ever again since it was the only thing...the only proof that he was once with hers.

Maria didn't bother her again but Nat could hear the sound from television in the background. Nat knew she was an ass for waving Maria off right that when she mean well for her. Natasha just wanted to be left alone, drowning in her sorrow until there was none of it left inside her again.

She will get over him soon, just like the she handled Alexi.

Finally, Natasha crawled out of bed on all four. It was the most hideous stage she ever be. She guessed that Maria heard the sound that she made and came to help her up on her feet. Maria hurled her up and supported her all the way to the kitchen and sat a bowl of soup in front of her.

“Thank you.” Nat whispered before started to dig in.

“Our boss called. He wants us to come in tonight but I already told him that you’re sick.” Maria told.

“Maybe we should be there so I can take my mind away from him.” The red head said before making face. “Maybe climbing up and down some random guy would help.”

“Don’t say that.”

“I would really help me, Maria. I have to focus on something else rather than him.”

“If you say so, I will call him and let him know.”

Maria wasn’t even agree with this but if it got Natasha out of bed then she should be okay with it.
Natasha and Maria were getting ready to go on stage. The brunette tried her best to conceal Nat’s fluffy eyes. It was really hard to do though when she cried for two days in a row. Maria watched her friend closely as Nat interacted with people around her. At least, she was in a safe headspace and that nothing would trigger her memories of Steve Rogers.

Maria promised to herself that she will call Clint soon and she will unleash everything on him and get him to deliver it to Steve. Clint would probably as pissed at Steve as her because the last phone call he made before he left Vegas telling her that he felt the same. The way Steve handled everything was just too awful and not to mention that he made the biggest mistake of choosing Sharon over Natasha.

The stage manager told Nat to get ready to go on the stage and they had a welcome back event just for her. Her costumers missed her. They missed her body. Nat bitterly thought but it was a part of her job. But if it was just a part of her job then why she felt a wave of disgust causing over her when she thought about other man laid their hands on her.

Other man that wasn't Steve, touching her and being near her. If felt wrong.

_Don't do this to yourself, Natasha._ Nat scolded herself. He couldn't take over your life like this.

So Nat closed her eyes and took a deep breath before stepping out onto the stage. Once the spotlight shone on her, the mask of a stripper Natasha 'Black Widow' Romanoff was on. She gave her audience a seductive smile before she gave them the show that they had been waiting for.

"Give it up to the Black Widow!"

They screamed her name and she felt the surge of adrenaline rush through her body once again. A little proof that Steve wasn't the only thing that kept her alive and all she needed to do was to believe it.

Nat spun around the pole and sexily swung around, gliding up and down. The men nearby the stage rained money on her in hope that they would get a better glimpse at her or they would be lucky enough that she will choose them to give a private dance.

Finally the song ended and it was someone else's turn to get on the stage. Natasha stepped down and Victor, her boss, came to get her before any man could reach her. He also handed her a drink.

“Everyone still loves you, Talia.” He said. “I know you got a lot of thing going on but I’m glad that you’re back.”

“Don’t thank me yet, Victor.” She said. “I don’t know how long before I stop with this.”

“Take all the time you need, darling. You’re like my family. We always welcome you here.”

She hugged him. “Thank you.”

“I will not force you to do anything that you didn’t like but there is a lot of men waiting for a private dance with you.” He told and pointed to the men eyeing her. “They are very big fans of you and they are willing to pay you double or maybe triple.”
“You know money is not my point anymore.”

“Just pick one lucky guy. Please.” Victor begged. “I will charge him triple.”

“Fine.”

“Thank you, you’re a peach.”

Nat sighed and drank the rest of the content in the glass before scanning the crowd to pick the lucky guy. The alcohol in her blood helped reduce her cautious about man. She finally saw one that caught her eyes. He was tall, blonde, and muscular. The kind of guy she liked…the kind of guy that looked like Steve.

Shit! Nat groaned but walked up to where the man sat.

“Ready?” She asked.

“I was born ready.” He replied and flashed her a predatory smile.

Nat huffed before led him upstairs to the private room where he will have a time of his life. Once Nat shut the door, the guy sat down on the armchair, expecting her to glide up and down him any moment now.

“Remember the rule, no touching. I am the only one who get to use my hands.”

“Anything you want, beautiful.”

He laid back and enjoyed the show that the most beautiful woman in Vegas was currently gave it to him. He kept his hands to himself as she told him but as she glided up and down, he caught a glimpse of something he didn’t notice before.

“I didn’t know that you have a tattoo.” He said cautiously.

“I don’t have a tattoo.” She replied.

“You might get it from your previous work but you really have it on your shoulder or maybe someone wrote it.”

Natasha became alarm. “What did it say?”

“It said ‘I love you.’ Your previous customer was probably in love with you or something.”

Steve! That was the first name that came up in her mind as she leaped up from the guy’s laps and bolted out the door. She could heard him yell and she only replied that she was sorry. The adrenaline combined with alcohol suddenly burned out of her system and gave her the clear conscious back.

Steve must be the one who wrote that because she felt him wrote something on her skin every night when she was about to pass out after so many orgasms he pulled on her. She revisited the memories again and tried to think of when he first started writing it.

She could remember anything when she reached Victor’s office but she realized that she was crying since she discovered this truth. Steve loved her but why the hell did he left her?

“Victor…” Her voice was shaken that made the man immediately noticed it and hang his phone.
“Is there something wrong?” He asked worriedly. “Did that guy take advantage of you? I can send someone to cut his hands off.”

“No—no—I’m sorry, I just couldn’t—do this anymore—I—I’m terribly sorry.”

Victor was alarmed by the sudden break down of Natasha. He never saw her like this before and he didn’t know how to handle this. He finally realized how sad and heartbreak she was so Victor gave her all the time she need and recover until she was ready to come back again.

“Thank you.” She sobbed before went straight back to her apartment.

She was crying the whole ride in the taxi. When she arrived at her apartment, she stripped off her clothes and went into the shower, pouring soap on her skin and using the sponge to scrub it out. Natasha put all the strength she had to rub it out. She didn’t need any reminder of the mistake she made.

He couldn’t do this to her. Bounded her by the word. Took her heart away and threw it to the ground again and again like this.

Why he had to hurt her this way?

‘I love you.’ The word still rang in her head. ‘I love you...no matters what happen....please remember, I will always love you.’

She sunk down on the floor and began to cry again, dropping the sponge when she realizing what she did. It was the only thing that reminded her that Steve somehow loved her.

He loved her and she pretty sured that she loved him too. Whatever they had was real.

“Nat!” Maria called when she entered her apartment.

The brunette came rushing in to the bathroom to find her friend sitting on the floor and hugging her knees, still crying and shaking. She turned out the water and handed Nat a towel.

“Come on, Nat.” She said. “You will catch a cold.”

“I don’t care.”

Maria sighed and pulled Nat up without any resistance from the red head. She wrapped Nat a towel and forced her to dry off while Maria handled with her hair.

“He wrote a sharpie on my skin.” Nat quietly spoke up and a sob escape from her throat. Maria kept quiet to see where this one was heading. “He wrote ‘I love you.’ on my shoulder but he didn’t tell me directly. I have a dream…I—I really don’t know that it was a dream or it was real.”

“What did he say?”

“He said he loves me. He will always love me.” A single tear fell from her eyes. “Maybe my mind made it up. Maybe—it just—I just—want him so much that my mind made believe of it.”

Maria pulled Nat’s hair aside and she saw the face paint from the black marker.

“Can you retrace it for me?”

“Why are you doing this?” Maria asked, completely disagree with this idea. “You should wipe it out so nothing will remind you off him.”
“A reminder of how stupid I was and to remind me that I will not do it again.” Nat replied, trying to sound strong and confident but she was clearly failed. “The sharpie is on the end table. He left it there.”

“Don’t do this, Nat. Trust me. Nothing good will come out of this.”

“Please…” The broken voice that left Nat’s mouth only broke Maria’s heart even more.

She did as Nat asked, tracing the line and watched as Natasha cried again.

“You have been here for almost ten hours now, bro!” Tony spoke loudly as he stepped inside Steve’s studio.

“I’m just trying to make myself busy.” Steve replied without taking his eyes of the work he was currently doing. “Why are you here, Tony?”

“Sharon and Pepper had recruit me as their errand boy.” The billionaire replied. “I came here to deliver the document that needed your approval.”

Steve sighed, visibly irritated. Tony was taken a back because he never witnessed Steve in this stage of mood swing at all. Steve was always calm and happy but lately, to be more precise, since he came back from Las Vegas. Steve was losing his temper and he acted like he was about to lose his mind. Dark circle appeared around his eyes, proving that he hadn’t sleep much. His brows always furrowed and exhaustion always donned his face.

Not exactly the stage the someone should be when they were about to get married in two weeks.

Steve’s mood reflected on his art works too. They were dark and despair. They were really hard to look at without feeling depress. Steve lost all the grow he had. It was like some part of him was already dying.

“Are you alright, man?” Tony asked, concerned. “You were acting weird lately.”

Steve was still sensitive enough to notice his friend’s voice. ‘I’m fine.” He lied.

“You’re lying.”

Steve sighed. “I don’t know, Tony.”

“I need you to look at the guest list on last time before we send the invitation out.”

“Fine.”

Steve took the paper from Tony’s hand and began to quickly read everything but he lose his patience at the second page and skipped to the end where he could sign his name. When he handed the paper back, a realization hit him hard and it was enough to alarm Steve and gave him a panic attack. The blond stumbled back, breathing hard, hand clutching his chest before falling back on the couch. Tony quickly yelled for help.

“I’m fine…just a little panic attack.”

“Dude, you’re not fine at all. I will take you to the hospital.”
“It’s not necessary, Tony.” She shrugged Tony’s hand of his arm. “I will be fine.”

Phil came in with May. He held a glass of water while May had her phone in hand, ready to dial 911.

“Dude…” Tony was worried but his best friend kept brush him off.

“Just leave me alone.” Steve got up and went behind the easel again. His voice turned cold the way he never used with any of them. “All of you…leave me alone. I’m fine.”

They did as Steve wished. Phil and May led tony out of the room but the billionaire was still worry about his friend. Tony looked back again and found Steve buried his face in his hands. His broad shoulders shaking as if he was trying to hold back a sob or he was probably crying.

Phil held the door open and Tony finally stepped out of the room.

“I want Steve on full surveillance.”

“He will not like this, Tony.”

“I’m afraid that he might hurt himself more than he already was.”

“Do you know what cause this? I was perfectly fine when he left for Vegas and during the time he stayed there, I talked to him and he sounded fine…almost elated all the time.”

“I don’t know what happen too, Phil. I wish I know.” Tony replied.

“He shut everyone out, Tony, No one could reach him.” Melinda said and patted his back lightly. “Don’t beat yourself up.”

“I’m worried about him…I only see him like this once—just once is enough.” Tony muttered. “He came so close to the moment he lost his mother and his friend. I know, Phil. This is why I want him on surveillance because the last time, he went down the self destruction path and he almost killed himself from the guilt her burdened.”

Phil and Melinda never heard about it before. Steve didn’t tell them much but they respected the man’s privacy.

“I will send someone to keep eyes on him the whole time.” Tony continued. “You two will be my eyes and ears since Steve didn’t want me to install JARVIS in his art studio.”

“JARVIS?”

“My AI.”

“I will have the receptionist report to May and I the whole time.”

“Thank you so much.” Tony nodded.

Steve laid on the couch and trying really hard to slow his heartbeat down. Sweats dripped down his face and his back, his body was overheated by the sudden panic attack. He could heard the hard drum of his heart and he feared it would come out of his chest.

The guest he just finalized only reminded him how close the wedding was and it triggered something in him. The realization that he was very close to lose Natasha forever.
Just thinking about him making his heart arch and pain erupted in every fiber of his being.

But he already made his decision. The stupid decision that hurt both of them badly. Even he crawled his way back to Natasha right now and abandoned Sharon, he wasn’t sure that she would take him back after all the thing he put her though.

“Fuck…” Steve groaned and rolled off the couch. *I need a drink*. He thought as he stood up and went to the mini bar in the corner. The cabinet was empty. Oh, he drank all of it yesterday to make him stop thinking about Natasha.

He slammed the cabinet door shut and headed downstairs. There was two costumers right now so he took the back door to avoid them. He didn’t want anyone to see him like this, looking half alive. He took his car to the nearest liquor store.

The owner greeted him from behind the cashier. Steve just gave a nod and went through the shelves to find the drinks that he wanted. Within a short amount of time, Steve filled the basket with his and Natasha’s favorite liquor. It came almost instinctively that he didn’t realize it until he reached the whiskey section and that he grabbed a bottle of Langavulin instead of his usual Glenmorangie.

*Fuck*. He muttered as he looked at the bottle in his hand. He closed his eyes as the flood of memories hit him. The first time he discovered that she liked it, the way she tasted like it when he kissed her, so good and addicting.

The Black Widow left men as good as dead after nights with her.

He couldn’t eat. He couldn’t sleep. All he could think about was her.

Steve put the bottle in the basket. He didn’t put it back because he was so desperate to get the feeling of having Natasha. Just anything related to her was sufficient enough to help him surviving another day without her.

Steve earned a questionable look from the owner but he didn’t say anything. Steve took his wallet out but his hand was trembling and he dropped his wallet on the floor. The content in his wallet spilled out, money and stuff that he kept, he quickly gathered it back but when his hand reached a photo. It hit him hard when he saw the photo of him and Natasha.

It was from the day she took him to the homeless shelter. The photo of him holding Natasha tightly in his arms and kissed her passionately. Steve almost didn’t recognize the man in this picture. He was too happy that it grow out of the photo. That was what he could have been if he chose Natasha over Sharon.

He could be forever happy with her but he chose to do what he thought it was the right thing.

“Are you alright there?” The man asked, pulling Steve’s mind back to reality.

“Yeah…yeah…” He said and got up on his feet, handing the man the money.

Steve paid up and headed back to his art gallery. There was only the receptionist who greeted him. Steve nodded and carried the bags upstairs. Once Steve was out of her sight, the receptionist, Jemma, dialed the phone to Phil immediately.

“Mr. Coulson, about the update of Mr. Rogers, he just came back with three bags of I believe it was alcohol.”
“Thank you. Keep me posted.” Phil said. “Did the camera in his studio still working?”

“Yes.”

“You can go home now, Jemma. I will take care of the rest.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Steve was arranging everything inside the cabinet when Jemma popped by at the door and told him that she was heading home. Steve saw her out and secured the front entrance.

He came back and started pouring the whiskey and took the first sip. The tingling sensation flow through him and he closed his eyes, trying to remember the moment right after Natasha drank it and kissed him. This was the closet thing to her kiss and he let his imagination and memories blended in together.

At least for a moment, he felt like he was back with her again. The memories of he was still fresh in his mind and he would keep it that way. If he forget one thing about her, he would lose it.

From one glass quickly turned into five and then six and seven before he stop at eight. His head was spinning and he had to lay back on the couch with his arm on his forehead.

God! He missed her so much that it hurt. He wanted to feel her near him, feeling the love that she always gave him even the last moment that they were spending together. He wanted her back even he knew that he didn’t deserve her after he left her with a complete heartbreak like that.

He knew how her previous break up did to her. How hard she was trying to recover the heart break Alexi cause her and he did it to her again.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” Steve muttered as tears slipped down his face.

How could he claim that he loved her when he did that to her?

He wanted to talk about this to someone to get it all out but he couldn’t. Clint wasn’t his choice of talking anymore since he was the one who warned him not to see Natasha. Steve was sure that his friend would take her side in this matter. The others didn’t know about his relationship with Natasha except that they were friends. Bruce might suspect it but he wasn’t the choice too. Bruce got his own shit to handle and Steve didn’t want to burden the man with his trouble.

He guessed he would have to put on a mask for the sake of everyone.

He stared at the phone of him and Natasha. It didn’t help him feel any better especially when he was surrounding by portraits of her.

He should go back to her, dropping on his knees and beg her to take him back.

“Fuck…” Steve sighed.

The phone rang, startling him, and Steve pulled it out of his pocket, answering it.

“Rogers.”

“Steven, are you coming home tonight?” Sharon asked.
“No, I will stay at the gallery. I have too many things to deal with right now.”

“Do you need my help?”

“No.”

“Fine, I will drop by tomorrow morning with your breakfast.” She said. “Good night, babe.”

“Good night.”

Steve hung up immediately before he dropped his phone on the floor, closing his eyes and let the pain drowning him.

He deserved it after all.

Day 3

Maria came to check on Natasha the next morning after her friend cried herself to sleep last night. The doorman let her in immediately and she stopped by the mail box to get things for Nat before she went upstairs.

Maria let herself in as she shuffling through Nat's mail and then one thing caught her attention. A pastel pink envelope with a flora pattern. Her heart sunk as she opened it to find a wedding invitation.

Mr. & Mrs. Marshal Carter

Invite you to celebrate the marriage

of their daughter

Sharon Carter

To

Steven Grant Rogers

Maria felt her blood boil and roar loudly in her ears. How dare he send his wedding invitation to Nat?! Did he wanted to rub it in her friend's face? Why the hell did he did this? As if leaving her and breaking her heart wasn't enough!

Maria was furious beyond word. Steve had outdone himself this time. This was the new level of asshole. She had to hide this invitation before Natasha got a chance to see it and shatter her heart even more.
Before Maria could do anything about the letter, she heard a loud vomit voice coming from Nat's bedroom. She ran inside only to find Natasha on the floor in front of the toilet, looking pale and lifeless.

"What happen to you?" Maria asked as she knelt down next to Nat.

"I don't know..." Nat rasped out through her sore throat. "Probably has something to do with vodka rock at five AM."

"Christ! Why are you doing this to yourself?"

"I need to forget and dull my pain."

It broke Maria's heart that her friend said that, admitting the pain so easily. On the bright side, she was facing the heart break but the real question was, when will it hit her limit?

When Nat was done with emptying every content in her stomach, Maria helped her up and told Natasha to take a shower and met her in the kitchen, she will cook breakfast for her. Nat complied easily the way she never did before. Maybe she was operating on auto-pilot to avoid causing any more damage to herself.

Maria only knew that they were lovers with a passionate urge to fuck each other's brain out every moment. For god sake, they even dragged her into their sexcapade when Natasha decided to send him dirty pictures. Not to mention that they were about to go at it like bunnies i front of her. She never saw Nat that happy before and she was okay with him making her happy. Right up until now, he left her wrecked and completely broken.

"Maria..." A broke sound came from the living room when Maria was busy preparing the breakfast.

The brunette looked up only to find Natasha holding the invitation in her trembling hand. Her green eyes swiped through the whole thing quickly and quickly registered it. Nat looked up at Maria as tear dripping down her face. Maria dropped everything and went to Nat who was now on the floor, crying. Her eyes never left the damning evident that Steve was deliberately trying to hurt her.

Why did he had to do this to her? Why did he had to hurt her this way?

Nat was crying uncontrollably, holding the invitation card in her chest. Maria held Nat and trying to pull the card away before tossing it into the fireplace. Natasha was completely lost it right now and Maria felt bad that she couldn’t do anything to help her friend feel better.

They sat there until her sob began to subside. Maria helped Nat to stand up and to the couch. The red head was still sobbing but at least she was trying to force herself to stop.

“Stop crying, sweetheart.” She said gently, rubbing her shoulders. “He will not come back and you know that…you have to move on, Nat.”

“How could he do this to me?”

“I don’t know…but he is hurting you.”

Nat went quiet and closed her eyes, sobbing herself to sleep again. Maria couldn’t do anything but soothing her friend, comforting her until Nat was in deep in her sleep. The brunette got up and grabbed her phone, walking over to the window.

She had to end this for Nat and also recruiting someone to help her.
“Barton, speaking” Clint was at another end, from his voice, she knew that he was pretty busy.

Maria couldn’t control her anger anymore. “CLINTON! YOUR FRIEND IS IN FOR A WORLD OF PAIN”

“What?” Clint was obviously confused. “What are you talking about?”

“Tell me why there is a wedding invitation for Nat!”

“WHAT?!” Clint shouted. “I don’t know that he send it out, especially to Nat.”

“You gotta get to the bottom of his and find out that Steve really did this.”

“I will do it.”

“And one more thing, your friend wrecked her. He wrote, ‘I love you’ with a sharpie on her shoulder.” Maria told. “She was lost it and trying to scrub it out but ended up with me having to retrace it for her.” She paused for a second. “Why did he do this to her?”

"He didn't mean it, Maria!"

Before Maria could say anything in counter of that, a message sound came from Clint’s phone. “Hold on.” He told and looked at the incoming message. “Hey, I gotta go. Tony just texted me that he needs me at Steve’s gallery.” “I will call back with an update.”

“Hey…before you go, when will you fly in again?”

“Four days, if nothing came up. I had to handle a lot of business matters.”

“Okay, I understand. I will see you soon.”

“I miss you.”

“Me too.”

Clint hurried to Steve’s art gallery and parked his Porsche in front of the building where he saw Tony's Audi R8 and Thor's Koenigsegg parked before him. He walked upstairs without anyone stopping him. Jemma only called up to Steve’s office to let Tony know.

"What the hell happen?" He asked when he saw Thor, Tony, and Bruce standing.

"Steve didn't come home last night. Sharon called me to check on him because she had to head upstate for some urgent business." Tony said.

"I'm not surprise." Clint shrugged. He knew that Sharon would never be there for Steve. "Where is he now?"

"Showering or vomiting, we do not know." Thor replied.

"What seemed to be a trigger this time?"

"He seemed odd since we came back from Vegas and I figure it out that something bad happened
back there before we left.”

Clint reminded unreadable because he knew what actually happened but he blamed his friend in this case. Steve gave Natasha hope, making her fall in love with him and then abandon her with a heartbreak. He also had a question to ask Steve Rogers.

Not to mention that Steve made a stupid decision of shoving Sharon over Natasha, the woman who clearly loved him from who he was and willing to be there for him.

Clint might not be the one who had long term relationship in a while but he knew true love when he saw one.

“Do you know what it is, Clint?” Tony asked. “You seem like you know something and you didn’t want to share with us.”

“I know as much as you guys.” Clint said, maintaining his impassive face.

Their attention turned to Steve as the man stepped out of his bathroom, looking wrecked. His eyes were puffy and red. Dark circles around his eyes reached the unhealthy point. Clint would sympathize but he was still angry with Steve about Natasha and he would have to talk to Steve about what he just heard from Maria.

Steve laid down on the couch and closed his eyes. Everyone circled him and looking at him worriedly. Bruce looked at Clint as if he figured out why Steve was acting this way.

“What happen to you, Steve? Talk to us! We are your friends.” Tony said.

“Is it too late to go back to Las Vegas again? Because right now it was the only place I wanna be.” Steve mumbled. “Can we go back?”

“You want to go back? You, of all people?”

Steve didn’t reply. He sunk deep into his thought again and closed his eyes. Something happened in Las Vegas and they didn’t know what caused this to Steve. Clint knew but he rather not complicating the situation. Thor knew Steve was changing to the core was when he stopped talking so much since they left. Tony just realized it yesterday when Steve had a panic attack. Bruce looked at Clint as if he wanted to talk and confirm his suspicion. Clint will talk to the good doctor about this because he needed someone to vent out too.

"I don't want to talk about it. Please leave me alone." Steve said, turning back from his friends.

"Steve...."

“Please...”

Everyone did as he wished and headed for the door, only Clint lingered behind to talk to Steve about this matter.

“I mean you too, Clint.” Steve spoke up even he was still close his eyes.

“Did you send a wedding invitation to Natasha?”

Steve sat up and looked at Clint, confused. “No—Why would I do that?”

“Because Maria told me she found a wedding invitation in Nat’s mailbox.” Clint narrowed his eyes. “If you didn’t do it then someone else did.”
“I will find the one who did this and kill them.” Steve buried his head into his hands. “God…it would hurt her so bad.”

“You already did when you left her.”

“You don’t have to remind me.” Steve laid back on the couch again. “You should go now.”

Clint was reluctant. He had half a mind to tell Steve about the sharpie but he thought that if he withholding this from Steve would be better for everyone. Steve wasn’t in a good state of mind right now and if Clint told him about this, Steve probably lost his shit all over again.

Moreover, Steve needed to be tortured by the thought of it. Did she keep it? Did she try to get rid of it? Even it will eat Steve up but he deserved it. Clint knew he was cruel but Steve had to feel the same pain and he only hoped that Steve would see the light soon and ran back to Nat and not going through with this stupid wedding.

Clint could only hope that all of this shenanigan will end soon.

Maria told Nat that she had to go to work tonight and if she had any emergency, Maria will come to her right away. Nat just nodded and when back to sleep. Natasha woke up again when she felt that the living room was too cold and her body was freezing. She looked out the window to find the whole area was in the dark.

Is the right out again? Nat thought.

Nat went into her bedroom to put on more clothes to keep her warm and didn't forget to take the blanket along with her too. The night in the dessert area could be extremely cold sometime. Nat sunk back on the couch and wrapping the sheets around her, laying down and closed her eyes.

But she made a mistake of pulling the sheets too close to her nose and caught a whiff of Steve's scent, his cologne was still lingering on it like a second skin. Nat couldn't hold back tears as the memories flooded her. That one night when The light was out while they were in the shower and making love all night to keep them warm.

The night he slipped out that he wanted to make a baby with her.

Her hand immediately ran down to her toned stomach and her mind ran wild again.

If she was pregnant with his baby, will he come back to her?

It was just as hopeless as the thought of him really loved her. Of course, Steve will not come back to when he had his beautiful, high society fiancee with him. Why would her choose a striper like her? He lied to her that he loved her so she would let her guard down and let him fuck her.

He wouldn't take responsible for the child. He might come up with some horrid reason that the child might not be his children and she probably let every costumer fuck her the way she let him. Tears streamed down her face as she thought about all of that possibility. It would shatter her heart completely if he asked for a DNA test.

It would be the most damming proof that he never ever loved her.
God! What had she done to herself with all of this awful thought? She should move on with her life and let someone in so that person might replace Steve. She will soon forget him and be happy again. Nat closed her eyes and let that possibility sink in.

She could find another with blond hair and blue eyes, muscles everywhere because that was the type of guy she was into. They probably went on a few dates before she let him kiss her. There will be no more oral sex the first night they met. It probably took them quite sometime before they actually had sex. She hoped the guy would be a gentleman but an animal in bed.

It was a great way to relive some pain up until the point when Natasha realized all of the things she thought about was what she would do with Steve. Even the imaginary guy in her mind had the same shade of blue as Steve's eyes, as intense as his. Every line of muscles was the same as Steve. Every tiny little details.

'I own you.' 'You're mine.' 'No one will make you feel the way I did.' 'I will show the world that you are mine.' 'I want you to remember no one but me even when you fuck with other guys. Remember only my cock inside you.'

His voice rang in her head. The memories sent shivers down her spine when she thought about it. His low, sexy, seductive voice was always turned her on even when she just thinking about it. Wetness grew between her legs and she couldn't control it. Then a wave of disgust filled her. Steve haunted her in the worst way imaginable. She could still feel how his cock stretching her out, filling her up all the way in and exploded his cum inside her.

Nat cried the moment she realized that she hadn't move on from Steve on bit. He was still stuck with her in every moment and she couldn't stop. Steve imprinted on her and she felt the touch of his hands all over her body.

He owned her. In every way possible.

"No..." Nat moaned sadly. "No....."

She wrapped herself tighter in the sheets that smelled like Steve and cried her eyes out. She didn't even bother to light up the candles and let herself succumb to the darkness and feeling alone all the more. Steve fucked her right here, on this couch to keep her warm during the light out, holding her close.

It was such a sweet memory until Steve decided to ruin it in the most painful way possible. She was half thought that he might have been using her all along. She knew she had been through too much shit right now and might not thinking straight. But the way Steve acted only emphasized it, he used her, getting all the sex he had been long want to have and that pissed her off to no end because she gave him everything and he just took it.

She hated that she needs him so much, depended on him, trusted him and he betrayed her.

Her phone was ringing for a couple times now but Natasha thoroughly ignored it. She couldn't remember where she put it anyway. It might probably from Steve and she didn't want to talk to him and got her heart shattered again. That was until Maria came in and called her out.

"Nat! Where are you?"

"Here..."

Maria rushed in and knelt down next to her. "God! Are you right?" She asked. "I called you like six times. Why aren't you answering my phone?" Nat didn't reply. "Why are you in the dark like this?"
Because the candle only reminded her of that one of her many nights with Steve. Everything in this apartment was a trigger for her and she was trying to avoid it as much as she could by doing exactly nothing at all.

"Why are you come back early?"

"Light out at the club too. Victor sends us all home." Maria answered but she was still worried about Nat. "What happened to you?"

"Steve..."

Steve happened in her life and ruined her. Ruined her in every way.

"What did he do now?"

"Nothing." Nat wiped tears away from her face. "Just the memories he planted all over this apartment."

"You and I will clean this place up tomorrow and get rid of everything."

"I don't know if I can do that, Maria."

"You have to. You have to move on."

Nat looked at her friend with teary eyes. "I can't..." She sobbed. "He owns me, Maria."

Day 4

It was 5 AM when Steve woke up in his art studio. He didn't go home again because it wasn't his home anymore. There was no Natasha back there so he didn't see the point of why he had to go back. Home was where Natasha was.

And he missed his home so much.

Steve groaned and climbed out of the couch then fell immediately to the floor. Every bone in his body made a sound of protest that he should move, probably he shouldn’t breath to because the pain was too much, both physically and emotionally.

When he finally able to get up from the floor, he went straight to the alcohol cabinet and pulled out a bottle of Lagavulin along with a glass before heading upstairs to the roof top of his art gallery.

It was a breezy morning that sent chill down his spine. Steve quickly took a sip of the whiskey to warm him up. He sat down on the rooftop, facing toward the direction of sunrise.

He hoped that it would bring him a better day than yesterday because if it kept repeating like this, he wished he would die soon. The pain was too much when he was thinking about Natasha and he couldn’t stop thinking about her. He was in pain all the time and alcohol was the only choice to take those edge off.

He missed her like crazy but he couldn’t do anything about it.
He let the love of his life go in order to keep the promise to someone he didn’t have feeling for.

“You stupid ass…” He scolded himself and poured another glass.

It was a rough night because she could barely sleep. She cried all the time but it wasn’t enough to make her eyes shut. Now she was wrapping tightly in her sheets, still covering with Steve’s scent and she also spilled more of his cologne (that he left in her bathroom) on the pillow so it would also smell like him.

It was pathetic but she couldn’t help it. The smell of that cologne was the only way to help her sleep and the same time it made her wanted to vomit when the memories kept repeating in her mind.

She pulled her shit together and didn’t break down for two hours now and it was probably time to get out of bed.

Nat stumbled for first three steps before regaining her balance. She grabbed a bottle of vodka before heading up to the rooftop but also didn’t forget to leave Maria a note of where she went. Nat sat down on one of the couch on the rooftop, facing toward the East to watch the sun slowly rose from the horizon.

_It was a new day, Romanoff and it was time to move on. She thought. You couldn’t let him own you like that._

She should start doing something to slowly get rid of him, taking Steve out of her system one piece at a time before putting her true self back in her body, not this…not this kind of weak and emotionally depended on a man who never loved her.

_He made you shed enough tears, Natasha. She reminded himself. Love is for children anyway._

It was a new day and she was ready to begin the life without Steve and the first step to recovery.
All she could hope was that she was strong enough to get through this.

Chapter End Notes

see you next friday!
“Maria, I think I’m fine with this. We don’t have to throw everything out.” Nat said.

“Those things will only remind you of him.” Maria countered. “It’s a precaution.”

“Fine. We will do this your way.” Nat gave up arguing with her friend.

They searched around the apartment and trying to find anything that belonged to Steve. They started with the bedroom and bathroom first. Maria was in the bathroom while Nat was in the closet.

Nat sighed when she saw a huge amount of clothes in there. There was his shirts that she stole it from time through time because it was unbelievably comfortable and Steve loved it when she wore something of his. Nat shuddered at the thought and a flash of memories filled her head.

He was turned on by everything hers but his possessiveness had a thing when his girl wapping by something of his.

“Shit…” Nat groaned. “Shit…” She still thought about them. *Stop it right now, Romanoff!*

Nat ended up throwing everything in the basket. His shirts, t-shirts, shorts, boxer, and sweats will be burn to hell after this.

After she was done with the closet, Nat stepped outside with a basketful of clothes. His clothes that turned out were one of the two things that could sooth her back to sleep. Nat shook her head before setting out to find the remaining of Steve's belongings. Her eyes roamed around the room until something caught her eyes.

The fucking sketch that he gave her hanging on the wall of her bedroom. The very first one that he drew her while they were waiting for the laundry. A slow and peaceful day that he helped her cleaned up the apartment. It was a beautiful memory until he ruined it.

Natasha quickly took it down from the wall and threw it into the trash bin. It fell down with a loud noise of glass shattering. Another memory of them was gone.

*Wait! No! What have she done?*

Nat quickly ran to the bin and tried to pull out the drawing from the shattered glass, only to cut herself with it. Blood drew from her hand as she tried to retrieve the sketch.

It was a good memory, pure and innocent and it had nothing to do with the disgusting memories
that he wanted to use her for sex. They were friends.

"What the hell are you doing, Nat?" Maria asked and came to Nat only to see blood soaked Nat's hand. "You're cutting yourself? ARE YOU MAD?"

"No! I just trying to retrieve the sketch before it's too late." Natasha explained.

"What sketch?"

"This one." Nat revealed the drawing that she held close to her heart.

Maria's eyes scanned the piece of art and she knew right away that it was from Steve but she didn't saw the artist's signature that would confirm that it belonged to Steve. It was a beautiful sketch that captured Natasha in the most natural and loving way. It had to come from someone who could make her relaxed around them.

"Why are you trying save it?"

"It was a beautiful memory. An innocent one that I shouldn't throw away."

"You know what I will advise you."

"I know...but I have to keep this one."

Maria held Nat in her arms. "Okay, sweetheart, I will tend to those cuts."

Maria got up and went inside the bathroom to get the first aid kit before tending to Natasha's hand. After bandaged Nat up, the two continued to put everything belonged to Steve in a box so they could throw it away.

"I think you better leave it to me to get rid of it." Maria suggested once they finished.

"Okay...but can you just lock it up somewhere without actually get rid off it." Nat countered. "Don't tell me you're still thinking about actually return them to him?" The brunette narrowed her eyes. "You should at least feeling like burn all those stuff up."

"I don't see a point of burning perfectly good things."

"So you can get over him soon, god damn it!"

"Fine!"

Maria cleaned out the bathroom but she insisted that Nat should make a final sweep so there was nothing left. Natasha found his cologne and was tempting to discard it but she kept it hidden from Maria. She always loved the scent of his cologne. It was soothing, and smelling of security. She loved to hug him tightly, burying her face in his chest and inhaling him.

God...it would take a long time for her to get over this man.

He did a number on her even such a short time.

"Hey, ready to burn everything."

"Yeah, let's go."

They went to the rooftops with a basket full of Steve's clothes. Maria sat up a metal trash can,
pouring the clothes in before soaked with gasoline.

"Are you ready?" Maria asked, handing Nat a box of matches.

"I was born ready."

The fact was that she wasn't ready at all but Maria insisted it was a good idea and the first step to recovery. It wasn't brought her any harm.

She lit the match and threw it in, pretending to be brave. She couldn't let Steve weakened her again.

"Shit!" Nat shouted and quickly went for the fire extinguisher.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"I can't, Maria! I'm sorry."

Nat put out the fire and left Maria confused of what her friend was doing. Once the fire were off, Nat pushed the trash down so the contents spilled out and searched for the remaining shirt. She could only saved three of them but it was better than nothing. Nat held those shirts close as if she was protecting it from Maria.

"I'm sorry, Maria. I will get back on track but not now...I have to hold on to all of this and I will go my own pace. Just...not now."

"Shh--sh" Maria flopped down next to Nat and held her. "It's okay."

She wasn’t ready to get over him. Not when he was all over like this. In a short amount of time, he turned out to be the biggest part of her life and she didn’t want to let of just yet.

Maybe he would come back to her.

Maria took Nat downstairs. They had a lot to talk about this. All Maria wanted to do was to help Nat get over Steve as soon as possible but this was hard. Really hard if Natasha wasn’t willing to let go of him.

Nat suck back on the couch, crying. “I can’t do this now.”

“You have to let me help you, Nat. I will handle all of his stuff so you don’t have anything that might trigger your memories.”

“Not now—I can’t”

Nat didn’t listen anymore as she was crying her heart out. Maria let her before she gathered the boxes that they put most of his things inside. She will find some place safe and will keep it there for a while until Natasha was ready to let go of it.

“Good morning, Miss Carter” Jemma greeted the woman who just walk in.
“Hello, Jemma.” Sharon greeted back. “Is Steve here?”

“Yes, he’s up stairs.”

“Thank you.”

Sharon slowly walked up to Steve’s studio and found he fiancé was working on the new painting.

“Good morning, honey.” Sharon greeted. “I brought you breakfast and today, we have an appointment together.”

“Morning…” Steve replied as he sat down the brush and turned his attention to her. “I don’t know that we have an appointment today. Jemma didn’t say anything.”

“Well…” Sharon looked up from her phone only to see how terrible Steve was. “Oh my god! Steven! You look terrible.”

“I know…”

“What the hell happened to you? Good god, I only got 10 days to get you back to your handsome stage.”

“Then probably we should call off the wedding.” That came out as a joke with a little bit of sarcasm.

Sharon chuckled and stepped closer to Steve. “No, dummy, we can’t call of anything now.”

“I know…”

“Well, you should go take a shower and shave. I will wait here.”

Sharon led Steve into the bathroom. Steve had a thought about Natasha again. That she definitely jumped into the shower with him and there were 80% chance of a steamy shower sex.

"Wanna join me?" He asked, even he knew the answer to it.

"Nah, let's make it quick, Steven. The appointment is in one hour."

"Okay."

Steve couldn't hide the disappointment in his voice and Sharon stepped closer to pull him into a hug before kissed him. "In a different circumstance, I will definitely join you, Steve."

"I highly doubt that."

"I promise." She smiled and kissed him again.

"What's with the appointment I didn't know about?" Steve asked when they sat in her Jaguar. She was driving as always.

"Finalize your tuxedo." She said. "Then we will have a dancing class."
"Why?"

"Because we have to nail it. It's our wedding for christ's sake. Tony and Pepper even hired a couch from Dancing with the stars!"

"Can we just slow dance?"

"No!"

Steve sighed. All this stupid showmanship and extravaganza were exhausted him in every way. He just wanted to live in peace but his fiancee always came with a news that brought this wedding to another level. He was tired and all he wanted right now was the end of this wedding.

He hoped that his mother would be here and also Bucky too. It would make it slightly better because his mother would put up a fight with Marshal Carter and Bucky would knock some sense into him. Well, if Bucky was here the wedding would never happen in the first place.

Clint tried to warn him about the incompatibility but he didn't listen to the guy. Bruce subtilely asked him from time through time if he really want to go through with this wedding. It was clear for him now and he could only blame himself for not listening to them.

_God! Why was he so blind? Why????_

"Are you listening to me, Steve?"

"Hmm?" He turned to face Sharon. "Come again"

"God, it likes you are not you. Not the one before you went to Vegas." She said. "What happened there anyway that made my Steve completely changed like this."

_Natasha happened and he loved her._ "Nothing." He lied. "Nothing happened. I have a wedding jitters."

"It's gonna be okay, honey. Dad, already handle everything."

That was the thing he afraid. Her father was all in. He invited probably everyone that he knew. Steve loathed the idea so much. He hated being in the crowd he didn't know and that he had to pretend to be someone else in his own wedding.

They arrived at the tailor where they met up with the rest of the guy and their respective partners. All of them knew that something was wrong with Steve but they didn't have it enough to say it. Steve forced a smile in front of them and he tried to look happy for the sake of Sharon.

The tailor came to collect Steve for the finalization. His friends told him that he was looking ravishing in that suits but Steve knew they just said it so Steve would feel a little better. He looked terrible for a guy who will get married in a week.

The groomsmen all looked great and they were very excited about the wedding except for Clint. Clint held grudges with Steve since he left Natasha for Sharon, not to mention that he had sex with Natasha one last time and broke her heart all the more for it.

"I look nice!" Tony exclaimed.

"You will look nicer when you wear your own wedding suit." Pepper countered and it made Tony gaped. "Just saying"
"I say we will marry next year, Pep!" Tony said. "I don't want to steal Sharon and Steve's spotlight by our more awesome wedding."

"Oh please!" Sharon shushed.

"Is that how you ask me to marry you?" Pepper asked, demanding an answer.

Bruce muttered. "Way to blow it, buddy."

"Well..." Tony stammered. "You can say yes right now..."

"Real smooth, Stark." Clint snorted. "You can do better than that."

"Okay, honey. I will re-propose you soon after we're done with Steve's wedding and of course, more thoughtful than this."

"You should."

After the boys finalized their tuxedo, they went out to have lunch together. Thor asked whether they could join the ladies on their final fitting day too. Sharon said she wanted it to be a surprise for the boys and that Steve couldn't see the wedding dress until Sharon came to the altar anyway.

The lunch went on. Pepper, Sharon, and Jane were discussing about the specific wine that will serve at the wedding. Sharon's father also secured a huge amount of Dom Perignon from a very specific year.

Well, if Steve could choose, the whole wedding will serve with only Lagavulin and Glenmorangie.

Sharon had an errand as an excuse to keep her fiancé to come home with her since he stayed at the studio for two days in a row now. Sharon also realized that something was wrong with Steve but she was in a denying stage, firmly believing that their relationship was still tight and strong as ever.

But he wasn't himself since he came back. She assumed that it was just a phrase and Steve will get over it soon. He might just miss the last days of being a bachelor.

As promised to him earlier today, she joined him in the bathtub where she positioned herself between his legs and leaned back against his chest. Steve stiffened up at first but relaxed and wrapping his arms around her, kissing her shoulders and neck.

"I miss you." She murmured as his hands began to roam all over her body, cleaning her. "3 weeks apart was too much."

"Really?"

"Yes, I miss my fiancé."

"Then we should quickly finish this and moved to bed. What do you think, bae?"

Sharon turned around and began to help him cleaning up too. She kissed his lips, wrapping her arms around his neck, pulling him close and deepening the kiss. Steve didn't kiss back at first because her lips felt so strange, not the familiar feeling he used to. It wasn't Natasha's lips.

When he realized he was thinking about the certain red head, Steve pulled Sharon closer and focused on her so he could stop thinking about Natasha. He had to flush the memories out of him. It was the only way he could survive without her.
Steve dried them up and carried Sharon to their soon-to-be marital bed.

He kissed her until Sharon was panting against his lips. It wasn't the same kiss he always kissed her. Steve didn't left time for Sharon to get her thought together and closed his mount on her nipple, sucking and licking until she arched her back and gripped tight to his hair. He continued his assault by trailing his lips down to her folds. Before Sharon could protest, Steve's mouth were ay her core and licking at her clit with great fervor, reducing her into a whimpering mess.

Sharon never let him do her like this, never let him have a complete control. Her mind was on overdrive and she couldn't think straight anymore. This was the first time she experienced Steve, the sex god and it was a fool of her not letting him do her like this from the start.

She came hard by his mouth and before she knew, he already slid his hard length inside of her, making her arch at the intense pleasure. Steve drove into her the way he never did before, seeking all the pleasure and release inside her body but it never been as good as Natasha. Nothing could compare to her heavenly body. Sharon was no match but at this time, he needed to flush Natasha out of his mind.

Sharon moaned quietly. She was never one of the vocal kind of girl. She never been as loud as Natasha or as vulgar as Natasha. Never as hot and tight as the red head who haunted his mind.

Steve almost reached his climax and he felt her walls started to convulse. He drove into her faster and harder. Her legs wrapped and tightened around his hips. Her quiet whimpers occasionally escaped her lips.

"Steve...yes...harder, bae. Fuck!" A smokey sexy voice filled his ears and he knew it wasn't Sharon. It was Natasha and the voice was inside his head.

Steve suddenly stopped as he heard the voice and his eyes snapped open and he saw his blonde fiancee under him, moaning quietly, staring up at him pleadingly. Steve abruptly pulled out off her and jumped off their bed. His heart raced when all he heard was the voice of Natasha when she was climaxing.

"Steve..." Sharon called him, looking at him horrifyingly.

"I'm sorry....I can't...I just—I'm sorry."

He pulled his pants up and stepped out of the room, leaving Sharon lying there, confusing of what was just happened and she couldn't believe that Steve left her like this.

What the hell happened to him? Steve thought, shaking his head furiously as he walked down the hall and down to the living room, trying very hard to flush the picture of the red head out of his mind.

She haunted him in the worse way. He was in bed with his fiancee but all he could think of was another woman. The woman who he sured that she was the love of his life and she impacted him in every way.
How could he possibly forget when she was everywhere around him like this?

Steve sat down on the couch, trying to calm himself down, slowing his heartbeat and breathe. He buried his face in his hands, still a little panicking over what just happened. He should do something to make himself occupied and put his mind somewhere else.

Then he saw the boxes sat at the corner of the living room. The boxes that were from the time where he stayed at Las Vegas. He grabbed the cutter from his office to open the box. He slowly unpacked each box. Nothing really mattered. It was his art equipments, papers, books, and other random things.

The last box was taken him by surprise when he opened it to find a teddy bear on top of everything else. It was the teddy bear that he and Natasha won from the mini golf night despite the fact that they totally sucked at it. It was a consolation prize anyway.

He held the bear up and saw the heart with the words ‘Thank you for being friend.’ His heart sunk to the floor and shattered into million pieces all over again. It was their symbol of friendship and how much Natasha had trust him. He hurt her. He broke her trust and this will be something that will stick with him forever.

It brought back a lot of good memories though. She always kept it on her bed or sometimes she loved cuddled with it. It still smelled like her, the intoxicating scent could calm him but also stirred a fire storm in him too.

God! He missed her so much.

Steve held the teddy bear in his arms all the time that he arranged everything back in place. He went back to the bedroom only to find his fiancee already asleep. He gently slid in and instead of holding Sharon, he held the teddy and inhaled the scent of Natasha that still lingering on it and slowly drifted back to sleep.

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**Day 5**

Sharon woke up and found a soothing light of the new day shone through the white curtain of their bedroom. Then she became fully awake when she heard Steve mumbling something in his sleep. He always talked in his sleep. She learned about this a long time ago and it was suck. He tended to have nightmares and a restless sleep will result in a sleep talking.

She tried to calm him but her touch couldn't sooth him. It never ever been. He was now mumbling about his mother and his childhood best friend, James.

*God! When will he get over with this nightmare?* She rolled her eyes as she slipped off bed. She hated it every time that he had it. She had to wake up in the middle of the night with him and sometime it was really exhausting.

She knew she should support him but the accident happened for a very long time now. He was a grown-up that he should handle it better than this. He was a mess even he visited the therapist occasionally to keep his mind in check. She also appreciated that he was trying for her and he
didn’t bother with his problem.

To be honest, she had like six things juggling in her hands every day and she didn’t want to add her fiancé’s problem to the list.

It was exhausting sometime.

Sharon was about to head to the bathroom when Steve murmured something she never heard before. "Natasha..."

She stopped dead in her track because that was a name she never heard before. That was new and she couldn't remember who that was. Probably someone else from his past. She will ask his friends about this. She needed to know more about this random woman he sleep talking about.

She was thinking about this while she was taking a shower. It bothered her to no end that he sleep talking about this woman. It always was just his mother and his friend. When she came out, Steve was still sleeping, holding on tightly to the teddy bear. He seemed to finally have a peaceful sleep after all so she wouldn't bother him.

Sharon dressed up and cooked breakfast for Steve too before she left home for work. She had a lot of shit to deal with today. Video conference and numerous meeting that needed to end before lunch because she will have go to the country club that will hold the wedding.

God! This was stressful.

After the first half of the day had passes, Tony and Pepper were waiting for her at the lobby of the Carters Building. Tony's limo took them to the Rivera Country Club where the whole area was reserved exclusively for the wedding.

Staffs, florist, and workers were everywhere, trying to put together the biggest wedding ever held at this place. Pepper went to talk to the florists while Sharon and Tony dealt with the caterers and seating charts.

"Is there something happened back in Vegas?” Sharon suddenly asked out of nowhere.

“No. Why do you ask?”

“Steve is acting weird since he came back. Did he meet someone?”

“Plenty. I mean you give us the permission so I hired a lot of strippers, threw him parties.” Tony explained.

“I know…But is there someone called Natasha?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Steve was sleep taking last night and her name came out of it.” Sharon replied.

"Hmm? That's weird. They are friends."

Tony suddenly aware of how close Steve and Natasha was when he thought about it thoroughly again but he didn't see anything suspicion about them. Probably he was too drunk to notice or Steve did a very good job in concealing it.

Anyway, he will ask Steve again and at least gave his friend a heads up.
"And he called me ‘bae’. He never called me that before. He called everyone that, right? I mean… what does it even mean? ‘Bae’….sound stupid."

He faintly remember that he once heard Steve called someone that but Tony couldn't pin point who that was. Sharon said something about talking with the country club manager then she left him to sort our the rest of the seating chart. Tony took this opportunity to call his friend.

"Rogers" the usual call sign when Steve was occupied by something.

"Dude, I have something to tell you."

"Can it wait? I'm in the middle of something."

"Sharon heard you sleep talking about Natasha and she asked me if you ever called someone 'bae'."

A stunned two second pause before Steve replied in a firm tone. "Go on."

"I thought I would give you some heads up incase you wanna come up with some excuse."

"There is no need for excuses."

"BTW, what happens between you and Natasha?"

"None of your business."

"Is everything alright between you two?"

"I don't wanna talk about it." He replied. "But if you really wanna know it, she means nothing to me."

Steve hung up immediately and all Tony could do was cursing under his breath. Sharon walked back to him one hour later but she still couldn't let go of the sleep talking things

Tony took it upon himself to protect Steve's interest. "Maybe it was nothing you know. Anything could happen in the dream."

"Yeah."

"And you say yourself, he will never cheat on you."

"I would believe that to but this Steve....this post-Vegas Steve, I think he wasn't the same man."

Natasha felt like crap when she woke up. Maria had to put her to sleep last night because she was too drunk to walk back to her room. She was pretty sure that she puked somewhere inside this apartment and she will make sure to clean the apartment today and possibly find the rest of his belongings.

God! She was a mess. This was the new low for her. Alexi couldn’t even compare to what Steve done to her.

She had to fake to be strong and happy for Maria's sake. She was a big trouble for her friend this
past few days. She had to stop being this weak ass Natasha.

Nat took a deep breath before getting her ass off her bed. She found a pool of puke on the floor in front of her bedroom and took a mental note to do a big clean up. She found a sandwich that Maria made for her. She quickly ate it and got her ass back at work.

Nat cleaned up her apartment which it took the whole morning. She still didn't have a heart to clean up her bed room. Too much sweet memories that she was trying to keep. She didn't want it to mix up with the bad memories so she kept it in there, locked away while the rest of her apartment was clean and ready for the new things to come.

Maria texted her that she will stop by in the evening. Then Nat began to sweep her apartment, trying to find everything. She started with her bedroom and the first thing she found was enough to make her eyes burns and tears started to fall unstoppably.

It was the scrapbook.

Nat flopped down on the floor with the book in her hands, another proof that she wasn’t going anywhere. She still had Steve and didn’t let go of him. Shit! She hated herself for being like this. Now, she was debating whether she should open it or not. It would break her heart all the more if she opened it and found all the good memories of them in there. It would kill her, she knew but some part in her still wanted to look at it.

Before for she knew what she was doing, her hand already flipped the scrapbook opened. Oh, all the sweet memories, why did she do this to herself? Even if she knew it would hurt but her body was asking for more pain. Her mind knew that it was going to end badly but her body couldn’t stop. It operated on auto-pilot right now.

The first one was from the night they went to Penn and Teller. The first night they decide that they would 'YOLOing' together. The night that he said he wanted to get to know her better. They agreed that they would be friend. They should stick with being just friend. She shouldn't let this get out of hand in the first place.

She should have say no to him the moment he proposed this. She should shot him down so all of this wouldn't happen.

It was all her fault to fall for his charming and likable personality. His bright smile and his blue eyes.

She was so stupid. She should have see through it from the start that he only wanted her for sex.

Natasha slowly flipped through the scrapbook and took her time to reminisce everything. She was smiling at the same time she was crying. The memories were so sweet and filled with all the happiness in the world. Just them together conquered everything in this town. Steve was clearly happy to be with her and he was himself. She gave him the safe space so he could be who he really was.

Turned out it wasn't enough because she wasn't the rich and successful woman. She was merely an ordinary woman who had two jobs and tried to make enough living for each days.

A few drop of tears falling on the book and Nat didn't even bother to wipe it away. She held on to the book. These were such treasured memories that it was really hard to let go. All the good memories they shared, she loved every minute she spend with him. The evident was pretty damning because they were smiling, laughing, having nothing but happiness. From the neon sign
museum to mini golf, Steve’s war cries and Natasha taking out someone in the blink of an eye, the mafia museum to the aquarium, not to mention the way they spent their time in bed and how they had an evident of it too.

She had promised him that she will give this scrapbook to him when he left Vegas but apparently, things went south and he shattered her heart into millions pieces. Should she send it back to him to fulfill her promise? Would he still want it?

Then she reached the part where they officially became lovers, sneaking around trying to keep their relationship a secret. She really did give him everything, every way that he wanted her. All the crazy, kinky sex that they had was just so good that she could remember every tiny little detail. How could she forget when she still feel like he was touching her and being inside her every god damn time?

Why was she tortured herself this way? All of the emotion inside came bursting out and she broke down just from all of the things that kept replaying in her mind. Every kiss, every touch, every sweet words they shared.

She cried her heart out and she didn't care that she might ruin the last page of the scrapbook when she buried her face in it. She was so pathetic. She swore to herself that she wouldn’t fall for anyone again after Alexi. That she would be strong and independent. That she would never let herself be that vulnerable again.

When she finally regained control of her emotions, Natasha ended up mentally yelling at herself for how could she has broken down just like that, for someone she barely knew.

Nat wiped away the last bit of her tears before making up her mind that she will send the scrapbook to him. It would hurt her less than keeping it. It would probably hurt him to, if he really had any feeling for her as he claimed. She couldn't be the only one who felt like dying. She will make him feel it too.

Nat put the sketchbook in the box labeled 'send back'. Then she moved on to other part of her apartment, she found a little thing of his every now and then. It didn't trigger much of the memories and pain. She was fine until she reached her closet and found the drawer, the one that she forgot its existence.

It was the toys drawer and that was a manor trigger that had Nat succumbed to another wave of pain and tears. She slammed the door shut as the sight of the blue vibrator and the pink remote control one. She locked it away and threw the key into some closet that she probably never found it again.

Her heart quickened as the remembrance of how they bad such a good time with all those toys, when they were feeling a little kinkier than they thought and went a little BDSM. His touch and his dominance tone made her shiver unintentionally at the thought.

Fuck you, Steve Rogers. She cursed in her mind, hand clutching at her chest as if she wanted her heart to stop beating at this fast pace. Then she suddenly felt the thing she had been long forgotten that she had it on her the whole time. She never took it off and now it gave her the burning feeling in her chest.

The necklace she gave him at his bachelor, the one that he left at her door.

Nat quickly took it off as if it burn and dropped them on the floor. Shit! Things just kept coming back to haunt her. What should she do with this one? Should she send it back along with the rest.
This was the hardest decision to make yet. It was one of the most intimate thing. Steve always wore it with him and never took it off since he put it on.

But as a revenge, Natasha thought it would be better if she sent it back along with the scrapbook. She will trick him into thinking that she was already over him. If he had any slightest feeling for her, he would feel something.

Nat threw it in the bow along with the scrapbook. She had to do this. It was the only that she will get over him. She had to hurt him back. It would end uglily but she had to do something.

Maria unlocked the door by the key that Nat gave to her. It was one of three spare keys to the apartment. When she stepped inside the living room, she found the place was a total mess. Everything was everywhere but she could notice that there was no sign of breaking and entering.

The next thing she noticed was a box on the coffee table, containing a scrapbook and a discard jewel. Maria smiled knowing that, finally, Natasha decided to get rid of something belonged to Steve.

Maria found Nat was sleeping on the carpet next to the fire place. She must have been really tired so Maria will let her sleep for a little while. She guessed it was her turn to clean up the place.

This place was a mess and Maria knew that Nat wouldn't clean up the place unless she felt like it.

She changed the sheets for Nat. Maria saw that her friend was sleeping in this one for many weeks now and it became rather unhygienic. She threw all of the bedding in the basket and carried it down to the laundry room.

Natasha woke up a moment later. She felt cold, probably too cold that it woke her up. Nothing could keep her from cold better than Steve's embrace. He was a walking heater and his warmth radiated safety and it help her fall asleep peacefully.

Now that he was gone, she couldn't find anything that could replace him. Nothing could come close to Steve. She felt something weird and tingling as if some part of her was taken away. She got up and found Maria's purse on the kitchen counter.

Nat hated this feeling that she felt right now. The feeling that something bad was about to happen. It reminded her off the two times she blushed it off, completely ignoring her instinct. The time when Alexi left her and then Steve.

She went inside her bedroom only to find that most of the bedding was gone and Nat had a mild panic attack. No...no....NO! It was the sheets that smelled like Steve and all the sex they had. It was one of those little things that help her sleep.

"No...." Nat ran like hell to the laundry room. She almost tackled Maria away from the laundry basket. "No!" She yelled at her friend and gathered every thing in her arms.

"Nat, what the hell?" Maria asked.

"Don't touch any of the bedding ."
"But it's dirty and needs to be clean."

"I will clean it myself. Just not now."

Maria narrowed her eyes. "Don't tell me because it related to Steve."

Nat didn't meet her eyes and Maria knew the answer to it. Nat held on to the bedding tighter and began to run away so Maria didn't take it from her. Maria followed her back to her bedroom.

"Nat, this isn't healthy."

"I need this, Maria."

"You will not get over him until you let go of everything related to him."

Nat put the bedding back in its place as Maria watched her worriedly. After she finished it, Natasha bundled up in her bed under her sheets, inhaling the remaining scent of Steve. Tears pooled in her eyes and she pulled the blanket over her head to hide from Maria.

It will take time. Nat thought. She will finally get over him.

Sharon came home late because Pepper and Tony invited her parents for a dinner too so the men would discuss the business while the women discussed about the wedding and gossiping. It was an overall a nice dinner but Sharon wanted her fiancé to be here with her too. Even he will be extremely comfortable but he will always be there for her if she asked him.

She drove home to find that Steve was already here but probably upstairs and waiting for her. She might surprise him with a little sexy action to spice up their love life.

Sharon peeled off her clothes until all she left was her lacy bra and panties but when she reached her bedroom. She found Steve sleeping on their bed. He looked the most peaceful as he ever be since she knew him and shared bed with him.

She sighed. The surprise was ruined because her man already asleep and she didn't want to wake him up. Sharon stepped closer and found Steve held on to the teddy bear for dear life. His face buried to its belly and his arms locked around it tightly, afraid of letting it go.

Sharon observed her fiancé closely. She saw Steve's hand occasionally rubbed at his chest unconsciously as if something was missing from him. Then her eyes moved to the teddy bear, it had a heart with words 'Thank you for being friend' on it. She frowned. Who gave him this and why did he clung to it as if his life depend on it?

Sharon shook her head and tried put a side her doubt but she failed. Steve should be holding her like that instead of a stupid bear. She supposed to be the one who made him feel safe and secure.

Get yourself together, Carter! Sharon scolded herself before she moved into the bathroom.

Steve loved her and he will marry her. Soon he will be all hers and there was no need to doubt him.
Day 6

Steve left his house early that morning. He didn't even leave a note to tell his soon-to-be wife where he went. Steve took the teddy bear with him to his art gallery. Jemma and Skye greeted him on the way in.

"Mr. Rogers, Phil and May will drop by and talk about your new exhibition at 10. Miss Carter also wanted me to remind you that you have to come home on time tonight." Jemma informed.

"Please tell her I will think about it." Steve coldly said before he went upstairs.

Skye turned to her friend when she was sure that Steve was out of sight. "I'm pretty sure that he don't want to marry her."

"Don't say anything like that, Skye." Jemma said. "They are dating for three years now."

"But why he act like that? He wasn't remotely happy since he came back from Las Vegas."

"All I can say is that everyone can change. Maybe he want to be with someone else but he can't because he already engaged to Miss Carter."

Steve was slaving himself in front of the easel, trying to make a new piece of art but he was stuck. No good idea came into his mind. His muse was gone...no...he left his muse. Natasha was always an inspiration to him with everything she did.

God, please help him get over her. He needed to have his life back. The life that Natasha had in the palms of her hands.

Steve laid down on the floor, hoping that the new perspective could ignite his creativity but it did not. He sighed and closed his eyes, trying to remember the beautiful face of his red hair angel. He opened his eyes and he heard a sound of metal collided with the wooden floor.

"Shit..." He muttered and threw his arm up in the air. Then he saw a gold Cartier bracelet that Natasha gave to him.

It was among one of the few things of Natasha that he had left, despite all the painting of her that
stashed around this studio. Steve held it close to his heart and let all the memories of them flood his mind again when he closed his eyes.

It was 10 o'clock when Phil and Melinda came into his studio. Steve was still lying on the floor but he heard their footsteps.

"What are you doing, Steve?" Phil asked.

"Thinking."

"That doesn't seem like you."

"I'm not the same person, Phil."

"We do notice that." May muttered under her breath. "Can you please get up so we can talk business?"

"No"

May looked at Phil to let her husband know that she will stay out of this. Phil sighed but handled the mood swing artist anyway.

"Yesterday Mr. Lennard came to the gallery and he saw we moved those painting from Vegas."

Phil spoke up. "He wanted to buy six of them."

"It's not for sell." Steve's voice was firm and hard, leaving no room for any argument.

"You can make an easy 100 million."

"I told you Phil this collection is not for sell."

"Steve, do you know that you could make at least 150 million by selling these collection, right?"

"I know but….." Steve stammered. "She’s important to me."

"The one that got away?" Phil tried to get an answer out of Steve, getting him to open up and talk about what was bothering him.

"No. She’s just….Really important."

"150 million couldn’t compare to her, huh?"

"Yes"

Steve rolled away to his side. He didn't want them to see the tears falling from his eyes. He didn't want them to worry about him. May and Phil looked at one another only to find the same worry in their eyes. Steve had never been like this. He looked lifeless as if his soul already left his body but his mind still operated it on auto pilot.

"You love her...the red head in the painting." May said. "Not Sharon."

"She's a mistake." He lied but it sounded weak. "And she means nothing to me."

"Steve, you make 247 panting of her within a span of 3 weeks." May countered.

Steve went into silent. Of course, he loved her more than anything in this world. She meant that
much that he needed her like air to breath, needed her to inspire him in every way. He needed her to be with him and give him the unconditional love she always had.

He was so fucked up.

"Anyway, do you still want to do that project?" Phil changed the subject. "The one you told me...about the exhibition. ‘Girl in the Million Light.’"

"Sure...but set it three months after my wedding then."

"Of course."

They left Steve alone after a brief discussion about the exhibition. Steve was still lying there staring at the ceiling, hoping that he would find a new muse soon but all he could see and think of was her, only her. Her smile, her eyes...her lips.

The sex that they had.

His train of thought was interrupted by a knock on the door before Jemma came in with a box in her hand.

"Sorry, Mr. Rogers but the delivery guy said that it is an urgent package for you."

"It's alright, Jemma." Steve said and got up from the floor before walking toward her and receiving the box. "Thank you."

Steve waited until the door was close behind her and looked at the name of the sender. His heart pounded hard when he read the name on the box. Natasha Romanoff.

*What was it in the box? Why did she send him something? Was it a picture of her with someone else or something to tell him that she was already over him?* God! He wasn't prepare for this. His mind was on overdrive now with all the possibility.

Steve finally decided to tear the package apart and opened the box. It was a scrapbook from Natasha, the one that she told him she would collect all of their memories and give it to him when he left Vegas. She didn't have a chance because...well...Sharon happened and everything went straight to hell between him and Natasha.

*He was so fucked up. He should stay with Natasha and run away with her when she told him to.*

Steve was afraid to open it so he leave it in the couch of his office. He feared that it would make him cry. He turned to the box again to look for the remaining things inside the box. This time, Steve was pretty sure that he could hear his heart shuttered. His hand trembled when he saw the necklace he left at her apartment. The necklace Nat gave to him along with the bracelet.

Tear rolled down from his eyes as he put the necklace on. *Was this a way of Natasha telling him that she already moved on with her life?* Steve stiffened up, he couldn't bare the thought of it because it wasn't fair when she was still running in his mind every second of the day.

Maybe he deserved it after what he done to her.
Natasha woke up and found herself wrapping tightly in her sheets. It still smelled like her man, no…not her man anymore since he left her. But the scent of him still made her feel warm and fuzzy and…safe as if his arms were secured around her.

She rolled herself of bed but kept the blanket draping over her shoulders. She shook her head when she saw how messy her bedroom was. She thought she already cleaned it up yesterday. Oh right! She didn't because she cried herself to sleep with all the thing she found.

Okay, she will clean everything and put it back in place right now.

Nat moved around the room, trying to arrange everything back in place. That was when she felt a bit dizzy and lost her balance for a few times. She never lost her balance before because she was a ballet dancer. The world spun at her feet and she felt light headed.

Then it was too much to bare that her stomach flipped and sent her running for the toilet and emptied everything out until there was nothing left.

Nat flopped down on the floor and still felt a bit dizzy that she should probably stay still for a little while. She thought she didn't drink last night and then how the hell that her stomach went insane like this?

Probably it was her body's way of telling her that it had enough of her bullshit.

Nat finally got up from the floor and got her shit together. She should eat something that Maria left for in the fridge. Maybe it would help settle down the nausea. Natasha crawled out of the bathroom to the kitchen and found some left over.

As she devoured the food away, she couldn't help but thinking about how bad this was. How this heartbreak affected her in the worst way possible. She knew she wouldn't get over Steve anytime soon.

*How could she anyway?* He left too many memories, too many scares in her heart that she couldn't count. Steve made the sweetest love to her before he stabbed her in the back right through her heart.

God, this was awful...

Nat threw the dish in the sink before she headed off to her bedroom and swore to herself that she would finish cleaning up and not getting distract by any memory that might came up.

She slowly put everything back in it place and also pretending to ignore the drawing Steve gave her. The very first drawing of her by him from the day they were in the laundry room and he had too much time in his hand and started to sketch her, sitting on the laundry machine.

Oh the sweet memories that she tucked it back in the deepest corner.

Nat began to swipe the things that were under her bed. She didn’t have a chance to clean that out but finally she had time since she wasn’t so busy being filled with Steve’s cock. It was quite messy under there and there was littlers, drawing paper, snacks, and the last thing she find made her frowned.

Her pills.

The container was almost full and she had missed a lot of it. *How could she had been forgotten to take pill?*
“Shit!” She shouted as the realization hit her hard. She forgot to take her pills because she was so busy passing out after all those intense orgasms and her busy activity with Steve. *How could she be so careless like this?*

Wait! She just threw up and she had been nausea for some time now. The sickness that she couldn’t find the cause (except when she was drinking way too much.) But she couldn’t get pregnant with him, right? She had been drinking a lot and forgot to eat her food.

She wasn’t pregnant. Natasha was trying to convince herself even she knew that being pregnant with his child was possibly the only way that he will come back to her.

*Stop having a panic attack, Romanoff!* I was just a panic attack! Nat scolded herself before discarding the thought of being pregnant with Steve’s baby. She didn’t need that right now.

Nat turned on the music from the radio so it would help relax her while she putting her mind into the cleaning instead of his baby. That was until the one song came up.

> “You’re the light, you’re the night. You’re the color of my blood. You’re the cure, you’re the pain. You’re the only thing I wanna touch. Never knew that it could mean so much, so much.”

Steve was lying on the floor of his art studio. He made sure that he locked the door and used the dead bolt so no one would interrupt him. He needed some time alone and some quiet moment to make some peace in his mind.

He closed his eyes to escape from reality but the things that showed up when his eyes were close was the only woman that he missed the most.

Natasha Romanoff.

God! He missed her so much that it hurt. Nothing could get worse than this.

> “You’re the light, you’re the night. You’re the color of my blood. You’re the cure, you’re the pain. You’re the only thing I wanna touch. Never knew that it could mean so much, so much.”

His whole body froze when he heard the song in ht background, *their song*. The song that they made love to it. The song that reminded that him of the dancing pole and mirror and how he take her.

The moment was too vivid that Steve didn’t need to close his eyes to remember. As the song played along the whole thing became alive and his mind was playing trick with him, sending him back to that moment again.

> “Gotta put the mirror and the pole to good use.”

That was probably the very first time they did thing in an unconventional way, exploring their kinky side and Natasha exposed herself to him, letting him take control and gave up herself to him. She trusted him with everything and let him own— *used* her body anyway he wanted.
It was the complete trust that help them come this far together.

How she was so perfectly fit in his arms. How she was made just for him. He couldn't get enough of her. The Black Widow left man as good as dead after nights with her and Natasha was surely living up to her name.

He was snarled by her web. He couldn't go on with his life. He couldn't function properly anymore. Without her, everything was nothing--until he had her back in his arms, by his side, or in his bed again.

But he broke her trust. He let her down.

“You're the fear, I don't care. 'Cause I've never been so high. Follow me through the dark. Let me take you past our satellites. You can see the world you brought to life, to life.”

Natasha was now lying on the floor of her dance studio, between that dancing pole and the god damn mirror, trying to get away from their song but it didn't work since the music was still coming through the crack of the door.

She felt a wave of shiver shot straight down to her core and that was how the song effect her in every way. The reminder that Steve was still owned her in every way. Nat closed her eyes and suddenly saw the image of him and her. The way he presented the jumping rope and securely tied her to the dancing pole and took her. Oh, how much she had trust him? How she trusting him so much that she let him do everything to her. How incredibly good it felt when he held her down and used her body the way he wanted.

A complete surrender was exhilarating.

She was addicting to him in a way that she was sure that no one ever make her feel that way. The sex they had was something but the way he treated her, the way he looked at her with completed adoration, making her fall for him.

The sexy memories kept rolling in her mind and ignited an uncontrollable desire deep inside of her. She was all wet between her legs the way she shouldn't be. The damning evidence of how Steve was still playing a big part in her life.

She couldn't stop. She couldn't erase him from her memories.

It was just too hard...or she wasn't ready to let him go.

“So love me like you do, lo-lo-love me like you do. Love me like you do, lo-lo-love me like you do. Touch me like you do, to-to-touch me like you do. What are you waiting for?”

Steve tried to recall every little detail of Natasha. He needed it. The proof that he was still remember her, that he didn’t let the most important woman of his life fade away. He couldn’t let her fade away because he needed something to hold on if he will have an eternity without her.
When Steve thought about that, the only thing that would help him make it through hell was the memories of every little detail of Natasha. The shade of her hair when morning light shone on it while she was sleeping next to him, in his arms with her head resting on his chest. She was safe and secure in his embrace. He was safe from his nightmare because he got his angle to repel it for him.

When they woke up, he immediately went for those full lips, like a hungry man, tasting the sweetness of her lips. He was addicting. He could remember how she move her lips so perfectly with him. His hands would be all over her because he loved the feels of her warm smooth skin on his hands, pulling her close until all of her pressing against all of him. Nothing could come between them. He was whole, complete, when he kissed her and held her.

After their morning make out session, they will always initiate the first round of that day. He will go down on her because he loved to taste her and drinking her sweetness. He would never get enough of her....

Wait! Steve's heart was pounding hard in panic. How was Natasha taste like? God, did he actually forget the taste that he was so addicted. The taste that he was pretty sure that he will never ever forget because it was coated on his tongue all the time. He knew that it was the sweetest thing he ever taste but it was now fade away from his tongue.

Did this mean he already forgetting Natasha? The mere thought of that broke his heart even more. Steve clutched his chest when the panic attack got to him again. The strong squeezed at his heart made him moan in pain, breathing raggedly.

Another realization hit him, all he could remember on the tongue was the taste of Sharon.

“Fading in, fading out. On the edge of paradise. Every inch of your skin is a holy grail I've got to find. Only you can set my heart on fire, on fire. Yeah, I'll let you set the pace. 'Cause I'm not thinking straight. My head's spinning around I can't see clear no more. What are you waiting for?”

Nat was still lying on the floor, crying along with the song and the good memories of her and Steve. That was all normal for her until she rolled herself over to the direction of her living room, only to notice something under the couch. The couch that Steve and her usually made love on. Her heart beat fast at the possibility of that it might turn out to be one of the thing that triggered her and made her cry all the more for it. She was now internally debating whether she should go and take a look at it or just leave it there.

But the curiosity got the better of her so she crawled her way to the couch, reaching her hand under it and fetched whatever it was out. What she found was indeed breaking her heart all the more. It was the sketchpad that she gave it to him and he always sketched a portrait of her, whatever she did, from sleeping to watching TV to eating or dancing. Sometime, it was the peaceful memories or places they visited.

As she flipped through the page, she found herself crying again over him. The bittersweet sadness was the whole new level of heartbreaking. From the first day she gave him, it was the day they visited the Neon museum. He was rather productive that night leading to him didn't get any sleep.
He sketched a lot. Mostly it was her and then she turned the page and found the portrait of herself sleeping on their bed with his white shirt on. Steve wasn't in bed with her but she could clearly see the post coital bliss. Oh...she still felt the familiar comfort of his shirt on her skin. It helped soothe her in her sleep like the shirt she currently wore.

Like the shirt she currently wore?

Nat suddenly tore the shirt she wore off as if it burn. She was sitting there naked with his shirt in her hand. Nat looked at it before buried her face into it, letting it absorb all her tear. This was really hard, she didn't know how long she could carry on like this.

“I'll let you set the pace. ’Cause I'm not thinking straight. My head's spinning around I can't see clear no more. What are you waiting for?”

Steve missed her so much. So much that he willing to hurt himself and get his heart broken even more by opened the scrapbook Natasha sent to him. As if he could predict, it was filled with all of their treasured memories.

It only reminded him of how stupid he was, how mush he wanted her and loved her in the way that Sharon couldn’t do to him.

Las Vegas was the time of his life and it was probably because of her spent his time with Natasha. She was the best thing to ever happen in his life and he was foolish enough to let her go.

Hot tear fell from his blue eyes as he flipped through the scrapbook. He had to leave with his choice and eternal pain now.

“Love me like you do, lo-lo-love me like you do. Love me like you do, lo-lo-love me like you do. Touch me like you do, to-to-touch me like you do. What are you waiting for?”

Maria just came back from work that evening. She dropped by at Nat’s apartment to check on her but she had to break down the door after the fourth knock and Natasha didn’t answer. She found her friend, crying on the couch with only white shirt covered her body.

“What happened?” Maria asked worriedly.

Nat didn’t open her eyes but she pointed to sketchpad that was on the coffee table. Maria sat down next to Nat and took a look at it. Maria remained quiet all the while that she was looking at all the sketch Steve made.

“Should I burn it?” Nat sobbed. “Or keep it to remain myself of how stupid I was?”

“Probably burn it to hell. But the real question is…can you let go of it?”
Nat shook her head. “No”

The admission only made Natasha realize that she hadn’t try to move on. She was going no where in this path of recovery.

“God, how can I get over him when all I can do is thinking about him?”

Maria gently rubbed Nat’s arm. “Baby girl, you will get over him soon. Things like this take time to heal.”

“Everywhere I turned, it only reminded me of him. We have so much memories together in such a short amount of time.”

“In this apartment, yes…but you should try to go out, meeting new people. It helps.”

"I don't want them to break my heart."

"I didn't mean you have to meet new people right away. You just...I don't know. Go out and get some new perspective." Maria explained. "It's better than cope up in this apartment all the time when there is memories everywhere."

Natasha went quiet for a second. "Yeah, you are right."

Maria sighed in relief that Natasha finally decided to do something with her life. Going out was a big step to take and she loved and proud of her friend for at least give it a try.

"Then you better go take a shower." Maria suggested. "God know when was the last time you take a shower."

Nat did as Maria said and the two went out together for the first time. Even Natasha was a bit shaking when she first stepped out of her apartment building, she put on a brave face and continued to follow Maria out in the street.

But Maria still noticed how Natasha avoid making any eye contact with strangers, especially men who looked at her openly. They were clearly interested in her as always but Maria did her best to scare every one away from them by giving them a deadly glare.

Natasha was surprisingly doing well. She didn't break down once. Nat tried her best, even every where she went, she hallucinated. She saw everything she and Steve did. They walked along the street, holding hand, kissing and hugging like lovers do. Everyone looked at them and adored how cute they were together.

She was really soft...weak. She let the shadow of Steve took over her for too long.

It was time she took a drastic step and getting back to who she was.

"Hey...is it okay for you if we stop by at the sex shop?"

"Why?"

"I need my dangerous and adventure side back."

"Fine..." Maria said even she didn't think it was a good idea.

They stepped inside the shop. There was no wonder that everyone would think that they were a lesbian couple looking for some toy for their sex life. Maria didn't exactly bother by that. What
bothered her was Natasha and what was going on in her head.

Natasha was browsing through the shelves and when she finally shook Maria of her tail, she went straight to the nearest sell person and asked for the thing she had in mind. It was 'the magic wand'. She heard about it but she never really tried it since the vibrator that she had was suffice with her sexual desire. But since she met Steve, the ordinary vibrating dildo hardly get her off.

She needed something bigger and better than what she had. She had to be prepared in case Steve decided to haunt her.

Maria found Nat again at the cashier. Her friend had a big bag contained all the toys she just purchased. It made Maria decide that they should go home right away to avoid any questionable look from people who walked past them.

Nat immediately went inside her room and locked the door. She told Maria to call for her when the dinner was ready. After Nat was sure that Maria was out of range, she quickly pulled the Magic wand out of the box.

She might just give it a try right now.

Nat slowly took off her clothes and laid back on her bed, closing her eyes and let her hands roamed over her body. Her left hand grabbed her breast before her fingers rolling on her nipple. Natasha moaned as she felt the sexual tension began to vent off.

Her right hand quickly travelled down to her center and found that it was already wet. Natasha reached out for the machine before turning it on. The magic wand made quiet humming noise before it had been place on her we folds, earning a whimper.

"Nat, I will go to the supermarket, buying some food supply. You want anything?"

"No"

"I will be back in an hour."

Nat sighed in relief. She got more time for herself then she thought before resuming the work in her hand. The duel stimulation at her nipple and her clit made Natasha moan out loud, gladded that she finally found something that might help her get off without Steve's cock inside her.

Her whole body was withered and trashed around as the intensity of pleasure began to build up toward her orgasm. Her mind wasn't incoherent anymore and let it drift away to Steve Rogers. She moaned out his name and bucked her hips up uncontrollably as if it was really him who going down on her.

Her hips rocked against the buzzing mound of plastic, imagining that it was his cock inside her, imagining that he finally came back to her and taking her with his huge cock again, sliding inside her… until the end. Feeling him twitch and jerk inside her, as his spurting cock pumped her bare pussy full of his thick, hot semen.

The image of him only racing her toward a violent orgasm. She moaned out his name uncontrollably as the image of him in her mind was so vivid and real. She could still feel how he hold her down, how his cock thrusting into her and the picture of him came inside her with his hot cum only sent her over the edge and screamed his name.

Nat laid there with the magic wand still in her hand, trying to catch her breath and bring back some coherent to her thought. When she finally did that, a terrible realization hit her hard. She didn't
come because of the vibrator. She came because of the image of Steve in her head.

A disgust feeling arose in her stomach, sending Natasha running to her bathroom and vomit everything out even she didn’t have anything in her stomach at all.

*How could he still effect her like this?* Shit! Why did she still let him do this to her?

Nat found herself crying again and retreated herself back to the only protection that she had which was Steve’s shirt, letting the same old comfortable wrapping around her naked body and cried some more.

She ended up in bed at some point, putting another shield on her, the sheet that smelled like him because Steve left a bottle of his cologne in her bathroom so she kept smeared it on the sheets.

Maria came back, only to have to break down the door to find Natasha in the usual stage. The crying Natasha who clung tightly to whatever Steve left for her.

That was it. Maria had enough and it was time for her to bring in some help.

“How could he still effect her like this? Shit! Why did she still let him do this to her?”

“Clint, you better fly your ass to Vegas right now.” Maria quickly said through the phone. “I can’t handle Natasha on my own anymore.”

"Hello, husband." A high pitch voice came from the studio door.

"I'm not your husband yet." His voice was cold and distant.

"Just trying to get use to it."

Sharon stepped inside her soon to be husband's office to find Steve was working on his new work. She stepped around until she stood behind him, wrapping her arms around his torso and pressing a kiss on his neck.

"Who is the red head?" Sharon asked, mentioning to his work.

"Just someone." He replied, still concentrating on the work.

"She seemed so sad."

"Because I made it that way."

Sharon released him, realizing he was in no gaming mood. "You should go get change. We will head out now."

"I'm working, Sharon."

His voice left no room for any argument so Sharon moved to sit on the couch, waiting for him to finish his work. She found something interesting lying in the couch instead.

"What is this?" She asked.

"What?" He asked back.
"This...scrapbook and your go-pro."

Steve quickly sat his brush down and went to Sharon. Lucky for him, she was more interesting in what was in the camera more than the scrapbook. But both of them had a lot of explicit contents that Steve wished Sharon never had a chance to see it.

Steve peeked over her shoulder only to find that she was at the part where he was on the giant vikings boat at Circus Circus. He was screaming from the top of his lung with an occasional scream of Natasha that made Steve a bit worry that she might ask a question.

Which she did, "Who's that screaming?"

"Oh, that’s just Tony screaming like a girl.” Steve lied and she seemed to buy it.

"Seems like you guys had a lot of fun."

"Yeah, we do."

Of course, he was having a good time and it was because of Natasha. Spending time with his friend and away from the wedding also made it awesome too.

Sharon circled her arms around his body once again. She started to pepper kisses along his jaws and neck.

"Come on, baby. Let's go home.” She whispered. “I have a little surprise for you.”

“Okay” Steve replied softly and finally relaxed to Sharon.

“Go change your clothes, darling. I will wait for you downstairs.”

She kissed him before walked out of the studio. Steve did as she told and met up with his fiancee downstairs where she was talking to Jemma and Skye, showing off her new shoes and engagement ring. The two girls were excited.

Sharon sensed Steve was watching them so she turned and gave him a bright smile. A smile that Steve never saw before, something that warmed his heart and made him feel a little bit better about his decision to choose her. Sharon wasn’t a cold woman. He thought. Some part of her was as warm as Natasha.

He had hope in her. Hope that she proved him right and didn’t let him down.

Steve stepped closer to her and wrapped his arms around her waist, kissing her cheek.

“Shall we?” He asked and Sharon nodded.

They said goodbye to Skye and Jemma before they headed out together. Jemma turned to Skye the moment they were out of their sight.

“What did you say about Mr. Rogers…that he didn’t want to marry Miss Carter?”

“Fine…he maybe want to marry her but I call it for what it is, Jemma. He doesn’t want to…I just sense it.”
They had dinner at a French restaurant before they headed home. Sharon dragged him up to their bedroom and kissed him hard. Hands moved nimbly and undid their clothes. Steve felt a bit odd at first but he finally relaxed and let go after she kissed him passionately.

Finally they were both naked and Steve pressed her down on their bed. Sharon pushed at his chest to make him stop.

"I have a surprise for you." She told, reaching her hand out and pulled something from under the pillow and presented to him. "Thought we could have some fun with it."

Steve grinned. "You buy a sex toy?"

"Yes, I am."

Yes, Sharon Carter was buying a vibrator to spice up their love life in hope that everything between her and Steve could go back to normal. He was a bit distant and not quite the same man before he was leaving for Las Vegas.

Steve kissed her. "I will make sure to put a good use."

He pushed her back down and kissing his way down her body, making Sharon arch her back with all the pleasure. Once his lips were on her fold, she moaned out his name. Moans turned into screams when he pressed the magic wand onto her clit. Steve grinned when he thought that Sharon finally let go of being so uptight all the time. His tongue dove into her hole, licking the inside of her. Her hands gripped tight to his hair, his name became a constant prayer on her lips. She screamed again when she came.

Sharon was trying to catch her breath, closing her eyes. Steve kissed her lips. "Don't get sleepy yet, sweetheart." He whispered against her lips. "The real thing just begun."

Steve flipped her down on her stomach so she was on her hands and knees. He pulled her hips up and aligned his cock with her entrance. Steve could see how shaky her legs were so he kissed from her neck down her back until she was relaxed and slid his cock inside her.

She moaned and it was the first time that she finally let herself go, being in his complete mercy. Steve spun her head around and she couldn’t think straight anymore. He began a slow rhythm, letting her adjust to his hard grit. Right hand fondling her breast, fingers rolling on her nipple and the other used to support his weight as his entire body pressed down against her, pinning her to the mattress.

But he didn’t let it do just supporting his weight, he was more multitasking than that. He grabbed the magic wand and pressed it against her clit, letting the machine massage her clit and gave her triple stimulation that left Sharon screaming his name. It was too much. She never had this much pleasure before when she had the control. If she knew he could do this her, she will probably let him do anything to her sooner.

His pace turned fast, pounding his cock inside her. Sharon already came like three times while he still got none for himself. The triple stimulation was too much for her body and now it was on overdrive, burning with fire. Her heart beating fast as she tried to breath but all she could do was screaming his name, begging for more.

Steve sent her over the edge again and as he felt her walls milking at his cock, he was so close but Sharon pushed him away with all the strength she had left. Steve did stop but he still had his cock
inside her.

"Baby, I can't do this anymore." She said breathily. "I can't come anymore..."

"Yes, you can and you will."

"Steve, stop it."

"But..."

"I have an important meeting tomorrow morning and if I come one more time, I will not be able to wake up before noon."

Steve roughly pulled out with a sigh. He got up from bed and let Sharon drift off to her sleep. Just as he thought things were getting better between them, Sharon was always crushing his hope in her-and-in them.

Nothing had change and she was still the same. The woman who thought about herself more than her partner. Why can't she be like Natasha? The woman who so selfless and willing to give everything she had in order that he will get everything equally in return.

He had hope that Sharon would change but apparently, she was too long gone.

*How stupid of him?* Steve thought as he marched to the guest room with his phone. His cock was still a raging erection and nothing could calm him down but an orgasm.

He locked the door to make sure that there was no one interrupted him.

Steve scrolled through the photo library to find the pictures he was looking for. His cock was already in his hand and started stroking it slowly. Steve moaned at the friction, trying to imagine that it was the tight passage of Natasha surrounded his hard member.

"Nat..."

Then Steve found the collection of pictures Natasha sent him to tease and coax him to come home to her. The dirty pictures that still made him hard all the time and now it was the only thing that could probably get him off. His hand quickened as he reached the collection of picture of them fucking one another that they took. Steve groaned as he remember how that sexy body felt like underneath him.

God! He wished she was here. He would fuck her until she came so hard for many times before he would get one. Natasha would let him finish of inside her one last time even she had no more strength left because she was a generous lover like that.

Steve came so hard when he reached the video that they recorded. The video of their sexcapdes Natasha insisted that it would be great when they looked back at it. On the particular day that they felt a bit adventurous, she sat up the phone and they fucked hard. Watching her come undone in the video triggered him, releasing jets after jets of hot load and making a mess of himself.

Steve laid back on the bed, trying to catch his breath but once he realized that he just jerked himself off by looking at the nude picture and their sex video, he knew that only Natasha would be the only solution to everything, especially his happiness. Only her would give a damn about his need while Sharon gave no shit.

*God! What had he done?*
Steve closed his eyes, taking a deep breath before heading off to the shower. He put on his sweatpants before lying back down on the couch he took for so many night then his eyes noticed something.

The teddy bear was still there.

Steve quickly grabbed hold of it and inhaling it deeply. The scent of Natasha was still thick and it soothed him. Steve laid down, holding it in his arms and let the tiny token from their relationship guiding him through the peaceful sleep he tried to archive tonight.

He could only hope that it would repel demons away.

It was early in the morning where Steve was making breakfast for himself and his significant other, another half of him. The one who completed him. He was so lucky to have her as his wife and he thanked god everyday for her.

The ring on his finger was still felt so odd every time he looked at it. No one ever thought that he would make it this far. Like James always said, it would take a lot of miracle for Steve to find 'the right partner'. Since he was always shy and didn't know how to act around woman or what to talk to them. His method was a bit old fashion and girls tended to think that he was weird.

But not to her. Not to the woman he married to.

Steve heard light footsteps coming toward the kitchen. He turned his head to see his beautiful wife walking in with a bright smile on her face. She was wearing only his shirt. Steve's eyes couldn't left her. He just couldn't do it. She was beautiful that it hurt by just looking at her. Her fiery red hair burned under the ray of sunlight into different variant of shades. Her green eyes looked at him lovingly, showing nothing but love and happiness.

This was heaven, Steve was pretty sure about it.

Finally, she reached him. He pulled her into his arms and gave a morning kiss. She felt so perfect, so right. This was exactly where he belong, with her, together for eternity.

"I love you." He murmured. "I love you so much."

"Me too." She replied. "There is something I want to talk to you."

"What is it?" He looked at her, a bit confuse and worried about his wife.

Natasha placed his hand on her stomach before looking up at him with even brighter smile. Steve frowned as he tried to think of what the gesture mean. Suddenly it hit him and he broke the widest, happiest smile Natasha ever seen.

"You're pregnant?"

She nodded. There was a bit of tears in her eyes. Steve pulled her to him again and kissed her lovingly, swiping her a bit off her feet. Nat laughed but kept her mouth lock with him, hands clutched tightly to his shirt and his arms.

But then she moaned. It took him off guard when the sound that coming out of her mouth wasn't
belong to Natasha. Steve pulled away, opening his eyes to see Sharon in his arms instead of the red head.

"What?" That was all he could get it out of his mouth.

"We're expecting a baby, darling."

"But--no--"

Steve pushed himself away from his fiancee but Sharon quickly closing in on him.

"No! Go away!" He yelled at her. "No! Where is Natasha?!!"

Before he could do anything, darkness succumbed him but he was trying to fight. He struggled and it was nothing but pain in his chest. He closed his eyes, hoping that the blackest void would disappear until he heard another familiar voice again.

"Steve, you better slow down, son."

That was his mom. Steve thought as he opened his eyes.

"You didn't have just me and James anymore. You now have my grandson and my beautiful daughter in law."

Steve opened his eyes and saw he was looking at his mother who was sitting on the front passenger seat. "What?"

"Are you forgetting your own wife and son? You should drive a bit slower now that you have Natasha and little James. I still can’t believe you name him after this troublemaker.” Sarah nodded to his best friend.

"I'm driving very slowly now, mom."

Instead of driving slowly as his mother said, Steve stepped on the gas pedal and sped up. He tuned to look at his son and wife who was sitting at the backseat with Bucky. Natasha smiled at him while Bucky was playing with his godchild who laughed happily.

"STEVE!! LOOK OUT!!" His mom screamed.

Steve turned back but it was too late. A huge truck hit his car from his mother side and Natasha’s scream was the only thing he heard before everything went black. Steve woke up again, laying in the middle of then road. He slowly sat up and looked around.

Only to find the lifeless body of his mother and Bucky. Steve screamed from the top of his lung and moved toward them. No, no, no!!! Not this again. Steve thought as he held his mother in his arms.

“Mom—no—wake up.” He mourned and tears ran down the side of his face. “No—mom…I’m sorry.”

There was no respond from her. Steve sure he was crying for like hour before he realized that Natasha and his son weren’t here.

“Nat!!” He called her, lying his mother back on the ground and stood up to find his wife. “Nat!!!”

She didn’t respond. Steve turned around and saw the wreckage of the car. There was zero chance
no one would survive in that crash, judging by the state of the car right now. Then he noticed a leg sticking out from the window.

“NAT!!” He shouted and ran toward the car.

He found his wife, dead, holding his baby boy in her arms to protect him from the impact but the baby didn’t survive either. Steve felt his heart had been torn apart, his soul ripping out as he cried, screaming and mourning.

“No—Nat—please, darling, come back to me…” He held her lifeless body close. “Nat!”

“NAT!!” Steve screamed as he jerked himself awake, sitting right up. Blue eyes snapped open in horror and sucked in air with deep gasps. Steve buried his sweat-drenched face in his hands, fully awake and fully aware that everything was just a dream.

It wasn’t real. He looked around and found himself in the living room of his house in LA. Not some abandon road that he saw everyone he loved died.

Steve got up and hurried to the bathroom as sickness spread through his gut. Blood roared in his ears. He knelt down in from of the toilet as his stomach roiled. He emptied everything out and flushed the toilet.

He tried to breath, wiping the mess from his mouth before washing the bad taste from his mouth and sweats from his face. Every time he had nightmares, it drained him every single fucking time and he was tired of it. He couldn’t do this alone but he couldn’t bother his fiancee either. The nightmares became more vivid, detailed, and worse by each night.

Each night that he had to spend apart from Natasha.

Steve curled into a ball and struggled to breathe, his sobs echoing through the living room. He pressed his lips to his knee, trying to keep the strangled sound from escaping his lips. He missed Natasha so much. She was the only thing that could repel his nightmare, keeping it a bay with her calm presence and soothing voice, telling him that it wasn’t his fault.

Steve didn’t know how long he sat there in the corner before he found the strength to stand and move to the couch. He sank himself down in a fetal position and cried. His mind tortured him with everything he ever wanted but he couldn’t have it. His mom and his best friend, Natasha and their child, the child that he badly wanted but Sharon would never want it.

He reached his hand out so he could find the one thing that could console him but it wasn’t there. Suddenly Steve became alarm and panic when he realized that the teddy bear where gone. He shot up from the couch and tried to look for it everywhere.

“No—no…” He breathed hard. No! It was the closest thing he had to Natasha. Where was it?

Steve looked under the couch, coffee table, on the book shelves, under the piano, and finally moved onto the kitchen. He threw everything out of its place only to find that it wasn’t there. He didn’t care that he made loud noise. The only thing that mattered was the bear.

Then he remembered that he fell asleep with it in his arms. Did someone take it from him? Steve
thought and only one person came to his mind. The one person that could do such thing. Steve felt the sudden anger rose within his gut as he marched into his bedroom and began to ransacking the room.

He didn’t care if he woke Sharon up as long as he found the bear. He will tear this place apart to find it.

“Steve, what are you doing? I’m trying to sleep here.” Sharon already woke up to find Steve tearing this place down, looking for something. “It was half past midnight for christ’s sake!”

“Where is my teddy bear?” He asked harshly, looking around the room in panic because he couldn’t find it. Hands tugged in his hair when he thought he might lose it forever. “I need it, Sharon. Where is it?”

“I take it from you.” She told. “You seem to hold on to it more than your fiancee.”

“Why the hell did you do that?” He yelled at her. “It kept me from nightmares!”

Sharon looked at him and she saw the trails of tears from his eyes. The sweat that covered his body. He was losing his mind a lot because of the nightmare. Sharon rolled her eyes when she thought about how much she had encountered this horrible nightmare in the middle of the night since they were in a relationship. He didn’t seem like the old Steve when he had nightmares nut this time, it was different and it changed him. This Steve was just broken, damaged good.

“I need it so I can sleep!”

“Why is it so important to you?” She yelled back. “More important than your own fiancee!”

“So this is what’s it about? You jealous over a goddamn bear!”

“The goddamn bear that you hold it so tightly! You don’t even hold me that way before.”

“Don’t be such a fucking heartless bitch! Oh wait, you already are. I just need it so I can go back to sleep peacefully and didn’t have to bother you since you didn’t want to be a part of my mess.”

Sharon went quiet for a long time and Steve knew he hit her right in the spot.

“Sharon, where is that bear?” He stalked closer to her. Blue eyes stared at her like a predator ready to attack his prey. “Give it to me now!”

She cringed away. Fear filled her eyes as she went to her closet and tossed him the bear. Steve grabbed it and held it to his chest, flaming himself down once he got his thing back. He didn’t turn back to look at her again and headed out of the room.

Steve found himself lying on the couch as he held on to the teddy beat like he was holding a tangible part of Natasha, like a piece of her soul.

Calm and peace finally came back to him and allowed him to drift back into his sleep.

Chapter End Notes
Because it is my friend, Jaqueline's birthday week so i decide to update this earlier than originally plan.

My early gift to you, J!
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

NO beta

Day 7

Clint swore to god to never take eco class again, even it was just a two hours flight from LA to Vegas. It hurt his back but Maria said it was emergency so he had no choice. Tony’s plane wasn’t available because the billionaire flew out to Seattle with Pepper on Stark Industries business.

Plane landed and Clint took a can straight to Natasha's apartment where Maria told him to meet up with her. The security guy let him in when he dropped his name. The guy told him that Maria was waiting for him right now.

Maria let Clint in and from the first look on Maria's face and the horrible stage of the apartment, Natasha was far gone.

"How is she?"

"Holding steady but I'm not sure how long before she hit that road."

"Let's hope she's not."

"Clint, she had been crying non-stop since he left her. I literally mean it."

"Steve isn't in a good shape either."

Maria snorted. "He deserved. After what he did to her."

"I know but I can see that he regret his choice of leaving her."

"Who leaving who?"

A quiet voice startled them both and they kept their mouth shut right away. They turned to see Natasha was standing in the doorway, looking terrible like she never been before. She was pale, thinner than Clint remember from the last time he saw her, like she didn't eat enough food since Steve left her. Happiness was also gone from her eyes and her bearing. This Natasha was just a shell because she already died inside.

Clint felt pity for her but he couldn't do anything to make them get back together again. Not when Steve made his choice to marry Sharon and his friend was adamant about it. Not when Natasha was this sad and heartbreak and he didn't know that Steve still wanted her or not.

He didn't want to risk their heart playing matchmaker since their hearts were so fragile right now.

"Hey, baby girl." Clint greeted, giving her a bright smile in hoping that it might lighten up her
mood. "You look like hell."

Nat's lips twitched a little. "Tell me something I don't know."

They went in for a hug and Nat held on tight to Clint. His presence was always brighten up the room with his energy and his fun character.

"Why are you here?" Nat asked, secretly hoping that he came with some news about Steve.

"Maria..." Clint stammered, trying to find the answer that wasn't going to hurt Natasha's feeling.

"Yeah, you better be." She faked a laugh before letting him go.

"I already cooked something for you, Nat."

"Thank you."

Nat walked into the kitchen while Maria and Clint remained in the living room so they could finish their discussion. Their eyes were still looking at Nat worriedly.

"Okay, you didn't exaggerate it when you say she was this bad." Clint admitted. "Why did she act like this?"

"She hurts, Clint. Steve broke her in every way imaginable." Maria said. "She couldn't let go anything belong to him. She wore that shirt to sleep for almost a week now. She can't go out because everything reminded her of him."

"Shit..." Clint muttered. "But we need to take her out. She couldn't cope up in her apartment like this forever. It wasn't healthy."

"I told her like a thousand time already."

Natasha was in the kitchen and eating breakfast Maria cook for her. She made potato soup with bread and sausages. Maria learned a very hard way that she couldn't eat pancakes and bacon anymore. The mere sight of it made her want to vomit.

Natasha also didn't fail to notice that her friends didn't follow her. They were lingering in the living room and from the corner of her eyes, they were whispering and trying to keep their voice down so she didn't hear anything they talked about. Oh, Natasha knew better than that. She knew they were talking about her and how to handle her in a situation like this.

Clint wasn't as subtle as he thought. He gave her all the tails of why he was here. The only reason why Clint was here was probably to help Maria and Maria couldn't handle Natasha by herself anymore.

She became too much of a problem. Nat thought bitterly. Another evidence that she wasn't going any further since the day Steve left but it was hard when you loved someone that much, attached to them as if her life depended on him.

She was a sinking ship and Maria couldn't help her get better anymore. No one could help you but yourself, Natasha. She thought. You should change the way you handle this situation though. I might change the result in a better way. She played it safe for too long.

Time to put yourself out of misery and stopped being a dead weight to Maria.
Sharon woke up, feeling dizzy the way she never been before. After last night episode with Steve, it left her drain. She never thought he would yell something at her like that and she admitted that it was her fault to take something away from him.

But since when a man held on to that stupid more than his own fiancee. Sharon couldn't help herself but feeling a bit jealous. Steve changed since he came back and she couldn't handle him or even understand his action anymore.

As always, he was the only variable she couldn't solve since the day they met. It was out of her control and she didn't like it at all. Of course, she could handle a man who want to marry her for her family fortune. They were an easy puzzle to solve but Steve made sure since day one that he didn't want her money. That he could make money by his own ability.

Sharon laughed at him, saying that everyone had hidden motives and one of them was money. Steve smiled at her with the boyish grin that made her heart skip a beat and said, he actually used that word, he craved for companionship more than money.

And that what he always was. He wanted to spend times with her as much as he could, trying to be there for her with every up and down. Sharon told him that she couldn't always be there for him the way he did to her. He went quiet for a moment before met her demand half way.

"It's okay but I hope you will be there when I hit my lowest point."

What did she do wrong?

Sharon shook her head and stop thing about it. She had an important meeting today and she couldn't be distracted.

When Sharon came down from her bedroom, ready to go to work, she found a note left on the kitchen counter. It was from Steve.

Sharon, I will be at Tony's until our wedding day. Steve

Sharon was a bit shock by this. He must have been pissed at her, like really pissed since he never did such thing to her. They never fight this hard that it drove him away like this. He needed some space and she understood. Last night she violated something she shouldn't. She will apologize and make up to him for that when she saw him again.

She never had to do this. Steve was always the one that came around first but she knew that this time was different. Steve was ready to cut tie with her. The only things that kept him with her right now was the engagement and his honor. That wasn't enough to give Sharon the security and she will try her best to make up to him.

"Hey, what happened?" Tony asked as Steve stepped inside his house. "Jarvis tells me that you will drop by."

Steve walked inside Tony’s living room with Jarvis, Tony’s butler, carried Steve’s bag. Tony told
him to set up the guest room for Steve before he turned his attention back to his friend. Steve called earlier this morning and Jarvis was the one who picked up the phone.

“Is something happened between you and Sharon?” Tony noticed something was wrong but he couldn't pin point it. He sensed it has something to do with Sharon and her uptight personality.

“Yeah, we fought last night. Not exactly a fight but I did yell at her because she pissed me off.”

Tony frowned. “You wanna tell me?”

“Nah…” Steve shook his head. “If you don’t mind, I will stay here until my wedding day. I don’t want to see her face again because she might piss me off.”

“Dude, if you don’t wanna marry her then don’t, call off the wedding before it’s too late.”

“I will think about it but right now, I need more sleep to clear my head.” Steve replied. "It may be just a fall out of last night. It still clouded my judgement."

“Okay, you know the way to your usual room.”

“Thanks, Tony.”

Tony watched as Steve walked upstairs. In the blond man’s arm, it was a teddy bear. It was weird to Tony because Steve was a grown ass man, like a huge muscle guy but he held a teddy bear in his arms. There must have be something important and Steve couldn’t let go of it.

“Did he say anything?” Pepper asked when she saw that Steve already out of earshot.

“He fought with Sharon and from the look on his face, he wants to end it.”

“God….should we help them?”

“I will try to crack Steve open to get an accurate information. But to be honest, Pep, I don't want them to get marry. He is obviously in a lot of misery."

"He didn't seem to be in misery before he went to Vegas." Pepper said. “Did something happen back there?”

“Everything seems to piece together now.” Tony accorded. “God, I think he doesn’t want to marry Sharon anymore.”

“Okay, you stay home and try to get everything from Steve.”

The couple nodded in mutual understanding. Pepper had to go to work now because she will be late for company meeting if she didn’t leave right now. Happy led her out of the house, leaving Tony to handle Steve.

Steve slept for three hours before he came down and joined Tony in his garage where the genius was tinkering with his latest invention.

“Hey, finally you wake up, sleeping beauty!” Tony teased as he cleaning his hand with shop cloth. “How are you feeling?”

“Feeling like crap.” Steve replied and sat down on the stool nearby.

“Wanna talk about it?” Stark asked. “I have beer over there if it helps you talk.”
“Nah…I will just get everything out then. Are you sure you wanna hear me rambling on about everything?”

“If it help you feel better—I guess yes.”

“Fine.” Steve said before exhaled loudly. “I don’t want to go through with this wedding.” Tony wasn’t exactly shock to hear that but he just nodded and kept quiet so Steve could go on. “Las night just made me realize that I have nothing compatible with Sharon. Like really nothing—The most important thing is—She never be there for me when I go through hell, all those stupid nightmare, therapy session. I don’t know why she said yes when I propose to her when she clearly want to nothing to do with me.”

“Should I add that I never heard her say those three words?”

“Right?!”

“One advice, Steve. If you don’t want to marry her then don’t. Just end it, call of the wedding and go to whoever that make you happy and marry her instead.”

Nat, Maria, and Clint stayed in the apartment for the rest of the day, busying catching up since Clint left Las Vegas. He told them about his busy work at his club and also the grand opening of his modeling agency.

Nat could clearly see that Clint was trying to avoid mentioning Steve or the wedding. Maria was on high alert all the time, ready to cut in if Clint slipped. Nat hoped that he would slip, just a little bit. She wanted to know that Steve was okay or in great misery like her.

She needed to know that to make herself feeling better even the result could go both way.

Maria also told Clint about how they were doing but it was pretty much the same. Her work and she had to stay with Nat every night he keep her company. They talked until there was nothing left to be said that was when Nat spoke up.

“Maybe we should go out.” Nat suggested.

Clint and Maria looked at each other, exchanging glance before they agreed with Natasha. Clint made a joke that during his time in Vegas, Tony already took him to most of the club. Maria made a bet that he never went to where she was about to take him.

The girls changed their clothes and it was the first time in many days that Nat finally looked like her old self, beautiful, sexy and confident in that attire. Clint was sure that every guy in the club will break their neck just to get to look at her one more time.

Once they stepped into the club, it happened as Clint said. Every guys turned to look at the sexy red head even some had their girlfriends. It was a confident boost for Natasha after Steve destroyed it when he left her.

“I finally feel like a bit of my old self.” Nat admitted. “It feels great that guy still interested in me.”

“Baby girl, guys will be all over you.” Clint reassured.
They settled down at the table near dance floor. Clint offered to pay for everything tonight and went to get their drinks at the bar for the girls. Nat and Maria had a nice chat about guys that were openly looked at them. Maria tried to be her wingman and spot a handsome guy for Nat.

“Maria, I don’t think I will let someone hit on me tonight.” Nat was amused that his friend tried to get her laid. “I will just enjoy the attention they gave me.”

“What?” Maria was shocked. “You can just look at any guy in here and they will drop on their knee in front of you.”

“It’s too fast to—you know, get laid after what happened between me and Steve.”

“Just put that bastard behind and you will live a happy life, Nat. It’s a hook-up, pleasure yourself, girl.”

“Fine, if that get you of my back.”

Maria continued to find a guy that got Natasha's attention as Clint came back with drinks and sat down next to Maria, wrapping his arms around Maria protectively. Guys came to their table and asked Natasha to join a shot or asked her for a dance but so far, she declined everyone of them.

"Why are you playing hard to get, girl?" Clint asked. "Get off your ass and dance with someone? Anyone! Take your pick!"

"I'm just trying to find the right partner, okay?" Nat shrugged her shoulders.

That word took Clint by surprise. 'The right partner' that just sounded like Steve in every way.

"That's it. Maria and I will go dance and leave you brooding here."

"Just to have fun! I can take care of myself."

Maria hugged Nat before followed Clint into the crowded dance floor. The couple disappeared into the dark. Natasha sipping her drinks and looked at her phone. That was when she felt a hand at her waist and the presence of someone behind her. Heat radiated from the person and hard rock muscled body pressed against her back.

"Why a hot girl like you sitting here alone?" A deep sexy voice whispered in her ear. Hot breath mingled on her neck. "He's not coming?"

"Why are you assuming that I'm waiting for someone?" Nat asked back but didn't turn to face the man behind her.

To be honest, she didn't play hard to get or anything. It just that the guy sounded like Steve that it made her stomach fluttered. The heat from his body only reminded her of Steve. Natasha was afraid that it was him and that would only emphasize how desperate she was that her mind conjured this.

"Because you blew every guy that came to you off." He replied. "He's not coming, beautiful. I think it's time for you to show him how stupid he was to stood you up."

Nat turned, only to get stunned by the guy. He looked almost like Steve. If she didn't pay attention, she would believe that he was Steve Rogers. This guy had a green eyes instead of blue but other than that. He was Steve, tall, blond, and handsome, just like the man who left her.

“Hi.” The guy greeted with a boyish grin, again, like her Steve. Natasha thought she was
hallucinating but, “I’m Steve.” He reached his hand out to her which Natasha shook her hand with him.

“I’m—I’m Natasha.”

“Nice to meet you, Natasha.”

Nat found herself forgetting what she said to Maria earlier about it was too fast to find a guy and that she wanted the right partner. The guy seemed nice and he captured her attention the way no one could. Natasha threw every caution out the window as it was time for her to move on and lived on the dangerous side once again.

She will not let the ghost haunted her anymore.

They had a very nice conversation and they had one too many drinks before Steve could persuade Natasha to dance with him. Clint and Maria just came back to the table after dancing way too much that Maria’s feet started to hurt a little. They came back just in time to see the tipsy Natasha followed the tall blond guy into the dance floor.

The couple looked at each other, high-fiving and said in unison, “SCORE!”

They decided to leave Nat on her own but as the time passed, Clint ended up feeling a bit awful to let Nat hook up with some random guy. He knew that Steve feels something for her and a part (that kind of hope that they will end up together) of him wanted to see them ended up together. Clint shook it off because, one, Steve chose Sharon, and, two, Natasha deserved happiness. If this guy could provide her with that, he willing to let it slide.

Nat was having a good time with Steve (she inwardly called him ‘Steve 2.0’ so she could separate them), dancing and laughing, feeling a bit more like herself. Steve 2.0 was nice and everything but she also noticed that he was interesting with other part of her more than her face. His eyes always wandered to her cleavage and his hands groping at her ass as they moved together to the beat of the song.

She let that slide too because she was having a good time and she hoped that Steve 2.0 would help her forget the original Steve.

They talked, they drank, and they had a good time until Natasha drank one to many whiskey and she was totally drunk off her mind. It reached the point that Maria and Clint had to intervene because Natasha was climbing up and down the guy and french kissing him drunkenly.

“Can you give us your number so you guys can talk tomorrow? When her—um—not this drunk” Clint said and handed the guy Nat’s phone.

“Sure.” Steve 2.0 replied even he was a bit disappointed that Nat has to go before things could move any further. He was hoping that they might end up in his bed but her friends were a major cock block so he would just give them his phone number for now.

Steve determined to nail this hot chick soon.

“I will make sure that she will call you tomorrow.” Maria promised.

“Okay.”

They grabbed a cab back home, praying that Nat wouldn’t puke in the car but when they arrived at her apartment, Nat puked in front of her door. Clint had to carry her into the bathroom and let
Maria clean Nat up while he handled the mess outside.

Maria put Nat in bed after she was clean before making sure to put the guy’s phone number in Nat’s phone again. She wanted her friend to be happy but she was too drunk and Maria didn’t trust the guy enough to let him take her home like this.

“Goodnight, Nat.” Maria whispered before turning around to see Clint leaning against doorframe with tired smile on his face.

“You’re like her mom.” He teased.

“For the past week, yes, I am her mother, her dry cleaner, her cook, and her maid.”

“Well, that’s what we all do when our friend—umm—in this state.”

“Please tell me that Steve is at least half suffer like Nat.”

“Yeah, he is, probably as suffer as her. Tony almost forced him to go to the hospital. He locked himself up in his art studio and made hundred of depressing arts.” Clint told. “I can’t even look at it without feeling like commit suicide.”

“He deserved it. He needs to feel all the pain Nat had been through.”

“I know you hate him, love.” Clint said. “But we will talk about it tomorrow, okay? I think we should get some sleep.”

“Yeah, you are right.”

They took shower together and met up in the living room before cuddling up on the couch and fell asleep.

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**Day 8**

Nat woke up with a terrible headache and it made her head spin so she close her eyes again, cooconing herself in the blanket. Nat groaned when she found herself wasn’t able to go to sleep again.

I will not get that drunk again.

She couldn’t remember anything, even one tiny bit. The last thing she remember was that she was dancing with the guy she met last night, Steve 2.0. He resembled Steve in almost everything. Blond, tall, muscle was everywhere, and handsome. The alpha male just liked the man who left her.

Nat knew that it was desperate of her to try to hook up with someone who looked like him but
since Steve became her type, she couldn’t put her attraction somewhere else. Natasha opened her eyes to see that she was alone in her bed and it made her sighed in relief.

At least she wasn’t having a drunk sad sex with the guy. Nat could only hope when it came to that, he would have a big cock like Steve or kinky like Steve. It was hard to replace the original one with someone else because Steve lifted her standard up in every way.

*Hope that guy knew how to go down on a woman*, Nat thought.

Nat shook her head to get rid of Steve in her mind when she realized that she thought about him again. She pulled her focus back on Steve 2.0 but it didn’t help as well. The real Steve imprinted on her everywhere.

It will take some time. Nat thought. Things like this took time to heal. She could only hope that Steve 2.0 was the right partner.

Nat crawled herself into the bathroom and cleaned up before walked into the living room to find Maria and Clint snuggling on the couch. They were such a lovely couple and Nat glad that they found one another. No man was good enough for Maria but Clint managed to prove himself. The way the couple snuggling on the couch made Nat thought back to the countless time Steve and her cuddling on that couch too.

As if Maria sensed her presence, she started to stir and immediately greeted Nat but the red head had more mischievous plan than that.

"Hope you guys feeling comfortable on that couch though."

"Why?" Maria asked.

"Steve and I used to fuck countless time on that couch."

That met with Maria loud 'eww' and she pushed off Clint and the couch to stand on her feet. Clint startled awake and looked at the two girls confusingly. He was even more confuse when Nat broke down in tears in front of him, sinking down on the floor.

Maria quickly joined Nat's side and hugged her friend, trying to console her but it didn't work. Clint was still confused with everything and Maria told him that she will explain later. Clint knelt down next to Nat and hugged her.

"Hey...if this cheer you up a bit, the guy from last night left his phone number on your phone."

"Yeah, I should." Nat's voice was muffling by Maria's shoulder. "At least, he is interesting in me. Unlike that bastard..."

"Come on, honey. He's not here to hurt you anymore so don't let a ghost of him haunted you."

Maria’s advice somehow magically stopped Nat from crying. She gathered herself up and put on a brave face to ease her friends’ worry.

"Here's your phone." Clint handed Nat the phone.

"Thank you."

“You’re welcome, baby girl.”
Nat grabbed the phone and tried to think of what she would said to the guy. Maybe he didn’t want to see her again after saw her drunk last night.

“Stop thinking, just call the guy already!” Clint yelled from the living room.

“Okay, dad!”

Nat dialed the number and waited patently for the guy to answer her phone. It took three rings and she heard the deep, sexy voice at another end of the line.

“Hey, Steve…it’s Natasha from last night.” Nat said. “Hope you didn’t forget me yet.”

“Hey, beautiful, how could I forget you?” He replied. Cheesy but it was acceptable at this point of her life. “Anyway, I thought you will be the one who forget me.”

“You’re handsome and hot…how could I forget that?” Nat stopped herself from rambling on like an idiot. “Well, with that said. I already admit that you’re handsome.”

“Maybe we should cut the flirting and get right to business.”

“Yep, I call you to see that you wanna hang out with me again…after last night. I’m too drunk.”

“How about a dinner? We can meet up at the bar, have some nice steak and drinks.”

“Sound great.”

“I will text you the place and we will meet there.” He said. “It’s a date.”

“Yeah, it is.”

“I gotta run.” He said. “See you tonight.”

“Bye.”

Nat hang up and turned to see Clint and Maria gave her a big smile and thumbs up. Nat shook her head at them but couldn't resist a little smile.

"Baby girl got a date!" Clint sang.

"We should get you ready." Maria said.

"It’s 10 in the morning so mom and dad stop being so excite about this." They all laughed at how silly they were but Clint and Maria finally felt relief that Nat found her new happiness. A part of her didn't attach to Steve anymore when she finally thought about someone else rather than the guy who left her.

Maria convinced Nat to try on clothes so she would look absolutely beautiful and sexy at the same time that would stun the guy and rocked their date night. Nat said she could rock anything as long as she didn't get drunk. Clint helped the girl out by being the judge. He tried to get Natasha to wear something not too revealing because some part of him still wanted Nat to keep something to herself and, as hard as it was to admit, saved something for Steve in case he came back to her.

The day went by slowly. They had a lunch at nearby cafe, at least, there was nothing triggered Nat's memories of Steve. She was happy and smiled and laughed, mostly from Clint's stupid jokes. The girls insisted that they will take Clint on an exclusive tour by locals so he would get an insight
of how the locals did things around here.

Clint was having a good time. It was obvious to him now that he saw this city through their eyes and how Steve fell in love with this city. Steve got a private tour with Natasha and only god knew how much time or activity they did together.

Maria insisted that they should go back before 5 PM so Nat would have a lot of time to get ready. Maria wanted this date to be perfect and Natasha should look absolutely gorgeous that the guy felt lucky that he had her.

"Maria, I think it's enough." Nat said. "The clothes we picked earlier was enough."

"But you have to be on your best game today."

"The guy should like me because of me, not how I look." Nat countered. "Besides, remember the last time, he wanted only sex from me. We didn't have enough time to get to know each other and went straight to sex. I mean, three weeks and I already did all the crazy thing with him. Then he left."

"So you're not going to let the guy have sex with you."

"I don't know, Maria." Nat replied. "I really don't know how this one will go."

"Okay, sweetheart. Let just see how this go."

Maria hugged Nat tightly. She felt like a mother seeing her daughter going on a first date with guy and couldn't be more proud of how brave Nat was to finally getting over Steve.

"Good luck."

"If you need anything, just call us, okay, baby girl?" Clint told. "We will be your extraction plan."

Nat chuckled. "Sound like a spy, Clint."

Clint smiled and gave Nat a hug before they watched Nat grab a taxi and left for her date.

---

Nat met up with Steve at the bar that locate half way between their apartment. He was standing outside the building, smoking and looking extremely sexy in black leather jacket and jeans. Well, that mildly reminded her of another Steve but that one loved his brown leather jacket. Steve 2.0 gave out a dark and dangerous vibe but the original one had a lighter aura.

But Natasha knew better than that. They are both equally dangerous and she will know how Steve 2.0 was that great in the sack as Steve 1.0

"Hey, beautiful." He greeted and gave her a light hug. "You look beautiful as always, Natasha."

"Thank you." Nat said. "You look nice too."

"Are you ready? I have a table reserve for us."

She nodded and let him wrap his arm around her waist as they walked inside the bar. Every head
turned to look at the beautiful red head. Steve couldn't be more proud as he never had such an ego boost as this moment. He was able to be at her side and showed off her in the way nobody could.

They sat the reserved table and Nat decided to experiment something. Steve 1.0 was always the one who loved woman who enjoyed eating so she was kinda hope that this one will do the same. She ordered stake with extra fries and earned a surprise look on his face. Steve smiled fondly but didn't say a word. He simply commented that the stake was great here but he picked a salmon fillet.

"I have to control my food to keep me in shape all the time." He explained before turning to the waitress. "And a glass of vegetable juice would be nice."

Natasha almost laughed but covered up behind the menu then she ordered a Langavulin whiskey and again, earning a questionable look from the guy, not a fond one like when Steve discovered her love for whiskey.

"Never peg you for a girl who into whiskey." He said.

"What? You think of me as a cosmo girl, aren't you?"

"No...you just...unique--unlike other girls I met."

"Disappoint?"

"No, it makes you even more interesting."

Nat knew he was flirting and he probably didn’t mean what he said because she couldn’t read him. Probably, she was getting soft after spent too much time with Steve. Steve never lied to her until the very moment that he left her. She was getting soft, the wall that she build allowed her to see through every lie anyone came up with but Steve dismantled it and left her with nothing to protect her heart.

“Tell me something, Natasha.” He asked. “Do you really want to be on this date?”

“Why do you think that I don’t want to go on a date with you?”

“I can see you still thinking too hard and maybe thinking about someone else.”

Nat batted her eyelash, giving him a saucy smile. “I hope you could make me stop thinking.”

“Maybe we should skip dinner and when straight back to your place or mine…totally up to you.”

Nat laughed. “Easy, tiger,” She said. “After dinner and a couple of drink we will discuss that.”

She could clearly see the hope in his eyes. The thought that he might have a chance to sleep with her tonight was enough to make it worth a while and the money he spent. He was a player and Nat knew that but she ignored it. At this point, any man would suffice for now that she needed to get Steve out of her mind.

Dinner passed nicely and they had a non sexual conversation until the waitress collected their dish. Then they moved to the bar where she ordered her third Langavulin and sat on the stool with Steve clung tight to her. Nat felt a bit tipsy and the alcohol already shut down her conscious section by section. His lips lingered on her neck and her jaw all the time, whispering with his sexy voice while his hand ran up her thigh. He was a little too interest in her body but she didn’t care anymore.
She was hot. She was horny and she needed a release. Since she couldn't get off with her toy, she thought she needed a real thing to help her out.

The next thing Nat knew that she had many drinks with Steve then she was kissing him on the way up to her apartment. He was a good kisser but if Nat didn’t try to compare him with the mind blowing kisser like Steve Rogers. God! That man knew how to use his tongue.

Nat pushed Steve up against the front door of her apartment as she tried to open the door. It was hard but she managed to do it. They stumbled into the living room. There was no one there. Clint was probably at Maria’s place for sometime alone with her friend.

Her hands tore his leather jacket off, revealing a tight black tshirt outlining his muscles Nat made Nat wanted to run her hands all over his body, just to feel those hard muscles bulge and flex under her hands. She quickly took of the shirt and what underneath didn't disappoint her at all.

God! He was like an embodiment of Steve. Nat thought as she ran her hands on his chest, thinking about Steve all the while as she doing it. She bit her lips as her hands rested on his sic packs. He took her mouth again and quickly guided her back to her bedroom.

Nat felt his weight pinned her down on her bed. He was so big compared to her. He could trap her with his body and there was no way that she could escape. Nat moaned into his mouth, her hands locked on his back, pulling him closer until she felt the heat came off his body but something wasn't quite right. He wasn't as warm as Steve. But it was alright, she would forget those feeling soon and replaced with new one.

New guy.

Well, Natasha, you let a random guy sleep with you on the second night! Really that a drastic improvement since the last time you slept with a man on the first night you met.

Why would it matter anyway? She was just a wanton whore anyway. That probably how Steve felt about her after she gave him everything too easily and he discarded her like a condom, dumping his cum and tossed it in the bin.

What would be a different if she just slept with the guy?

"Just stop thinking, beautiful." He whispered. "Let me make you forget about him."

Nat did just that and let his mouth laced on her neck, sucking and making his own marks on her, erasing the trace of another man on her. His hands slowly and gently removed her clothes because he didn't want to spook her. Her tops finally naked and she arched when his mouth closed on her nipple, lightly tugged it between his teeth and lapping with his tongue.

"God...Steve." Natasha arched. Hands tugged at his hair, pulling lightly as an encouragement. "Yes...keep going."

His hands finally got her pants off and his mouth left her breast, trailing down to her flatted stomach but he stopped to pull her panties off and did nothing more than that.

"Steve...do it..."

"No, I'm not into that." He said. "I'm into just sticking my cock in."

"What?" Nat's eyes widened. He didn't even think about foreplay. Steve was always eager to go down on her and pleasured her with his mouth and tongue.
"Why use my mouth when I got a real tool?"

He pulled away, kneeling with Natasha trapped between his legs. Nat watched in anticipation as Steve slowly unbuttoned his jeans. His V-line looked so delicious she wanted to lick it. Nat licked her lips, imagining that the rest of his package would be as good as the rest of his body.

Or at least, in match with *Steve*.

His jeans came off, revealing black Calvin Klien underwear and he took it off too. Nat frowned when she saw his dick. It wasn't what she was expected, like at all. His dick wasn't even half of *Steve*’s cock. How could this man satisfy her insatiable sexual appetite? When she previously had a sex god (with his long, thick cock) as her lover.

"Don't worry, beautiful. I won't hurt you." He whispered before he kissed her.

"Condom…"

"I got this, baby."

He quickly rolled the rubber around his tiny dick and slowly slipped it inside her cunt without any problems. Nat was wet because she was horny and a bit turned on by his big muscles. At this lowest point of her, Nat needed just anyone to fill the emptiness *Steve* left her with.

Even he was pounding his way into her but he wasn't going as deep as *Steve*, couldn't fill her so completely as *Steve*. Nat wasn't enjoying it at all. She couldn't because what she had with *Steve* lifting all the standard. Steve Rogers was completely ruined her for another man. He ruined her in every way. No one was as nice as him. No one was as rough or gentle as he was. Or dirty and kinky as he was. Or adventurous. Or had a cock as big as *Steve*. Or a tongue like Steve's.

With those thought, the rest of the pleasure from this intercourse was one sided. The guy didn't care whether Natasha got the same level of pleasure or not. He wanted his own release and wanted to use her heavenly body to satisfy only himself. To him, she was just another dumb chick who fell for his charm and his bulky body. Unknown to him, she was trying to use him to but she didn't receive the same pleasure.

All Natasha could do was to think about the man she was trying so hard to forget. Nat closed her eyes, imagining that it was *Steve* who was on top of her. With a mere thought of him and his magnificent cock was sending her body into overdrive and soon, her entire body was quivering underneath the man. Her inner walls convulse and the guy thought that it was him and his dick that made Natasha come.

*Damn. I'm good.* He thought and grinned against her neck where his lips was making purple bruises as much as he could. His hips kept slamming against her as he fucked her through their orgasm. One thing that Nat had to give the guy a credit was his stamina. He didn't slow down once he was inside her.

He pulled out and tossed the condom into the bin but he wasn't done with her yet. Not when he had a chance with the most beautiful woman he ever seen. He had to take whatever it is, as much as he could. He climbed back on top of her, peppering kisses all over her slick skin while Natasha was panting and trying to catch her breath.

Even the orgasm wasn't as intense as when Steve was the one who gave it to her but it did feel good since the sexual tension she had bottled up was too much to bear. She couldn't get off by herself since Steve left her.
Nat opened her eyes to see Steve loomed over her. His tiny dick was wrapped with a new condom.

"Ready for another round, beautiful."

"Yeah..." Nat breathed.

He quickly grabbed her waist and flipped her onto her stomach and get her on all four. He quickly wrapped her tiny frame with his large body, kissing from her neck down to her lower back before slipping his dick inside her pussy again.

Nat couldn't scream. All she could do was moan. Every time Steve thrust his cock into her, Nat will scream from the top of her long because he will fill her, completed her in a way no one could. Pleasure would ripple through her like a raging sea.

The guy kept ponding into her with his relentless stamina but it didn't give the same feeling Steve gave her. She tried to scream even how much she wanted to but she couldn't. Only Steve could make her lose herself like that.

She wasn't getting as much pleasure as she wanted. She totally faked it because she didn't him to lose his confidence. So Nat closed her eyes, imaging that it was Steve who gave it to her good. She moaned loudly as she thought about her man.

"Damn, you're really into it, bitch."

"Yes...Steve." Nat moaned in reply, thinking that it was her man pounding her from behind, ordering her around with his commanding voice that it made her grow wetter. Of course the guy didn't knew that she was thinking about someone else right now. He was selfish.

Nat felt him ramming his dick into her and that he was getting close. Nat tried to conjure Steve image in her head. The way he grunted or moaned, the way the head of his cock rubbing at her g-spot and clit with every full stroke he took. It made her body quiver and her walls occasionally contracted around his dick, making the guy groan. He gritted his teeth and continued to ram into her.

He came in the condom but this time he went still. Nat too was having an orgasm because she was imagining it was Steve unloading his hot cum inside her. She came harder than the first time and she moaned loudly. But to think about it made Nat cry, she missed how Steve always gave her all he could, pleasure her until all she could do lying limply.

And of course, the selfish guy thought that she was crying our of happiness.

"Damn, I'm that good, huh, baby?"

Nat just nodded. The guy laid down next to her after he tossed the condom into the bin again. Nat turned her back to him because she was crying at how much she was missing Steve and how all of this made her think back of how Steve used her like how this guy did.

"Good night, beautiful." He kissed her shoulder before Nat felt him laid down next to her.

And Natasha cried herself to sleep again.
Natasha woke up, feeling pretty much like crap. Her head was like about to explode. Her body was a bit sore, maybe from how the guy pile dived into last night without considering how big of a body he was comparing to her.

Nat rolled to the other side to find that he was gone. The Steve guy left her like the other Steve. But this one she could understand it, for him, she must have been just a random girl he just met. Unlike Steve, the man who they got to learn and actually opened up to each other.

One the bright side, Nat didn't want the guy to stay here either. She didn't want an awkward pillow talk when she knew nothing about the guy and last night was only the proof that he couldn't replace Steve and she was just using his body as much as he used her.

She probably called him again tonight if she was horny and needed something to help her.

It didn't hurt if their interest was mutual.

Nat slowly crawled out of bed and put on some clothes before she made her bed. That was when she realized that the sheets were not smelled like Steve anymore. It was replaced by the fake Steve she slept with last night.

God...what had she done?

Nat tried to hold back tears that brimmed in her eyes. She wiped it away before it could fall. She took a deep breath before gathered herself to clean up the mess and changed her sheets. It didn't matter anyway. There was nothing of Steve left for her.

After she done cleaning up, she stepped into the kitchen and made herself a coffee. It was 10 AM but she wasn't hungry. Maybe she should call the guy and maybe he could keep her company tonight, at least she didn't have to be alone.

"Hello?" He greeted.

"Hey, Steve...it's Natasha..."

"Hey, hi, beautiful." He replied. "Sorry, I can't stay this morning."

"It's okay. I just call to ask if you wanna hang out tonight."

He was quiet for three seconds. “Of course. Where do you want to go?”

“My apartment?”

“I will be there.”

“See you tonight.”

They hung up and Nat knew it in her heart that the guy only say yes because how could he miss a chance to bang a hot chick like her again? Natasha kept it in her mind that she was using him too and that she never felt anything for him, unlike another man. The one that left her.

Nat heard the front door opened and she turned to see Clint and Maria entered her apartment with bags of grocery in their arms.
"Hey, guys." Nat greeted.

"Morning, darling." Maria said. "How was last night?"

"Great. Everything was great."

But Maria knew better than that. She heard something hidden in Nat's voice that Maria knew she was covering something up and last night wasn't as great as she claimed.

"And I will see the guy again tonight."

"Really?" Clint asked. "Back to back? You know you shouldn't do that."

"I don't want to play any game, Clint." Nat shot back.

"Whatever makes you happy, baby girl."

"Do you eat anything yet?" Maria interrupted them.

"No, I'm not hungry. Coffee would suffice for now."

Maria gave Nat a scolding look. "Natasha Romanoff, get your ass in the kitchen and I will make you something to eat." She said. "And tell us all about every thing that happened last night."

Nat was lying when she told Maria and Clint about last night. She wasn't happy but she faked it. Natasha was confidence that her ability to lie was still intact but what she didn't know was that spending time with Steve Rogers made her skill in lying decrease and Maria, as her best friend, saw right through it.

But Maria kept it to herself, she will talk with Nat about this tomorrow. If she still lied about it, there will be an intervention.

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“I’m surprise that you didn’t call me yesterday.” Pepper said as she stepped in Sharon’s office. “After your fiancé came to stay at my house.”

“I was too busy yesterday.” Sharon replied. “The company couldn’t run on it own, is it?”

“Yes, probably—since Tony let me be the CEO.”

Pepper sat down at the opposite chair from Sharon and tried to pay attention to every detail on her face. There was no sign of crying, just a regular Sharon Carter self. At some point, Pepper felt bad for Steve but she also understood Sharon.

She couldn’t choose side.

“You don’t seem to be sad or anything.” Pepper continued.

“Of course, I’m sad, Pepper.” She replied. “I don’t know how to deal with this emotional needy Steve, okay? He wanted something I don’t know how to give it to him. Sometime, he asked too much.”
Oh-oh, that’s not good. Pepper thought. “You should know that before you agree to marry him, Sharon. He’s an artist. It comes with passion and fierce emotion. He had been through a lot of trauma and he needs to know that you will be on his side.”

“But he didn’t ask for any of those thing before he left for Vegas. When he came back, he was acting strangely. It is unlike him.” Sharon let out a sigh. “There is a chance that this wedding will fall off.”

“No, it will not. You still has a chance to fix this, Sharon.” Pepper told. “You just try to change, give him more time, or at least meet him half way. He needs something in return too. He can’t always give or else he will hollowed out.”

“I will try.”

Pepper hoped that it wasn’t too late to save them but one thing she didn’t know, Steve was already half way made up his mind.

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Day 10

Natasha still woke up feeling like crap the next day. Last night wasn't any good as the first one. She invited Steve 2.0 to her apartment and cooked Steve's favorite Russian dish in hope that the guy will at least have something like her Steve but he didn't.

He hate the food she made and asked her not to make it again because he hate Russian food. Nat took it aback and began to wonder that did Steve lied to her about her cooking skill and how delicious the food was.

The dinner went on awkward because Nat had to cook something else for the guy and put the rest of Russian food in the fridge. She will ask Maria and Clint to taste it and force them to tell her the truth.

Of course, they had sex again but Natasha didn’t enjoy it for 1 second and all she could do was thinking about another man. The one that she actually wanted him to be with her.

Nat knew she should call it off but she was afraid that no one would want her again. She will stick with this one until she find someone else.

She woke up alone to an empty bed again but this time, Steve 2.0 left a lame ass excuse on a note at her table end, saying that he had an earlier meeting with his boss. She knew it was a lie.

Maria and Clint came to check up on her again and this time, Natasha didn’t even bother to cover up the feeling on her face. She was tired and so done with everything right now. Maria caught that and her suspicion was confirmed.

Natasha wasn’t happy and she tried to faked it.

“Clint, can you made breakfast? Nat and I will have a little talk first.”
“Sure.”

“Nat, can you follow me to your room, please.”

Natasha operated on auto pilot right now. She couldn’t think because her brain was too heavy and about to explode anytime. Maria shut the door behind both of them so they could have a private talk.

“Are you sure that you’re really happy, Nat? You don’t look like one.” Maria said. “If the guy isn’t the right one, you find a new one.”

“Steve makes me happy, Maria.” Nat insisted, hoping that her voice didn’t betray her. "I’m really and truly happy.”

"I don't even know which Steve is. What do you mean? Which Steve that makes you happy?”

Nat ignored to elaborate that question. She was hoping that Maria would know what she meant by that. "Steve makes me happy, Maria. HAPPY.”

“If you’re insist, there is nothing to can do.”

“I need more time before I would know that he is the right one or not.”

Before Maria could say anything, Clint opened the door to let them know that Nat’s food was ready but the smell that came with the open door sent Natasha running for her bathroom right away. She flopped down in front of the toilet and vomit everything out of her stomach.

Maria followed suit, holding Nat’s hair back and rubbed her back gently. Once it was over and Nat flushed it down, she sat on the bathroom floor with her back to the wall, looking tried and defeated.

"Nat..." Maria looked at her friend with wide eyes. "How long did you keep puking every other day like this?"

"Since he left." Nat replied. "Why?"

"When is the last time you have your period?"

Nat frowned as she thought of the answer to that question. Math was really hard to do after puking but the answer she got was enough to make her want to puke again.

"Nat, are you pregnant with Steve's baby?"

The question met with Natasha emptied her stomach in the toilet again. No! No! No! This couldn't happen. She couldn't be pregnant with Steve's baby. She was on pills the whole time they had sex.

Wait!

She forgot to take the damn pills because she was so busying fucking Steve's brain out and passed out after so many intense orgasm in a roll. Not to mention that when they woke up in the morning, they did it again and again until she was completely forgot.

Shit! She couldn't do this alone if she was really pregnant with his baby. But on the other hand, maybe it was the only thing that would help her to get him back. If she told him that she had has his baby, he will come back to her, right? He wouldn't leave her to raise the child alone.

He probably asked for a DNA test because he would believe that it was belong to another clients,
not him. He maybe thought that she was a whore after Sharon brainwashed him with that idea. That was really hurtful to think about it since she told him countless time that she never slept with any clients. He was the first that she willing to break her rules.

He meant that much to her.

But if he denied any of it, she would have to raise the child alone. It still be the only thing that proved their love for each other. The child that probably looked like him in every possible way which will remind her of Steve all the time.

She was stronger than this, or at least she once was, looked what had love did to her.

"You have to go see the doctor."

"No."

"Nat, for god's sake, at least do the pregnancy test!"

Nat didn't sat any thing as she began to cry again. Maria decided that she will take over everything and left the apartment in hurry to buy Natasha a pregnancy test. Clint wanted to follow her but Maria insisted that he should stay with Nat.

When she came back, she forced Natasha to do the test for the sake of her sanity. Nat refused because she was afraid to face the truth. Maria locked her best friend inside the bathroom and she will not open until Nat do the test.

Nat sat down on the floor, trying to hold back tear but it didn’t work. She stared at the box for ten minutes before decided it was time for her to man up and get this shit done.

She waited for three minutes as the description said after she peed on the stick. It was the longest three minutes of her life. Every shitty thought ran through her mind and that included the abortion of her child. Nat scolded herself for even thinking about it.

She will never terminate it. She will raise the child and if it was a boy, she will have a little Steve running around in her life, looking exactly like his father. A reminder that she was once treasured, being loved, being precious and important to someone.

The train of thought stopped when the sign on the stick appeared as negative. She sighed in relief and threw the stick away. Even she wasn’t pregnant but the bad feeling that crept up her spine wasn’t made her feel any better.

Now she didn’t had anything. She was alone. She lost the only chance that Steve might come back to her.

Nat bang on the door after she got her shit together. Maria opened the door and asked for the result immediately.

“I’m not pregnant.” She said. "Are you done with me yet?"

"Yeah, at least you're not pregnant."

“Good, now I will call my boyfriend."
Nat talked on the phone with Steve 2.0, asking that he would come to her apartment tonight or not. He said that he was busy and he had to accompany his boss to an event tonight. Nat just wished him luck and told him to stop by anytime that he wanted.

“How about tomorrow?” He asked.

“Yeah, tomorrow would be nice.”

“See you, beautiful.”

He hang up and Nat headed back to her bedroom. Clint and Maria went to a bar to have some private time. They asked her like a thousand time that it was okay or not to leave her alone. Nat was more than capable to handle herself right now, after the pregnant scare had pass.

She ate a leftover food from last night, the remaining Russian food. Then she enjoyed a TV show before decided that it was time to turn in. It was all good until Natasha laid on her bed and the emptiness of the bed was killing her.

Her bed was so big for one person right now. It used to perfectly occupy by two people. It fitted so perfectly when Steve slept next to her, holding her in his arms and soothed her to sleep with his warm embrace.

God! She missed him so much. It was too cold to sleep alone like this even with a blanket but nothing could keep her warm like the way Steve does, enveloping her completely with his body.

She couldn’t sleep. It wasn’t felt safe at all. Steve always provided her with safety and security with his two big arms and hard muscles. When he left her, she was left defenseless.
Day 11

Sharon couldn’t sleep well last night after what she and Pepper discussed. She had been thinking about it a lot and she realized that she never supported Steve. She supported him when the relationship began because she wanted to win him and his heart. It wasn’t her nature.

But then he demanded too much and she began to slowly fade from him. She told him to go to the therapist when all he needed was her to hold onto at night and soothed him.

All he asked for was a little of her time but she made a mistake and fucked it up. Now he had changed and probably wanted someone else to hold onto.

She had to fix this. They didn’t have much time before the wedding day. She didn’t want things between them to fall apart and she didn’t know when she will find a man like him again.

The most important thing was she had to save the wedding. She already invited like a thousand of people, from senators, to congressmen, to celebrities, and socialites. All the famous people and she didn’t want to suffer from the humiliation of the wedding fall apart.

Sharon decided to make a peace offering as a breakfast as she visited him at his gallery. Pepper texted her that Steve left Tony’s house earlier this morning because he had something to handle.

“Good morning, Miss Carter, why are you here so early?” Jemma Simmons asked.

“Where’s Steve?”

“Upstairs, ma’am.”

Sharon gave a quick nod before going upstairs to find her fiancé working on a large size of an artwork that covered half of the wall with floor. He had all the outline worked out and she could see that it was a woman he was about to paint, someone familiar but Sharon was sure that it wasn't her. She saw this woman somewhere but she couldn't remember.

But the point was, the woman on his mind that inspired this work wasn't her.

"Who is she?"

"Someone in my dream." He replied without looking at her.
"Someone you want me to be?"

"Yes"

It was crude and cruel but Steve didn't care at that moment. He made up his mind and nothing Sharon did or said would change it.

"I'm sorry, Steve." She said. "Can you at least look at me?"

Steve turned but his eyes was blank and cold enough to freeze blood inside her. "I want to apologize. It was wrong of me to do that to you."

"Yeah."

"I was wrong and I'm sorry. I am admitting it and I want you to at least give a second chance to save us. Let me make it up to you."

"Do you think it's a bit too late for that?"

"No, it is not. We can make it, Steve. Just give me a chance."

"Fine."

Sharon broke out a wide smile and went to hug him. "Thank you. I will pick you up at 5 and I will make dinner."

"Okay."

She kissed him and noticed that Steve froze up before he kissed her back but the kiss wasn't intimate or passionate like she used to remember. This one was calculated, forced, and hesitant.

"I will leave now." She whispered after she pulled away. "See you tonight." Steve just nodded. Sharon headed for the door before she turned to him. "Why do you hold on to that bear more than me? Just curious."

What answer that she was expecting to hear from him anyway? Steve thought. But it would be better if he just lied to her to make things easier.

"It's cuddly. You're too many bones." He cracked a joke. "But mainly it helps me with my nightmare."

Sharon's eyes were sad when she heard that. She was supposed to help him but she took him for granted with the thought that he would overcome it by himself. She was so wrong and it created a distance that she had to work her ass off to reduce that gap.

But in Steve's mind he really meant that. He couldn't help but compare Sharon to Natasha. How Natasha definitely feel better when she was in his arms, when he held her soft and warm body close to his own.

"I'm sorry, Steve." She said and she really meant it.

"Don't worry about it." He replied. "Don't you have something to attend to?"

"Yeah, I will go now. See you."
Natasha woke up, feeling completely like shit that it was so regular for her now. She started to get used to it. To her surprise, she recovered from it faster than before. It took her less time to get out of bed and stood steadier on two feet as if her mind finally let herself to move on.

The worst had passed and hoped that it will not come back to her again.

Nat smiled for the first time in many day. She headed to bathroom and took shower. She called Clint and Maria up and invited them to her place. From their voice, they must have thought that she had another break down again.

When they stepped inside her apartment, the first thing they noticed was the aromatic smell coming from the kitchen but they never expect the person who cooking. It was Natasha with a bright smile on her face.

"Hey, guys!" She greeted. It was as if Natasha was back to her own self.

"Morning, baby girl." Clint greeted back while Maria was still dumbfounded by her friend. "You don't look like shit anymore."

"That's what I'm hoping for."

“It’s a cause for celebration!” Clint announced.

“About that…I take the liberty to cook you guys breakfast.”

“Nice!”

They sat at the kitchen islands and ate the delicious meal. The couple praised Nat and couldn’t help but feel a bit relief that their friend was right back on her track. They talked about things but Clint and Maria still took a caution when they brought up a topic in hope that they wouldn’t trigger bad memories for Natasha.

The couple did pretty great in avoiding that. Natasha smiled more than they could remember after Steve left. They were discussing about where they should go for today but Clint got an emergency call from his club, saying that they needed him back for an emergency situation.

“Go…don’t worry. I’m good now.” Maria said. “Nat is definitely better now.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, just go back and fix whatever that need your attention.”

“If something come up, call me alright.” Clint looked deep into her eyes before he kissed her.

“Yeah, just go already.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Clint headed back to Maria’s place to pack his bag while Maria stayed with Natasha who was talking with someone on the phone over at the corner of her dance studio. Maria watched her friend closely and found Natasha laughed and smiled at whatever that person said to her.

Well, if her best friend was happy, she was happy too.
“So…Steve, will you come over for dinner?” She asked.

“Of course, but can you cook anything rather than Russian?” The guy asked. “I would love to stay the night too.”

“Of course, I will cook something else for you.”

“Thank you, beautiful.”

“See you tonight.”

Nat hung up and turned to see Maria smiled at her. “Have a date tonight?”

“Yeah…”

“Is that guy really good for you?”

“I hope so.”

“Good for you, Nat. I only want you to be happy.”

“Thank you, Maria.”

Sharon came to pick Steve up at five like she told him this morning. Jemma and Skye greeted her as usual. Phil and Melinda were talking to one of his clients who stated that he needed to see Steve new collection as he heard a rumor that Steve already gave his latest art to the Neon Light museum in Vegas. The client wanted his hand on it and he willing to pay anything that Steve asked. He said that he saw it and it was too beautiful to be keep in an artist private collection.

“Who’s that red head anyway?” He asked Phil.

“I don’t know, sir, but Steve told me that she was his muse.” Phil explained. “He said he met someone in Vegas and she was the source of his inspiration.”

Sharon didn’t know why the first person who came to her mind was that woman she met on her first night in Vegas. The woman that Steve always had his graze lingered on her the whole time. The woman who Steve paid attention to more than his own fiancee.

Mild panic strike Sharon. This was the first time that she really afraid of losing him to someone else. To be honest, before Vegas happened, Sharon was confident that Steve would be with her forever and she did nothing to help keep him with her. He had a change of heart and maybe it was a little too late to do something for him.

But she had to try, to save them.

“Honey, are you ready?” She called out when she stepped inside his studio.

“Yeah, a minute!” He shouted from the bathroom.

Sharon sat down and contemplated the room, looking around and for the first time, she actually admired the work of her fiancé. He indeed had a very great talent. Every line and coloring were
perfectly execute. The only one thing that bugged her was the woman who inspired him wasn't her. The majority of his works was the red head woman.

"See what you like?" A voice startled her.

Sharon turned to see her fiancé standing at the doorframe, looking gorgeous in that fit white shirt and jeans but for some reason he had a dangerous aura coming out of every inch of his skin the way she never seen before.

It was sexy in way that Sharon never experience before and it was a fool of her to think that this man would never attract any other woman. She could only hope that it wan't too late for her to keep his heart with her.

God, she missed all of this for so many years since they were together.

"Why is she has red hair?" Sharon asked.

"Because it isn't you."

"It's just someone from my dream."

"And you rather have her than me?"

"Yes."

It wasn't a lie and Sharon knew the faith of their relationship right then. It could go either way, first, he will go through with this wedding but his heart will never belong to her. Second scenario, he will end all of this and left her.

Either would make Sharon's heart broken but she had it coming. She put this upon herself.

Steve stepped out of the studio without waiting for Sharon to say anything. She quickly followed him down. Before the left, Steve told Jemma and Skye to go home early because there was nothing much to do anyway.

On the way home was a completely silent between the two of them. Sharon had plan in her mind that might actually mend what was broken between them. Steve helped her prepare the ingredients but he never uttered a word with her.

Sharon felt bad because he never ever been like this. He was always warm, face filled with smile, and she actually felt love radiated from every fiber of his skin, from every hug and kisses. Now, it was cold and distant in a way she couldn’t reach out to him anymore.

After a completely awkward dinner and Steve had four glasses of wine, Sharon stepped up her courage and took this chance, one last chance to save their relationship.

She kissed him with everything she got and it was good enough for her that he kissed her back. She led him back to their bedroom before pushed him onto their bed and straddled his waist, kissing him passionately. Her hands quickly removed their clothes.

Steve closed his eyes and let his hands settled on her waist, trying to conjure someone else in his mind rather then the woman who was on top of him. It probably the only way that he would enjoying this.

"I have a surprise for you, honey." Sharon whispered in his ear.
His eyes snapped open and saw naked Sharon get out of bed to get something by the closet. His eyes followed her, calculating of what her next move would be and the same time comparing his fiancee to Natasha.

Sharon came back with an elastic stick in her hand. Steve's eyes widened because he never thought that Sharon would have something like this stashed in her closet. She straddled him again and presented him with it. Steve took it in his hand. This was the one toy that he never had a chance to use with Natasha.

"What do you think?" She asked.

But her answer met with Steve flipped her onto her back and he was between her legs on top of her and her legs around his hips.

"I think I know how to use it." He said in his sexy seductive voice that send shiver down her spine and setting her body on fire.

Sharon bit her lips in anticipation as Steve trailed his lips down her body, murmuring something she couldn't catch but everything he did making he feel treasured but it was probably too late to recognize it.

Her hands went to his hair when his mouth was on her folds, back arching as his tongue slipping inside her. "Steve..." She moaned and breathed hard, pulling at his hair to encourage him to keep going. His hand on her thighs held her in place so she couldn’t do anything except from bowing her back, moaning and letting him pleasure her.

He was completely dominated. It was the first time Sharon let him take the lead and it felt relishing. Maybe a little too late but it’s better than never. Steve pleased her with his skillful mouth before he caught her by surprise, pressing the magic wand on her clit and set the vibration to the maximum.

“Steve—ah!!” She screamed, tugging his hair a little harder.

Steve smiled but continued his rhythm until she let out a loud cry and came in his mouth.

After that, sex went by a blur and Sharon rarely remembered anything when she was busy coming so hard. She couldn’t even remember how many time she came but Steve only came once. She didn’t know where he get those stamina but he was eager than usual. She only lied bonelessly before he flipped her onto her stomach, getting her on her hands and knees.

Sharon felt his erection against her inner thighs as he pressing loving kisses on her back, trying to make her relax. She couldn’t find anything in her to stop him. She needed some rest and this was all too much, she was afraid of this overwhelming feeling. The primal urge inside him that fueled her hidden desire.

"Let it go." His breath was hot as her whispered near her ear. "Let me take control."

“No...meeting." She tried to protest. “I—can’t’

"You have to trust me. Let it go.” He insisted and bit her earlobe playfully.

Sharon shivered and surrendered to him. Steve kissed her shoulder before slowly sliding his hard length inside her. Her mouth hanging open, she was breathing so hard when Steve sliding his hands over her breast, playing with her nipple, pulling on her swollen nipples. His lips kept sucking on her neck. The big head of his cock slipping inside her, sliding inside her, spreading her open,
dragging over and over on her g-spot. Moans of pleasure escaped her lips as he grabbed her hair with one hand and thrust roughly in and out, becoming more aggressive with each stroke.

When she clenched her pussy and squeezed her g-spot against his cock, bouncing herself with tiny motions as her thrust back and forth into her over and over. Steve moaned a loud as he knew he was so close. He closed his eyes and picturing that it was Natasha receiving the relentless pounding of his cock, imagining it was her coming undone underneath him.

“God, I’m going to come.” He moaned and incased his pace. His hand grabbed the magic wand and pressed it onto her sensitive bud, earning a scream from Sharon. “Fuck…Natasha…”

Suddenly, Sharon stopped and Steve realized the name that slipped out of his mouth. The mere thought of the woman he wanted to be with could make him forget who he actually with. Steve pulled out of her and all the arousal was gone in a matter of second. Sharon turned around and looked at him with an angry look in her eyes, demanding the answer from him.

“Who’s Natasha, Steve?” She asked.

There was no answer from the man as he got out of bed and put on his pants. Sharon quickly got up too and wrapped the bath robe around her body, crossing her arms as she watched her fiancé trying to dodge out of this situation.

“Who is she?!” Sharon yelled. “Are you thinking about other woman when we have sex?!”

“Yes.” There was no point of lying anymore. It was clear for him now that who he really wanted to be with. He figured that out for a while but couldn’t find the way to escape this wedding until now. He now had a gut to leave everything behind and he will take that chance right now. “She’s the woman I want to be with. Not you.”

Sharon slapped him hard on the face, making his face turn. Steve saw that coming and he deserved it but at the moment, he didn’t care anymore. He just wanted to end this so he could go back to where he belong.

“Who is she? Don’t tell me that you’re thinking of some whore?”

“She’s not a whore!” He yelled back. His blood boiled when he heard Sharon insulted Natasha with that words. “She’s a great woman who understand me more than you ever were!”

“You’re cheating on me with someone from Vegas, right? Because you’re not the same man before you leaving for that goddamn city!”

“People can change, Sharon, and it’s too late for you too change when I gave you so many chances. It’s too late now. I love someone else.” He shot back. “And I’m not cheating when you gave me a permission to do whatever I want.” Steve sighed. “Waiting for you to change is so exhausted and it wears me out. I patiently wait but nothing has change. It was too late now.”

“I gave you a permission to enjoy your life! Not to fall in love with some slut who spread her legs for money like that red head bitch!”

“SHUT UP AND NEVER EVER TALK ABOUT NATASHA THAT WAY AGAIN!” Steve bellowed.

Sharon stepped back in fear because she never saw him snapped before. Angry radiated from every inch of his skin. There was no love left anymore. Her heart was broken even she saw this coming. It was too late for her to save them now.
Before Sharon could say anything, Steve pulled the ring off his finger and threw it on the bed, “I’m done. We’re over.”

“I understand that it was just a fling, Steve.” Sharon said. “I understand crush and other ragging hormone teenager feeling but you’re a grown up and have responsible. You’re engaged to me! We love each other that is why we decided to get marry!”

“That was before I fall in love with someone else! That was before I valued myself enough and believe in myself enough that I can be love even all the bad things I’ve done or how fuck up my life is.”

“I love you too! Does that mean anything?”
“You never say you love me. You just said it for the first time right now. You never care about my problems, Sharon. All you care is yourself and everything else that isn’t me.” He hit the point home and he knew that she knew that too. “It’s too late to salvage us now. It’s over.”

He knew he was a dick to call it off but for once, he wanted to do something for himself, for his own happiness.

Steve waited to hear her say something smart but there wasn’t any word came out of her mouth. He walked toward the door. Sharon sunk down on their bed and cried, feeling her heart breaking for the first time. Before he left, Steve turned around one last time and said, "I love you, you know” His voice was quiet. “Until I realized that you never loved me the same way that I did. I never realized it until I see the truth.”

He stepped outside of their bedroom. “Goodbye, Sharon.”

Steve left the house before he heading back to his gallery to get his duffle bag. He had everything prepared if he wanted to leave town in any moment. He also left notes for Phil and Jemma.

One last thing that Steve grabbed before he left was the painting that he intended to give it to Natasha. The original ‘Girl in the million light’ that was paint the night he went to the Neon Museum with Natasha.

He set his heart now, that he will win her back, no matter what cost him.

Steve grabbed everything and headed for the garage where he kept the one car he never drive, a gift from Tony, Lamborghini Aventador that Steve kept it away because he was so afraid of anything that could go faster than 100 MPH. After the accident, he refrained himself from fast car or driving fast or racing.

But this was a good reason to drive in this beast again. Because he needed to reach Vegas as fast as he could. He was dying to see Natasha now.

Even he was to kiss her feet and begged her to take him back, he was willing to do it. Just so she could forgive him and gave him another chance.

That was enough.
Day 12

It was half past midnight. Steve left LA Two hours ago and he almost reached Vegas. The Aventador took him charging through the road with very light traffic. Soon he saw the city shinning with million of lights.

All that replay through his mind in that moment was Natasha and the words he would say to her. Would she listen to him? Would she still love him? Some part of Steve was really nervous. He really needed to have her back in his arms or else he would lose him mind.

The more he got closer to Vegas, the more he was thinking about everything. Mostly his memories with Natasha was keeping him occupied. Every cherished history that they shared made him smile and it warmed his heart that he was so close to have all of that back in his life.

Finally he arrived at her apartment building. It was 1:23 AM and there was only one security guard sitting at the visitor counter. Steve took the painting with him as he stepped inside. The guard recognized him and let him walked right through the elevator.

Steve tapping at the art frame impatiently as the elevator traveled up. He couldn’t wait any longer to have her in his arms again, if she wanted him back of course. When Steve reached her door, he searched for the key under her doormat and it was there just the way she told him the first time. The sweet memories came back and it made him smile. The way he scolded her because it was too dangerous to leave key like that.

But now he thanked god that she didn’t take his advice.

Steve quietly opened the door and the first thing he found was a trail of clothes had been discarded on the floor leading to her bedroom. Steve recalled the first time he found her like this and it ended up with she was too tired to gather it up from the floor. But one thing that made it different from the last time, there was also male clothes.

What the hell? Steve thought but his curiosity peaked so he continued to walk to her room even his gut already told him what he will find. He didn’t care and he need to see it for himself.

“Arhh—yes”

Steve stopped dead in his track at the sound of her quiet moan. The sound the still sending shiver down his spine and went straight to his groin. He knew he should stop but he couldn’t stop his body as it stopped in from of her room. The door was slightly opened and he peeked in, only to get his heart broken and find the picture he wished he hadn’t see.

It was Natasha naked, straddling on the blond guy’s lap who also sitting um, turning his back to the door while she was facing him. Her petite body was bouncing up and down while the guy suckling and nibbling at her neck, making her moan. Steve couldn’t move and his eyes fixed at the two on
Natasha’s eyes fluttered open, finding Steve looking at her. Before her mind could process what just happened, Steve ran away and she heard something dropped on the floor.

“Wait...stop—Steve!!” She called after him as she got off the man.

The guy was confused and watched as Natasha pulled the robe over her body and ran out of the room. She found no one in her apartment and it made she think that she saw a ghost of him because she missed him so much.

She walked back to her room, to the fake Steve who was still naked on bed, waiting for her. She claimed back on bed with him, shrugging the ghost that she saw away and kissed the man.

“Is everything alright?” He asked.

“Yeah, I thought I see someone in my apartment.”

“Okay.”

“Let’s pick up where we left off.”

He smiled. “I totally up for that.”

Steve drove back to Tony’s hotel. The night-shift manager immediately took him to Tony’s penthouse where Steve almost had a heart attack. Memories flooded him because almost every inch of this place reminded him of Natasha.

How they sneak around and trying to hide their relationship. The way they made love in swimming pool and Jacuzzi under the full moon. Not to mention the first time they were doing it on the hallway before ended up in his bed.

“God…” He muttered.

He moved very slowly with hesitation of going any further into the penthouse because he knew how many memories that it will stir up. The memories that he couldn’t relive it again because she was already moved on so fast.

Many it was what he deserve after what he did to her and how much of a dick he was for leaving Sharon too. He was the one to blame, not both women. He was the one who make a huge mess of everything.

He fucked everything up especially the ones that he loved.

His shoulders bowed, wrapping arms around himself as he thought back to everything. How many people he had lost by his own mistake. His mom, Bucky, Sharon, and now...Natasha, the only person he thought that could salvage what was left of him.

Tears clouded his eyes and Steve quickly wiped it away before it fell from his eyes.

Steve dropped his bag and turned toward the elevator. He repeatedly hit the call button like he
couldn’t stand being in this penthouse a moment longer. Once he reached the main floor, he walked right into the deserted bar. Well, it was 3 AM in the morning anyway.

“Glenmorangie neat and make it double.” He ordered as he sat down at the bar.

“Rough night?” The bartender asked as he poured the amber liquid for Steve.

“Yeah.”

Steve quickly drained the whole thing down his throat and ordered for more. He needed alcohol to dull the pain inside. It was too overwhelming. He knew this pain was just the start and he didn’t want to think of what to come later.

Losing the love of his life because he made a very stupid decision to choose someone else over her.

*How fuck up he was to be honest?*

Steve spent the night drinking away, blaming himself over and over again for losing Natasha. He deserved it after what he did to Natasha and Sharon. He will not forgive himself and he was sure that he probably never fall in love ever again.

Because if it wasn’t Natasha, he couldn’t imagine a life with someone else.

“Sir, I think you have too much of it.” The bartender spoke up after Steve ordered his 10 glass.

“No, it’s not enough.”

“It’s rough, huh? Did she just dump you?”

“In a way, yes. I fucked up.” Steve stared at the bottom of the glass. “She’s someone important but it’s too late now. I fucked up.”

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**Day 13**

Natasha woke up from a dream. Last night, she dreamed about Steve. It was to vivid and real as if he was really here with her. Of course, her heart beat swelled and beating fast. Every fiber of her being still wanted him more than anything.

And her mind probably conjuring up the hallucination of him.

Natasha slowly opened her eyes, only to find that it wasn’t the Steve that she wanted but the dummy of him. She was on top of the guy she picked and thought that he was Steve but it wasn’t Steve. Her mind must have played her last night.

She felt like her heart was re-shattered. She still wanted what she couldn’t have.

Nat slowly and quietly pushed Steve 2.0 away from her and got off her bed. She found the white
shirt that she kept and wore it, hoping it would help her feeling better. She wanted to feel like it was really Steve who held her and made her feel safe.

But it was just a stupid dream that she would never had. It was a childish belief that there was really a happily ever after.

"Hey, why are you up so early?" The guy on her bed murmured, rubbing his eyes.

Nat gave him a small smile to cover up the sadness that grew inside her. "I don't know...I just..." She stammered. "Do you want breakfast?"

"Yes, please."

He got up and put on his clothes. Nat looked at him and admired the beautiful muscles of his upper body until her eyes settled on his small member that was contrast with every part of his body.

She will definitely miss Steve's cock be cause she was sure that nothing would fill her so completely again. Or touched her so gently but also roughly sometime. She never found anyone so perfect for her again.

Nat shook her mind of the guy that caused her pain. Steve was nothing but a bad new to her and she should keep that fact in mind all the time. She had a new guy now and she should focus on him, not the man she couldn’t have.

They cooked breakfast and had a nice meal together. Natasha was still struggling to get Steve off her mind and when the guy told her that he will spend the day with her because he had a day off, she quickly agreed to that.

As she waited for him to take shower after breakfast, Natasha noticed something in her living room. Something that wasn’t there before. It was a painting but Natasha wasn’t sure what painting it was. She flipped it over and it made her heart skip a beat.

It was her painting. The ‘Girl in the Million Light’, the one that he supposed to give her as he promise. How the hell it was here anyway?

Shit! Last night wasn’t a hallucination. This painting was belonged to Steve and he was here last night.

SHIT SHIT SHIT!

Now Steve saw her with other guy and he probably thought that she moved on when he decided to come back to her.

Stop it, Romanoff! This isn't your fault. Nat scolded herself. He left you and he hurt you, letting you rot in hell while he was back in LA with his beautiful fiancee. He probably came back here for one reason, another fuck with you!

If he was here, she didn’t really want to believe it at all. She couldn’t deny that some part of her want that and that he was back for her. Nat knew it was just her heart making foolish situations out of heartbreak.

She will not let him do this to her again.

“Hey, ready to go, beautiful?” Steve 2.0 asked.
“Yeah.”

When she was about to left the building, the doorman finally confirmed her suspicion when he told her that Steve showed up last night, looking awful. Nat asked him to described Steve to her because she really wanted to make sure that it was really him.

“He’s Steve. Your Steve!” The doorman told her. “He left in a hurry last night. I didn’t get a chance to catch up with him. If you see him again, told him I say hi.”

“I will.”

Nat left the building with her heart dropping to the ground. All the effort she was trying to heal herself was just gone. It re-shattered again. Steve probably didn’t want her back after seeing her with the guy.

Natasha quickly shook the thought away and focused on the moment. She was with her new guy now even he was only half the man Steve was.

He took her on a stroll along the Stripe so they would have a slow day just to enjoying each other. Nat couldn't help but thought back to Steve and all the thing they did together. It was almost two weeks from when he left her so the wound was still fresh and it still hurt like hell.

As they were watching the dancing fountain in front of the Bellagio, Nat noticed a guy across the street. He had blond hair and looked a lot like Steve that made her heart quicken. She intentionally looked at him and there he was. The deepest blue eyes that she familiar with stared back, making Natasha quickly turned away and linked her arms with the man next to her, leaning up to kiss him.

She didn't know what she was doing but she only want Steve to get hurt. She wanted him to feel the pain he put her through.

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Steve rooted to the spot when he saw Natasha across the street. Pain stabbed through every inch of his body like the sharpest knife as he watched the woman he love kissed another man.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her even how much it hurt him. The image seared into his soul, letting him know that she wasn’t his anymore. He let her slip out of his grasp because of his own stupidity.

Natasha seemed to be happy with the guy. She laughed and smiled the same way she did when he was still with her.

He knew now, how it feel, the pain that he caused her.

Someone bumped into Steve and woke him up from his reverie. He shook his head and tore his eyes away from her, turning around and walked away into the crowd the same time as Natasha turned to look at him, watching him walk away.

She didn’t miss the pain in his eyes and it left her feel bad afterward when she saw how miserable he was. Nat discarded that thought right away by reminding herself of how badly he hurt her.

*Move on, Natasha. You have to move on* . Nat scolded herself. You can't live with uncertainty
anymore.

So she put her mind away from Steve and focused on the man in front of her, enjoying the rest of the day together but she didn't lie to herself that she wasn't seeing Steve everywhere she goes. Every place reminded him of her.

They ended the day with a lovely dinner at his favorite restaurant and parted away after that.

"I have an early morning." He said. "But I will see you tomorrow after work, okay?"

"Yeah, see you then." She replied.

He kissed her but there was no tingling sensation courssed through her body the way Steve Rogers did to her every time he kissed her. Nat took a cab home and found herself in her empty apartment.

Natasha sunk down on the couch and let the serenity of the silence ease her mind. She needed to think this straight. She needed to be alone and quiet and rethink of every decision she would take.

One part of her wanted to string him along. Letting Steve suffer a little more so he could know the pain she had been through. In that process, she also string the other guy along too. It wasn't fair for either of them. It was kind of a bitch for her too but she needed this, needed to feel want and precious that she could make two men waiting for her.

Steve had destroyed that self confident in her when he left.

But the pain in his eyes made her think twice of what she decided. Steve came back to her and that should be all that matters. He came back with every intention to reconcile with her. From the brief looked on his face this afternoon, Nat could see how miserable he was. He was pale and unhappy, not his usual healthy and happy self anymore, clearly on the path of self destruction since he left Vegas.

He was as miserable as she was by the separation.

Maybe she should be a bigger person so everyone could be happy. He wanted to come back to her and she will let him. The stringing along would only cause heartbreak. All she wanted was Steve.

She wanted him no matter what and she wouldn’t let anything come between them anymore.

Natasha got up from her seat, grabbing her things and headed out, setting off to find the man she wanted be with the most.

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Chapter End Notes

see you next week
I'm off to Cambodia for this weekend. I will in Siem Reap and see Angkor Wat.
Steve headed back to his hotel and found himself drinking away at the bar that night. He was hoping that alcohol would help dull the pain in his heart. Half bottle of his favorite whiskey was gone and he was still pretty sober.

He couldn’t feel worse than this. Natasha apparently moved on so quickly that she probably didn’t waste anytime grieving over them. But he had this one coming. The way he hurt her was unforgivable.

He should be a bigger person and let her be happy for the rest of her life. The guy seemed nice and he made her smile. Steve knew he had lost that privileges because he left her.

People in the bar slowly left until it was only Steve sitting alone with the bartender who tried to convince Steve to go back to his room and stop drinking. Steve didn’t listen and ended up almost empty one Glamorangie bottle.

That was when he heard someone calling his name. “Steve.”

Steve whipped his head to the direction of that voice and he saw Natasha standing right next to him. At first, he thought that it was just another hallucination so he blinked repeatedly, hoping that he finally drank enough that he saw her vision. But then he realized, she wasn’t disappear. Natasha was still standing in front of him, waiting patiently and unexpectedly for him to say something.

After several minutes, Steve “How do you know I’m here?”

“Because it’s the last place I search for you. Trust me, it’s really hard to find you.”

After Nat left her apartment, she searched the city for him, thinking of every possible place that Steve could be there, including places that they went together, places they used to hang out and having fun, her strip club, and her lounge. It was really hard to find him in this big city and Natasha almost gave up. Every time she saw someone that looked like Steve and her heart nearly jumped out of her chest.

Then this place came up, Tony Stark’s hotel where they shared so many memories together. The front desk staff, who remembered her, told her that he was here. He looked so lonely and beaten
the first moment she saw him.

Finally, Steve reached his trembling hand out. From the look on his face, he still didn’t believe that she was here. When his hand landed on her arm, Nat felt the heat rushing through her body in the way that only Steve could do this to her. Warm spread through her and Nat knew she was longing for this.

“I’m here, Steve.” She whispered.

He didn’t say anything but pulled her into his arms and hugged her tightly. His head buried at the junction between her neck and shoulder, inhaling her scent, letting it overwhelming him. His mind finally believed that she was back, in his arms. He murmured something against her skin that Natasha couldn’t catch but she hugged him back, patting her hands on his back.

They stood there for like forever, savoring the feeling of having each other back in their arms. But suddenly, Steve pulled away from her with sadness in her eyes before he looked away. Natasha cupped his face and forced him to look her in the eyes.

They looked at the each other for the longest time before Steve said. "I get it Nat, I was only a job, wasn't I?"

“No, Steve…”
“You don’t have to explain anything. I deserve it after what I did to you and how much I hurt you? I’m sorry but I’m happy for you that you move on.”

“Steve, listen to me.” She used her strong and serious voice to silence him. He stopped talking and focused on her. "No, you are not just a client to me and you know that."

"I know and I'm sorry for leaving you like that. I'm terribly sorry and I won't ask you to forgive me. I don't deserve it."

"I was...I just trying to forget you. It hurt so bad when you left and I can't get over you after everything that we shared. It was too hard and I was lonely."

"I know...I feel the same." He whispered.

Nat looked up to meet his blue eyes. She saw how much will power he summoned to restrain himself from kissing her silly, from touching her more than that.

"It just hurt so damn much that I couldn't cope with. I can't eat. I can't sleep. It sounds like a loser but it did hurt so bad."
"I'm sorry, Nat."

"I have tried everything...and I mean it. It didn't work. Nothing works."

"Me too. The one person that could stop this is you, Natasha." He said, looking deep into her eyes with intense love. "And I already left Sharon." He blurted out, causing widened eyes from Natasha.

“What?”

He smiled gently at her. “Why do you think that I am here? I’m here because the only thing I want is in Las Vegas. I know I hurt you when I choose Sharon but I realized you mean so much to me and I love you.” Her breath hitched when she heard that three words she had been dying to hear for so long. He felt the same and that was all that mattered. “I thought about you a lot this past week. Sharon and I had a big fight and we ended things. Her father would probably kill me when he sees me again or not buying my arts for the rest of my life but I don’t care. I don’t want money or fame…all I want is you.” He leaned closer, hand gently brushed the strain of her hair. His hot breath was mingled on her ear when he whispered. “All I want is you…bae.”

Nat’s heart jumped and it began to beat fast in the way that it almost explode from her chest. Her body still reacted to everything he did to her. It craved for more intimacy from his touch. He cradled her face with his two big hands. She knew that he was gauging whether to just lung forward and kiss her. He was holding back so Nat made it easier for him by leaning up to initiate the kiss first.

But someone abruptly jerked her away from him and that ma threw a fist at Steve who being taken off guard and the punch hit the corner of his mouth.

“Steve!” Nat shouted in surprise but was being push away by the guy who stood between her and the man she loved. “What are you doing here?”

He turned to face her and it was Steve 2.0, looking angry. “My friend called me. He said that you came here to see another guy. Are you cheating on me?”

Before Nat could replied. Steve jerked the guy shoulder. “That’s my girl, asshole.” He said before retaliated with a powerful punch squared on the jaw. Steve plummeted the man on the floor and beat the crap out of the poor guy.

Steve 2.0 had no chance but being the stupid ass he was, he still tried to set Steve off with his words instead. “Your girl, huh? Your girl begged for me to fuck her.”
That word met by a knock out blow. Steve grunted as he repeatedly slammed his fist on the guy face. Nat pulled him away and held him to calm Steve down. He was panting, trying to bring his focus back on her. He pressed a quickly, hard kiss on her temple before pulling a stack of cash out and gave it to the bar manager.

“Sorry for all the trouble.” He said.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Rogers.”

Nat checked on Steve to see that he was okay. His handsome face had bruises but it didn’t disfigure.

“Babe, why aren't fighting for me?” The guy groaned from the floor.

Nat turned to look at him. "I just use you, you asshole.” She bit it out before turning to Steve. “Come on. I will patch you up.”

Steve led her to the private elevator to his penthouse. Once the door closed, it was only an awkward silent until Steve spoke up first. "You're with that guy?” He asked, a bit disbelieve that she would choose such a douchbag. He looked a bit angry with her.

"I wasn't thinking straight!” Nat yelled at him.

“Wasn’t thinking straight?!! Really?” He asked. The elevator reached the penthouse and Steve dragged Natasha inside so they could continued with their conversation.

"It hurts so bad when you leave me, okay?” Natasha replied, trying to keep her voice as calm as she could because she felt the wave of emotion babbling inside her. “It hurts me so much, Steve. When you choose her, not me…” Steve was on the verge of crying, choking on her tears.

Steve felt a pang in his heart as he saw her beautiful green eyes filled with tears. She did all of that because of him. He hurt her so bad that she wasn’t thinking straight anymore.

"You didn't think it hurt me too?” He asked quietly. Hand went to touch her face. "I'm thinking about you every day, every night, hell... every second of my life.”

Nat looked up to meet his earnest blue eyes. It was earnest as it always be. Oh my god, she missed him so much. ”Then why did you choose her, Steve?”
"I will never have an explanation to that question. Isn't it enough that I'm back with you now?" He asked but deep down, he knew that she needed more than that to reassure her. She needed to know that she could trust him like before. He couldn't talk his way out of this with his sweet words again. "I can't explain how I feel about you, Nat, I can't because it was too much, too overwhelming." He shook his head but from his voice he didn't lie. "I only knew that I love you. I need you. I want to be with you for the rest of my life." His blue eyes fixed at her. "Can we start over together again?"

Natasha shook her head. “I have to make sure that you won't leave me again. How do I know you're not just setting me up? Playing with my heart again?” She said and Steve understood that. “I can't take the heartbreak again. This time is enough and it almost kill me.”

"Because I couldn't live with myself if I hurt you again."

“I know, we will take thing slow." She whispered.

“I didn’t expect us to get right back to where we were. I will take time but I promise you I will do everything I can to fix it because I love you that much.”

Natasha’s heart was pounding hard. Steve just said that he loved her. The words that she longed to hear it. His hands was cupping her face and he leaned close until their lips were almost touching.

“Say it again.”

“I love you…I love you so much.”

“Again.”

“I love you, Natasha Romanoff.”

Natasha sealed their lips together as tears ran down her cheeks. She couldn't hold back anymore. Their arms wove around each other, holding them close together, seeking to fulfill what they had been missing.

Steve lifted Natasha up and her legs came wrapping around his waist. It was so natural for them, so in sync that they hadn’t have to fix anything. Just let it go…their muscle memories remembered everything.

It was so right and Steve wouldn’t let her go again.

Before they knew, half of their clothes were already on the floor as their lips melting with one another. Steve pressed her up against the wall and tried to get rid of her jeans. Finally they were
both naked and his mouth quickly laced on her soft skin. Natasha pulled away and led him to their bed, the bed that they spent night after night together.

But Steve noticed something. Something that captured his attention. As she laid down on the bed, he asked her to flip over and she did it, confused at his request. Steve was on top of her, peppered kisses from her lower back up to her shoulders and stopped at her right shoulder.

Nat knew what it is that got his attention. His finger gently brushed over her skin, over the ‘I love you’ sharpie paint.

“It’s still here.” He whispered.

“Yeah, I couldn’t get rid of it.” She told him. “I tried to scrub it off but I couldn’t do it so I had Maria helped retrace it.”

Natasha ended up telling him everything that happened after he left her. The whole incident at the club that made her quit her job. How their favorite song haunted her and there was nothing that could help her at all.

Steve felt guilty than he already was when he heard everything from her but he knew he deserved it. Tears fell down from her eyes again when she recalled those painful memories. Steve turned her around so she face him, kissing her tears away, holding her tight in his arms and told her that he wouldn’t leave her again. All that matter now was that they were back together forever.

“Made love to me…” She whispered. “I need you inside me, complete me. I’m so empty without you.”

“Of course, darling.” He replied, pressing his forehead with hers. “But I take it that we can’t jump back to where we left.”

“Yes…”

“It’s alright. We will slowly work that out.”

“Make love to me, Steve.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He kissed her. "I love you."

Nat couldn't hold back her tears of joy. This time it was real. She didn't have an illusion that he said those three words to her. "I love you too."
Steve kissed her as if her lips were the only thing that would make him survive. Her arms held him closer to her, afraid of letting him go for just a second. Steve finally pulled away from her lips and paid attention to every inch of her skin. His slow sucking and licking was setting her whole body on fire.

"Steve--ah!" She cried out as pure pleasure hit her. His lips mounted on her hard nipple coupled with a gentle, torturous lap of his tongue. He doubled the pleasure by thrusting two fingers inside her soaking wet center. Nat arched her back, moaning out loud. Her hands tangled in his hair. She almost came when Steve rubbed his thumb on her clit, circling the little bud.

“Babe…” She cried out, breathing hard as the circular motion increased its pace. “Steve…gonna cum…”

Steve pulled away from her beast and kissed her soft lips tenderly. Her green eyes shut tightly as pleasure doubled up inside. His long fingers went in so deep, deeper than what she got in a past couple weeks.

“Yes…darling, come for me.” The soft whisper at her ear still made Natasha shivered like before and she came on his words. She screamed and arched her back so high until her body pressed against Steve on top of her. She threw back her head and a blood flush came over her face and neck.

Her walls tightened and convulsed violently around his fingers. Her sweet juice flow out. Steve continued to thrust in and out of her body until he felt her orgasm subsided. He withdrew his fingers and licked the sweet juice on his hand. Nat moaned at the sight and desperately wanted his lips on her pussy too.

As if he could read her mind, of course, he could. With all the time they spent together, they could read each other’s expression quite well and Steve, being himself, he knew what she want and he loved to please her.

So he put his mouth on her to lick up the sweet nectar. Nat arched her back with the pleasure. Her body was over stimulated from the previous orgasm and he started another one right now.

“Steve—baby, need you…” She moaned but her voice lost at the blissful feeling Steve was giving to her. He got the message and he got back to the same level as her face before he kissed her. "Please…” Natasha begged from beneath him.
He smiled at her. “Yes, darling.” Steve press his lips against her neck, lightly sucking at the pulse point. She shivered again, a keening sound escaping her throat. He pressed the head of his cock against her opening and slowly pushed himself in. The sensation of her around him almost drove him to orgasm but he controlled himself, forcing in a deep breath and focused his task at pleasuring her first.

Nat arched her back so high at the friction. She had never been this full of a while and only Steve could filled her this completely. She missed him so much and now that he was back in her arms and in her bed again, she will never let him out of her sight ever again.

His left arm came underneath her behind, lifting her up so his hard shaft would drive deeper into her before began to move in and out of her, so torturously slow that Nat cried out in frustration and begged him to go fast and rougher. She could take him, after all the sex they had been through together but his sweet word whispered in her ear that he would go gentle this time.

There was no need to rush. They had all the time in the world and he would make it as prefect as he could to show her how much he loved her.

Nat let him take the rein, completely giving herself to him. Her heart surging in her chest as he picked up the gentle pace again. All the while his eyes never left her and it shown nothing but love.

Natasha ran her hands through his sweat-soaked hair and yanked as he drove deeper and deeper inside of her. He growled in her ear that she was the most beautiful thing that he had seen. Natasha missed this. She missed them, missed how her body react to his every touch, how responsive they were together.

Natasha moaned and felt her desire pooling the faster and longer he pushed inside her. She slid her leg around his waist. Arms braced with his back, pulling him closer, kissing every spot of skin she could find. She was close and with one more thrust, she came hard with a scream, squeezing around him as she lifted her hips to meet each of his thrusts. His legs tightened as he flooded her pussy. Her legs rubbing his ass as she felt his seed flow inside her, holding him closer.

When the last tremor passed, Steve pulled out of her before collapsed on top of Natasha and made it easier for her to wrap her legs around him and flipped him down on to his back. Steve was surprised but at the same time slightly turned on. She snuggled up with him and kissed him sweetly on the lips.

“I love you.” She said. “So much.”
“Me too. I love you so much.”

Their eyes locked and there was nothing to say because every word seemed to be unnecessary when they could know how each other feel when they looked into each other’s eyes. She kissed him, wanting to tell him how much she missed him and Steve returned with the same passion.

It was the first time in many weeks that they felt completed and whole.

“Don’t leave me again.”

“I will not.” He promised and he locked his arms around her back.

Natasha nestled her head on his chest with Steve’s soothing hand massaged lightly at the back of her neck. Finally, Natasha relaxed and fell asleep in his arms. Hours later, he still held her in his arms, sated and exhausted, as she was deeply slept. He could feel the fatigue taking over, but before he gave in, Steve kissed the top of her head and whispered.

"I love you, Natasha."
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

I'm bored so here you go with another chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Day 1

Morning soon arrived, even it was one of the most peaceful night they ever had in a while. There was no nightmare plaguing their dreams because they knew that finally, they were back into each other’s arms.

Steve was the first one to wake up and he felt a weight on top of him. He opened his eyes and saw fiery red hair on his chest. The scent of her hair was so familiar and addicting. His hands were feeling the soft skin that they were accustom to.

“I love you.” He whispered and kissed the top of her head.

Wrapping his arms tightly around her, Steve waited until Natasha woke up. He didn’t want to leave this bed because he knew how it ended up the first time. He didn’t want to spook her or trigger any bad memories of her waking up without him.

Not long after that, Steve heard a mumble from his chest and her soft arms tightened around his waist with her hands clutched tightly at his back.

"Morning, bae" He whispered and she replied with a satisfying purr and a kiss to his chest, right on top of his heart then he felt a smile against his skin. “How do you sleep?”

“Morning” She replied before opened her eyes to see his bright blue eyes looking at her. “Better than the past few weeks.”
“Me too,” He admitted.

“You’re still here.”

“I promise I will never leave you again.” Steve said before he placed her on the bed so he could lying on his side and face her. Blue eyes burned with determination as well as love and affection.
“As far as I concerned, we can get marry today, right now. We’re in Vegas and we both hate big event.”

Her eyes widened with the biggest surprise yet then her heart beat fast as if it would jump out of her body. Steve longingly staring at her, waiting for her to say something.

"Do you think it's a bit soon?" She asked. "I mean, you just ran away from one wedding."

"Yeah, you're right but I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with the woman I love so much. I want to be with you, Natasha and I see no point of prolong the wedding."

"You're really want to be with me?" Her voice was shaking and her eyes gleamed with joyful tears. Her full lips curved up in a smile.

"Yes." He replied.

"Fucking hell yes." Nat said. "Let's get marry."

Steve gave out a bright smile before he kissed her deeply, pulling the petite body until she was pressing right against his chest.

"How are we going to do this?" He asked. "Drunkenly get married by Elvis priest or a high-end chapel in this hotel."

“Even I hate bug wedding but I still wanted a memorable one, Steve.” She laughed.

“Maybe not marry today but a few day?”

“Yeah, but I think I had a perfect wedding dress but we have to pick up at my apartment.”

“And I should get the ring.” He added. “This is the most impromptu thing I ever did. I don’t even get a ring with me right now."

“You’re a mess, Rogers.”

“I’m a mess without you.”

Natasha smiled and kissed him again. They spent the entire hour making out on their bed. The same old familiar feelings came back. Even they were apart for a few weeks but that didn’t change the fact that they were so in-synced or how good it felt when each other was around.

Oh! How stupid of them to think that someone might replace what they had? They were made for each other.
Steve and Natasha left the penthouse around 10 AM. After spent all morning in bed, kissing and holding each other, making up for the time they lost from being apart. They seemed to can get enough of each other.

They stopped for breakfast at their usual diner. Steve had to lie to the waitress that he was out of town for business. Nat sat on the same side as Steve so she could nestle in his arm with her head on his chest. Steve also repeatedly kissed the top of her head and inhaled her intoxicated scent.

When they arrived at their building, the doorman greeted them and he was obviously happy to see them back together. Steve once again stated that he will never go away again.

Everything seemed perfectly okay until Steve set his foot inside her apartment only to be haunted by the ghost of someone else taking her in this place. Two nights before that he saw her with another guy and it was enough to freeze him in the spot.

"Are you alright?" She asked when she noticed something on his face.

Steve gave her a reassuring smile. "I'm fine. It's just...so many memories of us here."

"Yeah, I know." She replied. "But I also know that you're lying."

Steve flushed. He forgot how good she was at detecting lie. "It's just...the last memory of me in this place is I left you and then I came back to find you with him."

Nat cupped his face and kissed him. "There is no one but you. No one could replace you. He was just a desperate attempt to get over you." She honestly replied. "Do you want to know how desperate am I? I picked him because he has something in common to your appearances. Hell, his name is even Steve!"

Steve was shock at the revelation. He never thought that the moaning of his name that he heard the other night was the name of that guy. God! What had he done to her? That guilt came to bite him back in the gut again.

"Hey! Don't feel bad about it, okay? We talked about this." She said and kissed him. "What's matter now is that we are back together and we forgive each other."

"How can I be so lucky to have an amazing woman like you?"
"You're a very lucky man, Rogers. I'm glad that you know that."

"Thank you." He whispered and held her tight in his arms.

Everything, all the burden in his heart was all gone the moment he had her in his arms and their lips met in a sweet loving kiss. He was indeed the luckiest man in the world. Thank God for giving her to him, making them for each other.

"Come on, lover boy." She smiled against his lips, tugging at the hem of his shirt. "I have something to show you."

"Lead the way, ma'am."

The bastard still knew how to play her. Nat groaned in her mind as the word sending shiver down her spine. From the shit eating grin on his face, he didn't miss the way her body was shaking at the word. His hand settled on her waist as he bended down from behind her until his lips was near her ear.

"We will get to that soon, ma'am. I still need my morning fix."

Her cheeks flushed and she tried to cover it by elbowing him. Steve laughed and followed her into her bedroom. She gestured for him to sit down before she went to her closet and started looking for something.

Steve kept his eyes on her the whole time. He missed her and he didn't want to let her out of his sight ever again. It was hard to do that, taking his eyes off her when everything she did was so hypnotizing. The graceful walk or a little skipping of her feet. The way she hummed happily or the way her hair flipped when she turned.

God! He was so in love with her and no way he could turn back. Not that he would turn his back from her anyway.

She held his heart and, probably, his soul.

While Natasha was searching through her closet, Steve received numerous text messages from his friends and Phil, also an angry message from Sharon, cursing him from leaving her. Not that he care anyway. Steve turned off his phone and tossed it away. He wanted to focus on the only thing that mattered to him.
"Found it!" She declared and stepped out of the closet. "Here it is!"

Steve's eyes widened when he saw the dress she was holding in her hands. The little white dress that she wore on their first date. She still kept it and he had to admit that it was so perfect. If only he had the same outfit he wore that day but since he left LA in a hurry so he figured it would be okay for him to get married in another suit.

“What do you think?”

“It’s perfect.” He replied.

“You want me to try it on?”

“No, I still remember how you look so beautiful in that dress.”

Nat smiled fondly and kissed him. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

A lingering, soft kiss turned heated in a matter of seconds. When Natasha decided to toss the dress away and jumped onto Steve, he caught her as she wrapped her legs around his waist. Their lips were kissing furiously and passionately. The next thing they knew, their clothes were already on the floor. There was only their skins on each other.

Steve took her to bed, pinning her down by his full weight, feeling the familiar memories that was lingering in his mind. The intimacy. The soft touches. The way their body reacted. God, he missed that and he couldn’t have enough of it.

Her legs were still locking at his waist and Steve didn’t think that would mean anything until she flipped him. Another second later, he was on his back with Natasha straddling him. Her hand reached down and palming his rock hard cock. Her other hand reached down between her legs and worked herself open, giving him a good show that made Steve let out a low moan. She began to guide his large swollen member into her wet hole. He stopped her by grabbing her chin and looked Nat straight in the eyes.

“I love you.” He whispered.

She nodded, “Yes” and proceeded to slide her pussy down onto him.

Steve groaned and his head rolled back on the pillow at the sensation. Natasha gasped as she felt
how perfectly full he stretched her. No man could filled her like this. The fit took her breath away as she swallowed him all the way inside. She moaned when her wetness leaking out and wetting him. She was going though such pleasurable emotions as her pussy was impaled on his thick cock.

Once he was fully seated inside, Natasha began to move her body up and down, making them both moaned at the sensation. Her juices were flowing down her inner thighs and on to him. He admired her body from his place under her. Natasha straddled his hips, riding him hard. Her beautiful green eyes never left his as she bouncing on his cock into her wet tight center again and again. Steve groaned while she gasped as his cock was hitting the deepest place inside her every time. She began to grind on him. Her tiny hands rubbing his hard muscles before planting them on his chest.

“Oh, ohh, oh, oh, god, yes!” She panted as he pumped her onto his cock. He grabbed her hips and drove her down on his cock, lifting her up to the tip and then back down onto him with a slap of their bodies.

Her pussy was pulsating and coming on him. The muscles inside were opening up for him. He was fucking her deeper and harder. “You feel so sweet... so perfect.” He moaned, leaning up to kiss her deeply. She felt so weak on top of his muscular body. As her pussy muscles milked and grabbed him, he started to moan and with one hard ram up into her tight hole. He came hard with a bellow and explode large loads of cum deep in her pussy. It was gushing past and over his cock with every thrust, flowing down from her hole and slopping down to his body.

They were a mess but he kept ramming. The feeling of his cock massaging her pussy made it unbearable for her and she came on him again. Steve caught her in his arms as she shook violently. Her pussy wrapped a tight grip on his cock and milked him again but this time Steve went still and let the spasm of her inner walls subsided.

Natasha collapsed on top of him as he pulled out of her and Steve gently laid down on their bed. Their hot breath still mingled against each other's skin. He kissed her forehead repeatedly, whispering sweet words all the while.

"Well, that happened." She breathed.

"Yeah." He replied. "I almost forgot how explosive our sex was."

She pinched his side and Steve yelped. "Huh? Forget how we always fuck each other's brain out?"

"It just-- I don't know how to say it."

"Well, then don't ruin the mood, darling. I will remind you how our deeds go."

"I'm totally up for that."
Steve flung her small body down underneath him and started kissing her repeatedly before trailing his lips down to her neck. Nat laughed because of his beard tickling her skin and she remembered how he would leave burns all over her skin. Nat tried to push him off but he just said, ‘Nope’ and continued to ravage her.

“Steve—stop it!” She squealed. “I think I need some food before we go for another round or maybe a shower would be lovely.”

Steve pulled away. “But darling, I’m sure that either of them can wait.”

“You sex maniac.” She grinned. “Get off me and I will fix you something to eat.”

Steve pouted and let go off her. Nat kissed him before she got out of bed and putting on a black robe that looked so damn sexy on her. Steve wanted to just watch but his mind was on overdrive right now and he blamed himself for surrendering too easily for her.

“What are you doing, Rogers?” She asked when he caught her waist with his huge arms from behind as she stood in front of the vanity desk. His hands parted her robe and touched her bare skin.

“I just found my breakfast.” He replied and met with a joyful laugh from Natasha.

“You fucker,”

Steve just hummed in respond and undressing her. His lips was all over her skin as his right hand traveled between her legs. Nat moaned when his fingers easily slipped into her already wet cunt. Her small body leaned against him and felt how hot his body was and how hard his boner was as it poked her inner thighs.

His other hand kept her in place by started to circle his thumb on her nipple but he got bored too fast. Instead of keeping thing slow, he just traveled his lips down her back. Goosebumps erupted when she felt his tongue licking down her spine.

"Shit--Steve!" She cried out when he moved between her legs and started licking and eating her pussy greedily. His hands moved to her ass and spread her cheeks open as he settled down behind her. His skillful tongue lapping up and down her slit, making Natasha planting her hands on the vanity table to keep her balance.
“Don’t close your eyes.” He ordered. “Look at the mirror.”

Nat tried to force her eye to do as Steve told, watching her own face contorted in pure pleasure.

He ate her. That was his definition of having breakfast.

He continued to rub her clit while his tongue was still diving fingers in and out of her. “Keep rubbing like that! It feels so good.” She moaned out of pure pleasure. He pulled his lips away and ramming his fingers in and out of her pussy, gushing and squirting her juices all over. He licked it all up, laying his tongue up from her thighs until his mouth was covered her pussy again.

Her legs were shaking and her inner walls clamped down and Natasha thrashed side to side. Steve used only his big hand to keep her in place against the vanity table. The more he ate her, the more she soaked up, and her pussy was flowing with sweet juices that Steve was so addicting of it.

Hungrily licking and slurping up her pussy juices, He moaned, “God, darling, you taste so good, so perfect.”

He kept his mouth there until it was all too much for Natasha and she pushed him away. Steve got up from his place behind her. He started stroking his raging boner. With his other hand, he wet two fingers, reached down and gently started rubbing her clit. She moaned again and her legs twitched wider, inflaming his lust beyond his ability to control. He couldn’t hold on any longer. Grabbing her wrists, he slammed histhrobbing cock all the way to the hilt in her hot, tight, wet pussy.

“Shit.” He groaned, relishing in the feeling of her tight walls hugging his hard member. His hands wrapped around her waist before he pumped hard, fucking like an animal. She stammered incoherently as he fucked her without mercy. He managed to wrap his arms around her body which freed his other hand to go to work on her clit as he continued to slam in and out of her. Natasha grasped, her eyes rolled to the back of her head. “Oh God! Oh, Oh…”

He felt her walls clench tighter, squeezing and milking my cock as she came on him, driving him to fuck harder and faster and as he felt her gasping and shaking towards a third orgasm of this round. He knew he couldn’t hold back and with a powerful final thrust, he came. His cock twitching and jerking and squirting stream after stream of my hot cum inside her.

He pulled out after their orgasm subsided, pulling Natasha into his arm. His right hand tilted her face so he could give her a loving kiss. They stayed like that for a while, leaning into the vanity
table for a support until they could move their body but he didn’t stop kissing her, addicting the feeling of her lips against his.

“I love you.” He whispered. “So fucking much”

"Me too." She replied. "You and only you."

She kissed him passionately before pulling away when she felt a bit light headed. Natasha couldn’t pin point that it was because of lack of oxygen or she was so drunk from his kiss.

"I really need food right now." She said. "Maybe after lunch we can resume having sex."

"Yes, ma’am."

"I have you favorite food in the fridge.”

“You’re the best.” He smiled and kissed her.

Nat put her robe on while Steve only wore his jeans. He was pretty sure that Natasha cleaned out all of his old stuff and he was afraid to ask that question so he kept it to himself.

He watched her while she was preparing *Shashlik* for them. Natasha looked so hot wearing apron that made him wanna go down on her again right there on the kitchen counter but he was able to keep it to himself until the meal was over.

Nat was cleaning up the dirty dish but her boy couldn’t hold himself any longer. Steve lifted her up on the kitchen counter. Lips suckling and nibbling at her soft skin. All Natasha could do was clinging to him. Her body plastered against his bare chest. Her hands dug into the skin of his biceps.

Steve nudged her legs apart and thrust his hard cock inside of her. Nat gasped and moaned because he wasted no time jackhammering into her already wet and ready pussy. Natasha was in heaven again. The friction of his cock was taking her towards the sexual bliss. She was lying on her back on the kitchen counter, legs bent and spread, with her black robe part, revealing her beautiful body.

He began to take long strokes, hitting her cervix with every moment and she cried out from absolutely bliss. Feeling her walls clenched on his cock, Steve too groaned a loud but didn’t falter his movement. He pushed Nat’s legs further up with his strong arms under her knees as he pumped inside her. Natasha could barely move and was at his mercy, not that she wanted to be anywhere else in the entire world at that very moment.
His lips were on hers while all she could do was moan into their kisses. Steve was so deep, his cock already balls deep inside her, that just by rolling his hips forward at this point he crushed himself further inside her. Natasha did her best to open up for him, her body yearning to draw him ever deeper inside.

Natasha broke her lips away from his, long enough to draw a deep, ragged breath. “God—yes… Steve, keep going, bae… You are so deep inside me.”

Their forehead touched as his deep blue eyes locked with her beautiful greens. “I love you…” His voice was sweet, calming but the words were making her entire body shiver. Every fiber of her being ignited every time she heard those three little words.

“I love you too…” She replied. “Oh god—babe—don’t stop.” Steve kept his pace until she came so hard on his cock. The edges of her vision started to blacken. Steve watched her face intently, with their forehead remained touching, inches away, as he rode out her orgasm. Her inner muscles clamping down ridiculously hard on his cock as her body was hit by the wave after wave of pleasure.

Finally, Natasha was able to catch her breath, and she looked at him directly in the eyes as Steve still continued to move his cock in and out of her. “Please… Steve” She said softly. “Please… I need you…I want to feel you.”

“Yes, darling,” He replied and kissed her before pushing in hard that the head of his cock hit her cervix. He held still. His cock throbbed inside her. He never broke eye contact, staring deep into her soul as he came, the first pulse rippling through his body, into her, making her toes curled from the force. Steve held her gaze as long as he could until he became lost in the power of his orgasm and grunted loudly.

But that wasn’t the end of it. He was eager than usual and Natasha was surprised by his stamina and his eagerness. The day went by fast. From dress finding turned into fucking each other’s brain out. From one round turned into two, three, four— they were losing count. From hard and fast fucking turned into sweet, slow love making in the end. From bedroom, to the living room, to the kitchen, her dance studio. Steve made sure that he took her in every inch of this apartment.

For Steve, he wanted to replace the memories of other man with only theirs, fucking the ghost that haunted him out of this place. This place was only theirs and theirs alone. For Natasha, she wanted to delete every trace of his substitute

They finally made it back to her bed and did it one last round before Nat collapsed on bed. Steve
held her tightly and kissing the top of her head repeatedly.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Get some sleep, love. I will be here when you wake up.”

Steve could feel Natasha smiled against his skin and it made him smile too.

Day 2

They woke up together the next morning, tangling with one another. Nat was the first one to move and Steve woke up immediately. She was on top of him and his arms tighten around her.

Steve smiled and gave her a loving kiss. “Good morning, bae” He greeted and Nat hummed a happy respond. "Why are you up so early?"

"We have a wedding today, haven't we?"

"Yeah...I hardly wait." Steve said. "I wanna spend the rest of my life with you and only you."

"I know the perfect place for us to get marry.” Natasha said. “It’s a very beautiful place that I would love to go there someday. I thought that this might be a perfect time for us to visit that place.”

"Should we get going?" He asked.

“Yeah.”

They took a shower together and were trying very hard not to go further than cleaning each other but Steve still sneaked a kiss here and there. They packed their bags because they didn’t know how long they would stay there and Natasha didn’t forget to bring her wedding dress too.

They brought sandwiches from a cafe around the corner before heading out of town right away. Nat told him the directions but he had something else in mind.

“What do you think if we stop at one place before we headed to your mysterious place?” He asked.
“Yeah. It’s okay.” She replied. “Hope that it isn’t another surprise.”

“No spoiler, darling.”

She laughed but didn’t ask him anything else. They had small talks all the way to their first destination and that was when Natasha noticed the beautiful scenery in front of her.

“Red Rock canyon?” She asked. “My favorite place!”

“Yeah, I know how much you love this place. This is why I brought you here first.”

A mischievous smile adorned her face. “Ah, the sweet memories of our first car sex and you made a really beautiful drawing of me.”

Steve blushed at the thought. “Yeah, I’m surprised no one noticed us fucking in that car.”

She laughed. “But a little adrenaline rush is good for your life, right?”

“We are so damn kinky.” He replied. “And I like us that way. I love what we are and I want us to have this forever.”

Suddenly, Steve’s face changed into seriousness as he looked her right in the eye and got on one knee, taking her hands in his.

“Natasha Romanoff, I know I already asked you to marry me but I want this time to be official because I don’t want to do anything just only half way with you. I love you. You’re the best thing that ever happened to me. Will you give me the honor of becoming my wife?”

Nat felt tears burning her eyes before it uncontrollably falling down the side of her face. She got on her knees and hugged him tightly, kissing him hard and passionate. “Yes, I will marry you.” She whispered against his lips. “I love you so much.”

Steve smiled and pulled something out of his jacket pocket. It was a small red box. He opened it, revealing a beautiful diamond ring. Steve slid it onto her finger before kissing her hand.

“It’s my mother’s ring. She told me to give it to the love of my life. She would love for you to have it.”

“Steve…” She cried out. “I would be an honor.”

“I couldn’t bring myself to give it to Sharon when I ask her to marry me. Probably, my gut knew that she wasn’t the right one and it was waiting for you all along.”
“Thank god we found each other.”
“Yeah.”

They spend another hour in each other arms, sitting and watching the beautiful scenery. Natasha mostly just looked at the ring Steve gave her, feeling content in the way she never felt before. She couldn’t help but compare current self to her past self when she was with Alexi.

This felt right and she was sure that Steve was the one for her.

“I love you.” She whispered out of the blue.
Steve looked at the side of her face and smiled gently. “I love you too, darling.”

They left the place when the sun was too high in the sky. It was almost lunch time anyway so they headed out to Natasha’s mysterious place. It wasn’t so mysterious after she pointed the direction to the small town nearby the lake; "Lake Las Vegas"

“I’ve never been here before.” He said.
“You will love it.” She promised, looking up from her phone to look at him. “A nice, quiet town and I just rent us a house nearby the lake.”

Nat led him to the house. It was a small and cozy but still luxurious in a way. Once they were settled in, they didn’t waste anymore time and tore each other clothes off, making love for another round because they didn’t quite have enough of themselves. The separation was too much and all they wanted was to become one again.

The coupling changed from hard and fast into slow and gentle lovemaking in the end that left them both breathless. Steve was sprawling on the carpet while Natasha lying by his side, clinging to him.

“That was good.” Nat breathed. “I need to lay here for a while.”
“Yeah, me too,” Steve admitted. “If we keep it up like this, I think we would have nothing to explore in our marriage life.”
“I’m sure you probably have some weird ass kink inside that dirty mind of yours, Rogers.” She replied.
“I’m not the one with a dirty mind, darling.”
“We will see about that.”

They went silent for a moment. Steve’s hand played with her hair. His nose inhaled her addictive scent. In his mind, he was thanking god again for another chance of having her in his arms. That she wasn’t ended up with another guy. That the other guy was just his substitute.

The memories of seeing her with the guy still bugged him even she insisted that it was nothing more than physical relationship.

Before he could stop his mouth, he already uttered that sentence. ”How was that guy? The fake me?”

“Well, he is big everywhere except his heart and his dick. Even he is a walking dickhead anyway.”

Steve grinned like a mad man at that sentence. ”You mean…”

”Yours is bigger. Much bigger, bae.”

They laughed and all Steve’s jitter was gone once the doubt in his heart was settle. Natasha never had anyone but him in her heart and he would do anything to remain in that position forever.

Nat shifted so she was now lying on top of him so she could look at him directly in the eyes.

“Do you think we should really get marry today?” She asked. “I mean, we’re just back together for two days.”

“Getting cold feet?” He asked.

“No…I just…”

“Speak your mind, Nat. I want to hear what you think about this. I wanna make this right.”

“I know you will make this right, Steve. I just—if one day you don’t want to make this right anymore. Maybe if along the way and I mean very, very soon after we get married, you’re bored with me. For god’s sake, we only met for like a month and a half! I’m still new to you but if one day, we already learn everything about each other, know everything about each other and it doesn’t excite you anymore! I can’t stand you leaving me for the second time, Steve. I can’t take it again.”

Steve was alarmed, knowing that this is a very delicate subject to her. “Natasha, would you let me prove it to you, please? My words mean nothing because it let you down once. Would you let my action prove it to you? That I want you—hell, I need you. I sound cheesy but…nothing makes sense without you.”
“Nothing makes sense for me too.” She whispered.

“You don’t have to worry, darling. I will not leave you because if I did, I would kill myself before I hurt you again.”

Nat hugged him, burying her face at his neck. “Thank you. That’s all I need to hear.”

“I will not make that mistake again, Natasha.”

“I love you, Steve”

“I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

no beta. mistake is mine.
Chapter Notes

Here you go again.

The last chapter, you will have to wait for along time lol.

No beta read

Day 3

Natasha woke up with a sinking feeling in her gut and her heart cracked a little when she opened her eyes to see that Steve wasn't at his place next to her. The bed was cold, suggesting that he left for a long time now.

Nat tried to shake the doubt out of her mind but she just couldn't do it. Her mind was running wild thinking that he already left her for good this time.

She tried to stop the image of him leaving her from the last time so she turned away from the empty space next to her. Then her eyes saw something on the end table.

'Downstairs. See u when u wake up. Steve.'

He left a note and Nat scolded herself for letting her imagination ran wild. She shouldn't doubt him anymore but she guessed that it would take time before things were back to the same between them.

Nat got up from their bed, wrapping the blanket around her naked body. She found his shirt and put that on instead. Her hand clutched tightly to that note as she ran downstairs to find Steve.

“Steve…” She called out. Her voice was quiet, no more than a whisper because somewhere inside of her, she was still afraid that he might leaving her again. “Steve”

“Out here!” He shouted from the lawn outside the living room.
Nat sighed in relief and cursed at herself that she allowed to think he left her. She quickly ran off to find him with a breakfast picnic setting for her. His tousled golden locks shined in the sun and he looked absolutely like Apollo, god of the sun, when he smiled brightly at her.

He walked toward her with his arms open and held her close, kissing her forehead repeatedly. “Morning, darling” He greeted. “Are you hungry?”

“A bit, yeah”

Steve frowned when he pulled away to see the look on her face. “Are you okay? You seemed… off.” Natasha didn’t answer and Steve immediately realized what was wrong with her. “You thought that I leave you, right?”

“Yes…” She admitted, didn’t making eye contact with him. “I’m sorry. I just…”

“You don’t have to excuse yourself, Nat.” He reassured her. “It’s okay, darling. I understand.”

“Are we going to be okay?” Nat asked.

“It will take time but we will get through it together.” Steve said. “But before we go through that, let’s enjoy our breakfast, shall we?”

Natasha nodded and let her soon-to-be husband lead her to the picnic set up her prepared for her. She sat down and Steve quickly followed. He sat a little bit behind her so he could wrapped his arms around her. His lips planting kissed on her neck and it made Nat melted into his arms, relaxing once again.

“What are you doing?”

“Pleasuring my wife,” He replied.

“I’m not your wife, yet.”

“Just practicing calling you that, since you will be my wife very soon.” Steve countered. “I have to get used to it soon.”

“Yeah, you better get used to it, bae.”

“I love you.”

“I love you back.”

The breakfast went on quite presently for both of them. They talked a lot during the meal, mostly trying to catch up with things they missed while they were separated. Nat told him how Maria forced her to clear everything out of the apartment while Steve said that he hoarded everything that was the remnant of them, even it had a tiny bit of their memories together.
She also told him that Clint came to visit and Steve said he really wanted to punch his friend for not telling him that. He would tag along or if he told him how miserable Natasha was, he would come running back to her. Everything would end a lot faster than this.

They told each other everything and instead of making them distanced themselves from each other but it brought them closer. Natasha was sitting between his legs, her back against his chest with his arms around her.

“I thought that it is purely physical between us but I was wrong.” Nat said.

“Me too but the more I get to know you, the more I fall in love with you.”

“And look at us! Knowing each other for a month and we're getting marry.”

“I guess it's the case 'When you found your soulmate, everything just click.'"

"Yeah, I thought that too." Nat agreed. "Anyway, how did Sharon take it when you break thing off with her?"

"She lost it." Steve replied. “Do you know that Sharon try to use sex as a way to make me stay?”

“Really? But that is something a desperate woman would do. You know, if we can’t even use sex to make some stay that really mean he really didn’t love you.”

“My heart never belonged to her. It never will. I don’t know it until I find someone that it’s really belong too.”

“Is that supposed to charm me?”

“Yeah,” he grinned “I love you, Natasha. With everything I have and everything I am. Fate brought us together. Destiny makes us find each other. There is one in a million chance but we still found each other.”

"Indeed one in a million chances." She agreed.

"Do you think, maybe, you can move in with me after we get married?” Steve asked.

"Move to LA?"

"Yeah, but if you want to stay here, I can move here too."

Natasha thought for a second before she answered him. "Of course, we will move to L.A. It's time for me to hang up my tiny panties and becoming Mrs. Rogers. But to be honest, I don't know what I will do next."

"We will figure it out. I will help you. Take your time, darling."

Natasha smiled and kissed him. She thanked god from high above that she got a lovely man like this. He understood her better than anyone as well as she understood him.
“I still feel bad…like I was stealing you from her.” Nat said quietly.

“You didn’t steal me. I choose you. You are the one that I love and I want to spend the rest of my life with. You’re one of the few people I don’t have to pretend to be someone I’m not.”

“Thank you.” She replied and hugged him tighter. *Thank you for everything.*

They took their time strolling around the small time. It was a peaceful afternoon and Steve felt that everything was right with the world again. After lunch, Steve said again that he wanted to marry her today. He didn’t want to wait any longer.

“But don’t you think it would be nice if we at least have witnesses with us? Our closest friends,” She suggested. “It would be nice to have Maria as my maid of honor.”

“Anything you want, darling.”
“But…one thing, Maria is kinda…hate you.” She said.

“I know that she would hate me.” He admitted. “But it would be great if we get her blessing too. I also need to call my friends if we still want to have ‘witnesses’.”

“You need you best man, Steve.” Nat laughed. “Just Maria and your best friends. That would be okay.”

Steve agreed with that so they decided to leave the town and headed back to Vegas. Everything seemed rush because the two of them didn’t want to spend another minute without being married to each other.

The hard part was talking to Maria, to be specific, Steve trying to win Maria vote on this. They were in front of Maria’s apartment and Steve was looking a bit nervous. Natasha rubbed his arms to cheer him up before she knocked on the door. Maria opened the door and the first thing she did when she saw Steve.

“Ouch!” Steve yelped when his face was impacted with Maria’s fist. He stumbled back.

“You son of a bitch!” Maria yelled at the man. “Nat, what the hell?!!”
“Okay, we need to talk about this. I will explain everything.” Nat said. “Just hear us out, okay?”

Maria sighed and let them in. The brunette gestured for them to sit down on her sofa as she standing in front of them. Before Steve and Nat could say a word, Maria unleashed hell on Steve
and he listened to every word of her because he knew he deserved it.

It was a long half an hour that they sat in quiet while Maria went on and on about what a mistake this was. That Nat shouldn’t let him back in her life again. She reminded Nat of all the pain she had been through the past couple week and how she came this far to get over him. That he broke her heart into millions pieces when he chose Sharon over Nat. The couple didn’t have a chance to explain so they let Maria get everything out of her chest.

“I ended my engagement with her.” Steve said.

“Really? And you believe everything he said even it was all a lie?” Maria turned to Nat. “Last time he promised you he will not leave you and look what happened.”

“But this time, it isn’t the same, Maria.” Nat replied.

“What if he came he for just another quick fuck? What if he left you again? All the pain that you have been through, just think about it, Nat!”

“Maria…”

“Are you sure about this, Nat? I see nothing but a heartbreak await for you.”

“Because he is going to marry me in the next couple hour and we came here to ask for your blessing and for you to be my maid of honor.”

“What?????????” Maria screamed at them.

“Steve broke off his engagement with Sharon and he just proposed.”

“Do you guys realize how absurd this is?” Maria continued to yell at them. "I mean, he left you and broke your heart. Nat, you can't pretend that it didn't happen. And you, Steve, you sick son of a bitch, what can guarantee that you will not leave her again?"

“Because I will kill myself first before I left her. I would never do that to her again. I know that my words mean nothing to you right now and I’m not asking for your forgiveness but I really love her and I want to spend the rest of my life with her.”

Maria sighed, knowing damn well that her word probably couldn’t stop Natasha from making another mistake. She had her doubt but they looked adamant. Steve held Nat’s hand and kept his arm around her the whole time. His blue eyes shown with determination.

“We rather get married with your blessing, Maria.” Nat said. “You’re my best friend and I want you to be there on the most important day of my life.”

“Of course, I will be there.” Maria replied. “If you want to get married then do it. But if you hurt her again, it will be the last time you ever see her.”

“Thank you.” Steve said.
“And Nat, I’m still thinking that this is a mistake.”

“I know but thank you.”

“Now I need to call my friends.” Steve told them. “Excuse me.”

Steve stepped outside the balcony and made a call to each of his friend before he merged all the line together. Once everyone was ready, Tony was the one to yell at Steve, asking about where the hell had he been and what happened between him and Sharon.

“WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, ROGERS?!” Tony yelled over the phone.

“WHY ARE YOU AND SHARON BROKE UP?” Clint also yelled.

“Guys, come on. Let the guy speak.” Bruce tried to calm the two down.

“Hell no! He had to explain himself first, Bruce!”

“LET THE MAN SPEAK!” Thor boomed and everyone quieted. “Please explain to us of why you left Sharon, Steven.”

“I realized that I didn’t love her anymore and there is no point of marrying the women I didn’t love. She’s not the one for me and I found the only woman that I want to spend the rest of my life with. I’m with her right now…in Vegas.”

“What are you saying? Don’t tell me…?” Tony gasped in disbelief.

“Are you…marrying the woman I think…?” Thor stammered.

“I want all of you to come down here and meet me at the hotel by tomorrow.” Steve said. “I’m going to marry Natasha.”

“WHAT?!!” Everyone shouted and Steve had to pull his ear away from the phone.

His friends started yelling and lecturing him about everything. Steve let them have it after all the trouble he probably put them through. Sharon and her family maybe came after them after Steve left her too.

"Get your ass back to LA and let Pepper and I planned the wedding for you!"

Steve looked inside and saw Natasha laughing with Maria. Her eyes met his and she smiled at him, a genuine loving smile filled with pure happiness. The smile was like a sun and it lid up his whole world. That was the moment Steve realized something.
“I can’t stand not being married to this wonderful woman for another second.” Steve replied.

“You’re not getting married without me, you idiot!”

“We will see you tomorrow morning!”

“Talk to her and postpone the fucking wedding!”

“Okay, I will. Just get your ass here by tomorrow, okay?”

“We will be there!”

Day 4

They spent the good evening together with Maria. Steve and the brunette were able to keep it amicable for the sake of Natasha. Nat could see that Maria was still on the fence about her best friend married to a guy who once broke her heart really badly. Steve didn't say a thing about that because he knew he had to prove everything by his action, not his word.

Maria probably the hardest person to convince right now but Nat was his main priority right now. He would spend the rest of his life trying to make amend of what he did to her. Maria said she would watch him like a hawk but Steve only said that she would have to move to LA first.

“Who knew? You guys might not be the only couple that tied the knot.”

“If that so, I would be glad for you and Clint.” Steve said. “He’s very happy when he’s with you.”

“And I’m sure Clint will treat her well.” Nat added.

The couple dropped Maria off at her apartment before they heading back to Steve’s place where they made love over and over again until Natasha’s legs were shaking and clinging tightly him. Steve whispered how much he love her all the time until she finally drifted of to sleep.

When they woke up, a streamy make out session was in order. Steve trapped her under him, holding her close as if he was afraid that she might disappear right there. It was a long passionate kiss until Natasha broke away for some air but never let go of him either.
“As much as I would love for you to kiss me again but I think we really need to eat something.”

“I second it.” He replied.

Steve carried her out of bed, finding her his shirt and sweatpants for himself. He cooked breakfast for her, her usual pancakes and bacon. It was a peaceful morning until Steve came behind her when Nat was trying to clean the dishes. He wrapped his arms around her, kissing and sucking at her neck.

“Steve, I have to clean this before your friends get here.”

“It can wait.” He murmured against her skin. The morning stubble tickled her skin and it made her moan.

“Steve…” Nat breathed hard as his right hand went to her breast while his left hand cupping her sex, pulling her closer until her body pressed up against him as she spread her stance instinctively. Nat put the dish down and cleaned her hands as fast as she could. Nat couldn’t hold back her moan when his fingers slipped inside her core and his other hand played with her hardening nipple.

“God, you’re wet.” His hot breath mingled near her ear. “Wet and ready…”

His expert hand explored her hot passage while the other left her breast to tile her chin to the side so he could give her a passionate kiss. He quickly laid his middle finger between her sopping lips and slowly drag it up and down as their tongues entwined and she moaned faintly into his mouth. His cock strained to be released from his sweatpants. She began to rubbed her ass up and down his hard cock and grounded in circular motion that made Steve shuddered and groaned in her ear. At the same time, his touch making her temporarily lose control. His fingers smeared her slippery juices up and around her clit. Her fingernail dug into his arms as pleasure flow through her body.

Steve deliberately pulled away and left Natasha in total disbelief. She was so close and he decided to prolonged her release. She looked back only to find his smug smile.

“You know I prefer to get you off with only my mouth and my cock, right?” He asked.

Nat turned to him and sighed but let Steve kissed her roughly before lifting her up on the kitchen counter. Nat tugged his sweatpants down while Steve removed his shirt until all that left was her naked body. He quickly attacked her hard nipples with his mouth. He swirled his tongue around her nipple before slowly traveled down to her center with his fingers slipping inside her wet core.
Steve knelt between her legs. Her ragged breaths turned into moans as her hips started bucking back against his fingers and mouth. His tongue was relentlessly circling her clit. “Don’t stop.” She said, a hint of desperation in her voice, as if there were a chance he would. “So… close…” Her hands tugged in his hair, urging him to finish her off.

Steve’s tongue applied a little more pleasure on her clit and deliberately dragged his teeth over the little bud and then she was over the edge, pressing her pussy against his face, her whole body tensing and releasing again and again. Sweet juices flew out and Steve drank up every drop on her.

Natasha finally pushed his head away. “Kiss me” she commanded, sounding a little desperate to taste herself on his lips. Steve stood up and lunged forward to kiss her hard on the lips. She moaned as she tasted herself on him. “Mine…”

“All yours.” He replied without any hesitation.

Natasha slipped her hand down his body until she reached his rock hard cock. She grasped it in her hand and slipped her thumb over his cock head to smear the pearl of pre cum that has already formed there. With one hand she slowly stroked his rigid shaft, and with the other she cupped and gently squeezed his swollen balls. Steve groaned and lightly bit her lips. Sensation flew all over his body, tingling every sense as he overwhelmed with lust and desire.

She hadn’t let go of his cock. Thumb and forefinger closed tightly around it, before she continued with those wonderful long strokes which was rewarded with a slow but steady ooze of pre-cum from the slit of his cock. She smeared it down his shaft and used as lube. It felt so exquisite. “Oh, god,” he moaned, “I need you…so fucking much.”

“Then take me.” She replied with her seductive voice that send Steve into overdrive. He couldn’t wait any longer and fulfilled her command. His hand reached down between them to guide his cock toward her swollen folds. He rubbed the head of his cock over her clit, down to her flooded entrance and Nat spread her legs wider. Their eyes locked as he entered her. Her hands went to grab his ass, holding him close.

Steve shifted to find the right angle before pushing further. Nat bit her lower lip when she felt him spread her inside as he sliding in short, slow movements. They felt every ridge and vein of his cock entered her. Her warm, slick pussy juices coated the full length of his shaft.

“God, you feel so good.” He moaned. Steve slowly withdrew from her almost all the way and her pussy clung to him, and then he slid back in again in one long, smooth stroke. “Yes…” She carded her hands through his hair. He started a slow, steady rhythm. Her hands behind his ass lightly
pressing inward so that each thrust was a little harder and faster and deeper than the last. He felt a familiar pressure building behind the base of his cock, and her moans were getting louder and more insistent.

Here he was, in her arms, inside her, making love to her again, thrusting his bare cock deep inside her, oozing pre-cum and getting ready to spurt the real thing. But for him, right now, it was more than that. He was not just looking forward to getting off. He was actually hoping to... really want to... was to mark her, losing himself inside of her.

He did hook his elbows under her knees and lifted, spreading it apart, then drive himself into her as deep as he could with his balls resting against her, and the tip of his cock just nudged her cervix. He stop thrusting and begin to grind against her.

“Cum in me...” Nat moaned as if she gave him the permission. As if she could read his mind. She felt him begin to thrust into her again and again, spreading her out, filling her up so completely. She ached to feel him explode inside her, dizzy with longing to feel the hot splash of his semen bursting inside her. Right then, Nat realized that she kind of like the feeling of bring at his mercy and it turned her on even more.

His thrusts were hard and deliberate. Just what she needed. She needed to feel him taking her. To feel him claim her. It was meant to be. They were meant to be. Perfect together in every way. He knew how to shift her body, how to wiggle her to change the angle and the speed which he plunged into her. He knew it like it was his own skin. Natasha lost track as her body was wracked by orgasm after orgasm.

As she felt him thicken inside of her, his cock swelling and twitching she knew that he almost there. All it would take would be one last thrust, the spurt of hot seed and a moment later as she felt his cock jerk and his hips slam into hers as he groaned and held himself against her body. Nat surrendered as she screamed out his name and her walls went into a violent convulsion, milking his cock until there was no more seeds left.

They clung tightly against each other and let the after shock subside. Their hot breath mingled against their skin. Steve pulled out of her and carried Natasha back to the living room.

“What do think you are doing?” She asked but let herself settled in his arms.

“Making love to my wife the way she deserved to be worship every night and day.” He replied with a genuine loving smile.

“I love the way you always sweet talk before we fuck each other’s brain out.”
Steve laughed as he slowly placed her on the carpet in front of the fireplace. “It’s kinda my charm.”

“Just don’t charm someone else, okay?”
“Only you… bae”

Steve settled between her thighs and ready to dive into her again when Nat decided to wrap her legs around his waist and flipped him on to his back. Steve was extremely turned on every time she took control. He loved the fiery soul inside her.

“GOD! I THINK I NEED A BLEACH!!!!!!!” Someone screamed from the front door.

Steve quickly flipped Nat down and covered her naked body with his. He looked back to find all his friends standing at the doorway of the penthouse, covering their eyes.

“Just wait out side!” Steve yelled back.

“I can’t believe it.” Thor muttered and ushered everyone out of the penthouse.

Nat laughed as the couple retreated to their room to find some clothes to put on. Once they let their friends in, everyone said that they weren’t surprise at all that Steve would end up with Natasha. The only one with an obnoxious comment was Tony, regarding how much sex they had and bunnies would be ashamed at their level of libido was no match to Steve’s and Nat’s.

“I’m surprise she wasn’t pregnant yet.” He said. “I mean, considering all the sex that you guys has and had…you did it on every surface of this apartment I think.”

Steve shrugged. “We did it there too.”

Tony jumping off from the couch he currently sat. “EWW!! is there ANYWHERE you two didn't do it?”

Nat laughed. “Nah… we did it all last night.”

Everyone had a goof laugh about Tony’s reaction but Steve coughed and brought everyone’s attention back to the couple.

“So…back to the matter at hand. Natasha and I will get marry today and we would like you guys to attention our wedding.”
“And there is no need for a big ceremony since we will go to the chapel somewhere in the city.”

“Preferably right now.”

“We will not skip bachelor or bachelorette party!” Tony shouted. “At least, postpone it to tomorrow. We can at least give you a proper bachelor party… the way you want and we can find a nice place for you to get marry.”

Everyone tried to convince Steve and Nat. The couple finally agreed with the plan but they had to do everything that Steve and Natasha said.

“Let’s the bachelor party started!!!!!!” Tony shouted and huddled his friends to the front door.

Steve lingered behind so he could talk to Natasha in private. Tony signaled him that they will wait for him outside.

"If you don't want me to go with them, you can say it." He spoke up as his hands settling on her waist.

"I don't want the history to repeat itself." She joked. "Remember the last time you had a bachelor party?"

"Of course," he replied "I met the love of my life. And history will not repeat itself, darling because no one could compare to you."

"Sweet talker..." She muttered under her breath but pulling him in for a hug anyway.

"You should call Maria so she could keep you company." Steve suggested. "I promise you this… I will just go to a bar and have drinks with the guys and I will come back to you."

Nat smiled and kissed him. Sometime, he knew her better than herself and knew what to say to make her feel better. God, she loves this man.

“Go and have fun, bae.” She whispered against his lips.

“See you tonight.” He replied. "I love you."

"I love you too."

Steve pulled away and walked toward the front door. He turned to looked at her again and gave her that stupid boyish smile that she loved before he closed the door behind him.
“Alright, Rogers, we will rule this town tonight!” Tony said as he opened the champagne for them. They were in the limo, heading out of the hotel. “Hottest stripe club, the most luxurious lounge, take you pick, bro.”

"A normal bar would do it." Steve said.

"WHAT?" Tony yelled at Steve. "This is your bachelor party!"

"I just want to have a drink with my friends and celebrate." The groom-to-be replied. "I don't want anything extravagant this time."


“Tony, I just want to have a drink with my friend and go back to my fiancé.”

“Do you realize that you just broke off an engagement a couple days ago.”

“Yeah, because I didn’t love that woman anymore. The woman I love is here and I want to be with her right now.”

Tony was about to say something but Clint and Bruce stopped him. Thor spoke up. “A normal drink you shall have, my friend.”

Steve picked the lounge that Natasha used to perform. The waitress remembered him and took him to the usual table he always sat. They ordered their favorite drinks before got right to the conversation that they needed to have.

“Steve, are you sure about this?” Bruce asked. “I mean, marrying Natasha and all.”

“Yeah, absolutely sure” Steve replied.

“Dude, you just broke off one engagement a couple days ago and now you want to marry another woman?” Tony too was curious about this.

“I broke off the engagement with the woman I no longer love her so I can be with the woman who I really love.”

“Is Natasha the one for you?” Thor chimed in, looking at Steve over his glass of whiskey.

“She’s the only one for me. She understands me and support me in everything I do.”

“You do know that you’re about to throw your life away for this woman, right? I mean, you dumped the only daughter of a very powerful man who is also your biggest patron.”
“I don’t really care, Tony. I have enough money for the rest of my life. I never dated Sharon for her money and fame anyway.” Steve said. “Besides, now my work could be equally distributed to all of my customers. I would do anything to be with Natasha. I love her with everything I have and everything I am.”

The guy continued to try to scare Steve off to see that he really wanted to marry Natasha. But the determination in his eyes, the smile on his face every time someone mentioned her name make them know that he was really into her the way he never was when he is with Sharon.

He was really sure that she was the one for him.

“She’s my only happiness.”

An hour later, Steve started to whine that he wanted to go home to his fiancee. The guys made fun of him about that but Steve insisted that he wanted to go back. He missed Natasha and he wanted to be with her more than anything.

They came back to the penthouse to find Maria on the couch, watching some random TV show and there was no sign of Natasha. Steve started to panicked when he heard the voice came from the kitchen door.

“Why are you back so early?” Nat asked as she stepped out off the kitchen with two bottles of beer in her hands.

“I miss you.” Steve replied and went to her before giving her a loving kiss. “I don’t want to be away from you.”

“Aww…” Nat smiled against his lips.

“Whipped.” Tony muttered under his breath.

They didn’t care and resumed with their passionate kiss. The boys joined Maria at the living room. When they turned to look at Steve and Natasha, they only saw that they headed back to their room, holding each other in their arms.
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Already beta This is the last chapter
Thank you for all your support :)

Day 5

It was the day of the wedding Natasha woke up first, tightly encased in Steve’s arms as he held her all night. She was still a little bit sore from last night’s passionate love making session. Steve was amazing as always. He’d made sure that she came two times before getting his own.

How could she find a man like this if it wasn’t him?

Nat looked at the clock on the end table. It was almost 10 AM. They really needed to get up and get ready for their wedding ceremony. Even though Tony had booked the chapel all day so they could get married anytime that day.

She spent her time contemplating the sleeping Adonis in front of her. Many naughty thoughts ran through her mind--there were so many things that she wanted to do to him while he was sleeping like this.

Consider it as a surprise wedding gift for her man.

Smiling mischievously, Natasha dragged her hand down his abs to his groin and lightly stroked it to see his reaction. He was still sleeping, but she could hear his breath hitch. His big hand curled a little tighter at her shoulder. His beautifully long, thick cock was fully erected in his hands. She let her imagination run wild for a moment, thinking of how that girth would feel inside of her, stretching and filling her.

She wrapped her fingers around him in a loose fist, jerking him a few times. Steve responded with a guttural sound in the back of his throat. His chest rose and fell in quickening breaths. She rubbed her thumb just under the darkened head, and a loose moan came out of his beautiful mouth.

Why stop here when she could do so much more than just a simple hand job?

With that thought, Natasha ducked her head down, placing light kisses down his hard abs, sliding herself down under the blanket and between his legs while her nimble hands still jerked his rigid shaft. She pressed open-mouthed kisses against the underside of his length. His breathing grew ragged but his eyes were still closed, thinking he was just having a wet dream. Just before she reached the head of his cock, she slid back down, wanting to tease him even more when he was sleeping like this.
Then she felt his right hand slide through her hair, tugging and urging her to put his cock in her mouth. She kissed up the length of his shaft before slowly wrapping her pretty lips around the head. As her tongue probed at his slit, she found a drop of salty pre-come and swiped it away. Steve’s fingers tightened around her head once more. She parted her lips, and Steve thrust past them. Nat worked her way down until he was all the way inside her mouth and throat. Steve groaned at the pleasure, relishing the wet, tight warmth of her mouth.

“Fuck…” She heard him moan. Nat looked up to see that he was still asleep, but his muscles were tight from his ragged breathing. He groaned abruptly as he felt Natasha swallow and inhale through her nose. “Babe…yes…” Faster and faster her face bobbed up and down his cock. He practically snarled in heated lust as he came, shooting a hot spurt of his cum into her mouth and down her throat. He held her head in place, forcing her to swallow it all, her lips still wrapped around his cock.

Steve jerked awake, still disoriented until he saw the beautiful red head between his legs with her lips wrapping around his cock. She smiled smugly from her place, and Steve knew it wasn’t just a wet dream. He was still breathing hard but slowly coming down from his high as he gently released Natasha’s head.

“Nat…” he called, a bit confused.

Natasha pulled away from his cock and sat up to look at her man before she gave him a morning kiss. Steve moaned as he tasted himself on her lips and tongue before pulling her up to straddle his legs.

“Jesus…” He groaned. “Did you just give me a blow job on our wedding day?”

She smiled against his lips. “I just wanted to see what I could do with you.” she replied. “Not to mention that you also had the wildest sex dream.”

Steve laughed. “It was the strangest wet dream.”

“About what?” Her eyes suddenly darkened. Her hypnotic voice lowered down to only a whisper, sending goosebumps all over his body.

“It’s embarrassing…”

Her hand gently guided him back down until he was lying on his back with Natasha straddling his waist, naked and sexy on top of him. He reached his hands up to touch her but Natasha grabbed his wrists, pinning them down to the mattress.

“Tell me what you were dreaming of, Steve.” She cooed against his ear.

“It’s just a dream.” He was still reluctant. His face was flushed a bright red that made her wonder how naughty the dream was.

Oh…Natasha would get her answer all right. She just needed to coax him to tell her, toying with him until he couldn’t hold it in and gave her the answer she needed.

“You won’t tell me, huh?” She asked, her lips nibbling his earlobe. Her whole body was plastered against his tongue licking down his neck with a light bite that left little marks here and there. His breath grew ragged as his whole body was burning with desire for her. Not be able to touch her was like being in hell.

Natasha placed kitten licks and butterfly kisses down his chest before twirling her tongue at his nipple, earning her a sharp breath and back arching from her man. She doubled the sensation by gliding her wet center against his shaft.
“Keep your hands there.” She ordered as she let go of his hands and used it to rub all over his body.

It was all too much, and he couldn’t stand her teasing anymore. "Nat..."
"Who were you dreaming about while I’m giving you a blowjob?"
"Nat...only you...please..."
"You look so lovely when you beg."
"I dreamt about you.” “About you getting me off...about us passionately fuck.”
“That’s all I needed to hear.”

Steve finally got to touch her and it felt so complete in a very profound way. She guided his cock inside her wet heat, and they both groaned at the sensation. She was still so tight for his cock and sometimes he was afraid that it might hurt her. Natasha slowly took him in until all of him was inside her. Her face contorted in pure pleasure as she let herself accommodate his large member.

Then she began to ride him, and Steve let her took control all she wanted. Natasha touching up and down on him was a magnificent sight to see. Nat looked down to find her man looking at her like she was the most beautiful creature of passion and desire he ever seen. It made her feel strong and confident. No man had ever looked at her the way Steve did.

His cock felt so good pushing up against her womb. It was the only thing that would satisfy the deep primal craving. Her inside was arched with the need for him. She was greedy, she knew, but she couldn’t help herself. She was in a blind haze at this point, there was nothing left of her mind. Just him and her, trying to reach the high together.

He rammed up into her hard and fast, matching her rhythm. Her right hand cradled her face lovingly, “Mine...” he said repeatedly and every time she would reply with,

“Yes...always.” When her pace began to falter, Steve took control and flipped her down onto her back while he was still stuffed inside her.

He loved playing with her delicious boobs while ploughing her with his thick cock and nudging his meaty head deep inside her wet pussy. Listening to her moans only fueled his desire. He pushed her legs back to penetrate her as deep as possible, their hips driving in to each other with greedy need.

In the midst of pleasure, they heard the door slammed open, and someone barged in, yelling. “STEVE, SHARON’S HERE—SHIT”. Steve turned his face to the side to see Clint run out of the room, screaming. Nat tilted his face back and kissed him, pulling him closer, and Steve put his focus back on the task at hand.

Natasha’s moans grew louder. Steve withdrew almost all the way from her, feeling her pussy lips stretching, hungrily clutching at his cock, urging him back inside her, and he loved every long stroke back into her depths, enveloping him once again. With each thrust, he started to work the rhythm he knew will make her cum so hard.

He wasn’t quite on the edge yet, but being inside of her bare, he didn’t know how long he could last. “Oh, God,” He groaned. “So good…” Each time he bottomed out in her, a little more of her
sweet juices squeezed out around his cock, and he could tell that she was close.

Her pussy was pulsing now, squeezing Steve’s cock in an attempt to coax his seed out of him and into her. She was about to come when they heard the door open again and Steve pulled out of her, leaving her hanging on the edge in a way that she wanted to flip him down again and ride him hard until they came together.

Clint came back with Maria to find Steve on top of Natasha, but this time with a blanket covering them. They could hear their ragged breath underneath the sheets. Steve made sure that Natasha was well covered before they emerged and greeted their friends.

“What is it?” Steve asked.

“Sharon’s here.” Maria replied. “And she isn’t really happy about you leaving her.”

“You two stall Sharon as long as you can.” Steve told them. “We will be down there in a minute, or you could tell her that we already went off to get married somewhere.”

“We will try, but please stop fucking and handle this.” Clint said.

Clint and Maria left. Nat sighed and turned to Steve. The mere thought of Sharon coming to take Steve from her again was too much. “I should go.” She said, feeling small and out of place.

“Hell no.” He replied. “Your place is here with me. You’re not the one that should leave.”

“How did she track you down?”

“I don’t know, but I think we’ll soon find out.” Steve said. “I think we still have some time left to finish what we started. I don’t like the fact that my wife hasn’t had an orgasm.”

Nat blushed, but before Steve could put his cock back inside her, he heard footsteps toward their room; he decided to get under the blanket and try to get her off with his mouth instead. He would not take any of this bullshit until he got his soon-to-be wife off. Natasha quickly pulled the blanket over them.

When the door slammed open, Nat had to stop herself from moaning and made the straightest face she could muster. The person that came through the door didn’t surprise her at all. It was Sharon, and she was furious. Her eyes burned bright with rage and accusation.

“WHERE IS MY FIANCE?!” Sharon yelled at Nat, who was panting and struggling not to make a
face, ignoring what was going on under the blanket.

“He’s not your fiancé anymore.” Clint muttered.

“Really, Clinton? You’re taking her side?”

“Any side that will make my friend happy.”

Sharon groaned, furious, and put her attention back on Nat. “Where is Steve?”

“He’s—er…” Nat tried to find the words to say, but her brain was hazed with pleasure as her soon-to-be husband worked on her pussy. She gasped as his lips kissed her folds gently, using his tongue to lap up the sweetness that flowed out of her. It was like an explosion when he touched her clit with his tongue, flicking, pressing, licking and then thrusting his tongue into her. Nat curled her toes, trying her best to hold back moans and focus instead on what Clint, Sharon and Maria were saying.

The three of them were arguing, having no idea what was going on under the blanket. Clint and Maria were defending Nat and Steve while Sharon lashed out at them. Then Thor, Bruce, and Tony came in. Tony, with a bowl of popcorn in his hands, sat down in the armchair. Nat had half a mind to tell him that she’d ridden Steve on it last night.

Everyone was arguing while Nat had her pussy worked until she almost came. A loose moan escaped her lips and got everyone’s attention. They all turned to Natasha, who had bright red cheeks, and Steve, who had just emerged from under the blanket. Everyone was shocked at what they saw. Steve’s lips were still pretty much covered with Nat’s juices, and she shuddered uncontrollably.

“Can we at least put our clothes on before having a conversation like normal people?”

“No, just shut up and listen to me, you bastard!”

This time, Sharon lashed out on Steve with a furious rage. Steve immediately tuned out her monologue, knowing Sharon would never listen to him anyway. Instead, he put his focus back on Nat and his attempts to get her off. He pulled Natasha, onto his lap, which surprised her a little; she realized what he was going to do when his hand slipped between her legs.
“Rogers, don’t…” She tried to stop him, but it wasn’t working as her whole body went weak. Her mind was cloudy, and the sound of Sharon and her friends was fading away. She inhaled shakily, trying to keep her composure and not give away to anyone what was going on under that sheet.

Her hand clamped down on his arm as he slipped his fingers through her folds to stroke her clit gently. While everyone was paying attention to Sharon, it gave Steve the perfect opportunity to slip one finger slowly into Natasha. She let out a small, shaky breath that made Tony turn to look at them. Steve stopped and acted like he was listening to Sharon while Natasha froze up. When Tony turned back, Steve added a second, then third finger, pressing further inside of her until he found the secret spot Nat made her whole body shook. Natasha bit her lips to keep herself from moaning.

He grinned as he began to stroke the soft tissue, bringing her closer and closer to the edge. She was sweating beside him, jaw clenched with an effort to keep from screaming out. “Come on, bae, I haven’t got all day.” He doubled the pleasure with a circle on her clit. Her fingernails dug deeper into his arms.

When he rubbed her clit one time too many, her walls went into violent convulsions, milking at his fingers. Nat couldn’t hold back her moan again as Steve got her off. Her whole body shook, her juices flowing out. Steve withdrew his hand, licking his fingers in front of everyone, including Sharon. Everyone was shocked at their behavior, but it was time for Steve to confront Sharon.

“Okay, everybody out! The show is over.” Steve said. “You all wait for us downstairs. We will join you in a couple minutes.”

His voice left no room for anyone to argue. Clint and Tony escorted Sharon back downstairs before she could cause another scene. Bruce closed the door behind them. Steve held Nat in his arms and waited for her to come down from her high.

“Are you alright?” He asked as he kissed her shoulder.

“Yeah, that was…the craziest thing we’ve ever done.” She replied with a little laugh.

“I couldn’t help it. My wife’s pleasure comes first.”

“What are we going to do with her now?”
“I will handle her as gently as I can.”

Nat looked into his eyes lovingly. There was no more doubt in her eyes, and it made Steve smile too.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

They made out for a little before they got out of bed and dressed up properly to greet their unwanted guest. Of course, Natasha had to use Steve's shirt, because hers was at the apartment.

They came downstairs to find everyone still arguing with Sharon. The topic was mainly about Steve's happiness, how Sharon had failed to make him happy, and how she would never understand him.

When Sharon noticed Natasha and Steve standing at the back of the group holding hands, she went straight to them and slapped Steve across his face hard enough to make his face turn.

"Okay..." He rubbed his face, his voice was amused but lacking a smile. "I deserve that one."

"You deserve a million slaps from me, you sick bastard." She yelled at him. "You traded me for this whore!"

"Shut it, Sharon." He growled. "You just ruined the chances of us ending this amicably."

But Sharon, as always, never listened to him. “You picked her? The whore who so willingly spread her legs for you?”

“Hey! You can lash out at me all you want, but leave her alone.”

Everyone watched Steve handle the situation quietly. He tried to make it peaceful, but the way Sharon always pulled Natasha into the mix, called her all the mean things she could think of. Steve tried it very hard to stop himself from hurting his ex-fiancée, but the more she talked, the more his
anger rose.

Natasha had to put her hand on his arm so he wouldn’t kill Sharon. “Hey…don’t let her get to you.” She whispered.

“She already got to me. Once she said all those bad things about you.”

Sharon said that she would sue him for the money her parents had wasted on that wedding. Steve insisted that he would pay back every penny and he would have Phil handle it for her. Steve knew he was at fault here and tried not to make it worse. He knew he was the bad guy in this. He’d left her for another woman (that he loved more than anything in this world).

He would just stay quiet.

“That bitch only wants your money!” Sharon yelled. “Are you sure that she doesn’t have an STD or some nasty disease, because I’m pretty sure a slut like her sleeps with anything with a dick.”

“SHUT UP!” Steve shouted back, completely losing control this time. No one said anything about Natasha like that. “I don’t really care what the fuck you want to say, but we’re done.” Nat grabbed his hand to stop him from lunging forward. Steve calmed down the second her hand touch him. “Just go…please…”

“I will ruin your life, Steve. I promise you that, you bastard. I will spend every minute of my life making your life hell.”

“Have you ever heard of restraining orders?”

“My army of lawyers could help you in court with that.” Tony chimed in, and Sharon gave him evil queen eyes. He just shrugged his shoulders in return. “He’s my friend and of course, I will take his side. Pepper will take his side too.”

Sharon let out a roar of pure frustration. She knew she couldn’t win this round, and there was no one taking her side.

“I will ruin your life.” She promised before stomping out of the penthouse.

Tony turned to the couple. “I will make sure she will leaves Vegas. In the meantime, you two lovebirds prepare for your wedding!”
Clint and Maria took Nat back to her apartment. She wouldn’t meet Steve again until she walked down the aisle. While Steve and the rest of the boys prepared themselves at the penthouse, Tony took off to check on the place where the wedding would be held.

The groom was quieter than usual, and looking nervous. He paced back and forth in front of the mirror, looking pale.

“Getting cold feet?” Thor asked as Steve tried to adjust the bow tie.

“Not this time…” Steve replied.

“Then why do you look so nervous?”

“I’m about to marry the love of my life, and I still think that I’m not worthy enough for her love.”

“You are her soulmate, my friend. You guys are made for each other.”

“Thank you, Thor.”

“You will do just fine, my friend.”

Meanwhile at Natasha’s apartment, Maria was helping Natasha with her makeup and hair. The bride looked beautiful, in the little white dress she’d worn on her first date with Steve.

Nat sat in front of the vanity mirror while Maria did her hair. Clint came in, complimenting Natasha on her look. He'd managed to find a white veil for Natasha and a bouquet of white flowers.

“Steve will drop his jaw when he sees you.” Clint said. “I’m sure you’re the most beautiful bride in town.”

“Thank you, Clint.”

“And Tony said that everything on his end is ready.”

“Is Steve okay? Is he alright?” Nat asked a bit quickly. Everyone knew that something was wrong.
“What is it, Nat?” Maria asked. “You seem a little nervous.”

“Yeah, I’m nervous. I’m about to marry a man that once left me for another woman. I love him so freaking much, but I’m not really sure if he will leave me again, but I trust him anyway because I can’t live without him.”

The two friends tried to calm her down, and Nat finally relaxed. She trusted her friends’ words. She also needed to trust her Steve. He’d chosen her. He loved her. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with her, not Sharon.

She loved him.

That was all that mattered.

“Come on, baby girl. Let’s get your ass to the wedding.” Clint said. “The limo is up front.”

Tony called an hour later to let everyone knew that the place was set and ready for the wedding. He was still complaining how he’d had very little time for preparing the wedding. (Steve may have had made a promise that he would let Tony and Pepper held a proper wedding again next time.)

The groom and his friends were waiting for the bride at the chapel. Steve looked nervous and didn’t stop moving and shifting. Tony had to shush him three times.

“Stop it, Rogers.”

“I’m nervous.”

“I know.”
“Anyway, thanks for this beautiful wedding. Given the little time that you had.”

“It’s my best friend getting married to the love of his life.” Tony smiled. “I’m more than happy for you, buddy.”

Steve smiled and hugged his friend before the doors to the chapel opened. Steve’s jaw dropped as he looked at his bride, simple, beautiful, and elegant in her little white dress.

Natasha smiled through the veil, but Steve still saw the bright smile that would make his day. His blue eyes shone bright as he watched his soon-to-be wife walk down the aisle with Maria, who gave her away to Steve at the altar. Steve smiled brightly as he accepted Nat’s hand.

The couple stood together in front of the officiant.

"Dear friends and family, we are gathered here today to witness and celebrate the union of Steve Rogers and Natasha Romanoff in marriage. Through their time together was short, the love they found in each other was real. Their personal dreams, hopes, and goals are aligned with the mutual support provided in unconditionally love and commitment.”

Steve held Nat’s hands with both of his own as he looked into her eyes while the officiant continued with the reading.

“True marriage is more than joining the bonds of marriage of two persons; it is the union of two hearts. It lives on in the love you give each other and never grows old, but thrives on the joy of each new day. Marriage is love. May you always be able to talk things over, to confide in each other, to laugh with each other, to enjoy life together, and to share moments of quiet and peace, when the day is done. May you be blessed with a lifetime of happiness and a home of warmth and understanding.”

“Steve and Natasha, seek from within yourselves. Seek the serenity to accept the things you cannot change. The courage to change the things that you must and the wisdom to know the difference. Live each day, one day at a time. Enjoy your time together, one moment at a time. Seek the wisdom of experience. Learn all that you can from each other. Accept hardships as the building blocks of experience. Realize that accepting both the good and bad is simply a part of being alive. Strive to make as many things right as is humanly possible in your life together, so that you may be reasonably happy in the life you share from this day forward.”

Steve could swear that Natasha’s eyes teared up. Maria was already crying and Clint had to offer
her the handkerchief. Tony recorded the video on his phone. He needed to record the history.

“Will you who are present here today, surround this couple in love, offer them the joys of your friendship? Will you support this couple in their relationship? At times of conflict, will you offer them the strength of your wisest counseling and the comfort of your thoughtful concern? At times of joy, will you celebrate with them, nourishing their love for one another?”

“We will.” Everyone that stood with them replied.

“HELL NO!”

Everyone turned in shock. Sharon was standing at the door as she stomped her way toward the altar. Steve quickly stepped forward to stop Sharon from coming any closer to Natasha. Thor and Clint followed Steve, while Tony called someone on the phone. Bruce was standing next to Natasha as the last barrier to stop Sharon.

“I will not just give up and let you marry this whore!” Sharon yelled at Steve. “Are you that blind, Steve? She wants you for the money. Then she will leave you with your millions! Why are you so stupid?”

“Sharon, why don’t you just go back?” Steve asked. “I don’t want to hurt you, but if you say another word about Natasha, you would force me to do it.”

“Then do it. Show me how much you love her.”

“Please, just go back.” Steve pleaded.

“Oh, and you, you greedy little whore just preying on a man with weak mind and loads of money.”

Nat stepped out from behind Steve’s back and stared at Sharon with the deadliest glare she’d ever given to anyone. Sharon shut up when she saw how murderous Natasha was.

Then the blonde regained her voice and continued with the verbal assault. Steve couldn’t stop her, and Natasha had to do something. She stepped forward, and before anyone could stop her, she slapped Sharon across the face and successfully shut the blonde up. Steve stared at his bride; he didn’t know what to say, but he was completely turned on by Natasha being the little firecracker.
The hotel security marched in and grabbed Sharon, dragging her out and forcing her to leave the premises. Steve was still completely speechless as he stared at Natasha. Tony saw the look on their faces and sighed.

“Clear the room! They’re about to tear each other's clothes off!” Tony yelled.

Everyone laughed as Steve blushed. Natasha also laughed and grabbed Steve’s hand, leading him back to the altar. The officiant was still in shock, and Nat had to touch his arm.

“Sir, please continue.”

“Ah—yes…” He said. “Do you Steve Rogers, take Natasha Romanoff, to be your partner in life and share your path; equal in love, a mirror for your true self, promising to honor and cherish, through good times and bad, until death do you part?”

Steve smiled. “I do.”

"Do you Natasha Romanoff, take Steve Rogers, to be your partner in life and share your path; equal in love, a mirror for your true self, promising to honor and cherish, through good times and bad, until death do you part?"

“Yes, I do.”

Steve gently circled his thumbs on her hands as he held them. His deep blue eyes looked directly into her green ones.

“I never realized what love was until I met you. I thought that my previous relationships were the closest thing to love but they weren’t. Nothing could compare to the feelings I have for you. It is love and I’m sure. You are the only one who make me feel that way.” Steve gently said, recalling the sweet memories. "When we first met, you asked me if I was ready for the night of my life with you; but I will say now that I'm ready for every moment of my life with you. Being spontaneous, doing everything that we wanted, anytime that we wanted. The YOLO kind of life. So, my bae, I want to spend the rest of my life YOLO-ing with you if you are up for it.”
Natasha laughed, but couldn’t hold back her tears anymore as she replied, “I can do YOLO if you wanna YOLO with me.”

“Always.”

“Steve, from the moment we met, I knew my life would change forever, and not a single day goes by that I regret it. You are the first person who understood me and was willing to be there for me at my darkest moments. And I promise you, bae, I promise to always be there for you, to shelter and hold your love as the most precious gift in my life. I will trust you and respect you, laugh with you and cry with you, loving you faithfully through good times and bad. You taught me how to be strong and yet feel so loved and treasured by you. I opened myself up again because of you. You mean so much to me, and I’m looking forward to spend the rest of my life with you. I love you.”

"And now, by the power vested in me by the state of Nevada, I hereby pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss your bride.”

Steve leaned in and kissed her, pulling her into his arms. The other clapped their hands and whistled at them. Once them broke away, the officiant announced.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, for the first time, Steven and Natasha Rogers.”

Steve completely had no idea how Tony threw the reception. He’d been with them the whole time at the wedding; there was no way that he could’ve pulled this off. There was a Michelin Chef dinner, a string quartet, and flowers were everywhere.

Steve decided that he didn’t need to know, but he would thank Tony again when he came back to LA.

The reception was simple but full of love and friendship.

Steve watched as everyone asked Natasha for a dance and made her laugh with their jokes. Maria danced with Steve, and didn’t forget to give him a shovel talk, but luckily for him Clint cut in
before the threat went gruesome.

Finally, on the last dance of the night, Steve took Natasha’s hand and danced with her. He said he loved her over and over again until Natasha had to tell him to stop because he would make her cry.

The reception came to an end when Nat handed the bouquet to Maria. Steve just grinned at Clint, who looked terrified, but Steve knew that his friend was serious about Maria too. Everyone came down from the penthouse to the lobby to send off the newlyweds on their honeymoon. A limousine was waiting for them to take them to their destination.

“This is the best we can do for now.” Tony said. “Your proper honeymoon would’ve been a private jet to France and spending a week in of Bordeaux in a beautiful chateau.”

“We’d prefer Djibouti to France, Tony.” Steve said.

“Yeah, or a secluded island would be nice.” Natasha chimed in.

“Good thing you have a friend who also ownd a private island.”

“Thank you, Tony. For everything.” Steve said.

“Anything for you, buddy.”

Everyone bid their goodbyes and sent them off to Paris, Las Vegas, where Tony had booked the best room in the hotel just for them.

“What do you think about having your dance studio next to my art gallery?” Steve spoke up out of nowhere as they were savoring the whiskey together.

“Yeah, that would be nice. A ballet studio so I can teach little kids.”

“You would make a great teacher, Nat.” He said. “Thank you, darling.”

“It’s time for me to hang up my tiny bra and panties anyway.” She shrugged before leaning into his body. “You realized you married a stripper, right?”

“No, I married the love of my life.”
“Keep it up with the sweet word like that, you could charm anyone into your bed.”

“There’s only one woman I will charm into my bed.”

“Damn right.” Nat smiled before straddling his laps and kissed him. “Mine.”

“All yours.”

THE END

End Notes

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