**Give Captain America....**

by *bacononus*

Summary

That snazzy 6 picture (ish) contract with Marvel Cinematic Universe that comes with many other things Sebastian Stan did not sign up for...

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Part 20 (FINALE): *Give Captain America His Stuff Back*

updated on 5.4.2017

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Enjoy!

#teamEvanStan #realpersonfiction
Sebastian Stan, you need to stop goddamn fidgeting and sit the Hell down.

This had to be the 10th time I walked back from the little boys’ room within the span of 30 minutes.

Or the 100th. I didn’t exactly count. I had to go a couple of times but the rest of it was mainly to fix my hair. And oh, maybe my nose while I was at it.

You know, to see if it was going to fall off or not due to the imploding suspense (was doing a really lousy job at holding that in obviously) while I waited for the casting call people to call me into that damn room with the floor-to-ceiling glass everything, everywhere…. and give the game-changer.

I was never this nervous in my entire life. I swear to God, never. I felt a little scared too, and for a damn good reason.

It suddenly occurred to me - only right then, seriously Jesus? - I wasn’t sure how I was going to handle the outcome from this one. Should it be a positive one, or a negative one...

I mean, ’So, what’s next?’ never did occupy my mind the whole time I was here. Great. Just great!

Honest to God, I didn’t prepare myself for anything because well, I just went for it, the screen test for Captain America’s character for the Marvel movie production.

That was two weeks ago. I was pretty damn sure I did a great job at it, too.

Hey, don’t get me wrong. I’m a humble guy but I did give that audition a go at oh, about a 150% or so.

Heart on my sleeve, that kind of feel if you like. Aim for the skies and hopefully, land on the skies. It was a whole new feeling for me. Living in New York for some time taught me that having too high of expectations can really beat up a guy. But for this particular audition, boy, my expectation level for myself was out of my own damn mind.

Anyway.

I was walking my dog earlier the same morning when the call came in for me to come down to the location of the casting call. Long story short, I dropped Turtle off at my friend’s cat cafe (I think Turtle relates more to cats than dogs, it’s almost like identity disorder for my Doberman. Yes. That dog which has the social image of a fierce guard dog, likes to hang out with cats. I can’t even...?) and literally flew towards a potential life-changing opportunity.

So anyway, all these ‘I should have’s continued crashing into my already internally somersaulting mind until the pretty receptionist lady called for me and snapped me out of it.

They’d like to see you now, she said, smiling that ‘wish you all the best’ smile people usually give you when they wish you all the best..

I thanked her, confident that my hair and nose were still intact and headed for the important giant fish tank room. I took my seat across three serious-looking people - 2 men, 1 woman - who had their noses buried so deep into the portfolios they were sorting on the table that they didn’t even look up to see if I was already there or not.
Me? Man, I was ready to pass out. Cold. This audition was for MARVEL, for Christ’s sake.

*Stay calm Sebastian, keep cool. You got this.*

“Ah!”

One of them finally found my portfolio among the dunes, valleys, mountains, of portfolios.

And he went, still not looking up at me, “Sebastian Stan, Hi. How are you?”

Jesus Christ takes the wheel~!

“Hi everyone. I guess I’m...Dandy fine.”

The lady in the middle was the first to look up from obsessing over the pages of my portfolio to give me an amused smile. Then they glanced at each other, chuckled a little bit. I must have said something really funny. Or stupid. Same difference, Jesus.

“Let’s make it short okay? We ran over your screen test for Captain Steve Roger’s character. Multiple times, in fact...”

Then it came.

“...But we’re sorry Sebastian. You did a really great job but, well, Captain Rogers is not for you.”

*Mic drop*

Then we were just staring at each other. The silence wedged into the atmosphere was deafening, terrible.

I found myself then staring into space. Perhaps I was letting the rejection sink into my head before I heard my spirits and felt my heart cracking a little in the process.

Okay, I remember saying to myself. So...now what? What’s next?

Because honest to God, I was still reeling from the blow.

Internally, I ran the screen test over and over again. Was I in over my own head? Did I over-act? I didn’t remember Broadway-ing Steve Rogers...Did I sing? Oh God was I that nervous that I sang? I didn’t sing, right?

“...We DO have a character for you, if you are keen to play...”

Their voices broke the awkward silence with scattered sentences. I couldn’t make out the words and what they were saying to me because I literally spaced out a little while being self-conversational.

“... the part of James Buchanon Barnes. Sebastian?”

The whole room suddenly came back into focus. A little too fast, too bright, too sharp. Ouch, my head.

“Sorry.” I managed to recollect myself quickly to register the English flying at me. “What was that, again?”

“Perhaps you would be interested to play the part of the character ‘Bucky’?”
“Bucky?”

I didn’t mean to sound rude or anything like that at all...

“Yes. This character, ‘James Buchanon Barnes’. We believe you fit him rather well, Sebastian. How’s about it?”

...but I did just snap out of a temporary head-trippy coma state like, a few seconds ago before they ninja-ed me with this.

“Well, yeah sure. Just...Who the hell’s Bucky?”

I’m pretty sure you all know the story of ‘The Wizard of Oz’.

Dorothy had a pair of pretty ruby red shoes and her magic words were: “There’s no place like home”. Clicked her heels together three times and poof! She was right where she wanted to be, right?

Well in my case, my magic words were, “Who the Hell is Bucky?”

And poof! I was where I wanted to be - although not as what I auditioned for in the first place.

Oh, gotta tell you the ground-breaking confirmation only came after few agonizing months of waiting (God, my excitement wilted) - but hey, I did end up in the first Marvel movie production. Yay!

There’s always a hidden blessing in everything good or bad that happens to you. That’s my mom, my hero.

I have someone else to thank too. His name is Gregg Masterson. I’ll talk about him soon. Owe him a lifetime supply of cheese sticks.

Back to topic.

“How are you eating so much and still stay so lean?”

“Well,” I paused, looking at the piece of pizza I was holding in my hand and then at Chris, who didn’t look thrilled at whatever he was not thrilled at as he continued to march over, appearing into the light from the shadows of the trailers he passed by.

I took a bite of my food before giving him a nonchalant shrug, smiling a little.

“I workout.”

I’m a really nice guy 24/7 but sometimes I’m just #sorrenotsorry

“Bullshit.”

Chris Evans shot me a deadly look and then groaned a little as he dropped a plate full of white meat on the table I was having my dinner in. It smelled like ew and I could bet on my own life it tasted like ew. With a capital E. Couldn’t blame the lethal amount of ‘meh’ on his face at all.

“Evans, why do you have to bring that over here...You’re damaging the air quality.”
“Stand down, Soldier.”

“Fine. You look away now, Captain.”

It must have felt painful for him to watch me eat pizza right then. In my mind I was picturing him looking at me and seeing this all happen in slow motion. I swear the stringy melty triple cheese ribbons were tampering with his sanity right then, scratching into him like nails on a chalkboard.

He was Captain America but he couldn’t eat pizza for the love of God. I mean, pizza is as American as Americans can get, you know what I mean?

“Hey, care to transfer some of your God blessed genes over to me? Help a brother out, will ya?”

This was coming from the Chris Evans - and we all know he was born to play Captain Steve Rogers: The First Avenger.

It was like the Gods in the Marvel Comic Universe had a vision of the future and they predicted the birth of the finest male specimen to exactly fit that profile should the comics be adapted into movies one day - and yet this joker wanted me to give him my good genes.

I laughed, humored. Chris likes to talk crazy sometimes. Wait, make that most of the time. He’s interesting like that. It makes me believe I’m less annoying.

Oh believe me, Chris Evans was definitely not all that I expected him to be the first time we met, either.

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Ah, it’s so nice to be back in this town.

Generally quiet with nice people. I watched a couple of good English soccer teams play here too, was quite a fan of the English Premier League the whole time I was in this country. It was hard not to become one, really. ‘Football’ was always the religion in England.

This book I had been reading throughout the entire flight from LA, I wanted to finish the chapter before the costume people were going to have me for my first scene - but my brain was having a tough time thawing out.

I began to think about how goddamn cold Manchester was at this time of the year. I mean, I lived and went to school in London before but man, Manchester could get especially goddamn cold. Even after I had the heater running the second I settled into my new trailer at the location of the shoot, my ass was officially frozen into the mattress I was chilling in.

Cold weather. Chilling in. Get it?

Moving on.

“Hey! Anyone home?”

My thoughts broke to the boom of the voice that was coming from the outside my temporary housing.

“Yeah,” I replied, sitting up and closing my book. “Come on in!”

My brains were frozen but I wasn’t imagining things right then: The man tore open the entire door
before he stepped in. The metal around us creaked a little at his weight. Soon I had a giant in my trailer and he was looking for a space to stand after he closed the door behind him. The glass pane on it didn’t shatter to pieces.

Yeah, I can really imagine things up if I want to.

“Thanks. Can you believe the weather out here? Damn, Jesus! Fucking freezing!”

This superbly jacked giant flashed a megawatt smile at me as he dusted himself a little and settled down into the tiny chair by the kitchen counter - his superbly jacked arms crossing over his superbly jacked chest. He was tall, he was ridiculously handsome, his features were sharp and he just ...He was just superbly jacked to Hell, damn.

Chris Evans also cursed silly after saying the name of God.

Sold!

Well, okay I’ll be honest. At first I was a little teeny tiny bit sore because I ‘lost’ the Steve Rogers character to him but you know, life’s gotta go on and I can’t be a baby about things like this.

And besides, gotta hand it to the casting team for getting this guy to be Steve Rogers. He is LITERALLY Captain America, like why in the bloody blue Hell did the people even bother holding auditions-

Anyway.

“Never been here before?” I smiled, friendly.

“Once or twice. I just don’t remember Manchester to be like, Alaska.” He was all good-natured about it.

“Sebastian right?” He then stuck out a hand for a shake. “Chris Evans. You can call me either.”

“Evans. Seb.”

“Seb. Hi, it’s good to finally meet you.”

No arm of mine broke from the superbly jacked handshake.

“Hey. So...Is there any chance that you can like, “flame on!” and do a better job than this heater?”

I’m sure you got that reference. I just couldn’t stop myself, come on.

“Oh God!”

He cracked up, landing a slap my shoulder. Hard.

Christ, my kidneys scrambled a little upon impact.

“Do NOT start that with me, man. Unfortunately, no. And yes, your heater sucks so damn bad, Sebastian.”

We laughed some more. He then said he wanted to talk a little before we suit up for the shoot.

According to him, since we were going to play best friends in this movie, we should get acquainted
and hang out a bit - and become friends in real life, if that was possible.

Wow. Was interesting how he was so forward, so on about it, in the first meeting. I was sure he read the entire script already. We both knew 'Bucky' was going to die in this one and chances of running into each other again post-filming would be rather slim to none. Right?

But it was really nice of him to want to strike up a friendship with puny ol’ me anyway.

So we chatted. I quickly saw a lot of heart in Evans, he made me feel a lot less jittery about bringing my own individuality into the circle of people I was going to be working with in my sets and throughout the filming process in the next few months. This got me thinking a lot about shaping Bucky’s character next to Steve’s, vice versa, etc, actor talk here and there...

We continued talking, our conversation shifting to plays we had seen on Broadway and before long, topics digressed to Star Trek, astronomy and space stations.

How the hell that happened, I had no idea.

It felt we had all the time in the world to talk when in reality, we were expected to be in make-up in less than an hour.

Hell, I think if Mother Time hadn’t alerted the make-up people, we would have continued to talk until spring or something.

Imagine that: 2 grown men, setting themselves on fire over CATS the musical to the finding of the newest planet from NASA.

His cellphone went off. Shortly after, mine.

“Call of duty time, Seb. Captain America and Sergeant James Barnes.”

Boy, I was goddamn excited to start already. Let’s go, let’s go!

We exchanged numbers just in case we need to talk to each other. About whatever, he said. His trailer was just a few doors down. So likeable, this guy!

“See ya in make-up, Bucky!” Chris casually went, slipping his iPhone back into his front pocket as he began to take his leave from my humble creaky-under-his-weight ol’ trailer.

“That’s how it is now, huh? Catcha later….Steve.”

“Oh yes it is. Oh hey, you gotta know something!”

He stopped, halfway out of the door, to turn around and then grin at me.

“What?”

“The casting people was telling me that I got myself a real hot co-star for this movie. I didn’t really believe them, they’re actually punks once you get to know them more...”

Uhm, yeah. By the way, Chris Evans can get a little long-winded sometimes. He also likes to say ‘know what I mean’ a lot too. You need to know this because if you ever get into a conversation with him and he uses this line a lot, you don’t have to literally answer him with “yeah I know” or whatever because he isn’t really asking a question for you to answer. It can get quite taxing.
Call this tip of the day.

I was nodding to everything, agreeing that yeah, I met Hayley Atwell on the sets in Universal Studios quite a number of times prior. She was going to play Steve Roger’s love interest, Agent Peggy Carter.

Quite a fine specimen if you ask me, I’m definitely a 1000% down with that one.

“What I’m saying is…” Chris finally caught himself. And about damn time, too!

The air coming into my trailer from the open door he was standing midway out of was threatening to permanently put my heater out of its functionality and I couldn’t have that, no way, not in the Manchester weather then.

“…The casting people got it right this time around, though.”

“Oh, only NOW?” I laughed, shaking my head in amusement in this lack of trust.


“Yeah,” His grin stretched wider.

He briefly eyeballed me in this manner which I couldn’t read at all.

“I mean, just look at you. Totally worth freezing my ass off to walk to your trailer, pal!”

“Evans, seriously! Don’t do that.”

Across me, Chris was eyeing my food while fighting a battle with his inner gluten-loving demons. I smacked a protective hand over the pizza box nearby.

He heaved a sigh of defeat before prodding his fork into his Ew food again. Shifting the meat around like it was going to transform into something edible for humankind.

“Just ignore me and eat your silly pizza. I just like it that it’s less unhealthy stuff here. There’s too many pastries and cakes and sugar over at those tables. It’s driving me insane.”

“How do you know I’m not going to pull out a box full of donuts and turn on you too?” I sniggered. I really am a nice guy, believe me.

Taunting Chris Evans when he was on a superhero diet was just a hobby.

“No you won’t. You practically avoid eating the sweets at the buffet lines, all the time,” Chris replied, as a matter-of-factly. “And you don’t eat fried foods. The chicken, not the fish. I notice that too.”

Boy, I was impressed. I mean, we had only been friends for less than 3 months during the filming for this movie but I guess meeting and working together with the same set of faces every minute of almost every day could really up people’s observation skills.

I must have looked so obviously impressed, he found a good time to gloat a little. I let him go on.

“Eventually I figured you’re one of those high carb, high fat, less or no processed sugar kind of person.”
He was seriously giving me a 411 on my healthier eating preference while I was eating a damn pizza. He’s great with timing like that, really.

“...and that’s how you are and will stay as lean, Sexy Sea Bass!”

God. Sexy Sea Bass. Don’t even ask me, please.

Don’t ask Anthony too. Or anyone else. Just...don’t ask. I thought I left ‘Sea Bass’ in college long ago but apparently nope.

Now that I’m reminded of it, I need to sit some people down to talk about this matter. My movie actor image is on the line here!

Anyway.

“I’m curious,” I said, ignoring the nickname jibe. “What else?”

“What else...what?”

“What else!” I was goddamn excited for some reason, I actually forgot about eating. “Pop quiz-”

“Dude I’m trying to eat in peace. Why are you giving me a pop quiz-”

“What’s my favorite fruit?” Boy, I was already going out of my mind a little.

I was dead sure he was going to be like “you’re crazy” but instead, he glanced down at his Ew food for a second. Suddenly so deep in thought.

Christ, I swear this guy can be so unpredictable at times.

“Berries. Blue. And you freeze them. In a ziplock bag,” Chris snorted, triumphant. “That was too easy, Seb. I don’t really notice you eating any other fruits.”

I was shocked to death. He was right, going all booya! to my face.

“Wait. How many times have you seen me eat frozen blueberries?”

“Seb, I don’t know if you notice this about yourself...but you’re always snacking on them when we were in the previous location.”

"That's not 'always'."

Yas! So the billion dollar question was : How would he know I (really, really, really) liked blueberries just from his observation skills during that single point of time?

Apparently, Chris thought I was being overly dramatic or something high like that. Heck, he actually didn't get it.

We stationed for about a month in London, we didn’t really have much scenes shot together and I had only a week’s supply or so of that fruit.

So it was either upgraded superhero observation skills or Chris Evans was nosy.

“You’d only eat them whenever we have make-up and costume. I wanted to ask for some but I don’t really like blueberries. Too sour. Granted that they’re good antioxidants so it makes sense because you’re generally a healthy-eater..."
Mr Health and Fitness can really talk, swear to God. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.

“Hey, if you wanna believe it-”

Well I was sure as Hell escalating things right then. Dangerously excited, me.

“Evans, we hardly even go for drinks together after work! I just don’t believe how you can notice little things like that.”

“Whoa, stop right there,” Chris’ eyebrows came together to the middle of his forehead, defensive mode activated.

“Unlike the rest of you, I need to eat this all the damn time, gain 20 kilos of pure muscle mass and cut it. It’s not like I didn’t want to join you fellas. Oh, since we're in the topic of company, no one - not even you, Seb - ever wants keep me company in my morning runs. Why is that?”

“Running is a lonely activity, Evans.”

Hell, who enjoys running for fun anyway?

No, wait. Don’t answer that.

“Anyway, you know I can’t join you guys for your buffet nights and pub crawls.”

Okay, fine. Not his fault. He just really rather not do that because he had to keep his shape and strength for the role. If you knew how Evans trained - he took on everything, to do his own stunts, Jesus he was mad - and the amount of dedication he put into bringing Captain Steve Rogers out of the comics into reality, you’d like (and respect) him a lot too.

Okay. You’d pity him a lot at first but he’s got a massive, massive, massive amount of love for what he does - and that ends up making you like him, like, a Hell lot.

In a way, I guess a blessing in getting the role of ‘Bucky’, Steve Rogers’ non-enhanced childhood best friend for the first movie production of the Captain America is : I got to eat anything I wanted without having to hit the gym like 10 hours every day just to make the super soldier suit look super soldier good.

It was a small blessing, but I was glad as Hell I did not need to bulk up back then. So anyway.

“Honestly. How did you notice that?”

“What’s the big deal, man? It’s just fucking berries!”

“Are you spying on me? It’s just too specific.”

There I was, being honest and open and touched and weepy and all, and Chris just looked like he wanted to pick me up and throw me into my trailer for twittering all up his ass about goddamn frozen berries.

“Spy on you. Hah!” he deadpanned. “I get bored, I observe people...”

Oh, like that’s a normal activity every other person does and I just happened to totally miss out on it in life or something.

“...So I notice a lot of things. Simple. Not quantum physics, Seb. Are you going to finish your food?”
Fine. I let the matter rest right then only because I’m a nice guy 24/7 like that. Also, I didn’t want to be moulded into my drinking bottle right then. A hungry man can be a violent man, I wasn’t going to have that kind of thing for my first MARVEL-big movie debut.

“Yes. But I can’t risk the First Avenger gaining an extra percentage of body fat. Can’t let you have any of my babies. I’m sorry Evans.”

No, I wasn’t. Totally #sorrynotsorry and he knew that.

“I think I’ve successfully brainwashed myself into thinking that this crap.” Chris scowled, changing the topic and pointing to the blob of Ew on his plate.

“...Actually tastes amazingly good without the condiments.”

“Really Evans? I have hot sauce right here...”

“You should try eating boiled chicken and fish every other day, Sea Bass. Captain America diet. To get this body!”

And he goddamn stood up to flex his everything. Jesus, when Chris Evans gets animated, his Godly image just burns in Hell.

“Nuh uh, Cap” I laughed, picking up my pizza and toasting it in the air between us.

“Hail Hydra.”

“Traitor,” Evans huffed, annoyed as he sat back down. He stabbed his fork into the tacky-looking chicken chunks (I’d like to believe it was chicken) before putting one in his mouth.

I watched him take a few more bites of his Ew. He fell uncharacteristically quiet all of a sudden. Poking at his food. Putting it into his mouth. Chewing. Swallowing. Chewing again all that boiled dry, tasteless, tacky, probably plastic-tasting Ew food. Since the start of things, putting so much dedication into his character’s diet and training and....

...Gah, Jesus.

“Hey, Evans.”

“Hm?” He looked up to see me pushing the stupid box of triple threat melty cheese pizza towards him.

Because urgggh, God. I couldn’t do it anymore! “You can have the rest.”

He was stunned. “All of that? That’s like half!”

“Don’t give me numbers, I don’t care. You’re killing me here.”

Call me Sebastian Stan : the Triple Threat Melty Cheesey Pizza Messiah, if you like.

“So, I have a whole night of stunts to do tomorrow! This isn’t going to make that any easier.”

But, but, but!

He didn’t say no.

Hell, I knew - he knew damn well too - that he would give in eventually. But I couldn’t just ignore
the genuine worry he had right then, showing on his face, eyebrows tightly knitted and all.

No one’s ever hesitated so damn much to eat goddamn pizza, I swear to Jesus Christ.

I thought about the frozen blueberries for a second.

_Guuuuuuuh, fine!

_I pushed the pizza box to right under his perfect nose. The savory smell was demolishing his fortress faster now, yet he still hesi-fricking-tated._

“What time are you getting up tomorrow, Evans?”

“I guess late. I plan to sleep in until….12. Why?”

“Get up at 5.”

“Huh. Why?”

“I’ll go running with you tomorrow morning. Then we’ll hit the weights. Burn this off before your evening grind.”

Yup. I lost my marbles, I really did.

Chris Evans looked like someone just tased him right in his handsome face. It took a while for him to get to where I was heading with all this.

“You mean that, Sea Bass?”

Picture that. My hand on the damn pizza box, his eyes burning into mine, locking me down in a stare. The two of us, frozen in time for a good few seconds as he mentally calculated his calories and I, I just wanted to end my own misery from watching him eat in his misery.

“It’s a date, pal.” That wasn’t me talking. Was it? It was.

Captain Steve Rogers finally gave in to his carb demons and reached into the box. Gleeful as Hell, all of a sudden.

“10 miles?” He smiled while pulling a slice out, celebrating the unscheduled cheat in his superhero diet in his own sneaky, naughty way.

10 miles was just goddamn insane. “5.”

Chris Evans just swallowed a pizza slice whole and he was going for the next one.

“...and legs day.”

No chance. No mercy. Just sanction and extract.

“Nobody does legs day after a goddamn run, Evans.”

No, wait. Never mind.

“Okay, arms and chest day. A 5 mile run is not going to do justice for this kind of cheat meal.”

I truly didn’t like the idea of blown up pecs. I liked the lean, flexible me. “Okay, I change my mind. You stop eating right now.”
And he turned it on. His goddamn sad face, sad eyes, sad frown. His goddamn shoulders, going into a slouch.

Jesus, I swear. This joker can really annoy me to death once he gets the upper hand.

“5 miles tomorrow morning and then gym,” I muttered, relenting. Regret was starting to punch in somewhere but it never made it to change my mind in the end.

Chris Evans, he looked like he was over the entire universe with the next slice of pizza he was stuffing into his mouth. Jesus, he didn’t even take the time to savor, or chew or anything!

“Deal!”

Ah, Hell.

It only occurred to me that this guy was already mentally prepping himself to go all 1000% beast mode and me, well my foresight was me lying in bed for a good 2 days just to recover movement in my fingers.

“Great,” Chris grinned, oblivious of my regret. “Love you, Seb!”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.”

______________________________

_till next time..._
Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Chapter Summary

"Give Chris any topic at all - and he gets goddamn animated about it. The guy’s really got a lot of love. Even for the things he’s so goddamn anal about. Things like his workout plans. Which he will tell you before-hand not to ask him about. But he will gladly explain to you anyway because you asked because he’s such a Care Bear about life, really."

Chapter Notes

I just realized that I can just add another chapter to the first part *knocks head on table*. I've moved Part 2 here and deleted the original post. Thanks for reading!

Other mentions: Gregg Masterson(OMC), Turtle the Handsome Doberman, Nick the UPS guy (OMC)

Read the rest:

Part 1 Give Captain America A Boy - bigspacehere - friend

Part 2

Political Animals finally came to a wrap after a few months of filming in Washington and I was goddamn sad to part ways with my favorite girl in the entire production.

The first time I saw Sigourney Weaver, I turned into a blinking tree frog. The first time she talked to me, I didn’t talk at all. Star-struck was one. She’s like a frigging legend.
But living up to performance standards, Hell, that was everything else.

My role as her onscreen son was challenging - wild, angry, flamboyant, self-destructive, openly gay and a crackhead (I know right. Unleash the Kracken already) Former First Son of the White House - and I fell out of character so many times whenever we had scenes together, Christ, I probably caused a 40% drop in productivity on most days.

Now ya’ll know I’m usually a happy-go-lucky kinda guy in real life, so when the script came for me to go all batshit Spawn of Satan crazy at the legend herself, I had days which saw me sitting at a quiet corner wondering how the hell I was going to pull those scenes off.

Hell, I even found making out with different guys in the middle of a crowd was a lot less stressful than swanton bombing insults at her. I managed to get my balls together eventually because T J Hammond needed to frigging embrace his dark side with raging passion - and he couldn’t make that happen if he kept giggling like a goddamn schoolboy in between takes in front of Sigourney Weaver.

Long story short, you guys need to watch Political Animals. #pluggedit haha!

And whatever, okay. I don’t have to explain the thousand wefies of us in my phone taken from the post-production party.

Anyway.

Coming back home to New York is always so nice. It’s a crazy city, I know. But I like the crazy. It’s like a huge melting pot for all people, the cultural collision and blending forming this city’s core flavour. I can’t describe it well enough, but I’ll tell you this : if New York was a topping, it would be rainbow sprinkles.

“Seb, are you walking Turtle today?”

“Yea,” I said, walking into the kitchen to see my housemate Gregg Masterson halfway out of the fridge.

“Buy some milk while you’re at it?”

“I thought they’re getting delivered.”

“Not until Thursday. I need it now. Or later, but by today. ASAP.”

Well here’s one guy who never really misses me whenever I’m gone for like, months at a time. Thanks.

“Okay…” There was a whole lot of stuff behind him on the counter. “So...What are you up to?”

“Cookies.” He pulled himself out of the fridge and dropped a carton of eggs on top of the heaped mess.

“Daisy’s school’s having a fundraising drive to save that animal shelter from closing down. Daddy’s gonna bake!”

“That’s so sweet!” I nodded, touched and proud and weepy and all. Dad of the Year.

“But you know you gotta make double for every batch right? I’ve been away for too long from you, man.”
Say hi to Gregg, everyone. He’s my housemate since 4 years ago, ever since I got this sweet apartment here. He’s got a little girl called Daisy (total sweetheart), runs a snazzy coffee house in snazzy Manhattan and I love everything he comes up with. I’m not a big cookie or dessert fan, or sugar at all for that matter - but my demons know what I do in the dark whenever Gregg bakes a batch or two and leaves them in the jars inside our kitchen.

Oh and he was the one who practically shoved me into going for the Captain America screen test too.

“It’s MARVEL. You will regret it if you give this a miss. So go and expand your horizons, Sebastian!”

Did I tell you he is also a part-time skydive instructor? Them and their goddamn horizon expansions, really.

Anyway, I went for it, caught a big fish and now contracted for life to supply him cheese sticks. Long story short.

“Which is why I really, really need at least 5 cartons of milk by noon,” Gregg replied with a knowing laugh.

“Funny how you can still remain so skinny from polishing all my bakes, Seb. God damn lucky genes!”

FYI, I really don’t like it when people say I’m ‘skinny’. I workout like a madman and that needs to be credited.

I faked a tired sigh and rolled my eyes as I grabbed the leash for my dog on my way out.

“Honestly man, I know, I know. I’m tired of looking like a heartthrob all the time too.”

Gregg would have thrown a rolling pin to the back of my head in his annoyance, but I guess he got used to my being the prettier one between us since the dawn of mankind.

Hey, I really am a modest guy but this sort of thing is just, psshhhh. No brainer. You know what I mean?

“Turtle! Let’s go for a walk boy!”

Turtle’s called Turtle because ‘Hamster’ is taken by my aunt for her precious cat.

Reason: Purely random naming of animals by humans because pets.

A UPS guy was standing outside the apartment building when we returned from the park and grocers.

“Mr Sebastian Stan?” He asked, formal and smiling and all. “Hi, I have a special delivery for you.”

“Yup,” I put the bags of milk down on the floor to take a huge and square package from his hands.

“Thanks. Jesus, this is heavy. What’s inside?”
“I’m not in the position to disclose any information for that, sir.”

Robocop mail man and his goddamn directives.

Turtle whined a little, standing between us with his tail wagging so furiously he was literally wiggling. But my dog doesn’t like doing typical dog things sometimes. I’m not sure why. Maybe Turtle wants to end the social stigma about dogs and mail people. That’d be hilarious, though.

The UPS guy was relieved that his uniform was not ripped to shreds. “Hi there, very big fella!”

“Name’s Turtle,” I said, seeing Turtle sniffing and *body-scanning* the guy. This dog is so weird, I love him to death.

“Interesting choice of name, sir-”

“Just Sebastian, please,” I said, smiling before looking at the name printed on his tag. “Hello, Nick.”

His entire face broke to a big grin, suddenly struck by something. He looked incredibly young, my best guess was fresh out of college but damn, one could land a Boeing or two on his shoulders, I swear.

Nick was also staring a little.

“So Nick…” The box in my hand was getting a little too heavy to hold. “...I need to sign for this, don’t I?”

“Ah! Yes, oh God sorry!” He suddenly had a bag of bricks falling on his head. He quickly pulled out an Ipad of some sort and handed me a digital pen.

“You’re going to need to sign here. Here…Here. And lastly here.”

“What could be *soooo* special that I feel like I’m signing my life away right now?” I joked, scribbling on the screen of the iPad thingy. I didn’t manage to look at the paper invoice attached because Nick the UPS man was all chirpy in my face.

“Thanks!” Nick said as he punched some things on the device to confirm the delivery.

“Sorry about that. It’s just that I recognise you from the Captain America movie. Love it. Great job!’

“Thank you for watching!” I beamed.

“And you’re incredibly handsome too. I mean you’re handsome in the movie but you’re really, really beautiful. Now. I got distracted a bit back there, so thanks for the heads-up.”

Jesus I was sweating like a madman, my hair bombed all over the place with Turtle wiggling and the milk cartons and all and the goddamn box in my hands. So unglam but, oh well!

“Thank you.” I really didn’t have anything better to say. Somehow I was beyond flattered right then. Something about Nick’s little smile was making me goddamn shy.

“Pay attention next time, ok?” I teased, handing him back the pen. His green, green eyes didn’t budge from mine.

“I heard you can get into a whole lot of trouble for doing this sort of things, Nick.”
“Yea...But I’m pretty sure if that happens, I can arrange another visit to see you again.”

Boom!

Right there. In broad daylight. In my compound. During his working hours.

Tsk, tsk. Looks like someone’s not gonna get any presents from Santa this Christmas.

The poor kid only realised how goddamn forward (and even inappropriate, depends on how you wanna see it. I thought it was impressive) that all came out, like, 3 whole centuries later.

“I mean, you know, to get this re-endorsed!”

I mean I’m not exactly a stranger to this sort of thing from men (had worse proposals, trust me) but despite mentally burying himself into the ground like a goddamn ostrich, Nick did manage to recover quite swiftly.

I guess that’s 10 points!

“Come on, cute boy,” I spoke up, giving him a break and laughing at him turning into Red Skull right then.

“Help me get the door, will ya?”

“I’d tell you to two to get a damn room but he’s like, 12.”

Gregg and his apron with the silly cloud prints and his damn Kitchen Aid bowl, laughed as I slowly began to recover from the surprise that greeted me as soon as Nick went away.

“Don’t look at me. I’m still in awe that I opened the door and saw Captain America.”

Chris Evans was inside my house and he just witnessed me having the wefie giggles with the UPS man.

Crap. There goes my big movie star image. Again.

“Seriously Sebastian. You’ll go to jail for flirting with a boy that age.”

“Oh hey, you’re in the city!” I finally snapped out of my shock, dropping the heavy box on the couch dismissively along my way in.

“Hey handsome.”

“Hey sexy.”

No #bromance is a bit too much, really.

Chris, his hugs can be bone crushing. But I really, really like it. Like, it’s got this crazy, comforting quality to it and best of all, he’s not selfish with them. Even when I was drenched in sweat and everything, and he was in his jazzed up casual Prada everything, he still grabbed me to give a good one.
That’s what Chris really is. He’s a frigging *Care Bear.*

“What are you doing here?” I said, almost in a sing-song tone as we pulled apart. Boy, I was goddamn happy to see him again right then. We became really good friends but hadn’t met or hung out or properly chatted even via text messaging since the movie wrapped up. The busy, busy bees we are. God, we love our jobs, can’t really complain. Heart grows fonder apart too, it’s legit science.

Moving on.

“I’m in New York for the weekend. Some radio interviews tomorrow. I know where you live. I smell cookies. I broke in,” he joked, slapping me hard on the chest before cocking his head at something behind me.

My internal organs scrambled, but I’ve assured myself that they are better at re-organising themselves now. I’d been putting a little more grind in the gym, it was indeed to withstand moments like Chris Evans trying to shift my liver into my lungs.

“Aww, who is that?”

“His name’s Turtle, my dog. Say hi to Captain America, Turtle.”

“Macho dog,” Chris then shot me an amused look as he scratched my Doberman’s floppy ears. “Turtle?”

“‘Hamster’s taken.’

“Now I worry about what you’re going to name your children,” Chris said, shaking his head as he straightened up to hug me again. Prada’s got *nothing* on him, yo.

“Aww, so nice to see you again, Seb. It’s been a while! When I heard New York, I thought, I gotta pay my Sexy Sea Bass a visit no matter how busy I will get. So here I am.”

Awww!!!!

If he was a house appliance he would be an oven and I will gladly sit inside, and let him melt my candy cane heart.

“You make me sound like a damn tourist attraction,” I replied, chuckling. Chris only smiled wider at that.

“It’s great to see you again too, Chris! Wow. Hey, make yourself at home, okay. Welcome to my humble abode. I’m going to take a shower. And please ignore the mess, Gregg’s baking. Give me like 10 minutes. Are you in a rush? If you’re not, please stay.”

“Sebby you’re so being a mom right now.”

“Who the hell’s Sebby?” I rolled my eyes. These random nicknaming needs to end! “So you staying?”

“Yes, *mom*!” Chris snickered, calling Turtle to his side as he marched into the kitchen and pulled out a bottle of mineral water from my fridge. Of all things he could drink inside, he chose a frigging Evian.

That could explain how he could maintain the massive build he had from training for the Captain
America movie.

Dedication level 999. Times that with infinity. And beyond.

Nah, the closest thing I would do at that level is my hair care.

Oh and...Chris Evian.

Anyone? No? Okay now, moving on.

“God, it smells so good in here!” Chris was circling the kitchen counter next, around Gregg, being nosy. And I bet hungry too. Hell I know I was. Heaven smelled like cookie dough.

“My daughter’s got a bake sale this Sunday for the animal shelter. So I’m making a special. Spiced chocolate chip pistachio flavour. It’s gonna be bombin’!”

“Sounds bombin’ indeed. Gregg, that’s adorable. How old is she? What’s her name?”

Give Chris any topic at all - and he gets goddamn animated about it. The guy’s really got a lot of love. Even for the things he’s so goddamn anal about.

Things like his workout plans.

Which he will tell you before-hand not to ask him about.

But he will gladly explain to you anyway because you asked because he’s such a Care Bear about life, really.

“Hey, can I call you Cap?” Gregg tried his luck, grinning. “Because I like calling you Cap. Captain. Or Cap?”

“Sure, whatever rocks your boat, Gregg. I’m not against anything awesome,” Chris laughed, shrugging.

“By the way, how many of these do you need to make for Daisy’s bake sale?”

“Hmm...about 8 or 10 dozens.”

Chris Evans, he started rolling up the sleeves of his expensive, expensive snazzy Prada shirt.

“Can I help?”

“You know, I have something important to talk to you about but I can’t seem to remember what it is.”

“How important is it?”

“Motherfucking important.”

Chris took another swig of his beer before sinking deeper into the space next to me. His frigging mass created some sort of a black hole inside my sofa, sucking us both in a little. Yeah, it got me thinking a little crazy like that.
“I’ll come around to remember it. Soon. I hope. It’s there. Urgh, why can’t it be like a Disney song. I’ll never forget if it’s one.”

#truth

A few hours after Gregg’s greatest American bake-off ended, Chris and I found ourselves crash-landing from the high of eating one too many of the cookies we stupidly volunteer to help my housemate bake.

You see, I thought Captain America would fight in the *Spiced Chocolate Chip Pistachio Cookie Resistance*. But I think resistance was futile ever since we Facetimed Daisy and it got us all so awwwwwww and then that got Chris putting on goddam unicorn apron despite it mismatching his snazzy Prada and that got me eating some of the first few fresh batches and this got Chris declaring war against his own nutritional values…

...I mean it’s just impossible for anyone normal to fight goddamn cookies, you know what I’m saying?

And just to explain a little more, we ate about 3 dozens of it *and* decided to act responsibly for our reckless actions and contribute to saving the animal shelter because that was the only right thing to do. Since we love animals and we wronged our waistlines, you know?

That’s right. No regrets. Moving on!

“Chris you might wanna slow down with the drinking, man,” I said, elbowing him at the side. I couldn’t remember when the Hell beer came into the picture. We already smelled like vanilla and butter on an overwhelming scale.

“You’re gonna be all hung over tomorrow and the last place you’ve been to is mine.”

“Nah,” he replied, with zero fucks given. “I’m still good! I’m enjoying myself too much right now.”

Chris suddenly turned to and gave me a huge, huge smile, his blue eyes teary-eyed and twinkling a little.

Ah, I knew that look. He was still flatlining from the sugar high but neither sober nor drunk.

So it only meant that he was going to get a little *Kanye West* emo on me.

“What’s with the smile?”

“This.”

“This what?”

“This normalcy, Seb. I can’t remember the last time I was in a man cave. The last time I baked something was for Thanksgiving like, years ago. I can’t even remember. And I just ate a tonne of homemade cookies, just helped save an animal shelter and now I’m binge watching F.R.I.E.N.D.S on Netflix with beer in my hands...”

Hey, in my defense, I believe *anyone* would binge watch F.R.I.E.N.D.S too.

“...with someone I really want to spend my time with. I miss this, I miss it all dearly sometimes. Being normal.”
See what I mean by *Kanye West*?

“Sometimes the privacy and the invasion is too much,” he continued, looking straight into my eyes like he was printing himself into my soul or something crazy like that. The guy was drop dead serious.

Okay, on a serious note: One thing you need to know is when it comes to privacy and space, Chris Evans will not be a nice *Care Bear* about it. The guy’s immensely fierce and protective, I swear.

He sighed. "But now I feel really, really good. I can look into your eyes and just...lose myself in some sort of mental and emotional getaway! Thanks for all this, Seb."

Awwww!

I decided not to become his Kim Kardashian right then or the combination would be lethal as Hell. I mean you all know how that is with Kim and Kanye. Me, I have zero chill for that kind of meltdown, man.

I threw an arm around his broad, broad shoulders and pulled him into a side-ways hug.

“I know. And I know you mean to say that you actually miss *me* waaaaay too dearly, Chris,” I concluded, like, psssh, no brainer much?

“Is that why you think of me when you think of a great city like New York? To be honest I’m really flattered.”

“Well, I *did* miss you a whole lot more on my way here,” Chris replied, lightening up a little to my attempt to amuse him, to calm him down before he starts train-wrecking in his emotions.

“But *then* I caught you flirting with the mailman and suddenly, nah, I just want more cookies and beer.”

“Hey, he started it-”

“He’s a child-”

“-And awwwwwww, and I miss you dearly too.” I threw his sarcasm out the window. “See? I don’t deny that.”

“You’re impossible!” Chris burst into laughter, his face flushing furiously, turning it into a brighter shade of pink.

“I’m glad we met, Sea Bass.” He nodded, eyebrows high up his forehead, his amusement dying down a little at that. He leaned deeper into my side, Prada wrinkled to Hell but he was beyond comfortable.

“Likewise, Chris. One of the best experiences in my life, no lie.”

"Too sweet, Sebby."

The moment of peace lasted a while - until my eyes shifted to see the UPS box just sitting in the seat nearby. I almost forgot about it, Jesus. So I got off the sofa and brought it over to my side of the table.

And then things got a bit too much to handle from there on.
“Oh my God!”

I didn’t mean to scream, but I did like a little girl anyway. Sent Chris jumping a little in his seat, too.

“What the hell, Seb?”

Seeing the sender’s name and address was enough to make me rip the package open with my hands, Jesus I wasn’t even sure where that strength came from. There were lots of tape, and it got on everywhere as I continued pulling it apart, and I didn’t goddamn care because-

“Ah!” Chris suddenly exclaimed. “I think I remember what I was supposed to talk to you about.”

“What? Tell me! What the hell is up with all this duct-tape!” I was literally squeaking, but what the Hell.

“Calm down,” was all Chris goddamn said, smiling that kind of smile which told me he knew everything and he was dying to tell me but he wasn’t going to because he was just going to take in this goddamn epic moment watching me freaking out of my mind.

The goddamn tape finally went out of my life (some into Chris’ hair but he didn’t mind it because he was so happily laughing at my excitement) and I was finally holding a large, thick, heavy copper-colored metal box. There was a red star in the middle of it.

Yes. A box within a box. Boxeption.

The only words engraved on the surface of the cool as shit box wrote: The Winter Soldier - Training Program.

“Chris, is this what you’re supposed to tell me?” If you could only hear how I sounded like, Jesus.

“Just open it, Seb. You’re gonna fucking love it, I’m sure of it.”

I tore the box’s cover open.

Saw a sealed envelope first and tore that open too.

I was more dog than Turtle, Jesus.

Chris was quiet, on the edge of his excitement too, but he was still going to let me find this out for myself.

Pulled out plane tickets. My name. Ohio-bound.

Something else was stuck to the bottom of the box.

I slammed the box lid back on and flipped the whole thing around, almost dropping it.

“Hey Chris,” I went, when I managed to finally pry the loosely taped item off and held it up in the air.

Chris Evans, in his wrinkled up Prada jazz and tape in his hair, laughed harder at the sight of the item I was showing to him. He got this joke which I totally didn’t.

“Why would Marvel send me a plastic party knife?”
Till next time...
Give Captain America Something Crazy

Chapter Summary

Of sexy murder struts and man-buns

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I deleted the original posts for this because I just discovered how to make my works into chapters. Please forgive the AO3 platform noob *still banging head on tables*.

Thanks for reading!!

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Other mentions: Scarlett Johansson, Anthony Mackie, CA Crew

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend

Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

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Part 3

The next few months passed by like a timeless, maddening, exciting blur.

I guess I really went for it and took up a bunch of movie and TV projects I could get my hands on. At some point I was convinced that I'd completely evolved into a workaholic of the highest kind, you know, the kind with too much on his plate. So it’s always great to know that I have an awesome management team with me this time around - they keep me in one piece when I’m practically everywhere else, nose deep in scripts, characters, appearances, whatever. Blessed!

But Marvel Cinematics Universe is definitely the champion sitting pretty on top of the pile of projects I juggle.
My next phase of commitment with Marvel mainly revolved around flying for meetings with the cast and crew for the direction and shaping of the next Captain America movie, for about a year or so. In between would be madman gym sessions (“get them beautiful thighs of betrayal” because Anthony is all about them), combat, stunts and weapons training (I gave myself a head-start with the stupid plastic party knife the Russos sent to me as a joke) all of which were crucial for my drastic transformation from clean-cut Sergeant Bucky Barnes into the elusive and widely-feared badass HYDRA asset: the Winter Soldier.

And if there was anyone who would goddamn catcall a Soviet-trained assassin, that person would be Anthony Mackie.

Things like this: “Hot damn Sebastian Stan. You dangerous now, kid. You dangerously sexy!”

He lived for it, I swear. It was goddamn difficult to stay in the character of a dangerous HYDRA creation when I had someone who enjoyed teasing me so much simply because, according to him, I ‘exude the fragrance of Vanilla and Eucalyptus all the time’.

So I like essential oils and the occasional spa trips. Big deal. Moving on!

For some strange reason my psychomotor skills were not fully functional on the day I arrived in California from New York. It was going to be the two of us to put together the fight co-ordination this time, having trained separately for the last month or so. I met up with Chris Evans at the studio straightaway, because I was already running late from the delayed flight. This would ultimately mess up my schedule with the special effects make-up team for my arm construction later on, which got to me for a bit.

“Seb, you’re not focusing. You’re supposed to kill me. Can you please get into character and do that?”

Chris had the most serious face in the history of serious faces when I looked up after recovering from another slip.

I reminded myself that I was training with Captain Steve Rogers right then because the Care Bear had long left the building while I was busy tripping all over in my sequence.

“Come on, man,” Chris said, offering a hand and then hauling me back on my feet. “Have you had breakfast?”

Imagine that. With his face meaning goddamn business and all, asking me if i had breakfast already. It was hard not to laugh a little. Internally, of course. I didn’t feel like agitating him any further, I’m a nice guy like that.

“No, actually,” I replied, flipping my knife and getting back into position. “I’m good, Chris. Don’t worry about it.”

“You sure? You want a Quest bar? I have some in my bag.” He looked either pissed or overly concerned.

“Nah.” I was so done with protein bars. Don’t get me wrong, I like them. I just had too much back then.

“Okay then,” Chris nodded, before holding up his shield in front of him. He beckoned me challengingly.

“I’m your mission, soldier. Now come at me!”
Being passionate and insane can run in the same pattern with this guy, I swear.

The many fight sequences we were going to do were brilliantly choreographed by epic stunt masters like Thomas Harper and James Young, and boy, I was really looking forward to busting some balls with it at a 1000%, because I love, love the action stuff to death.

My body however, wasn’t responding as much as I expected it to. Maybe because it was new? I mean I put on way more mass for the Winter Soldier role than I ever did with my other works, or my entire life for that matter. I wasn’t as lithe or flexible anymore so that took a while to get used to. Come on, imagine Hulk and Yoga. You can’t make sense of things like that.

Anyway, challenge accepted!

I recollected myself behind closed eyes and opened them with regained focus. *Come on, Seb. Whatever you’re going to do you gotta do it good. Bring the pain, bring the pain, you’re the boss, you’re the boss…*

I shut the rainbows and Chris’ handsome face out (I believe they are synonymous) - and started striking like the madman assassin I became in my mind. My dagger prop came at Chris angry and quick, but he matched my energy with swift defense reflexes and counters, all limbs and shield. I focused on breathing hard and fast at every move, pulling lesser on my punches than I should, but Chris blocked them well.

It was almost like dancing, you know, in that threatening and with the intention to murder kind of way. Some of the stunt guys who were hanging in studio started cheering, too. It was going great. Thomas, I bet he would cry if he saw this.

But I think I might have gotten a little too spirited at a point that my fist *literally* landed hard on Chris’ chest and he gave a yelp as he flew back, before falling over his heels and on to the padded floor.

“Oh my God!” I gasped, dropping my prop and running over to his side. “Chris, you alright?”

“Oh…” He groaned, flat on his back, hand grabbing his chest. “Goddamnit Seb, you took a fucking lung out!”

“Sorry!” Shit, shit, shit. I just injured the only one guy who could ever play Captain America in this lifetime.

“So long, MCU. So long, acting career.

“Did I break anything?”


“Seb, you’re not exactly the One Punch man, you know. Owwwwww….Jesus….”

“I’m serious, Evans.” I couldn’t deal with his sass right then. “You okay?”

“You think?”

I was tempted to be that #sorrynotsorry guy but looking at his face, face all scrunched up in pain and all… naw!

“Oh…uh…Nah, nah I’m alright. Guys! I’m okay,” Chris assured to the crowd that was gathering
around us. He sat up slowly, his and still clutching his chest like I broke his entire left rib cage or something, Christ.

“I’m fine. Nothing to see here!”

Then all of a sudden, he burst out laughing. Like, really loudly. Everyone was so taken aback and confused by that.

“Now that, I really like!” A huge grin formed on his face, his blue eyes flashing bright with some kind of...

...Was it giddy happiness? Excitement? What the heck, this guy?

Chris Evans then put a hand to the back of my neck and pulled me towards him. He looked goddamned crazy all of a sudden, I wasn’t sure what just possessed him or but he looked totally out of it.

And he went, “I want a couple more rounds of all that. Come on, Seb. I can do this all day!”

I know this is hard to believe but whenever I’m with the rest of the cast, I’m uncharacteristically non-hyper verbal.

"How's the outcome?"

"We all voted for a name already. You didn't get the email?"

"I've a lot of emails to respond to. Can you send me again?"

"Hold on, I have it here. This one. The guys from logistics came up with the last part."

"That's ingenious."

"I know right? It's just the most fitting description."

"Perfect! We gotta let him know now."

"Let's!"

Naturally I was totally lost with what was going on between these 2 when I stepped into the eating area at the filming location, having just done few takes for the highway fight scene. I got to jump off a frigging bridge, that was the highlight of my Monday morning.

Never mind the goddamned face mask and the goggles on and the crazy hair flapping all over my goddamned face. In the heat of Cleveland wearing a crazy black leather straight jacket of some sort with my entire left arm encased in sticky, slimy liquid lube and hard metal. The harness I was wearing had about a million cables attached to it and was riding up my crotch so bad but I messed up 10 takes on purpose so that I could take myself for a few more joy rides.

I really am a professional person in my line of work but some days I'm just wee la la la~!
So anyway.

Near the coolers, Anthony and Scarlett Johansson were huddled together next to a table, twittering their asses off over something Scarlett was doing on her phone.

I had to ask: “What are you two doing?”

Scarlett smiled. When I first met her in real life I thought she was really beautiful in that sensual kind of way. I was a fan of many of her movies and well, herself. Her voice, she could be reading pages from a bank account contract and it would still sound like she was seducing someone.

“Sebastian, we’ve been studying the way you walk. We had a conference earlier on with the Russos, some of the extras-”

But after some time working together I believe she’s exactly like Bilbo Baggins: small in size but seriously pesky as Hell.

“-as well as the stunt people. Basically everyone-”

Anthony is, well, Anthony. He’s rather special in his own way, it’s all about tough love with this one. ‘Nuff said!

“-and we all came up with a name for it!!”

“What? A name for my walk?” I choked out, confused after I caught up with their verbal train wreck.

Boy, was I glad I hadn’t taken a sip of the hot coffee I had in my non-metal hand. Sucks to make it rain that way.

“I think you don’t really notice it but you have this style ….”

Anthony did some weird movement with his shoulders and arms which I couldn’t fathom at first.

“What the hell was that?” I blinked, mouth dropped to a gape, appalled.

Scarlett’s shrill laughter threatened my ear drums when Anthony practically sashayed past me and then back to her side. He even did a full turn at one spot, threw his head back and pulled the most godawful Blue Steel expression at me.

“This is you,” Anthony grinned, having the time of his life teasing me, as usual. “Walking like a diva.”

“Fuck no!” I protested, but I stood no chance against the two of them at all. “That’s not how I walk!”

“Yes you do. You walk like this everywhere. Like, someone get this diva his robe. The diva wants his Evian!”

I would face palm myself but my only human hand had coffee in it. The metal arm only had so much range in motion.

“The major discussion happened because everyone noticed it, Sebastian,” Anthony reasoned in all seriousness.

And then he goddamn Blue Steel-ed me again. Scarlett took out all the comms with her high-
pitched laughing. Christ, what a banshee.

“So done with you guys,” I deadpanned, turning to the exit and heading out.

But deep down inside, I was pretty amazed (and flattered) at how much people pay attention to things about me these days.

I was raised to be a very thankful human being so thank you so much for the love!

“Don’t you wanna know what we’re calling it?” Scarlett asked in between chortling. “It’s actually pretty cool!”

“I have to agree,” The Falcon nodded assuringly next to her. “You’ll like it, trust me.”

I had to ask (because curiosity killed me a little in the end) : “Okay. What's it called?”

“We named it : The Winter Soldier Sexy Murder Strut .”

__________________________________________________________________________

We had a night off from filming and naturally Anthony called everyone to come out for some good ol’ beer at this quaint pub he knew which was, according to his words, “outside the grid” of Cleveland.

Because good ol’ Anthony Mackie is seriously cooler than all of us like that.

Chris Evans witnessed me pathetically losing the follicle control battle (it came alive and threatened to monopolize my entire head) when I let him into my hotel room that Friday evening.

He pretty much dresses up fast for a guy who is particular about what goes with what in his wardrobe.

Me, my wardrobe overhaul ever since my body changed had been quite a disaster. T-shirts/sweats/jeans for most days until I needed to suit up for the future promotional tours and appearances, i guess. Anyway.

“Wow,” he said, as soon as I swung open the door. As if marveled by the sight or something.

“Someone’s looking like a lady-killer tonight.”

“What are you talking about?” I laughed, humored. I looked at myself and then at him, totally losing out to what Chris had on that night.

It was red, and it was meant to be a sweatshirt top but it stretched well enough to highlight every other muscular dents on his jacked up body, and Chris Evans wanted to label me a lady-killer in my plain black t-shirt and jeans.

I couldn’t find my baseball cap and my crazy, flappy hair was threatening to eat my head alive and he was rocking a sick pair of grey tailored pants and he still wanted to label me the lady-killer.

The goddamn joker he is, this guy.

“I think you look effortless, Seb. Still can’t get the eyeliner off, I see.”
“For the trillionth time,” I huffed out in debate, pointing at some of the leftover smudges around my eyes. 10 minutes to put on and almost an hour to get off. Olive oil failed me terribly with this one.

“It’s called black camouflage war paint!”

“If that’s what you wanna call it, okay,” he chuckled, rolling his eyes. “It’s a good look. Brings out the icy blue of your eyes!”

“Well, the Winter Soldier’s got to have some goth in him.”

“Ohhh-hoooo, your misery and hate will kill us all,” Chris played along, cracking me up. “You ready?”

“In a minute. Gonna just..tie up my hair or something.”

I found a hairband on the dresser and hastily pulled my hair back into a ponytail. The stupid bangs kept poking my eyes because they were shorter and I could see that in the next few hours of chilling with the guys, I’d be tossing my head around every now and then like a goddamn shampoo commercial.

“Let’s go.”

“Wait, no. No way that's a man bun,” Chris suddenly said, in that psshhhh kind of way. He sauntered over as he closed the door behind him, hips swaying like he was dancing in his steps.

“Come here.”

“What, you’re going to tie my hair up for me?” I laughed, dodging from his outstretched hands coming for my head.

Chris looked at me like I should go and seriously just jump off a bridge and try to land properly on a damn black car for once.

"Let me fix it."

"It's not important, Evans!"

He continued to deadpan, face flat as fuck. Oh hey, in my defense I had a gallon of lube all the way up my entire left arm and it was dripping here and there and my hair was flapping into my face and face mask and goggles and it was just a lot of things happening at once during the filming for that scene. So I fell a couple of times. Big deal, really.

“Seb, your vanity level is phenomenal. You wanna rock a man bun, you gotta do it at phenomenally !” He insisted, his hands flying all over the place.

Chris’ hand movements can become legendary awesome when he’s animated, I swear. Might land on you and your organs, they will get reassembled in some ways.

“Evans, I’m not letting you touch my hair. It really doesn’t respond to anyone else but me so no.”

“Oh hoooo, please! You let me touch you anywhere I want , Seb. You know that,” Chris corrected happily as he went behind me, slapping my shoulder hard.

Well, Chris Evans is a sensitive, touchy feely guy. A Care Bear. Who gives the best, quality hugs. Some days during filming, such comfort was very much needed and appreciated.
The filming process could get a little intense and plain crazy, you know what I mean?

Right.

“Look, just trust me in this. You’re golden in my hands.”

What is it with people and caring too much about things like this?

“Jesus, fine!”

“Please have a seat, Mr Stan.”

So I sat at the edge of the bed, took out my black hairband off my hair and shoved it into his open palm. There was no way to convince Chris otherwise anyway, when he was already so excited about something. Plus he is, I quote, phenomenal, with his grooming skills. Just look at his phenomenally groomed beard whenever he sports one. His hair styles. They testify.

Chris started combing the bangs off my face, pulling them towards the back of my head. I felt his strong fingers then making small circles on my scalp, gentle with a little pressure.

“This is nice,” I sighed, not intending for him to hear that but what the hell his fingers were fucking black magic, Christ.

“Right? Stimulates the senses.” Chris was smug as Hell. I leaned against him, my back against his thighs, relaxed.

“I’m curious of what you do in your free time. Trichologist?”

“Maybe!” Chris laughed a hearty one. “Like, I wouldn’t know what to do after Captain America anyway.”

“...We have like a million more years with Marvel, man.”

“You still bothered about that?” His fingers pressed into the base of my skull. I basically just crumpled at that, it was so goddamn nice. I’m a sucker for massages of all kinds. Okay, maybe not Thai, come to think of it.

“It’s a really huge commitment,” I said, trying to keep awake. I glanced up to meet his knowing smile.

“But it’s been the biggest, most amazing ride for me so far. It’s tiring, it’s exciting. It’s all worth it.”

“You tell me,” Chris laughed a little, reminiscing it all in his mind.

“I’ve been here since the first movie. The cast and crew are great, relationships happen, you make awesome memories. You’re blessed when you get to meet the right people and the magic happens. It’s definitely worth it.”

“The best part of this magic show is you, Chris. Hallelujah for that.”

I wasn’t sure why that suddenly came out. It must be the stimulated senses. Hmmm.

“Aw, Seb! Hallelujah for you too,” Chris sang out giddily, ending the massage to comb my hair once again.
“Wow...I know your hair is amazing but I didn’t know it’s... this ,” he muttered, all drop dead serious now.

I took note of how he was struggling a bit to catch the annoying loose strands which kept falling off from his hold as he tried to twist it all into the hair band.

“Argan oil.”

“Bullshit, this is platinum grade hair care support!” Chris snorted. He twisted and pulled and twisted and combed and-

“Fucking hell, Seb.”

He released my hair and came around to my front, so goddamn determined and all. The combing and knotting failed again and Chris was literally in my lap next, his chest against the ball of my shoulder, the awkward twist of his body telling us that my hair was demonstrating one helluva rebellion - but Chris, he wouldn’t back away from this fight.

“Evans, you don’t have to, you know. We’re gonnabe be late. The rest are probably in the lobby by now.”

“Just sit still. I got this.”

He’s got some Steve Rogers in him like that.

“Argan oil, my ass,” Chris grunted, before quickly grabbing a chair nearby and plonking himself in it.

I didn’t know where to look when he leaned into me and started combing my annoying, annoying hair away from my face again, my legs becoming sandwiched between his thighs. I found myself staring at his face in the end and I couldn’t help but smile a little in my amusement to all of this.

Chris Evan’s eyebrows were tightly knitted in all seriousness, lips pursed tight in concentration. He smelled of aftershave, sharp and fresh and pleasant to the senses. His clean-shaven jawline, cuts a cake clean.

I studied his features further, taking it all in. His bottom lip, they appeared slightly fuller than the top. Smooth, chapped-free. One could like, skate on it or something. The smile lines on his face were deep on his almost porcelain skin. I bet he couldn’t ever keep a tan for nuts. His deep set blue eyes darkened, but it sparked ambition. His nostrils was flaring a little too, the focus to all of his grooming efforts doubling.

Hmmmm.

My eyes dropped back to his lips, now hanging slightly open. It was like a fascination of some sort, his mouth. I couldn’t remember his lips being so red. I couldn’t remember them looking so soft. I wondered if he was using lip balm. I didn’t the Hell know why I thought about that.

Maybe it was the dimmed lighting of the room we were in. God bless these lights, they made me appreciate how ridiculously minted of a male specimen Chris Evans was.

Something in my ribcage suddenly skipped a beat.

And then it just kept skipping and skipping and skipping .
“You’ve really pretty eyelashes, Evans,” I blurted out, without thinking at all.

Chris chuckled, his eyes still fixed on pulling my hair back into a knot at the back of my head.

“You just noticed?”

Our eyes met for a brief second and my face turned goddamn hot in an instant.

And now you have...,” he suddenly said, snapping me out of my fluster. He leaned back a little to give me a triumphant smirk, finally done with my stubborn, stubborn hair.

“...An awesome-looking man bun!”

“Thanks,” I smiled, touching the knot and quickly turning my head away. I didn’t want him to catch me literally gazing at him for the past few minutes, God that’d be embarrassing as Hell. He wouldn’t to Hell live it down forever.

“Anytime.”

I wasn’t sure why I felt like I had to gather myself after that, I just knew my heart was threatening to go into a cardiac arrest. I took a short deep breath and turned back to him - only to realize that he didn’t make that much effort to straighten up in his seat at all.

Chris was still a little bit too close for comfort for an unnecessarily lengthy amount of time - and what I thought I should best do was to get up and get some personal space or something.

Except I didn’t.

Holy. He should really stop staring at me like that.

It was sending weird, shiver-y things up and down my spine.

Because this was Chris Evans and all this was starting to feel a little above phenomenally mother fucking epic strange.

Is he moving closer?! Is he moving closer?!

Jesus goddamn Christ.

"Sebastian?"

"Yeah?"

The blue of his eyes had a tiny spark for a moment there.
Or was I fucken seeing things?

"I..." He went, almost in a dry whisper. Holding my gaze like a goddamn prisoner with his own.

"Have you ever...I mean. Would you ever..."

...THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP
THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP!

Fucking Hell, man. Killing me slowly. "Would I ever...what?"

Chris chewed on his bottom lip a little. Hesitant at my prompt.

"Evans."

The giant blonde then continued. "Would you ever consider...you know. Going out with-"

“Uhmmmm...You ladies done?”

Mother of!

Whatever that was between us erupted, Christ. We snapped our heads to the door to see Anthony standing there and his face, God, it was beyond classic.

I found myself breathing again but my respiratory system just had to reboot with a string of coughs as the space between myself and Chris quickly widened.

We had no idea how long he’d been there, or how he got into my room at all in the first place but I believe it was long enough judging from the stupid grin growing wider on his face.

And good ol' Anthony Mackie snorted, seemingly unimpressed at what he just witnessed. Not that he wanted to, it seemed.

“I have no comments, but you two should really learn to close a door properly next time.”

Till next time...
Chapter Summary

Do you have the time...to listen to me whine
About nothing and everything all at once...?

Chapter Notes

Just too, too much love for EvanStan.
Hope you guys enjoy the fluffs and thanks for reading :) 
Leave me a kudos too!


Read the rest here:
Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy -bigspacehere- Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4

Something about that big Hollywood sign never fails to give me the heebie-jeebies every single time I look at it.

I wasn’t really big on acting when I was a kid I guess but it sort of rapidly grew on me the more I found myself getting involved in drama clubs throughout my years in schools and college. Never really stopped heading out for auditions, tryouts for ads, TV shows and role calls as far as I could remember after that, even when I was moving around countries. That’s what ‘looking for a job’
was like for me ever since I got the acting bug - all I ever wanted to do was go up on stages, doing plays, performing drama and singing music. Pretty gay for a guy, but whatever.

Hasn’t changed much at all, the job-hunting part - I’m married to the climb in my line of work. I love it. I get days which I’m thankful to the universe for because who would’ve thought little ol’ me would actually end up right here in great ol’ Hollywood?

So anyway.

The year was 2014 and in my personal opinion, it was the year which everything kinda caught fire.

Gregg’s text message was as prophetic as *Brace yourself...Winter is coming.*

It was a busy, busy as Hell time for all of us that week in Hollywood. Captain America : the Winter Soldier’s first release was going to have its first and world premier screening at the El Capitan Theatres in Los Angeles and all the maddening hype leading up to that very Thursday evening was in finally put into play.

Publicity was going to be much bigger this time around as compared to the one we had for the first Captain America movie - and I thought I had an idea of what chaos would look like from the meetings and going through all the programs for the promotional tour following the premiers.

I just wasn’t expecting things like a 7 nation army escort to Starbucks, that’s all. That was goddamn weird, but I was quickly reminded (once again) that I practically sold my soul to the grandeur scale of a big-budget movie production company and its releases not too long ago. So yeah, things were definitely going to be a whole lot more than what I thought I signed up for.

Well... #YOLO, right?

Anyway.

Earlier that same day, I suddenly developed this crazy, crazy craving for cronuts that I literally dragged Anthony Mackie out of his meetings for it. The hotel we were put up for the LA stop was ridiculously grand and huge but let’s agree that this loudmouth isn’t exactly the most difficult person to find, really.

Now I’m generally useless with directions around Los Angeles, but not Mackie - and he would know the best cronuts to eat in town.

Mackie knows everything, everywhere, everyone.

On-the-grids, off-the-grids, Hell I bet you a 100 bucks that he’d know about another solar system’s existence before NASA does.

Anthony Mackie is *Papi Chulo* cool like that.

“Seb, the premier’s in less than 5 hours,” he responded flatly, pulling us aside from the bustling officials that were running around - teleporting, even - the hotel’s corporate wing area.

“We can’t just go out and get cronuts now !”

He had a point. In the next hour or so I was expected to pick out a suit, get to the salon for a haircut and some styling done and then sit through a briefing with my publicist and manager before we hit the red carpet too.
But having drove past the venue on my way to the hotel that morning and getting the heebie-jeebies from watching workers readying everything for the big event happening later got me feeling a lot antsier as the day went by, it seemed.

My nerves were making me crave for things, Christ. “Mackie, I wanna get cronuts.”

“So get your assistant or someone to get it for you. They’re being paid by the hour!”

I was being a goddamn baby, I know. I didn’t even know why I wasn’t bugging my staff for it.

Please don’t get me wrong. I love my team, they do excellent as Hell job at keeping me prepped up and ready for anything actor but maybe I didn’t want to be around them around for a while.

“Anthony, let’s get out of here, come on! We’ll be gone and back in less than half an hour. They won’t even notice it.”

Maybe I just missed getting into all sorts of fun shenanigans with the Chocolaccino that much (he didn’t need to know that).

Maybe I just really, truly, madly, deeply wanted LA’s best cronuts right then.

*Do you have the time...To listen to me whine... About nothing and everything all at once...?*

“You serious, homie?” Anthony laughed as he shook his head. I didn’t. I was goddamn serious.

“The Russos will launch a nationwide *manhunt* for us if they don’t smell us in a room! Sorry brother but cronuts gonna have to wait. Look, they probably have *mountains* of it at the after-party-”

“Really?” I tried the whole big-puppy-eyes thing on him, but *Papi Chulo* Mackie was immune to it.

“-No! I don't know, do I look like I’m the official caterer, Sea Bass? Go ask someone who knows about this kind of thing. Can’t believe you just dragged me out for this.”

I seriously believe I was *this* close to stomping my feet on the ground when an all too familiar voice suddenly broke out into a song from around a corner nearby.

His booming vocals pierced through the hustle and bustle, turning heads and almost stopping time with his sudden appearance.

And he went, “*I've got no strings, to hold me down, to make me fret, or make me frown~*...

Anthony looked over my shoulder, grinning wide. As if on cue, he picked up where the singer left off.

“*... I had strings, But now I'm free, there are no strings on me! Super late like the megastar he is!*”

I barely did a full turn around before the whole mass of Chris Evans literally crashed into me from behind, his crazy thick arms wrapping themselves around my chest and jerking me into his sturdy frame.

“*Sebastian~!*” He sang straight into my ear, causing me to wince a little. “Oh Jesus, sorry. Hey sexy!”

You know, if Chris was in the WWE his signature submission move will be the *Care Bear Death Hug*. 
“Hey handsome.” He let go of me and I turned around, hooking my chin over his shoulder to return the bone-crushing hug properly. He was giggling and literally burying his entire face into my neck, it was ticklish as Hell because he was sporting a little facial hair.

“Please just get a room, Lord!” Anthony muttered under his breath, talking to the ceiling for a bit.

“What’s this? Jealousy’s not a regular thing of yours, Mackie. So okay, come here, you!”

Chris smirked and then launched himself to death-hug Anthony. Then he death-hugged both of us together, sandwiching himself in between. Captain America was indeed dangerously high in spirits. It’d been months ever since the filming wrapped up, I couldn’t blame his generosity with expressionism right then.

“God, I fucking miss you guys!” He said after releasing us. A long line of people filed out of the corner he was from and walked past us all, saying their ‘Hi’s and telling Chris they already sent his stuff up to his room.

“When did you arrive?” Chris went back to us after acknowledging a staff member with a nod.

“Jesus Christ. There’s like, a lot of people here. Kinda nerve-wrecking, isn’t it?”

This was coming from a guy who has been walking down numerous blockbuster events and all sorts of carpets practically his entire life. Amazing.

Anthony wasted no time in starting on a long-ass story about his arrival to the hotel last night - which spun into something like...I think, err, him adopting a baby goat or something? I don’t know. I sort of zoned out a little halfway.

Because next to me Chris was looking so fucking man with his massive built and the scruffy beard he was sporting. Even when the hair on his head all messed up and his thin white shirt crumpled to Hell and basically looking like he had been sleeping under the seat of a moving truck, I couldn’t help but to stare a little because this was still a ridiculously good look on him. It was actually goddamn distracting.

Of course he didn’t need to know that. It got really, terribly awkward the last time that happened. And no, we didn’t get around to talking about whatever it was that happened that night in my room because our jobs > everything else. I’d like to think that there was nothing to talk about at all in the first place anyway, simply because.

Moving on.

“...You, Seb?”

I returned to the conversation without as much as looking like I just fell out of the planet. I’m skilled like a defrosted Soviet-trained assassin like that.

“This morning,” I said, biting my bottom lip to not smile so stupid wide at him. “Why were you late?”

“Stuck in traffic.” Chris rolled his eyes. “And no helicopters would land on the freeway to get us out.”

“You’re joking.” Anthony blinked in disbelief, amused nonetheless. “Of course they fucking wouldn’t!”
“I did try to convince UberHeli I’m a movie star and I’m super late for my premier. But he said he’s heard that before. Hollywood,” Chris laughed with a shrug, realizing how stupid he just sounded.

“Sorry for the one too many questions but it’s late. How come you guys are not suited up yet?”

“This diva right here,” Anthony replied, cocking an eyebrow at me. “Really wants to eat donuts.”

“Cronuts.” I corrected, keeping a straight face at him. If he insisted I was a diva then he was going to have to fucking live with it.

“To-may-toes. To-mah-toes, brother.”

“What’s cronuts?” Chris interrupted, looking back and forth between us. He actually went to Google for it next, which was really sweet because unlike Mackie, Chris Evans was being the Care Bear he is.

“Sorry kids but I gotta get back to my publicist now,” Anthony quipped, giving Chris a slap on the back as he spun to the opposite direction in his heels.

Mackie’s got swag like that. “Congratulations, Chris. You’re babysitting the diva now. I’ll see you two love-birds in a few hours. Adios!”

I was death-staring the back of Mackie’s head but I wasn’t sure if that was for him not wanting to get cronuts with me, or for something he just said.

“Seb,” Chris spoke up, done with his Google search and now holding up his iPhone screen to my face.

“Croissant-doughnut? Really? You New Yorkers and your love for Instagram food.”


It took me a good few seconds later to realize that I was being a little too dramatic over stupid pastry. I quickly turned to Chris to see him giving me the kind of look people give you when they find you either very adorable, or very rude/silly/stupid/crazy/just plain what the fuck?

“Okay. What just happened?”

“Damn, son. You really are a diva!” He chuckled, cocking his head at me in his goading.

“I’ve to agree, though. Cronuts do look interesting and delicious in these pictures.”

I know, right. He’s hot and considerate as Hell. So much win, this guy.

“Look, I know what all this cronut-diva thing is really about,” Chris spoke softly after his amusement faded. He pulled me into his side with one arm around my shoulders and walked us further to a quieter area.

“Really, Chris? Enlighten me, please,” I sighed, running my hands through my long hair, pulling at the ends a little as I dropped my head back and looked at him from the corners of my eyes.

“You’re a nervous wreck right now. I am too, believe me. I completely understand it. I’m dead anxious about everything all the time.”

“Oh God, no!” My eyes suddenly went wide, defensive. “I wasn’t- I didn’t mean to be a jerk about
“Yeah,” Chris’ jaw began to clench a little when we stopped and faced each other.

“I’m pretty offended that you didn’t think about me. It’s insensitive, Seb. For someone like you.”

His eyes darkened with the sudden tension that wedged itself between us. I swear I was holding my breath and regretting all of this to Hell the more he stared me down, hard.

Then he started to goddamn laugh.

“Jesus! Are you kidding me with those eyes, Sea Bass?”

Nope. I do not deny that there are days which I really do want to punch him as much as I want to hug him, too.

“God Seb, you need to chill the fuck out! Look, I’m just saying that it’s okay if you’re going to fight with the world about wanting to eat these cronuts. But you need to get out of this bubble and calm down…”

I am one of those, melodramatic fools. Neurotic to the bones no doubt about it…

“…Collect yourself. Think about all the hardwork you and I and everyone else put into making this movie happen. You know this is going to be bombin’ this time because look around us, it’s gonnabe huge! And we all need to get our heads in the game - part of the job, right?”

I gave him a hard look and then glanced around, biting on my lips a bit to the uncomfortable feeling bubbling inside. The crowd, the noise, the chaos around us seemed to have multiplied by tens more.

“Okay. I never thought I’d pull out ammo from fucking High School Musical…”

Chris Evans took a deep, deep breath and gave me a little squeeze on the shoulder to bring me back on him.

“…But we’re all in this together ~”

Chris pointed a finger gun to the side of his head and pretended to shoot himself when I burst into a string of laughter.

“Okay that was money, Evans.” I ran my hands through my hair again. “Fine. Okay. You’re right. Urgh. How bad was I?”

“Hmm…” Chris’ eyebrows came together, pretending to be in deep thought.

“The scawwy Winter Soldier throwing a tantrum over pastry? It’s quite cute, au contraire. I kinda wike it!”

He didn’t just baby talk me, did he? Christ.

“Shut up, please.” I fought back a laugh but failed miserably in the end.

“You mention this to anyone, and I’ll really end you Rogers.”

Chris threw his head back and gave out a real, good, full hearty laugh, clutching his chest as he did so.
The outfit I picked to wear for the premier was a classic, sexy all black number from Tom Ford. I got a good shave and finally got rid of the unruly long hair (so done with its constant neediness for head monopoly, hairbands and bobby pins) for a sweet medium hair pomp cut. I forgot what shoes I was wearing but they must be some kind of precious to my stylist. She never really stopped reminding me about how great they were, I was almost worried to move in them.

I’ve walked down carpets in events and premiers before but nothing so thrilling like this one. The vast amount of people making it all happen - from members of the cast, crew, stars, friends, families, media, security, venue staff, just everyone - all coming down to give so much love and support for the screening was phenomenal. I was a bit bummed that my parents and Gregg’s family couldn’t make it, but they wouldn’t miss it for the world for the New York one so I could look forward to that.

Given the electrifying levels of emotions surging into my system throughout the whole thing, I would have really just crowdsurfed to express my eternal gratitude - but I was constantly reminded that I needed to be a media darling and not an emotional-wreck of a madman, so all that only happened in my mind.

*Just smile and wave, Sebastian. Just smile and wave!* 

Anyway.

Most people would be dead beat after so many hours of mingling and cameras and dancing and all things celebratory but not me. I left halfway through celebrating at the after-party post-premier only because I had a magazine photoshoot and some interviews to do the following morning.

Since I was still so wide awake I decided it would be nice to get a hot shower, put on my pajamas and chill at the lounge near the hotel pool, maybe listen to the Tron soundtrack I got off iTunes last week, zone out for a while.

It was close to 2am and I was taking in the magnificent view of the city of Los Angeles from the pool’s indoor lounge area when a text message came into my phone.

*I spy with my little eye, a total party animal in his cute wittle pajamas!*

Chris Evans and his goddamn baby-talk needs to fucking end already.

A wide smile spread on my face and I pushed myself up in the rattan chair I was reclining in to reply: *busy day tomorrow. Skipped the after-party for stoning at the pool. Can’t sleep. Is Frank dancing on the pole?*

*CE: hahaha no. I left before they could get to the Magic Mike challenge. They’d have me up there and I’m not down for that. I’ve a busy day tomorrow too, came back about 15 minutes ago or so.*

*Me : hmmm I’d pay to see you do a Magic Mike* 

*CE : Please don’t*
Me : You know I’d pay you handsomely

CE : You’re impossible. Well I guess you can take the horrors of life happening before your eyes in good stride so I might take up that offer. Hey, am I bothering you?

Me : All the time, Chris. Hahahhah, kidding. You’re welcome to join me here and we can be party animals together. I’m literally just staring at the city, nothing else.

CE : Awesome. I can’t sleep too. See ya in a few!

I was scrolling through the images Anthony sent from the after-party (the dude got to party, unbelievable) when a strong, delicious smell wafted into my air, catching my attention quickly. I looked up from my phone to see Chris walking towards me from the entrance of the lounge - with a tray in his hands.

“Hi...” I raised a brow as I sat up in my lounge chair, curious. “Whoa, what’s all this?”

My eyes flew open in surprise at the sight of what was in it once he carefully placed the loaded tray down on the small table next to my chair and sank into the space next to mine.

“Hi,” he went, his smile megawatt as he nudged me a little more. “Move over, please.”

I sat up straighter, blinking at him a few more times. “This is for me?”

“Yeap.” Chris nodded, smirking a little. “Who else was being a cronut-diva this morning, huh?”

“Please forget that ever happened, Evans. But...When and where did you get them? We had no time for anything earlier.”

“It’s a long story, really.”

“What, you mean it rained cronuts and I totally missed it or something?”

“No, dork!” Chris’ head dropped back a little when he laughed.

“We made some major wrong turns after the premier and ended up asking for directions to the after-party from this really tiny bakery. But it was like the only place which was still open in Hollywood at nine or something. Can you believe it? I mean it’s LA, you know?”

Chris Evans can really talk all day with his legendary hand movements and big animations. I never minded it. It’s always a pleasure watching him turn all charismatic and excited. He can get from fucking beast-mode to super cute just like *snappy fingers* that.

“Anyway, guess what? They had cronuts! There was only 2 left but I thought about how much you really wanted them so I just bought it and kept it until I could give it to you. Oh, one’s got blueberries in it. You like blueberries so yeah...Guess I got lucky and you got your cronuts now, diva. Now eat up.”

He smiled again and something in my tummy took flight, fluttering wild and crazy.

“Wow that’s...this is incredibly sweet Chris.”

I returned his smile with my own - and it was so stupid wide my skull practically cracked a little.

“I just got lucky with them.”
“I’m talking about this!” I hovered my hand over the pastry. “You warmed them up, too. And bought coffee…”

Ah, fuck it. I figured I could just get my whole head reconstructed for this guy.

“Ohm... Yea. Since I was gonna meet you with warmed up cronuts, I might as well make you coffee too. It’s decaf, so you don’t have to worry about not being able to sleep after this or something.”

My jaw dropped a little. “You made coffee. Not room service?”

Most of the lounge’s lights were low but Chris’ cheeks were starting to turn a little pink. Even with all that facial hair going on it was pretty obvious he was blushing - or maybe I could see it because we were sitting so close to each other.

“There’s no room service after one, Seb,” he replied as-a-matter-of-factly and ran a hand to the back of his neck, falling sort of shy all of a sudden.

“Anyway, it’s just coffee. It’s pretty easy to make.”

He then gave the whole thing a little shrug because Chris Evans is fucking chillax cool cat no biggie like that.

I took some time to process this, chewing on my bottom lip hard - partly because I was so goddamn touched by this whole cronut-coffee gesture, and partly because I didn’t the fuck know what to do with myself with all this stupid fluttering bubbling up inside of me right then.

There was a short silence until Chris took a mug of hot coffee and handed it to me, snapping me out of my dumbfounded/impressed state.

“Thanks,” I said softly, feeling the warm beverage in my hand warming up my entire soul, Christ. I decided to keep my cool rather than spearhead the guy to give him a death hug (Hell, maybe even a kiss) because I too, can be Winter Soldier chillax cool cat no biggie like that.

“It’s really nothing,” he insisted, but his smile was saying otherwise. The dude fucking loves flattery, actually.

“Now eat before it gets cold. Took a while to work out the damn microwave in my suite to heat them up. Whatever happened to the good old days when you just pop in something and they automatically work for you…”

Like every one of us, Chris Evans has zero chill for complicated machinery.

It was good coffee, but I seriously believed it was good only because Chris made it. We chatted a little about the movie and a little about missing homes as we shared the pastry. His reaction to cronuts was pretty epic, by the way. It was like he just discovered the 8th wonder of the world or something. I laughed so hard my insides hurt.

“Where does anyone get the idea to combine croissant and donuts? Where have I been? Seb, bring me cafe-hopping next time I’m in NYC. I heard so many things about them,” he said, happily licking the cream which was all over his fingers.

“I feel like I’ve been eating caveman food all this time!”

My heart was already badly swollen from Chris Evans and his battalion of cotton candties and frigging unicorns sweetness overload. I really needed to rest from all that giddy laughing too, but
Hell, I figured I could just get my insides replaced for this guy.

“‘Yes you have, Caveman Chris. Now you look like one. But I like the whole beard-thing. Very hipster.’”

“Seb, I’m thirty-three years old and that word literally hurts my brain,” Chris snorted, holding a hand up to my face like so done.

“I don’t wike it!”

Jesus, I couldn’t take all this anymore.

“You’re so fucking adorable, Chris.”

I literally threw myself at him. He was a really big guy, so it did take a whole lot of me to get the entire of him in a hug. He fell back a little in his seat, catching my weight with his crazy thick arms, his laughter loud and ringing inside my head when he buried his face into my neck. But Hell, I figured I could just get a new pair of ears for this guy.

“I bet Mackie doesn’t get this kind of love from you,” I started to joke, shifting myself to face him in my seat after we pulled away from each other. He looked so flushed from it, but was quick to recover.

“Him? No way. I love, love him but no way. You know what? Fuck, I don’t think I’ve given this much love to RDJ, even,” Chris mused further, cocking his head a little to the realization.

“You think he’s gonna come after me for this?” I was humored to Hell by all of it.

“Like, Ironman coming after the Winter Soldier because...Captain America’s never made him coffee.”

“That’s pretty much starting a civil war between the Avengers,” Chris agreed excitedly. "Over coffee, like, what the hell..."

“I’d like to think that Captain America would be on the Winter Soldier’s side if that ever happens, a civil war.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” His eyebrows came into a knit, offended as Hell all of a sudden.

“Of course he is! How could you even doubt Captain America? Well, technically he won’t be on the Winter Soldier’s side, but Bucky’s. Steve Rogers will definitely be on Bucky’s side - and I bet Bucky will be on his side too.”

“Hard to say. He’s brainwashed by HYDRA for over 70 years or so - a lot of screws loose, that guy.”

“We just saw the ending to our own movie, Seb. You’re unbelievable, really!”

He actually got so defensive over an idea which was not even real. Chris Evans officially pwned adorkable, it was really too much for anyone to take.

“I adore you so, so much right now,” I was literally wiping tears from my face by then.

“You should shut up now so I can fucking kiss you already, Evans.”

And just like that, I fucking killed the entire space, time and continuum of all things humorous.
Chris’s head jerked a little in his surprise to my outburst.

“Kiss me?”

I opened my mouth to say something to that but sort of froze over instead when his blue eyes rounded a little more at me - whether he was shell-shocked or that he didn’t hear me quite right and wanted me to repeat that again, I wasn’t sure.

We could have just laughed it off or something - but we didn’t.

Instead, a long, hard silence fell between us - and it was growing goddamn loud the more we just sat staring at each other, totally speechless.

His eyes glanced from mine to the slight gaping of my mouth.

And he went, “so fucking kiss me already.”

Stupid blinking tree-frog me was like is he fucking serious now?! and at the same time, God, my heart was threatening to goddamn hammer itself out of my ears.

“Chris, I was-”

“Shut up, Sebastian.”

It happened really fast. He took that moment to quickly press his lips onto mine, killing a rising gasp in my throat.

My eyes went really, really wide - I couldn’t the fuck believe this was happening. I sort of just sat there, rigid and stupefied to the warmth of his mouth now pulling a little away only to catch mine in another kiss, another one and another. His hands traveled up my arms to rest around my neck, wanting to hold me in place and clearly wanting some sort of response for all his advances.

This is fucking crazy.

But Chris Evans was crazy-hot, crazy-brave and so crazy-confident that I wasn’t going kick him in the balls - and this was beginning to fuck around with the stupid fluttering happening inside of me after a while of resisting him.

A strong sensation finally took me up for a spin and the next thing I knew my eyes were closing, and I was kissing him back.

My hands flew up to hold him by his lightly bearded jaw, wanting the whole of him on me all of a sudden - as if we weren’t in each others' laps already.

My emotions ran high and low from the increasing demand of his mouth working me into so many moments of breathlessness.

I fucking caved to the wicked rolling of his tongue against mine, letting all this...whatever this was...completely destroy my defence.

This is motherfucking crazy!

But Hell, I figured I would totally wreck myself senseless for the guy at any given day, anyway.

Till next time... (here's something really adorkable too!)
Give Captain America Something To Talk About

Chapter Summary

When it wasn't just a kiss & When Sebastian Stan chooses a private jet > that long-ass train ride home.

Chapter Notes

Ran into a massive, massive writers' block for like, a whole month!

I truly apologise for anyone who waited but great thing is that my Sebastian Stan muse finally came back to produce 2 chapters!

This series is heavily centred around the MCU production of Captain America and other Marvel-related works.

Do leave a kudos, a comment, anything nice because I'm literally just winging on my writing skills. No betas, just my own self, lol. My style of writing is more of a train-wreck, 'conversational' type than proper-writer style of writing, but I hope it's refreshing to read.

Enjoy!

Other mentions: The Robert Downey Jr.

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy -bigspacehere- Friend

Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5:

“You should shut up now so I can fucking kiss you already, Evans.”

I swear what happened next would’ve been a Hell lot easier to explain - and believe - if we were both goddamn drunk or high. Seriously.

“So fucking kiss me already.”

Listen, you gotta believe me here: I couldn’t snap out of my stupefied state fast enough when Chris Evans went in for the kill - practically crashlanded his mouth on mine with zero fucks given at the fact that we were in public - and suddenly it was Chris and Sebastian sittin’ in a tree.

K-I-S-S…

Believe me that somewhere at the back of my head common sense was screaming at me like *what the fuck are you doing?* in its desperate attempt to save me from losing myself in all of this.

Unfortunately it all went to Hell when Chris’ advances continued to wreck me senseless, turning me hot all over the second I let my guards down and just fucking *melted* into him.

... O-M-G.

The sounds we were starting to make took me to new highs. I found myself leaning up to him as soon as I surrendered to the erratic thumping of my heartbeat, to his commanding nature; my response fuelled by the maddening rush of what could possibly be reckless desire of some sort in my system.

“Chris…”

I felt his hand moving up to the back of my head, fingers slowly curling into my hair to tug at it a little when I gasped his name into another kiss, seemingly pleased at the notion that I was beginning to want more of this...whatever *this* was from him.

We were seriously running out of air, but Hell, I figured breathing could fucking wait.

*But this is not right.*

I didn’t know where that voice came from but it prompted me to pull away the second it popped in my head.

“Stop.”

My eyes sprang open to see Chris so close, his forehead pressed up against mine, his coffee-scented breath hot on my face, his lips hovering just inches away from my own. We were breathing a little hard in this stupid lack of distance between us, our shoulders and chests rising and falling almost in a synchronized manner to restore air into our lungs. Time stopped for a while, with Chris soon staring at me in that kind of way which told me that he was just as surprised as I was right then.

The first thing he breathed out was a very shocked, “Oh my God.”
Me, I was literally vocally compromised and was just fucking tree-frogging it out like *Holy Hell I just made out with Chris Evans. Holy Mother of God. Holy fucking fuck fuck-*

“Fuck,” he choked out before quickly leaning away when everything registered into his system completely.

Then he killed me off with, “I shouldn’t have...Christ, Seb. What is it with you?”

*Wait. What is it with me?*

I took a moment in my own shock to try reading into what he just blurted and then his face, his thoughts - his anything, really - from the blue of his eyes before making the decision to push his hands off me and shoot straight up to my feet. I stood up so fast that my knees knocked against the table with all that was on it, spilling really good coffee all over and sending one helluva shockwave of pain all over my body.

But ain’t nobody got time for pain when the hot, hot buzz on my lips was still causing my head to feel very light. Something told me that I needed to get away from him right that instant - and of course Chris was quicker to stop me with a swift grab to my wrist the second I turned to move. The God-given reflexes in this guy, seriously - but I guess he totally read my mind: Maybe I did just think about fucking throwing myself in the hotel pool in the zero degree atmosphere of the morning because boy, I was clearly losing it fast.

“Wait! Please don’t go, Seb. I can totally explain this.”

Perhaps I’m so used to listening to him, too.

I jerked my hand from his hold before taking a good couple of steps away to stand at a distance, trying not to stumble with goddamn jelly legs and all. Not too far, but just far enough to not make me wanna do something really stupid again.

*Urgh. Goddamn Chris Evans. “Start talking.”*

“I just need a minute to think,” Chris responded, his eyebrows tightly knitted in the middle of his forehead, his face all shades of worry when our eyes met again. He hesitated for the second time, closing his mouth the second he opened it. I figured that he genuinely didn’t have the right things to say to me right then and was really gonna need maybe a goddamn *lifetime* to start somewhere.

Well, it was kinda too bad that I wasn’t gonna wait just so he could *start* to goddamn *think*.

“What is this?” I demanded again, staring at him so hard I must have looked like murder (and let’s face it, no one can look at that face and murder it with anything) but to be fair I was really struggling with my own thoughts in processing this...whatever *this* was that happened between us and fuck, fuck, *fuck*! Nothing great was working for me too.

Chris huffed out a brief sigh before he stood up to walk around the table and towards me, his eyes dead set on mine as he moved to close some of the distance that I created. I didn’t think it was a great idea for him to do that but that went to Hell when I realized I could only move around so much in the empty lounge area of the hotel before we made a stupid circle.

He was standing so close again, even towering over me a little. Being annoyingly massive and jacked and all. *Pssh* he’s only like, an inch taller, Christ.

And he went, “I’ll be honest. I think it’s your fault all this happened.”
I’m sorry. What?

“I’m sorry. What?” I croaked in surprise and then cocked my head at his blatant accusation.

“You shoved your tongue down my throat first, Evans. How’s this my fault?”

Chris dropped his eyes to the floor like goddamn guilty as charged, moving his jaw around a little to the thoughts that were probably going off like goddamn pistons in his head before he could look at me again.

“You just...make me do these things!” Chris replied, throwing an arm out to make his point. As if he was the only one struggling to converse about this or something.

Well, Hell-fucking-o from the other side!

“The fuck, Chris?” I squared my shoulders, not getting any punchlines to this. “I made you kiss me?”

“Well…sort of.”

He’s gotta be fucking kidding me. “Sort of.”

Chris waited for Hell to freeze over again before replying a miserable, useless piece of, “sort of.”

“Chris!” I hissed in disbelief, narrowing my eyes and then giving him a good, hard shove to his chest. He was taken aback by the sudden contact (guy’s planted like a goddamn tree though, he hardly flinched!) but oh well. He did realize he sounded a little more than, oh I dunno, maybe goddamn stupid as Hell so that was useful.

“We just fucking kissed! You need to give me more than a goddamn sort of, pal.”

Eventually he felt the flying daggers stabbing into him because he composed (educated, really) himself fairly quickly and restarted everything with, “Look. I’m trying to figure out how to explain all this without turning it all weird and wrong or something really bad, okay?”

I clicked my tongue and stared even harder at him, increasingly ridiculed.

“Firstly: great start, blaming me for this. Secondly: you still get excited at the thought of going to Disneyland. At your age. What can you tell me that’s not going to be weird and wrong anymore?”

“Whoa, hey.” His eyes narrowed to the frown deepening on his face. “Are you seriously sassing me about Disneyland right now?”

“What’s gonna be weird and wrong, Evans?”

“Everything!” Chris snapped, knowing that he already ran himself further into a dead-end.

“Every damn thing, Seb. Just give me a second, please?”

And then he was looking at me with the face that looked like he just tore a cute bunny wabbit’s head off with his bare hands and was suffering so much from the painful, unforgivable sin but nope, nope, no Sebastian. Focus. The Winter Soldier murder stare will remain.

And it’s rabbits, not wabbits! Goddamn baby-talk scrambled my brains, seriously.

“Talk, Evans.” Just stay calm, Seb. Just stay calm. “This is wayyyyyyy to much for me to take in one
“Okay. Alright,” Chris groaned, rubbing the bridge of his nose furiously before bringing his eyes back to mine.

“This industry’s never all that easy for me, you know that. When I get to become good friends with the people I work with, it helps getting through the process. The filming, the bright lights, the anxiety of dealing with expectations. With you, it’s no different. And it’s not supposed to be different until...” he began, the broad of his shoulders widening to the breath he just drew in after coming to a pause.

Patient Guy of the Year: Me just prompted at his hesitation with a, “...Until?”

“Until I...Look, I’m not discrediting everyone else I’ve ever had relationships with but the thing about you is that you just have this complete, crazy-solid, feel-good effect on me, Seb - and it’s instantaneous. I can’t think of a time when I’m reminded of you and not think, ah, there he is! Those eyes, that smile. The things you say and do, just gets me going. We got so close so fast that you’ve become like my constant, my go-to. And when we’re miles apart, a single text message from you - even if it’s just a silly emoji which I don’t the hell know what it’s supposed to mean - all that noise in my brain from another day at the office will be gone, just like that.”

Wow. Okay.

“People talk about it, about us. About how we make it look so easy for work. How my face just fucking lights up whenever you’re around. I like the way way you watch me when I move around you. Damn Seb, I’ve become this person who’s game enough for anything as long as I’ve got you at my corner.”

I was still staring at him like murder but man, my insides were imploding a little. I would’ve totally ride this wave and gloat until all the living cows on this planet come home because it was pretty great to hear all the nice as Hell things he was saying to me all of a sudden but nope, nope, Sebastian. Keep your balls together. Winter Soldier murder stare. No beaming.

“Wait. What’ve people been talking about?” Unfortunately I was genuinely lost and then very curious at this part.

“What about us?”

“You know what people are saying about us. The whole Steve and Bucky thing. Look, that’s not the point-”

“What Steve and Bucky thing?”

“Your ability to keep up with where I’m actually trying to take us is appalling, Seb. Really?”

I folded my arms, stubborn as fuck. Chris gave me an exhausted sigh before his legendary hands animation moved an invisible box from one spot to another, entertaining my persistence with: “you’re my Bucky. I’m your Steve.”

“Huh?” My eyebrows jerked way high up my forehead. “Is that why this happened? ‘Cos we’re Steve and Bucky?”

“No!” Chris threw his crazy-thick arms up, quickly becoming stressed at how much of a Dory I was being.
“This didn’t happen because we’re Steve and Bucky. See?! God, it was going so well! Seriously, your fucking attention span is like a goldfish right now.”

“-Don’t get mad at me! You said Steve-Bucky thing ...jumped like, ten chapters back-”

“-you’re all over the place like fucking Pokemons-”

*Pokemons*, seriously.

“-Can you just *shush* and listen? I’m already so bad at this. I’m fucking trying but you’re only making it worse!”

“I’m trying, too!” I was about to scream at him by then. I had to continuously dial it down because we were in public. I’m just that 24/7 nice madman guy of the year, yes, me.

“You’re confusing me, Chris. What you’re saying about me and us is very touching but I don’t get it. Yes, we got along so well from the start. You know I’d back you anytime, for anything. I’m always going to be at your corner. Everyone knows about this bond we have, it’s been years between us. What’s weird and wrong about that now?”

For some reason Chris just snorted at something only he found very funny/ironic.

“Jesus. You really don’t get any of this or are you doing this on purpose, Seb? Come on, man.”

I was so *fucked* done with this. Him beating around the goddamn *Amazon forest* to make his goddamned point.

“What I really don’t get is this: You kissed me like that and you’re telling me it’s only *this* deep?”

Chris only pulled his lips into a tight purse at one corner of his mouth, goddamn no response all of a sudden.


He cocked an eyebrow at how I was on a goddamn roll all of a sudden. “Why?”

*Unbelievable*. So I let it rip.

“This is fucking deep for you, Chris. Also these people talking...No. *You*. It’s you. *You* start to really believe we can become some sort of *thing* and you want me to want this as much as you do.”

Chris wasn’t responding still. Just staring at me going batshit mental in front of him like, *wow, look at him go*.

“You believe I’m just so damn good for you that way, Chris Evans - so it’s just fucking natural that this, or rather *us*, should happen!”

There. I said it with a fucking *mic drop* too.

….

Oh wait.

Wait. *Wait, wait. Just waaaaaat a goddamn minute!*
Oh.

_Goddamn Chris Evans._

Chris probably did try his ultimate best to not break into the kind of annoying smile that screams “FUCKING BINGO!”, but of course he did.

And _of course_ he would totally nod and say, “Naiiiiled it.”

He fucken killed me, Christ!

I must’ve been so caught up with how powerful the blue of his eyes were in reaction to my words that I realized he was standing very, very, very close only when our breaths started to heavily mingle again.

“Oh. You’re so, _so_ good for me,” he whispered, eyes gone dark when he brought his face even closer. His smile disappeared to the serious expression returning on his face when his fingers stretched out to softly graze mine down at my sides.

Swear to God I reached out for common sense again but of course that was going to Hell when my breathing hitched to that stupid _fluttering_ sensation returning with curling heat at the base of my stomach the more I searched his eyes, seemingly taken by how crazy-intense he was gazing at me. At the same time, I was wondering the fuck why I didn’t just pick him up and throw him over my shoulders like how I did during our fight rehearsals.

_He’s so hot, it's ridiculously confusing right now._

“You know, I kicked myself stupid the first time I thought about kissing you. You probably didn’t even realize it.”

“Was that the time when we were in my room and you were fixing my hair and it got all crazy?”

“Crazy? Yeah, I guess but no. Way before that. Possibly the first time I saw you on set.” Chris smiled, a little shy. Look at that. "About that night. I uh...I actually wanted to know if you'd ever go out with me."

I blinked at him. "As in..."

"Yeah. As in on a _date_. Before Anthony came by."

My mind worked it out fast. "You're..."

"I like you, Sebastian."

"This is a little unexpected."

“Well, I'm not sorry for this. And I think you should know how I've been feeling about you. I can't hide it anymore. That time in your room, I made the decision to let you know about it but of course, rudely interrupted. I wanted to tell you so badly...but I...I don't know. I guess I got scared.”

"Of what?"

"Rejection."

Why the fuck did I even ask, really. Genius, me. Urgh. Great.
My throat had a big ass knot when hearing that. “About that night...it wouldn't have felt right to me. To be frank, I was freaked out by it. And this...”

Because fuck, I did NOT sign up with Marvel for all this.

I didn’t think our distance could have been more non-existent until the sharp tip of his nose started brushing the curve of my cheekbone, his breath hot against the cold of my face, familiar lips soon skimming upon my skin - trailing very light, very teasing kisses down my cheek, moving for my mouth once more.

“Well. Does this feel right to you now, Sebastian?”

_Goddamn Chris Evans._

I swear on my life it actually took one helluva lot amount of effort to turn my head away, put up a firm hand to his chest and stop him before he - or more importantly, before _we_ - could become reckless again.

And I killed him off with, “Don’t, please. We’re outside. Should just...talk.”

Chris heaved a long, hard sigh before he straightened up, taking the hint for my better resistance this time.

“You want to talk? Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

I swear he looked almost impressed as much as he looked disappointed when he took some steps back, completely pulling out of my space and giving me that much needed sanity back. The smug-ass balls on this guy, really.

“Talk about what? That I seriously don’t know what to do with my feelings anymore whenever you’re in my space these days, Sebby? I want you. It’s almost pathetic that I just lose myself when you look at me with those eyes. Are you kidding me with them? So beautiful. You’re fucking beautiful...”

_Jesus bloody Christ._

“...And I’ve got about twelve really inappropriate thoughts about you right now, Seb - how about we start talking about that?”

---

We all have things which we’re not exactly fond of in this life and mine would be flying.

It’s goddamn ironic, I know. But flying is a lot like Math to me - I can do it, but I don’t necessarily have to like it to be able to do it because I’ve never really liked Math at all in the first place (who does?), you know what I mean?
“I need a drink,” I muttered, possibly for the 100th time - and I’d only been inside the jet for like, 10 minutes or so. Felt like 10 years. Hadn’t actually gotten any by the way, because I kept mumbling to myself instead of actually telling the steward that I needed that goddamn drink. Kieran Lesnar was my main attendant for that day, he was obviously so great at what he does and he really did try. Gave me a quick tour of many awesome things they had inside the Gulfstream the moment I came onboard. Latest movie recommendations, some nifty comms gadgets, snazzy menu choices, the whole feeling-so-fly-like-G6 feels.

To think anyone normal in my shoes right then would have been more psyched about the grand idea of flying in a private jet more than anything else. The real story here is that after another amazing as Hell experience at Wizard World comic con with my energy level maintained at its highest peak throughout the entire 3 days for what my management calls it ‘fan-service commitments’ (and honestly, to keep up with the Mack Attack. He’s a goddamn fireball), I was dead-set to take that slow as Hell train ride all the way back to New York City from good ol’ Illinois.

I was really feeling the whole-gonna-sit-alone-stone-and-stare-out-the-window-to-nothing-but-lines-and-trees-with-sad-homebound-country-music-playing-in-my-heart-for-the-whole-twenty-oneish-hours-long-train-ride-home thing, right in my bones.

And then minutes later Joe Russo called, telling me that him and some of his guys were heading out to LA with a stopover in NYC, talked me to coming on board because I was heading to New York anyway and then there was going to be a sick-ass private jet involved and if I was gonnabe all urgh I rather take the damn train...that’s just legit problematic person syndrome, you know?

So fuck me, my flying heebie-jeebies and thank you, Joe Russo. Thank you, Marvel. Thank you, God for all the opportunities given including this amazing Gulfstream ride home. Massive headache, maybe male PMS. Nawwwww, what’s good? Just bring it!

Eventually, I downed this lethal cocktail mix which worked better than any of the steward’s earlier attempts to iron out the bumps and jumps in my system, thanks to his realization that I was still rocking in my seat (and practically the entire plane too) in my wait for the rest to turn up.

I checked my emails and read one that goes ‘Sorry, running late! On the way’ and just saying: if you think actors are bad with turning up for work on time, well then...you haven’t waited for the Joe between the Russo brothers.

Naw, I shouldn’t say anything more or Marvel will snipe me. Butl betterouamillionbuckshewaslatebecauseheisthatnotoriousnoodbuttonhitterkindaguy. Okay, let’s move on!

I grabbed a magazine nearby, started flipping the pages for the men’s fashion segment - and of course I had to stop at a Gucci Guilty ad. Like, of all pages in the production of magazines in this universe, really, it had to be the one with this guy in it.

I hope he’s fine. I should text him.

And Chris Evan’s ridiculously handsome face on a high-definition glossy piece of paper with those all-too-familiar blueish-green eyes just looking straight into my soul with all that sexy sensuousness of a gaze just oozing, calling to-

“Is the eternal sunshine by the name of Sebastian Stan inside this jet?”
Three seconds later, *the* Robert Downey Jr was sitting in front of me - and the first thing I said to this legendary icon of my time was a very star-struck, painfully corny, “Hi. Uh...This is him.”

*Did he just call me ‘eternal sunshine’?*

“Great! Hey, mind if I sit here?”

And he asked me that *after* he already sat down, took off his sick-ass aviators from his legendary icon face, crossed his legs and reclined in his seat. Totally just turned the goddamn Gulfstream into his living room or something.

Rockstar as fuck.

We shook hands and he asked for - of all things - Japanese tea for himself. “You know who I am, yes?”

Beneath that expensive-looking navy blazer he had on, he was wearing a bright pink t-shirt with a colourful cartoon Iron Man print in the middle. Rockstar as fuck, this guy.

“How doesn’t? Oh my God. I’m sorry for that. It’s just that you’re...Can we just restart everything? This is very embarrassing. Okay. So. Hi, I’m Sebastian. Seb is fine. Uhm, what do I call you?”

The Robert Downey Jr burst into laughter and he laughed so hard, I almost wanted to laugh too - even though I didn’t the fuck know what was so funny right then. I know I was practically talking like a goddamn dolphin but *good God, this is so embarrassing. Stop it Sebastian, have mercy on yourself.*

And he said, “Wow, you live up to all the hype I heard about you!”

The Robert Downey Jr heard all the hype about puny ol’ nobody to his standards of awesome: *me*.

“I’m sorry but.” And again, I’m just that guy who doesn’t know anything, like, ever. “What hype?”

He gave me a weird look - and you have no idea how much I was suddenly hoping for this hype matter to *not* be about the *thing* with Chris Evans right then.

My heart jumped a mile and waited for Robert to catch up and tackle me to the ground with all sorts of pokey questions. We all know him and Chris have the same agent and all and they probably talk about all sorts of things all the time - and then I’d be left wishing I was in that long-ass train ride instead of this snazzy jet, and then-

“What? You gotta know this. Words have been going around about you, kid. Good things, of course! Phenomenal work with Winter Soldier, by the way. You’re perfection in it. I do apologize if this is late but on behalf of the MCU, welcome to the band!”

*Oh God. Phew!*

And *awwwwww*, how sweet. Well, I’m no Captain America alright. Playing an unstable, bipolar, multiple personality disorder person is definitely up my alley - and *The* Robert Downey Jr just fucken knighted me for it.

So just let me do this quick: Hi, whoever is doing my Wikipedia page: can you please up this quote in the life milestone achievement: *moments which blew Seb’s brains off section*? Thanks!
“Thank you,” was all I could manage. I was flattered to Hell and was blushing so hard, I had to bite down on my cheeks to reduce the size of the stupid wide grin on my face right then.

“You’re obviously so great yourself, sir. I’m a huge, huge fan.”

“Sebastian, did you just call me sir?”

I cringed in remorse. “Can we start over?”

“Good Lord. You’re really something else, Sebastian!” Robert said, cracking up again.

“And I actually thought everyone’s madly fawning all over you because you have this really great head of hair, pretty eyes and the whole sexy murder strut thing going on. My sincerest apologies for judging you on a superficial basis. And please, just call me Robert. We’re practically family now.”

“Okay, Robert. Just please don’t pay too much attention to Mackie and Scarlett.”

“Oh, is that where the Winter Soldier sexy murder strut came from? I had no idea. I heard it from Hemsworth’s manager’s assistant, actually.”

Christ Almighty.


I wonder what else he’s heard. “Anyway. It’s really an honor to meet you! What’re you doing in Chicago?”

“My son. He’s into the whole Comic Con thing. I know what you’re gonna say: you didn’t know I was there, right? We had costumes on so it was really fun walking around, being around the comic book world fans. I didn’t think we could get away with it.”

My jaw dropped. “You’re joking.”

“Nope. I went as myself, actually. My son’s all about Game of Thrones though. He went as someone. I can’t be bothered about that series so please don’t ask which character he went as.”

“How did you go as yourself and no one... Oh! you mean you came as an Iron Man?”

“Had my bodyguards dressed up as agents. Mark 42 and the Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D. Pretty neat idea, huh? There’s about a thousand Iron Mans out there, so no one suspected a thing. Oh, I saw your panel too. Mackie’s quite a handful, isn’t he? Never boring with him around.”

The Robert Downey Jr, everyone. Came to Comic Con in stealth ninja/Father of The Year mode and saw my panel. Making me believe in unicorns, aliens, inter-dimensional traveling within supernova black holes in space, Christ.

“Nuff about me. I feel like i’m in an interview with Empire magazine or something,” he joked, glancing at the empty shot glass next to his coffee cup on the wall table between us.

“Ah. Someone has a love-hate relationship with flying, I see.”

“Not a big fan,” I chuckled, looking around the plane a little bit. “I was actually going to take a train to New York until Joe Russo brought this baby in. Was this close to confirm the ticket booking.”
“From Chicago? Alone? You’re mental. That’s almost a day’s journey! Do they even have such a service for trains?”

“I think there are some interchanges involved,” I replied. “Maybe three. Or four. God knows.”

“God knows? Pretty sure God knows you’re gonna end up somewhere else. Maybe Siberia or somewhere,” Robert snorted, rolling his eyes at the whole thing like, terrible idea much?

Siberia, of all places on this planet. Nat Geo as fuck, this guy.

“I know you’re the Winter Soldier and all but without that cool cyborg arm you’re just gonna be a regular, lost civilian. In Siberia. Think about that and stay on this plane, okay? I don’t mean to Dad you but no cheap thrills, Sebastian.”

“I won’t, Robert. I can’t,” I grinned. He could think that far, it was pretty hilarious. “I’m literally unarmed!”

“Yes, exactly. Logic!” He pointed out with a slap to my thigh, excited as Hell, making us both laugh even harder.

Robert Downey Jr, everyone. Totally getting my lame-ass jokes because he’s just as awesome as lame-ass joker me. Thank you Mom, Marvel, Russo, God. Yes, my soul and allegiance is yours - forever.

“I can totally see why people are so in love with you now,” he continued, giving it a good, important nod. Like he approves or something and his word is absolute, that kind of king rockstar of the world as fuck feel.

“Especially Evans. That one can’t shut up about you! At least he’s not being overly emotional - you know how he’s like - when he tells me I’m going to have a really great first meeting with you. Thinks you’re simply awesome.”

“Really? Yeah. He’s awesome too. Hey, can I ask you if...he’s doing okay? I heard the filming for Ultron was insane.”

“Insane, Sebastian, is an understatement. We had a shifted deadline for the reshoots so the producers could get the teaser trailer out last month at the San Diego comic con. Wait, you don’t know this?”

And I don’t know like anything, ever.

And he continued his questions like, “Don’t you two talk every day or something? Quite the BFF, yes?”

“I...I’ve been busier lately,” I said, praying like Hell that I could lie for my life in front of the Robert Downey Jr.

But I really was a little busy! Went back to Ohio for two weeks last month to do this movie called The Bronze. It’s quite a nut job of a movie so don’t miss it for your life when it’s out on DVD. #pluggedit.

So yeah. Anyway. Why did I think I was even lying at all? Hmm.

“Ah, right.” He tilted his head a little, as if he was sensing it. My being a goddamn madman in my own head.
"Sebastian you’re being paranoid."

“Chris’s doing alright. You know what he’s like on some days but he’s right back in after he’s out. I can’t stand the aromatherapy thing he was on though. Felt like I needed to put a mask on whenever I talk to him in his room or trailer, but I saw that it did help him deal with a lot of things for Ultron. You did that, right? He said you did. No offense but what did you put in there?”

“What did I put what?” I blinked. “Oh, you mean the oils? Uhm...just a potent blend for his anxiety and nerves. It calms him down pretty fast, but the smell can get a little overpowering.”

“You know such things? That’s really incredible! You really are the sweetest kid on the planet.”

“Only to the people I really like, maybe.” I smirked, even winked a little. “Terms and conditions apply.”

“Can’t tell if you’re being modest or that you’ve a potentially morbid sense of humor - but I’m entertained so far.”

And then I was just staring blankly at the magazine I dropped in the seat next to mine when Robert Downey Jr came on board.

_I should call him._

“Will you look at the time!” Robert suddenly went, glancing at his watch and then getting up quickly. I snapped out of my falling-out-of-the-face-of-the-planet head trip and for no apparent reason, stood up as well.

“I’d love to hang out with you a little longer but I gotta jet. I’ll text you my number. Airport security’s looking for me right now and I gotta head back to the other terminal before they find me here.”

_The Robert Downey Jr. was going to text me his number. Holy guacamole like how the hell did he get my number?"

“What?” My eyes rounded when I caught up with his last words. “You’re joking!”

“Maybe I am. Maybe I’m not. But I gotta jet anyway, kiddo.”

_The Robert Downey Jr. then flashed that winning as Hell smile, slipped on his snazzy aviators over his eyes before turning on his heels and heading straight for the exit._

Rockstar/Horatio/Tony Stark as fuck. _Killed_ me.

“I really hope we can work together soon, Sebastian,” the legendary space cowboy sang, stopping to look at me from the top of his shades just before he completely stepped out of the Gulfstream.

“I’ll look forward to it when we do. See ya around!”

And I swear to God I really didn’t mean to yell at him - but I did.

"Wait! Can we at least get a picture together?”
And PS, whoever did this manip wins in life. Seriously. Love you to hell and back.

Thank you soo much!!
Give Captain America Civil War

Chapter Summary

300 birthday presents for Sebastian Stan and that Marvel sniperception issue

Chapter Notes

YAY 2 CHAPTERS AT ONCE.

Enjoy :)

Other mentions: Gregg Masterson (OMC), Daisy, Jessica Harden (OFC), Matt Damon (lol) and The Robert Downey Jr.

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend

Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva

Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About

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Part 6:

Breakfast with Gregg Masterson is always so interesting.

“I heard Jason Bourne’s going to space.”

“What?”
“Sent you an email. Please check it when you’re awake.”

“I am awake.”

“You’re eating spicy avocado spread from the jar, Sebastian. You’re sleep-eating. It’s disgusting. Wake up, please.”

I dropped the spoon into the glass container and straightened up in my seat to give him a really tired sigh. Then, being ridiculously sleepy and yet stubbornly dramatic, I threw a hand out to the table where we were having our first, most important meal of the day.

“Gregg, I leave you with the house for a few weeks and already there’s little kitchen people living on this counter,” I complained, my eyebrows coming to the middle of my face in annoyance at the sight of all kinds of nonsense which littered the marbled surface before us. Breakfast was only 10% of the whole damn mess, Christ.

“Do we need to hire a housekeeper?” I took a good look around our apartment. “Yeah, we need one. Pronto.”

“No we don’t. I just got back from Dubai and you from dancing around with Meryl Streep. So just settle in first, will you? And read the email I just sent. They’re sending Jason Bourne into space and I think Bucky should go with him.”

“Jesus. I’m working with Pentium two right now, man. Have no idea what you’re saying.” I said flatly, pointing to my head. Gregg pushed a plate of sunny side ups and freshly toasted bagels, shaking his head a little at the sight of me going around the kitchen/eating area looking for my phone.

Sleep was good the night before. But twelve hours of mostly deep sleep tends to ruin the processor inside of me when I wake up fully. So it’s like, anytime before 10am the next day, I’m either a prophet or a zombie. I guess it was zombie day that day because I found my phone next to the microwave, which was funny because I didn’t remember putting it there at all in the first place.

I took a really quick detour from the looking at the new emails to check on the older ones. You know, to see if there was anything I missed from any other important people who emailed me - and none from Chris so far.

You know, I didn’t even know why I bothered to continue texting him after what happened ‘cos obviously he wasn’t interested to fucken respond with anything at all. Come on. It was just so goddamn immature of-

“Oh, you’re talking about the new Matt Damon movie!” I exclaimed, taking another deep breath after I got my balls back to zen mode - and read the most important new email of that rainy Friday morning.

“Jason Bourne. Really?”

“It’s either that or Good Will Hunting,” Gregg laughed, shrugging a little. “They’re looking for someone to play an astronaut doctor. Space surgeon or something. Thought you’d like the idea of doing a space movie.”

Gregg Masterson, everyone. Housemate, part-time skydive instructor, artisanal and craftsmen coffee extraordinaire, friend and fam for life - also someone who is so well-informed about Hollywood/acting gigs that he should totally just become my agent but nope. He chooses to run a really snazzy cafe in snazzy Manhattan and occasionally jump off planes over the glitzy glam life
on the red carpets. Love him to bits.

“Yeah, I’ll give this a shot. The Martian. Doesn’t sound like it’s gonna be another Elysium to me...Aliens?”

“Hmmm. It’s titled The Martian. As in Mars, right? Maybe you’ll still get to go into some zero-gravity chamber.”

“Maybe! Or go into NASA for a day. Experience astronaut stuff. Put on the astronaut suit. Sit inside rocket simulation. Maybe learn to perform surgery in zero-gravity chamber. Fight aliens. That’ll be great!”

“You’re such a nerd,” Gregg said, pouring himself another glass of guava juice. He then shot me a concerned look.

“Finally I’m seeing you lighten up a bit! It’s been raining this past few days and yet the Vale of Darkness over the entire of New York City looks more festive than your entire being, Seb. Even Turtle agrees. He knows you’re emo, too. Anything up your pretty boy ass?”

Turtle (my handsome Doberman) had zero comments, lying on its belly on the floor near my heels with that zero comments face game strong. I reached down and gave it a quick scratch behind its ear, but Turtle was just sorry Sebastian, I’ve got zero comments.

“Just a lil’ tired,” I muttered, apologizing to my dog with my eyes. Turtle only blinked to that. I guess that was its way of forgiving me in dog language. Its eyes though, poking into my soul like, why you emo, bro?

I felt like letting it all out. Like: no replies to my texts. No calls. No nothing! So he’s pissed at me. But nothing, Turtle. Really?

I went back to Gregg. “Just...press tours, comic cons, Bronze, Ricki and now, maybe Martian. And who knows when Marvel’s gonna call me up for God knows what they want me for. They never tell me stuff, seriously.”

“What? A workaholic getting heat from work overload?” My housemate scoffed, sarcastic as fuck. “Say it isn’t so!”

“I’m serious!” I cracked up a little before rolling my eyes at him. “Since Marvel, everything’s just so...hectic.”

“Err...” Gregg didn’t look like he just bought my lame-ass reason. “You’re still going for the Martian, right?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world!” I replied, lifting my chin and giving him a huge-ass grin, thankful as fuck.

Gregg nodded like that’s the Sebastian Stan I know because yeah, that’s the Sebastian Stan i know too.

#blood #famforlife

We started talking about how Gregg’s little girl Daisy was becoming an increasingly-feared member of her dodgeball team in her school (she just joined like, 3 months ago and was already queening it. What a super trooper!), earning her the nickname Daisy ‘the Duke’ on the courts.
“She laid out her options for her nickname, asked for my opinion. And it was either the Duke or the Dominatrix. Fucking madness. I was like ‘go to that corner and PRAY TO JESUS FOR FORGIVENESS RIGHT NOW SO HELP ME GOD, DAISY!’” Gregg went, grabbing at his hair at the terrifying memory of it.

“What! Who ever gave her that idea?” I laughed so goddamn hard, i practically cut myself open and stitched myself back up just to cut it all open again. Christ, kids these days. It’s times like this that makes me feel like it’s a lot easier to just raise Turtle to be a good, loyal, handsome dog.

“Raised Hell?” My legs were starting to shake to the surge of caffeine in my blood. Third cup of coffee, down!

“Every single level of it. The school. The internet permission protocols. Parents association, groups. Everything.”

“Jessica?” Jessica’s Gregg’s ex wife. She’s a beautiful, capable woman and lives just a few streets down from us.

“She’s from Hell. She knows what she’s doing so I was just GO JESSICA. YOU GOT THIS JESSICA, THAT’S MY GIRL!”

Obviously, Gregg has a completely different point of view of lovely ol’ Jessica Harden.

The doorbell rang and I was still howling like a goddamn madman when I answered the door.

“Hi!” I sang, recognizing the delivery man standing outside the door straightaway. “Long time no see, Nick.”

“Hello, Sebastian!” Nick chirped, grinning from ear to ear. “Haven’t seen you in ages. You look amazing as always!”

“You’re hot as always yourself,” I replied, throwing a tiny wink - and that was all it took for the guy’s entire face to turn into all shades of pink. He’s pretty good-looking to be working in the delivery line. But hey, university or whatever he was in ain’t gonna pay for itself, no?

“So what do you have for me today, delivery boy?” I said, leaning against the door and cocking my head at him, checking out the strong shoulders on the guy. I’ll be damned, aye. If he was legal by my standards…

Crazy.

“Oh. Yeah! Uhm.” Nick recovered from the fluster fast. “It’s a very special delivery. Really huge and...hold on. It’s not from Marvel though. By the way, I loved the Winter Soldier. Saw it about 5 times in the cinemas. Best movie Marvel’s ever made. Can’t wait for the next one!”

*If* there is going to be a next one. I know right. It really doesn’t help that I don’t know anything like, ever, either.

So all I could say to that was, “I like your crazy, Nick. That’s awesome. Thank you so, so much for the support!”

My morning was picking up to a much better note, alright. Nick quickly went around the corner of the floor and came back struggling to walk down the very same corridor with my delivery.

It looked like a human-sized version of freaking Eiffel Tower.
I marveled at it before rushing forward to help the poor kid out. "Holy cow. That’s for me?"

“Yup. Is your birthday coming or something? Seems pretty darn special, this one. About three-hundred stalks?”

My birthday wasn’t until two weeks later!

“Three hundred?! I squeaked, jaws to the floor. “You’re joking. Is that even possible? From who?”

“There’s only the name of the company on my invoice. But it comes with a card, so you’ll find out soon enough. Here.”

I took it off his arms and almost died when I accidentally tripped on the carpet along my way into the living room to put the huge and heavy delivery item on the floor because any elevated platform was probably not designed to hold this one. I went back to Nick and signed off on the iPad thingy before coming back into the apartment, so fucken surprised at what was sent to me.

“Whoa...that’s a *lot* of flowers!”

Gregg was surprised to Hell too, with Turtle giving it a few very excited barks as they came over. I guess Turtle was telling us that it was gawking at it like the both of us were right then.

Because a massive *bouquet tower* made of three-hundred fresh red and white roses sitting in the middle of my apartment and overpowering the entire fucken *building* with its sweet scent right then was something anyone would goddamn gawk at, seriously!

I fished out the lavender envelope wedged between the buds and pulled out a really pretty plain white card.

Gregg Masterson probably tried his very, very best not to sound like he was totally fucken weirded out by what I just read out loud from the card’s writing - but it wasn’t like he could help it in the end.

“An advanced birthday present. Why, this is very, very romantic,” he drawled, *slooooooooowly* shifting his entire self until he was directly facing me.

Turtle stood next to him, occasionally blinking at me with equally questioning as fuck black, black eyes and just *zero freaking comments*.

“So. Captain America’s sending you flowers now. Do you wanna tell me what I missed or do you want me to just theorize this, Seb?”

I didn’t think I was workaholic enough by the time the year came to an end, but that’s just me being my own harsh critic.
I ever said that 2014 was the year which everything kinda caught fire for me - so when I look back at all the jobs and roles I took on, getting the chance to work with superbly awesome people and production crews, I think, fuck yeah. Give yourself a high-5 Sebastian, you deserve it.

One day I was a psycho Soviet-trained defrosted assassin, next I was the Zeus of gymnastics who was all sour grapes. I became a choir boy dancing to Rick Springfield shortly after and then went into space as a doctor who almost left Jason Bourne to die on Mars.

So I guess I did okay. Maybe even more than okay - and I’m reminded that this is what gets me out of beds each morning. Feeling so blessed and all. Always!

Anyway.

Second day of the brand new year saw me sitting in the backseat of an Audi, having just hopped off a flight from New York just a while ago. Minutes later I was cruising up, down and around the confusing highways of good ol’ Los Angeles, California. It was an incredibly sunny Tuesday and where I was headed to was-

“Where are we going again?” I still couldn’t get a proper reception for my phone so I couldn’t open my emails.

And of course driver/totally covert sniper for Marvel said, “Secret location. You’ll know soon.”

Typical. I raised an eyebrow at him. “Who else is going to be there?”

“You’ll know when you get there.”

“Is your real name Ben?”

And the alleged Ben Costa the driver/totally covert sniper for Marvel laughed.

“All you need to know is this : we’re doing two stopovers on the way to the location, Sebastian,” the middle aged fella then went, giving me an assuring smile through the rear view mirror.

Look at that. Cooperative and informative as a goddamn doorknob. But I guess I couldn’t hold it against him for being so goddamn secretive. Maybe Ben had another Marvel-assigned sniper on him too, you know. In case he talked about things he shouldn’t be talking about because like, the first rule of Marvel meetings is that you don’t talk about Marvel meetings. The second rule of Marvel meetings is that you don’t talk about Marvel meetings.

So I had to understand that we were in this situation together - the sniperception situation.

Sebastian, you seriously need to calm the fuck down.

The journey wasn’t as forever as I expected. We went into this classy as fuck gated community and pulled up at the driveway (was an airport runway, really) of this huge-ass mansion on top the snazzy hills. I mean it probably had five hundred rooms on a single floor and fuck! I wish I could describe it like Home Living but I was so blown-away by such grandeur, all I could think about was that real life fire-breathing dragon which I swear on my Nikes was living in the basement/dungeon of the place.

And of course, only the Robert Downey Jr would live here. Like, who else, really?

“Sebastian! Good morning,” He sang out the moment he opened the door to get into the vehicle and saw me waving from the backseat. My smile, the size of freaking Jupiter. I didn’t even bother
to tone it down anymore.

Something talked in my head and it yelled into the mic like *Can you smeeeeeeeereeeell what Marvel is cooking? Oh my God. Is there gonna be another movie for Iron man? Am I gonna be in it? But what’s the Winter Soldier gonna do with Iron Man? Get his cyborg arm upgraded with nifty Transformers-type concealed weaponry?*

Robert’s smile was the size of Jupiter too. “I never thought I’d see you again so soon. Such a pleasant surprise, indeed. Good morning to you too, Ben. Playing recruitment manager for the day?”

“Morning Mr Robert and yes, just following orders, sir.”

*Sir Robert* got into the seat in front of me and turned to have his back against the window just so we could look at each other when we converse. Rockstar but considerate as fuck, this guy. I was already halfway in love with him if I wasn’t that star struck anymore, I swear. We asked each other about this Marvel meeting we were heading to and then teamed up to poke Ben ‘just a driver for the day’ Costa about it but of course, we got nothing.

*Snipersception*. I’m serious. Anyway.

Next stop was another classy as fuck gated community and Ben said we were gonna have to wait for a bit. We didn’t bother to ask anymore, really. Robert got on a phone call and I took the opportunity to get out of the vehicle for a while, to stretch my legs and take in the awesome as fuck view from where we were parked.

I guess everyone who’s in Hollywood loves living and breathing the Hollywood lifestyle in the City of Angels. As much as I was tempted by the thought of getting an estate here, nah. I rather live in good ol’ New York City - it’s just mad and interesting, also it doesn’t give me the need to have too much expectations from anything - especially in my line of work.

“Hi.”

A clean-shaven Chris Evans was something I hadn’t seen for a long time - and there he was, standing at an arm’s length away from me.

And he totally wiped out my ability to react with anything for a good, solid few seconds.

Maybe it was the whole stretched as fuck white tee and sick jeans, strong jaw James-Dean look.

Maybe it was because he hadn’t bothered to respond to any of my messages.

Maybe, baby.

“Hey.”

I found my voice after a while of just staring at him, my lips twitching to manage a small smile. He smiled back, his eyes hidden behind a pair of tinted shades. He looked completely different without the whole hipster beard thing right then. He doesn’t *wike* it that I used ‘hipster’ on him, by the way.

Like. I mean *like*. He doesn’t *like* the word ‘hipster’… *Urgh. Oh good God. Just shut up, Sebastian.*

And the first thing I decided to say (before time could develop an anomaly and stretch an already
ridiculously awkward situation even longer) to him was, “How are you?”

“Really excited,” he responded, probably quicker than he expected himself to. Chris pushed the shades higher up his nose.

“I mean, I dunno what’s happening right now. All I know is there’s a Marvel meeting in the next hour. And you’re here. It’s...yeah. I’m really happy. Excited. About the meeting, I mean.”

“Robert’s here, too,” I said, not reading too deep into him stumbling all over his words and motioned to the Audi with my chin. *Professionalism, Sebastian. You’re here for probably work and he looks f**ken good with dark hair.*

“Is he?” Chris broke to a wide grin when he saw Robert waving from the inside, cellphone still stuck to his ear.

And then he gasped out a very surprised, “I can’t believe it. It’s actually happening?”

I watched the expression on his face and body language change almost in an instant, to the dawn of whatever that was dawning in his head. And then It was like the freaking sun just gotten a Hell lot brighter above our heads or something. Call me crazy, but Chris just became so goddamn excited all of a sudden and everything else seemed to just f**ken explode around him too (the f**k?).

That was when I realised Chris Evans knew something that we all didn’t.

Which meant he wasn’t that deep in a *sniperception* situation like the rest of us!

“What’s happening, Chris?” I asked straightaway, looking over my shoulder to see Robert coming out of the Audi

“Civil war, Seb. We’re going against Iron Man.”

However, the Russos (being the the Russos) had a totally different idea on how they were going to take the next movie, Captain America : Civil War.

"Let's get this straight : No one is gonna die in this movie. Because no one in Marvel ever really dies. We'll deliver what people like to say about these movies we make."

"...We will still stick to the political aspect of the story, just like how the comics told it. Captain America is a man out of his time, and will not comply to the government's request to have him and his team of Avengers kept in check, because politics have agendas and agendas change and Cap gives zero chill for that."

Sounds good so far.

"Why bring Winter Soldier back, though?" Robert asked, curious like the rest of us tree-frogs were right then.
"I know we're forming teams so...which team is he gonna be in?"

Anthony Russo clapped his hands together, excited, superbly gleeful all of a sudden.

"Ah, this is the part which is gonna make the arc even more interesting. He's not coming back as the Winter Soldier."

Everyone stared harder at Anthony, who was standing in front of this massive projected picture of Captain America and Iron Man going head-to-head in a fight. Epic as fuck.

"He's coming back as Bucky Barnes and the Winter Soldier," Joe quipped, picking up where Anthony left off.

The room rustled with some noise.

"We're very keen to put in this tragic love story of some sort between Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes, you know. On top of the politics and action stuff. It'll really do Steve Rogers' head in because everyone knows he'd do anything for Bucky."

"And the fans will love it. Basically, total anarchy, chaos and some romance between these two. What do you think?"

Chris and I turned to look at each other.

And Chris snorted, "I don't have to kiss him, do I?"

Everybody laughed at that.

I laughed along too - mostly because I could look forward to landing some punches in my fight rehearsals with this unbelievable fucken joker very, very soon.

...Till next time!
Give Captain America some Beastmode AF

Chapter Summary

The one with Sebastian Stan joining Crossfit, RDJ's village party problem and Chris' freaking pelvic sorcery.

Chapter Notes

Was gonna post this and Part 8 on Seb's birthday but I didn't. Lol. Anyway, here it is. Two chapters at once, again, because I'm so feelin' the EvanStan love in the air~ Enjoy part 7.

Thanks so much for all the support and leaving some kudos, comments.

Part 8 coming up soon :)

Other mentions: Don Saladino, Anthony Russo, Anthony Mackie, Frank Grillo

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War

Part 7:

I decided that crazy ol’ Bucky Barnes needed a brand new, mind-blowing image for Captain America : Civil War - and the last thing I wanted to have was my trainer going goddamn gay on me
like: “Isn’t that a little over the top for you?”

Having spent the past few minutes listening to my grand proposition, Don Saladino only breathed out a small, muted sigh as he took further note of the serious as fuck look I was giving him right then.

And then he said, “we’re talking about five thousand calories a day, Seb - and a lot of grind. With that kind of dateline you’re giving me, we’re talking about three hundred percent commitment and discipline from you. So I’m asking you one last time, just to be sure: Do you really wanna get that big just for this movie?”

My palm landed on the table which we were having our postworkout lunch on like bam! And for the last time, just to be sure, I said, “Yeah. Everyone’s gonna be so massive, Don. Maybe Thor’s gonna be there, I don’t know but you know what that’s like. I wanna do this. Why you second-guessing me, bro?”

It was another gruelling session done and dusted with this handsome beast on a cool Monday morning in a jungle gymnasium at the park, followed closely by another gigantic serving of beans, greens, chicken breasts, protein shake at the side and all other things organic and tasteless and dry as fuck but no, nope. No fucken complaints, Sebastian. You’re gonna get massive.

I continued to prod him with, “What? You don’t think I can do it?”

Don quickly threw his hands up in surrender, a little surprised at how fucken ballsy-determined I was with this.

“Hey, of course not. Okay! Okay then. But you need to be prepared for anything I throw at you, bro. For example no cheats for a good number of weeks. Getting gym time when you’re in China or wherever you’re gonna be at. I might start screaming at you this time around, too. Even if I have to do it over Facetime.”

“Like that’s the hardest thing you ever have to do in your life,” I scowled, rolling my eyes a bit.

I was humored nonetheless. Don Saladino, everyone. I’ve had him as my personal trainer for almost four friggin’ years now (He’s mostly responsible for the Winter Soldier physical training programme for the last movie) and like I’m literally part of his swole crew member already - and of all things he was worried about after all those times we shed blood, sweat and tears (literally) together was raising his goddamn voice at me.

Yet another joker, this guy. My life is full of jokers these days.

“It is hard!” Don laughed. “I’ve been so damn kind to you since you started here ‘cos you’re such a good, positive guy. Always giving your hundred percent, delivering with no complaints. Souls like you are hard to come by.”

Choice of word: Souls, seriously. Don Saladino is intense as fuck. Love it.

“Aww, thanks bro but I’m already dead set on it. Don’t worry. When the going gets tough, the tough will just go shopping - so scream at me all you want. Just whip me up to shape, Don. I’m gonna strive for greatness!”

“Whatever you say, boss. ‘Strive for greatness’ it shall be! Hey, question, Seb: Why do ten push-ups when you can do fifteen?”

“Don, is that a meme?” I tried to pretend I hadn’t seen that one but who was I kidding, really.
He grinned. “Fitness meme. It’s applicable to self-motivation. You know this one. I know you do.”

“Meem? It’s not ‘mee-mee’? Whatever. And yes I do. Why run two miles when you can do five?”

“Eat a whole cake instead of one slice!”

“Burn your ex’s house down!” I started cracking up, pointing my fork at him.

“Because I BELIEVE in you!”

“Atta boy!” Don almost snorted arugula out of his nose from setting himself on fire with laughter.

He then gave a low bow of his head at me. “Indeed you know your memes, Your Highness.”

I went against the thought of flipping the goddamn (and super heavy) table at that and happily pulled a funny face at him instead because, ah, fuck it.

Figured if people keep insisting that I’m the Meme Lord nowadays, I might as well freakin’ king it.

The situation with my hair was like this: I had to keep it really short for the Martian and then grow it the fuck out for Captain America within a span of three months, just in time for March to come in and for the Civil War pre-filming preparations to start.

It was quite a feat but I guess all that protein I’d been hoarding into my body mostly went to my head? Not sure if that’s legit hair science but the point is, I managed to have it long enough to my shoulders by end February - and of course, the first thing good ol’ Anthony Russo did the very second I stepped into Universal Studios’ halls was to obsess over it.

“Thank you for really take care of your mane!” He sang, literally eyeballing my head the entire time he was seated behind me on the bleachers while all of us were watching the fight coordinators coordinate people around the place.

Calls it a fucken mane, seriously. I shrugged like knock yourself out, let him comb his fingers into my hair for a bit while literally ignoring everyone else in the vast gymnasium-like hall who was getting a good laugh from seeing the director going apeshit bonkers over follicle masterpiece of some sort.

“Ooooh. It’s even softer now, like pulling out cotton candy. And so darn flippy. Sebastian your hair is so fascinating!”

Cotton candy. He fucking killed me, Christ. Well, I wasn’t creeped out anymore because I kinda got used to him fawning all over it after working together with him for some time now. Let’s just say Anthony Russo had the strongest voice on how my hair should look (and be managed) like when I was the Winter Soldier in the last movie.

He also strongly believed that having my shirt off in a particularly intense, heart-breaking scene was really a ‘great innovation’ for the general audience’s feels.
Genius as fuck, this guy.

Anyway.

I was really, really, really looking forward to coming back to LA and after thinking too much about things, I gave in to the fact that it was ultimately to have some more time with Chris Evans again.

For work of course, and also for...everything else, I suppose. Catching up, if you wanna call it that. He’d been responding to my texts and calls since the last time we met up, which was honestly great. I guess he figured that It was fucken impossible to ignore me totally since the thing happened.

Okay, so maybe using the word ‘ignore’ is a little too strong. I’d like to believe that he was avoiding me most of the time after that, you know. And I did avoid him for a short while too. I mean we went to beautiful Paris, China, and UK to do the rest of the Winter Soldier press tour after the whole thing happened in LA last year - and with all the work we were doing, getting him to remain in the same room I was in was as easy as trying to catch a great white shark with a goddamn fishing rod.

And then that ended and we both kinda fell out of the planet for a while because my best bet was you-all-know-why. We were always staying connected so it was a very weird phase for me.

And then he suddenly sent me fucken flowers for my birthday.

And then the new year came and the next phase of Marvel meetings happened.

Normally I’d look forward seeing him again after so long simply ‘cos he’s that really awesome, generous, resident Care Bear guy in my life - but this time it felt hella different.

My heart pounded harder than my head the entire time I breathed. And the more I thought about seeing him again... goddamnit, really. I began to actually miss him like a fucken Hell lot more than usual by the time I arrived in sunny as Hell California that March.

But I still believed that I did not sign up with Marvel to have my supposed partner in crime, brother from another mother - another man, for crying out loud - start having fucken fluttery bubbly as fuck feelings for me.

Hey, I swing both ways on-screen but I don’t fucken swing in real life. I’ve dated beautiful women, broke a few hearts, got my own broken. Life goes on - figured I needed to take a break from getting involved with anyone for a while after that.

And now this bromance with Chris Evans totally changed. Suddenly years of friendship was going to Hell from a goddamn kiss because he just had to take that fucking chance and just... Urgh. Nothing’s ever gonna be the same between us ever again.

I know, right? Didn’t think he’d swing that way, too. I actually thought he was just an outrageous flirt and well, I like to flirt too. Was all fun and games for as long as I could remember it as for us.

But anyway, yeah. Shocker of the Year, I swear. Even for me.

“Knock knock!”

In the meantime, while waiting for our turn to get coordinated somewhere in this chaos, I had another Anthony to deal with - and his goddamn knock knock jokes were killing me slowly, I swear.
“Who’s there?”

“It’s Albie.”

I was already stitching up, Christ. “Albie who?”

“Albie-damned son, when’s supper gonna be served?”

I can’t with this guy. No one can with this guy. I always laugh hard with Mackie like, just voluntarily send myself into the ER for temporary respiratory shutdown of some sort. One of the greatest perks in my life, knowing this man. God bless his beautiful, talented soul - for all eternity. Amen, everybody. Amen!

“Okay I’m done with knock knock jokes. By the way, Sebastian Stan?”

I turned to see him looking at my crossed legs and giving them an impressed, approving nod.

He pinched my thigh. “You’ve done some major upgrading here - you got real big, kid!”

“Gotta get those thighs of betrayal,” I grinned, remembering just one of the many things he came up for me. The whole Winter Soldier sexy murder strut shit goddamn viral-led all over the entire Marvel Universe already, Christ. Mackie’s got Papi Chulo power to be influential like that around the sets.

“Hear, hear!” He gave me a congratulatory smack on my leg. “What’s your PR for squats now?”

“Two hundred pounds or so. I know, I know. I’m not as hardcore as you, Mackie. You’re way up there.”

“Brooooon,” he went, clutching his chest, looking so damned blown away by my puny PR anyway.

“You’re still legit beast to me.”

This was coming from someone who could squat a goddamn Royce and deadlift a friggin’ monster truck (not even his PR, by the way). So empowered to be sharing the airspace as Mr Quad-damn right here.

“I just hope all of this...” Mackie gave me a sloooow but complete body scan. “Ain’t gonna go to waste, though.”

“Stop violating me with your eyes, man.”

“What?” Mackie chuckled. “I’m just saying that if they’re not taking your shirt off in this movie then we’re just wasting time making it.”

“Seriously!” I deadpanned to that, cracking him up to pieces.

“I eat ten waffles at one go and no one bats an eyelid. I eat 4 servings of grilled chicken breast, rack up on the plates, get some mass in and everybody loses their damn minds.”

“Just speaking on behalf of all the ladies who are gonna be running into walls checkin’ you out. Maybe all the men too. It’s not enough that you’re Bucky with the great hair. Steel blue eyes, where home is. Now you’ve these brick-hard abs and buns of steel to go with the Thighs of Betrayal. Sebastian Stan, you’re goin’ to jail this time for sure.”

Bucky with the great hair . The Hell. “Why am I going to jail?”
His eyebrows wiggled. “‘Cos you’re killin’ everybody - and we’re talking some serious time, bro.”

“Mackie!” I practically roared. I threw an arm around his thick shoulders and just fucken *squished* the man because I just couldn’t handle his ever-so-timely *Mack the Swag* flattery attacks.

“You’re right. What do you think the dude’s been doing all the while in hiding, huh? Look!”

And madman beastmode as fuck: *me* pulled up my shirt to show off the hard-earned core work I put in. Taking this opportunity to feel myself like that.

“Bucky Barnes didn’t have any missions after HYDRA went down - but still, *no excuses* bro!”

Mackie would’ve literally doubled over his heels if we had been standing up in our wait, I swear. We continued to goof around a little bit because we’re really overgrown, pesky kids like that (he usually starts it, I promise) - until he had to take off for a flight scene rehearsal.

“By the way!” He went, before he could descend further down the stairs of the bleachers.

He pulled out his phone from his back pocket and was showing me his phone screen next - like I could goddamn see anything on it from where I was sitting at. Seriously, this guy.

He grinned. “Got an invite to RDJ’s village. Tomorrow night. Pancakes party. You?”


“Seb, how can you not know this? He has like ten trailers outside - it’s practically a community on its own!”

I need to start *knowing* things, Christ. “Yeah...but I didn’t know all of those trailers were *his*!”

And no one should ever *not* get invited to a freaking pancakes party hosted by *the* Robert Downey Jr. It made no sense that I checked my mails and texts and everything and there was nothing about pancakes and parties and the whole trailer-village shit, nope.

Anthony was fucking batting his goddamn lashes at me next, going, “Uhm. Can I take a raincheck on karaoke night tomorrow? I know we planned it like a week ago...”

“You *wouldn’t*!” I didn’t mean to whine, but I goddamn did.

“But it’s an RDJ party. At his *village*!”

Look at that: sensitive as fuck to my feelings, this Anthony Mackie.

“How could you advance- stand me up on karaoke night, Mackie? It’s Falcon-Bucky Frenemy night!”

His response to that was to draw some geometric shapes in the air space before him with some dramatic hand animations - supposedly symbolising the crazy-importance of this ‘ *village*’. His air drawing with hands was not as epic legendary as Chris’ but it was almost there - which basically meant Mackie wasn’t really asking at all in the first place which was goddamn annoying because karaoke nights with Mackie are always, *always* bombin’ and so ridiculously fun and *why am I not seeing this invite from Robert*?!

“Come on! You *know* an RDJ village party invite is an *honor* which I need to honor, Seb.”

He was decisive as fuck. “I’ll make it up to you. Promise! We’ll sing anything you want.

He frowned at the idea of dancing to weird Japanese schoolgirls shit. “That’s just mean, bro.”

“Don’t bro me, Falcon. I know where your allegiance lies now - It’s with team Iron Man.”

“Shots fired straight through my heart, Seb - but I won’t do this to you if I had another choice.”

He’s gottabe fucken kidding me.

“So this is how it is now, huh? Our brotherhood. Torn apart by bad allies choices and rockstar pancakes.”

Mackie groaned to my eyes narrowing dangerously at him. “Fine. I’ll fucking do the stupid para-para.”

“-Until it makes me feel happier because you advance -stood me up.”

Mackie looked like he’d rather drown himself that do that but “How long will that take?”

“I have no idea, Mackie. I guess we’ll only know come Saturday night, my bro.”

“You’re cold, Sea Bass. You’re very cold.”

“Please.” I pulled a sad face on him. “It’s colder when you’re on the outside, looking in.”

“Wow. That’s just...incredibly sad, Sea Bass. Stop it with your eyes. Stop it. Seriously, stop!”

Mackie had to cover his own eyes to like, save himself or something. I couldn’t keep a straight face that long and ended up laughing with the guy. The Falcon then took off to the calls of a very exhausted James Young, yelling ‘i hate you but I love you man!’ at me before leaving me to entertain a particularly interesting thought which dawned soon after he left.

It all came together very quickly, this brilliant as fuck plan of how I was going to give the Robert Downey Jr. a piece of my mind.

And the first thing I needed was his goddamn head

Walking into Chris Evans when he’s wearing nothing but a stupid piece of towel around his waist is probably every girl’s definition of a wildest dream come true.

And I totally understood what that meant when I stepped into the changing room after another stunt practice to drop off some towels only to literally stop dead in mid-walk and fucken marvel at the sight that greeted my eyes.

Chris’ back was turned to me, his hands occupied with rummaging for stuff in his gym bag on the shelf he was standing in front of. He was totally oblivious of my existence and I thought wow, my
footsteps are silent as fuck because I’m a skilled defrosted Soviet-trained ninja assassin like that - but I soon realized he had earphones plugged into his ears so yeah, boo to that, really.

Anyway.

So there I was, frozen on the spot and just fucken staring at him from the doorway, like a creepy stalker pervert of some kind. I took my time to take in all of that beautiful muscle shaping his posterior chain - sculpted and dented in all the right places. From the width of his shoulders to the broad of his lats to the cinch of his waist and the pathetic, pathetic as fuck job the towel was doing to contain the curves of his ass.

One does not simply look at Chris Evans and fucken complain, really.

To think I had my balls all figured out and so fucken together the second I received the email for my trip here to Los Angeles. I was so fucken cocksure that I wasn’t gonna let this whole thing with Chris get in my way of handling myself when we meet each other again.

But that was kinda going to fucken Hell already thanks to that seriously sexy piece of ass-

Chris looked up from his bag. I managed to look like I hadn’t been checking him out (safe!) and returned the smile appearing on his ridiculously handsome, clean-shaven face.

“Hey!” He took his earphones out, swinging it around in one hand as he walked towards me next. Him in that stupid towel performing some sort of pelvic sorcery in each step he was taking.

Funny as fuck thing: I’ve seen him naked many, many times before and it never really bothered me as much as it did right then so I should keep my eyes to looking at everything that’s above his neck.

My goddamn mouth however, had an entirely different idea of its own and went, “Hi, handsome.”

Chris’s eyebrows went way high up his forehead at that, surprised like did i hear that right?

Urgh God. Come on, balls. Assemble!

“Jesus.” His smile stretched wider, though. “Haven’t heard that in a while. Hi, sexy.”

I’m usually not this overdramatic but fuck it, really. The millions of thoughts I had the entire time I was here continued to crash and burn in my head as we stood in the same space, the walls off it blocking chaos and noise from everything beyond. I couldn’t remember the last time we had an entire minute to ourselves without someone jumping out of nowhere grabbing either one of us for work-related purposes. It felt fucken good.

And we could’ve smiled at each other until the next season comes around. I was actually gonna fucken fuck everything and just hug him to death because I missed him that damn much - until something about him caught my attention and made me gasp in sheer shock.

Apparently Chris Evans had the same reaction when something about me caught his attention, too.

“Whoa!” We went, at the same damn time. And then Chris’s hand reached out to me the same time mine shot out to him - but it was Chris who ended up reeling from my touching a bloodied red spot just beneath his bare chest.

“Fucking Hell, Seb!” He scowled in pain, swatting my hand away. “That’s still fresh, man.”

“What rained on you, Chris?” I asked, eyeballing the reddish-blue patches littering almost the
entire right side of his abdominal area. Huge red marks were prominent on his forearms, too.

This joker can’t keep a fucken tan for nuts because his skin’s practically porcelain white - so any form of injury marks on him will look pigmented as Hell. Chris didn’t move when I took another step into his space, my face hovering just above his (fucken perfect) abs to take a closer look at his injuries. He held his breath when my fingers brushed his skin, running them over the tattoo on his chest. I knew this because he wasn’t really goddamn quiet about it.

“Christ, Evans.” I straightened up to meet his eyes at level. “Are you doing crazy stunts again?”

“Grillo,” he answered, the blue of his eyes boring deep into mine, probably touched by my obvious concern and all.

“We’ve a fight scene together - Steve and Crossbones. He’s an actual boxer, Seb. He doesn’t know how to pull back on his punches even if he tried. Fucker’s real fast. I threw a few hits, but took a lot more. Don't worry about it. We had a good time.”

“I’m sure internal bleeding is your definition of a good time,” I said, sarcastic as fuck.

“He should at least learn to pull back Chris. It’s acting. You can’t turn into a punching bag just so you two can be method about becoming Steve Rogers and Crossbones.”

“Method.” Chris smirked at something only he found funny in my sentence. “Speak for yourself!”

And then he was looking at me like up and down.

Up and down and up and down. Up and then his hands reached out to touch my shoulders, chest, stomach…just everywhere, really.

I watched as the curves of his mouth pulled his lips back to this pleasantly surprised smile. That slight cock of his head finding another angle to continue gawking at me with. His ridiculously blue eyes, all over me, so eager to take in all of this hard work I was displaying all at once.

Something sparked and burned strong inside of me - and it felt a lot like fucken pride.

Jesus Christ.

“You’re fucking huge!” He started fucken poking me all over like poke, poke, poke and just fucken pokepokepokepoke.

I eat 10 waffles and nobody sees, nobody knows. “So damn thick. What happened to you?”

“I joined Crossfit,” I said, giving it a small shrug like yeah it’s no big deal, just a lot of blood sweat and tears. Tore some skin open. Died a few times. Came back fighting. Had a good time.

“Crossfit!” His whole face lit up with that smirk still on his lips. “Wow. Seb, just wow . Damn.”

I shouldn’t ask stupid questions, but I did. “You like me like this, huh?”

My goddamn mouth, running wild and free and away from my control like urgh God.

“Yea,” he said, throwing a tiny wink as he nodded. “It’s fucken hot, Seb.”

I didn’t think I could blush so hard so fast, but I did.

Balls, assemble!
“So…” Chris quickly went, smart enough to not start making things awkward between us with his mouth running wild to the thoughts in his head.

He glanced at something above my shoulder. “Uh…What’s up with that?”

I totally forgot about it. I turned to the Iron Man helmet which I’d placed on the sink earlier on (told the props people I was gonna borrow it for a while and turned on the big-puppy-eyes-honest-face to cut short on the whole process of signing things in and out) and then back to Chris, who pulled out a flimsy piece of fabric from his bag and started putting it on.

Like a sheer piece of material for a shirt is not going to attract so much attention to his Godly physique. What a fucken show-off.

“Didn’t get the honorary invite.” I answered, honest because I believed I had all the rights to be a diva about not getting into a rockstar’s stupid gluten-filled trailer-village party.

“Falcon got in, though. He cancelled on me to go to this party tomorrow night.”

“Awww!” Chris tried his hardest not to laugh, but he did. Sensitive as fuck too, this Chris Evans. He’s probably gone to so many RDJ trailer-village parties until he’s like, whatever.

“And what did you decide to do to Iron Man’s head?”

“I sent him a reminder.” I showed him the video I did with my assistant on my phone which I emailed to the pancake rockstar with a sweet little message that went: “Looking forward to our fight scene tomorrow, Robert!”

“You’re curling thirty’s!” was all he could say about the epic video message. Mr Health and Fitness then gave me a clap on my back like, congrats for hittin’ that.

“Remember those times when you hated working out with heavy weights? ‘I don’t wanna bulk up’ days. Look at you now. You’re beastin’, Seb. And you’re calling me method!”

Maybe I was turning into a joker too. “What’s on your plate today, Evans? More crazy stunts?”

“Gotta do this sick scene in an hour,” he said. “But I’m kinda injured so maybe we’ll just shoot a small part of it. Still gonna be trippin’ though. Wanna watch me take down a helicopter? Could use a cheerleader.”

Cheerleader, seriously. That’s where he gets his thrills from: The crazier the stunts are, the more excited Chris gets. Forget method. He’s mental when it comes to doing his own stunts - and he loves nothing more than an audience ‘cos he’s a fucken show-off like that.

I found myself not thinking twice about the invite. I thought by being there, I could tell him to not be an idiot about doing some parts of any stunts which could hurt him worse or something. Come on, who else can play Captain America other than this guy? He’s literally a fucken asset.

“Sure,” I said, grinning as I picked up the Iron Man helmet. “I gotta return this first. Hall six.”

“I’ll walk with you.” Chris smiled - and dropped his towel right in front of my eyes. “Pants, please!”

But of course his goddamn pants just had to be hanging off a coat hanger right behind me - of all places he would hang it in this goddamn universe, really. I quickly grabbed it with my other hand and passed it to him without as much as making any eye contact.
“It’s not like you haven’t seen me without my pants on.” Chris took note of all the blood flooding into my face with a playful grin. Modest as fuck, really. *Joker’s enjoying himself.*

“Why so shy now, Sebby?”

I felt like taking him down to good ol’ memory lane with *err...because we kissed and you kinda gave me a really inappropriate proposition after that?! Hello? Am I supposed to look at your nuts and not be hot and bothered about it?*”

*Wait a minute.*

Fucking Hell. The struggle to keep my eyes diverted from looking at all his sensitive areas was as fucking real as Tupac Shakur’s music, seriously.

“God, you’re so cute when you blush,” Chris remarked, boldly. I tried thrice as hard to not mind that, but I sort of failed when my smile decided to go against *not* stretching any wider. Great.

“Come on, Sebby. Let’s go for a short walk.”

I should’ve known the walk to Hall 9 from 5 was *not* gonna be a short one - Chris’ idea of a long walk was nothing less than 20 miles. Told ya. Mental as fuck.

We didn’t really talk much. Chris was just smiling a Hell lot - whether he was talking or listening to me, he’d be smiling from ear to ear. And I, all I had was these tiny voices poking me with questions.

*He looks so fucken happy. What else are you gonna ask or talk to him about? You know what he’s thinking. His feelings for you are so goddamn obvious. He’s not afraid to hide it. Not from you, not from everyone else.*

*You’re not the same since the kiss, though. He’s gotten under your skin so bad, even you gotta admit that no matter how much you tell yourself you don’t want this, maybe it makes more sense that you do. You want Chris Evans as much as he wants you.*

*Maybe this is just you crazy-talking again, Seb.*

Tiny voices in my head, most of the time they’re helpful. Sometimes they need to go on vacation.

I ended up keeping those thoughts to myself. We walked past a lot of people, exchanging a whole lotta “hi”s and getting the whole “Look, Steve-Bucky BFF goals” thing, the two of us quickly becoming a hot topic of the hallways of some sort. I returned Iron Man’s head to the poor intern who was in charge of watching over some of the props right then - with her thanking me like a madwoman.

Told you. This whole *sniperception* thing with Marvel - never believe it’s not so.

I spotted good ol’ Frank Grillo getting ready and suiting up for a scene when we went past Hall 7 - and a crazy idea suddenly popped in my head. Crazy, but also brilliant as fuck.

“Hey Chris, give me a second!” I said, detouring from our path with a turn on my heels. The taller guy followed closely, falling into my pace of walking while telling me we were heading the wrong way.

I don’t know the him well enough but so far Frank is, really, a huge teddy bear. His sense of humor's legit morbid for a really sweet guy, though. He’s also built like a statue and he looked even
more menacing as Crossbones. It’s true: Marvel’s never made any mistakes with their casting choice, alright.

He’s probably the only guy who actually wore the robes they gave us in our trailers, too. Everyone else didn’t quite fancy that shade of purple but then again no one could rock it like Frank did.

Anyway.

“Lookie who’s here,” Frank sang, grinning at the sight of us walking over. “Steve and his Bucky!”

We were then standing in a circle in front of a few green screens and makeshift wall props, watching a worker work on getting some wires strapped onto the guy’s waist. Chris was checking out the costume on him, going, “Damn, Frank. This looks like it weighs a tonne.”

“Yea! I can’t really move around in this version. The whole idea of me wearing this suit right now is so that they can throw me into these walls.” Frank chuckled, before giving Chris a very concerned look.

“You alright?”

“Smashin.” Captain America flashed his winning as fuck smile, pointing to a bruise on his body which was visible through the stupid sheer material of his shirt. “How’s your rib?”

“Had to tape myself up real good,” he replied, taking a glance at Chris’ swollen forearms and looking genuinely apologetic about it. “You gonna get that treated soon?”

“Nah. It’ll go away.”

Fucken show-off, seriously.

I didn’t mean to interrupt their lovely conversation, but I did.

“Hey Frank,” I suddenly said, pushing the long, long hair off my face and looking at him. “I wanna do a test on you.”

“Test?” Frank turned to me, blinking a little. “What test?”

I started taking a few steps back, away from the two of them. Chris was just looking at me the same way Frank was, mentally going like, what test and what the flying fuck is this guy gonna do?

“You’re a boxer so you gotta do a lot of those core work, right? You must be built like a goddamn tree!”

“Err…” Frank still wasn’t getting me but he went, “Yes. I guess I am. What’s with it?”

Perhaps I was feeling a little out of it all of a sudden because I was thinking, maybe Chris’ injuries wouldn’t have happened if crazy-method Crossbones here had learned to goddamn act properly.

Beastmode as fuck: me shot him a challenging smile.

“Let’s see just how goddamn sturdy you are, shall we?”

Without thinking twice, I fucken charged at Frank Grillo - and spearheaded him straight into a wall.
Posting the next chapter up real soon! Click away :) oh and...

#teamEvanStan all the way! And for some reason this is trending on Facebook. How cute.
Give Captain America His Chance

Chapter Summary

The one with Sebastian Stan not liking this Lizzie chick much

Chapter Notes

Part 8

*is eternally high on EvanStan*

Tumblr @baconsonus

Thanks for reading!

Other mentions: The Russos, Elizabeth Olsen

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend

Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva

Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About

Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War

Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF

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**Part 8:**

Next evening, we were in Atlanta and Atlanta was so freakin’ hot, we decided to name it Hotlanta
for the whole of next week we were going to be stationed there for Captain America: Civil War’s first outdoor filming location.

My trailer was decent and sizeable with its AC working just fine but it was one of those crazy-ass weathers that makes you wanna stay indoors - as in lying on a king-sized bed inside a snazzy hotel room with room service at your beck and call kind of indoors.

Obviously bratty ol’ diva me wasn’t even in my trailer when I was thinking of this. Instead, I was inside this gigantic oven with green screens, cameras and crew men all over the place - but thank fuck, I was in normal civilian clothes and not some straight jacket type leather costume this time around. My arm wasn't as lubed up before too, but it was still pretty darn heavy and uncomfortable.

Just another day at the office for hopefully another box-office hit.

And we would’ve already started shooting this little fight scene between the Winter Soldier and Steve Rogers after the crazy dog broke out of containment - if Chris Evans wasn’t wasting our goddamn time trying to get the Directors to agree that he shouldn’t be wearing layers right then.

“No!” Joe Russo’s hand shot out and yanked the hem of Chris’ shirt back down after he pulled it up.

“For the hundredth time, it really makes no sense that you should have your shirt off for this, Chris. Or for the helicopter scene!”

“Are you sure?” Chris was frowning. “Seb took his shirt off in the last movie.”

“That was necessary!” Anthony went, giving Chris an exhausted look. I shrugged at Captain America like, hey don’t look at me I just needed to do about 300 sit ups a day for that one particular shot.

“Besides we already had you topless in the First Avenger so Chris, you’re keeping that on for this one and that’s final. Can we please start shooting now! It’s boiling in here. Let’s try and get this in one take okay, guys? Please!”

We took our positions with the markings on the floor.

“Ready?” I asked, making mental note that Chris was still nursing some of his bruises. “One take.”

“One take.” He cricked his neck and nodded, smiling. “Let’s go, big boy!”

Working with Chris Evans always, always gets me all pumped up. He’s just a really awesome, generous actor like that and I can’t say enough about his professional attitude.

“Good job, Seb,” Chris sang out to me as soon as the Joe yelled ‘cut the check!’ for our little fight scene. I didn’t mean to slam the guy straight into the elevator doors with my fist, but I guess I wanted to go a little overboard with the Winter Soldier’s character this time around simply because I could.

“Are you hurt?” I didn’t think anything else landed on Chris but I had to make sure.

And to that, Chris’ answer came as a satisfied-sounding, “A little. But that was seriously hot.”

“Damn Seb, I’ve become that guy who’s game for anything as long as I’ve got you in my corner.” Mental as fuck.
Normally I’d go all madman shy to that but I found myself smiling at him like *yeah, glad you fucken enjoyed it* this time.

Maybe the whole beastmode as fuck thing was subtly injecting me some trippy cocky confidence boost into my system or something. Whatever it was, Hell yeah, it was working really well for me, alright.

I couldn’t remember what time we got back to our trailers, but man, after a whole day being roasted on set for 12, 14 hours straight, I was expecting to just knock myself out and wake up only next year. We didn't go back to the hotel that night, it was gonna be an early day tomorrow and I really should try and get some more sleep or something.

Instead, I did something I didn’t plan to do - I took a quick shower in my trailer, changed into some less-homeless person-looking clothes (*Fugitive*, remember?) and went to Chris’ RV in the middle of the goddamn night. Our temporary housings were separated by three long-ass RVs which housed as RNR areas for cast and crew members to chill, so it was quite a walk to get to him.

My energy was still on the high side. Must be the fucken beastmode blood in me because next, I was knocking on his door, even fucken singing, “Hey Chris! *Do you wanna build a snowman?~*”

No response. The lights were on, the windows open. The smell of the aromatherapy blend I gave him was strong from where I was standing.

I made a mental note to make more of those blends for him (helps him calm down a Hell lot) when I get my hands on the oils.

I knocked again. “Chris, I’m gonna go for a run. Do you uh...wanna join me?”

Fuck no I wasn’t gonna go running. Why the fuck did I say I was gonna run, I had no idea.

No response. I went up the steps and thought of just walking into his trailer but for some reason I didn’t and decided to call him.

His phone rang from inside the trailer but he didn’t pick it up.

*This is weird. His phone’s literally stitched to his ass. Even when he’s dead he’d be picking up calls.*

Placing my fist on the cool metal, I was about to knock on the door again when I heard loud, giddy laughter coming from around the corner behind me.

“Sebby!”

I wasn’t sure what to make of what I was seeing but Chris Evans was walking towards me with this girl who had wild, flaming red hair framing her entire face - and they were having their arms around each other’s waist. Practically glued to the hips. So in sync with the steps too, look at that.

“Hey,” I broke into a smile ‘cos I’m a 24/7 nice guy like that, even when it's to something I don’t quite like.

*She looks very familiar though. Where have I seen her before? ”Hello.”*

“She is Lizzie,” Chris said, introducing her with his arm still around her waist. “Lizzie, Seb.”

We stuck our hands out and shook. With Chris’ arm leaving her waist to put around her shoulders
next. I remember thinking like, *seriously this girl doesn't look like she would fucken fly away if he releases her or something.*

“Nice to meet you, too.” Lizzie was then looking at me in this intense, studying manner.

And she said, “You’re the one who broke an entire set the other day.”

Christ. I tried not to look so taken aback by that. I turned to Chris, who shrugged like, *looks like everyone in the goddamn universe knows it by now: crazy ol’ Winter Soldier took out Crossbones in his mostly metal-cast villain suit Hall 7 of Universal Studios - not that it was part of any script.*

“She’s Wanda Maximoff,” Chris said, taking note of my looking at this Lizzie chick and *obviously* still wondering who she was.

My mind literally blanked. All I wanted to do that night was see Chris. I probably wouldn’t have recognised a dog if it had came along my way.

He finally let go of her and nope, she didn’t fucken float into space. “Scarlet Witch, Seb.”

A huge bag of bricks fell on my head. “Oh! Oh my God I’m so, so sorry. I know you look familiar but we’ve never met and all so…”

“It’s okay!” She laughed. “I was in the Ultron movie, by the way. Like a whole chunk of it.”

“I saw Ultron - twice - and I love it. So again, I’m so terribly sorry for not recognizing you.”

And Lizzie was just driving fucken stakes through me like, “I hope you can recognize me from now onwards because we’re gonna be working together. For the next few weeks or so! Elizabeth Olsen, Lizzie, Wanda Maximoff, Scarlet Witch - all me.”

Her resting-bitch-face sense of humor was killing me, I swear. I was just so fucken embarrassed for my life right then and Chris wasn’t goddamn helping because he was laughing too. Happily slapping his own chest and all. Totally reading the air right, this joker.

“What are you doing here, at this time?” Chris asked after the humor died down and I stopped burying myself in the ground.

“I...uhm. I’m going for a run.” *Liar, liar plants for hire.* “Thought I could use a cheerleader.”

“You’re gonna run in that?” He jerked a brow at what I had on. With my hair perfectly tied in a *man-bun* and all.

*Shit.* I bit the inside of my cheek, realizing I had no other excuses to dispense right then because I actually didn’t have any.

Maybe I just wanted to...come to his trailer in the middle of the night with no reason whatsoever *okay shhhh, Sebastian. Just shhhhhhhhh.*

“Well I’m gonna turn in,” Lizzie spoke up, unintentionally saving my falling grace with it.

“Thanks, Chris. For everything.”

“Anytime,” Chris responded, returning her hug in his own overly-generous way. “Always here for you, Lizzie.”

“I can make my way back,” she assured him. “You’ve got company. See you tomorrow, Seb.”
Chris turned to me after watching Lizzie disappear into the shadows of the trailers and trenches which scattered our living area for the next few days. I shoved my hands into the front pockets of my jeans, kicking at the ground a little as we stood facing each other for a while, letting the cool air and the darkness of Atlanta’s night settle down around us.

And he didn’t fucken waste his time with, “Can’t sleep ‘cos you miss me. Right?”

I stared at him, licking the bottom of my lips for the third time before finding myself going, “Yea.”

He wasn’t expecting that. Hell, I didn’t expect that, too. *Wow Seb. Beastmode as fuck confidence level 999. Go for it. All the way, big boy.*

His recovery was faster than mine, though. “I miss you too,” he said, smiling a little more. “So much.”

And I remembered scowling at that like, *my ass he did.*

Maybe it was to the thought of Chris and Lizzie heading back to his trailer after a night out or something because next, I was feeling this absurdly strong bunch of emotions moshing with my thoughts - and they weren’t fucken happy at something.

“Oh, you do?” I ended up scoffing, my emotions kinging. “Sorry to disrupt your *date* with Lizzie.”

“Aw, Seb. Don’t worry about it,” Chris replied, waving a hand dismissively in my face. As if I really did trample on his stupid date, ruined his lucky night or something. He was so nonchalant as fuck about it. *Unbelievable.*

And I swear to God, to anything that I didn’t mean to roll my eyes, but I goddamn did. “Seriously.”

Chris, he was fucken smirking at me and my sudden murder as fuck attitude right then.

“Seb?”

I didn’t mean to snap, but I did. And I did it with so much *argh,* I burned the whole world with it.

“What?”

“Lizzie’s a really great girl,” Chris started softly, starting to chuckle a little while looking at me in that kind of way which told me he found all this amusingly adorable or something gay like that. I didn’t find anything funny, still.

“But we’re not dating or anything. You don’t have to be jealous of her.”

Next I was pretending that he didn’t just fire a direct one straight into my chest, ripping through my walls again like they were made to be destroyed just like *snappy fingers* that.

“Jealous?” I blinked at him. “*Please.* You know, I didn’t come here tonight to see you for this. I do miss you and was actually hoping that we could…”

He picked up where I trailed off with, “...Go running with you looking like a runway model.”

I didn’t know how I came to practically snarling, but I let him have it with, “I contacted you many times and you didn’t respond. I guess you were, and apparently still are, busy entertaining *Lizzie.* I’m not *jealous* but you didn’t respond to me after LA. And then, out of the blue, sent me roses for my birthday. I got to meet you again and we started talking once more but it’s like...we’re the same but we’re obviously not.”
Chris’ golden as fuck response to my just going batshit emo infront of him was a steady, “Did you like the roses?”

He’s gotta be fucken kidding me. Is he even listening to himself, to any of this, at all? “What?”

“Did you like them, Sebastian?”

“Yes!” I huffed, running a hand through my hair to prevent it from flying to his handsome face.

“Three hundred roses, Chris! They were so beautiful and I was crazy enough to think that it was so fucking romantic of you. And now you and this Lizzie... you’re crazy, man.”

“I am. I’m crazy about you, Seb! You’re all I think about,” he suddenly said, taking his eyes off mine to run his sight all over my face, gradually setting me on fire.

“I’m sorry that I didn’t call or text back. Honestly, I blocked your number ‘cos I had to get away from you for a while, Sebby.”

My fist was ready to go, alright. "You blocked me? I was worried about you. I even had to find out from the Robert Downey Jr how you were. Twitter!"

Chris’s eyes softened, apologetic as fuck to my looking at him like you’re seriously going to be the death of me right now.

"I’m so sorry, but believe me I had to. I practically forced my feelings into your hands that night and caused all this to happen. Felt terrible and I didn’t the fuck know what to do to salvage the old friendship. It was a tough time with that and then Ultron. Staying connected to you was the last thing I needed.”

“So you stayed connected to Lizzie instead.” But I was getting even more mad. “That works for you, huh?”

“She’s like my sister! I needed an outlet eventually and she was there. She was helpful. And talking to her made me realize that staying away from you is fucking impossible.”

“Was this before or after you two decided to come back to your place and-”

“Seb! For fuck’s sake, no. Her trailer’s over there. Look, we just formed a close friendship from Ultron and that’s it.”

"That’s it." I was still not having that for some strange as fuck reason. "You couldn’t keep your hands off her a while ago."

"Okay. Stop!" Chris was so done with my going all male PMS on him.

"I don’t know why I’m explaining to you things when there’s nothing to explain about!"

He then folded his arms across his chest, challenging me with a murder stare of his own.

"Why are you here tonight, Seb?" He demanded, cocking his head and squaring his jaw at me.

"What’s this really about? I’ve a good idea why because I can’t think of any reason at all why you’re hatin’ on Lizzie. You don’t even know her."

Fuck. I felt a strong beat-down coming right in my bones almost immediately.
"Or why you snapped and threw yourself at Frank the other day. That was for me. I’m not stupid, Seb. You care so much about me, I think you’re starting to like me a lot."

I didn’t answer him directly with that.

"Seb." He looked at the ground for a bit before meeting my eyes again and huffed out a short, silent sigh.

"You’ve feelings for me. I can fucking tell, you idiot."

“Chris, I’m not...” My defense faltered so easily, and I ended up chewing at my bottom lip, hard. His gaze darkened a little more to my lost. “You know.”

“You sure? From the way you flirt with me, I really thought that. Plus you kissed more boys than Lizzie did in her life. Okay, I’m sorry that was a bad joke.”

“I’m an fucken actor!” I blurted, ignoring his stab at humor. It was only like, at the wrongest of times, really. I made a mental note to make resting-bitch-face jokes to Lizzie next time I see her.

“I don’t know why but I always get those kinda roles. It doesn’t mean I’m...”

“Gay.”

I thought about Nick the UPS guy for some strange reason and muttered, “...attracted to men.”

“You know I don’t believe in labels.”

Chris’ hand was then on my face, his thumb stroking my cheek gently. I didn’t flinch or felt weirded out by it this time. Instead my heart fucken thawed and I kind of nuzzled into his palm to its warmth. Damn it. Beastmode as fuck me got this soft so fast.

He gave out an honest to God fucken relieved sigh at that.

And then he said, “I just know that I’m ridiculously attracted to you. But if you’re not into me then I’ll find ways to deal with it again. So tell me, Sebby: Do I stand a chance in winning you over this time?”

Jesus H Christ, really. "Chris."

If Hell had a body part for its gates, it’d be my freaking face right then. My heart was wild with excitement, nervousness and utter fucken chaos - strangely enough, my thoughts were gelled together on a single track right then.

Maybe they got tired of arguing with one another already.

Maybe I was crazy-jealous at the thought of what good ol’ Lizzie Olsen could’ve had with this amazing as fuck man if Chris hadn’t sisterzoned her.

And that made me say, “I do like you, Chris. I just don’t know how deep I’m with it but I really don’t wanna lose anything with you should nothing works out. You’re such a great guy, one of the people I’m eternally thankful for. It’s been really awesome between us.”

“I think that’s what YOLO pretty much means.” Chris laughed a little. He was pinching my chin next, his beautiful eyes strong on mine.

“I’m willing to take my chances. You’re fucken worth it even if it breaks me. My life’s already
better knowing you exist. You’ll never lose me, ever, Sebastian Stan. And well, I’ll probably never lose you too. We’re literally stuck together for the next five to seven years. Who else can be Steve’s Bucky?”

He was chuckling to that thought like, *wow this is literally eternal for us all.*

“How are you finding this funny?” I deadpanned, and took another step towards him until our chests came into contact.

"How....Hmmm?" My eyes glanced at the slight gaping of his mouth, smelling something sweet and fresh coming out of it. *Strawberries?*

Cocky trippy confidence level 999, me. Look at that.

“Babe, you know I can’t with those eyes of yours.” Chris’ gaze intensified and burned through the back of my skull. His face floated closer, breathing me into his senses, holding himself back just a little bit more.

"If you don't want this then tell me to stop, Sebastian."

My heart launched itself into space and never thought about returning at all - and all this felt so fucken good, so fucken perfect. Being speechless and not turning away from him basically told him that I too, couldn't with those eyes of his.

He was beaming, I swear. “But if you’re gonna kiss me right now, just to let you know I just ate a *tonne* of raspberries. I taste hella good.”

Wow.

“You’ve got some balls, Evans.” I chuckled, before realizing that didn’t really sound like how I thought it did in my head. “Okay that was just…”

“You need to stop talking so much,” Chris whispered, the sweet, sweet smell of the tonne of raspberries he ate wafting deeper into my nose, my hesitation crumbling to oblivion, making me bite the bottom of my lips in excitement.

I didn’t hold myself back long this time, though - and I quickly leaned up to give him a soft kiss on his lips.

Needless to say, things escalated fairly fast. I wouldn’t say Chris was expecting it so soon but he didn’t hesitate to tilt his head and took lead for the next kiss. His mouth opening further to receive mine in that kind of manner that told me *fuck yes, this is finally happening!*

Look, I honestly don’t know how to describe the kiss because I'm no novelist as fuck but let's just say I've kissed a man or two and this one fucking took the cake. Unscripted, unprepared but very well-executed. No rush. Just fucking sensations running up and down my body making me want more of him.

The slow kissing lasted *forever* before it switched up with my starting to walk him backwards until Chris’s back was pressed against the cool metal surface of his trailer. At the rate we were going, I swear I would've popped all those buttons on his shirt from the way my hands were woven into its fabric.

Bet he wouldn't the fuck complained if that happened, really.
“Whoa, Sebastian…” He was impressed at how forward I became. My whole body was shaking, Christ.

I couldn’t care about my initial worries anymore when he rasped, “fuck, this is hot.”

Dazed, I gasped a little when he gave my bottom lip a light nibble and then took it all in a suckle. We kissed some more, being a little reckless in the dark of the night with my fingers curling into the balls of his elbows to pull him into my arms next, suddenly wanting to feel more of his fucking perfect body move on mine.

I was so pathetically thirsty for it, but Chris was more than ecstatic to let me have a taste of what I'd been missing, alright.

“Chris, wait!” I stopped myself and pulled away for a bit. “Can we...keep this under wraps?”

“You want this to be like a secret?” Chris was so flustered, both of his pupils were dilated as fuck.

“I mean we’re not official or anything. I’m not sure if we-”

“Yeah. Sure.,” he said, smiling and nodding at the same time, probably not even thinking straight considering how things were going right then.

"God, stop talking please. You've no idea how long I've waited for this...Come here, babe."

His hands combed deeper into my hair after pulling the band off, his lips hot on mine once more.

“Chris I’m serious!” I laughed a little as I tried to practically fend him off. He was so out of it, it was fucken weird to see him like that but I had to make sure he got my tiny request straight into his brain and what was left working in there.

“Keep this between us for now, okay?”

“Whatever you say, babe. I’ll honor it.”

Him going into his Royal Righteousness Steve Rogers mode about it - despite his frustration that I was actually able to hold him at an arm’s length at the wrongest of times right then - was fucken sexy, alright.

Chris’s hand reached out for the handle of his trailer’s door next, tugging at my hand with the other.

And he groaned, “now can you please just stop fucking talking and get inside already?!?”

____________________

Till next time...:

____________________

and lol @ Pinterest post:
Give Captain America Some Lovin', Babe

Chapter Summary

"Maybe I was gazing at Sebastian Stan too much"

Other mentions: Anthony Mackie, Scarlett Johansson, Gregg Masterson (Fictional Character), Chace Crawford, Jon the safety guy

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance

Part 9:

Our last day in Hotlanta (hot Atlanta, get it?) saw Chris and I seated together in an on-set interview with a lady from this snazzy lifestyle magazine which name I shouldn’t mention because sniperception (I’m kidding. I’m not sure if I could mention names though) - and I sorta knew the interviewer was done with questions about Civil War’s film process by the time she reached her fifth question.

“Here’s something that the fans - myself included - want to know: It is said that Steve and Bucky
are, in actual fact, a little more than just best friends.”

And I was just thinking, of all things you wanna talk about. Really, lady? Does she know about us? Did Chris talk?

“Is it now?” Chris was first to go, turning to look at me with this pseudo-surprised look on his face, chillax cool cat no biggie like that. Did he expect this? Probably not, too but he was liking the question.

I could only purse my lips to the tiny jump inside my rib cage before stupidly trying, “Bromance?”

“Nope. Beyond that. They’re saying that Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes are actually in a romantic relationship, you know, the one with the rainbow flag flying strong. What do you think of this?”

And Chris went, “I guess it wouldn’t be so bad, would it? Sebastian?”

I would have kicked him under the table if we were sitting in one right then because he was starting to speak in this little sing-song drawl which bordered between him flirting with the goddamn idea and picking on the interviewer’s building anticipation for an epic answer to the question.

“Considering that the third movie for Captain America is also about Bucky, on top of the usual political agendas storyline,” the lady continued to chime, catching Chris’ reaction with a wider smile on her face.

“Perhaps the essence of it all is that simple: Captain America’s love for Bucky will soon be evident in a trilogy with the release of Civil War.”

Wow. Fuck me sideways, really. Maybe I did sign up with Marvel for all of this after all.

Thankfully, after many years of experience in mastering a well-managed image for the media (because crowd-surfing to express gratitude can actually get you killed) I had a more diplomatic response to this.

“I think there’s no right or wrong answers. I mean if someone wants to relate to a story the way he or she wants to then that’s great. It’s cute, it’s great but I don’t think of my character that way.”

Boom, baby! Marketing and PR guidelines, what’s good?

“What about you Chris? You mentioned that it wouldn’t be so bad. What’s your take on Captain America being the first bisexual Marvel superhero?”

“I still think it wouldn’t be so bad,” the blonde replied, throwing me a sideways glance. Mentally reading my mind which was filled with fucken prayers for him to thread on dangerous waters very, very carefully.

“But it’s never been my approach for Steve Rogers, either. I mean, in the first Captain America film you see him being drawn to Peggy Carter, his love interest,” he continued, his legendary animated hand signs flying all over the place.

I didn’t mean to breathe out the loudest of sighs in the history of sighing in relief, but I did.
“He was very drawn to her, they were supposed to go to a dance,” the lady agreed, shooting me a brief glance that reeked of curiosity. I only smiled like can we move on to a more relevant topic? Let’s talk about my hair.

“He was! Peggy was the last person he thought about before he went under. She was special and I tried to put that feeling in the final scene,” Chris nodded at her, involved and animated as usual.

Then he went, “but maybe, just maybe, I didn’t do a great enough job at it.”

I had the same exact question the lady had for Chris’ sudden critique on his so-called lack of acting skills right then: “What do you mean by that?”

I turned to Chris to see him shrugging and then breathing out a big, ridiculously theatrical as fuck sigh at the interviewer.

“Maybe I was gazing at Sebastian Stan too much.”

It was probably very-well orchestrated, how we managed to successfully dodge many pairs of prying eyes for the rest of the day which was mostly filled with more interviews and junkets, Behind the scenes tour stuff. Let’s call it press day because the official term was too long.

It helped that we were separated at some point, him going off with Lizzie Olsen and Scarlett Johansson for separate media appearances while I was paired with the Papi Chulo for ours.

Bucky and Falcon: keep your friends close and your frenemies closer - that’s how we roll.

“You doing anything tonight?” He asked, the second we stepped out of our car which pulled us up at the hotel driveway. It was already evening by the time we were done with our last interview. The hours did pass very fast when I was having a good time laughing with this fucken joker. We should totally have our own web-series. It’ll be fucken epic, a total meltdown for sure.


Of course I wouldn’t miss it for the world but the wonderful, magical works of the all-knowing universe ultimately planned a different outcome for me to end the night - and it all started with Chris Evans walking up to me in this crisp as fuck blue shirt and sick tailored black slacks combo which hugged his body so well, I forgot Mackie existed with us.

“Hey man. Seb,” he went, smiling a little more at me as he came to stop in front of us. ”Lookin’ good.”

I was feelin’ a little somethin’-somethin’ and my eyes were starting to roam to places lower than his torso from that reason, and that got me saying, “Not too shabby yourself, handsome.”
“I’m turning invisible these days.” If he had forks in his custody right then, Anthony Mackie would’ve gladly stabbed himself with it.

“So we’re all meeting back here in ten minutes,” he continued, cutting in with this flat as fuck expression on his face telling us he couldn’t deal with something right then.

Maybe good ol’ Mackie noticed how Chris was staring at me like he was ready to pounce or something. Maybe we should move on to more than just making out heavily. It’d only been a few days since the proper first kiss (discounting Los Angeles, yes), but maybe that fucken shirt should be on my bedroom floor.

*Whoa Seb. Calm the fuck down, cowboy. You’re gonna take this slow, remember?*

Mackie ain’t slow. Maybe he knew what was going on between us. But he was great enough to go, “Okay, it’s happening again. For some strange reason I feel like I’m *third wheeling* right now so whatever you two need to do now, I’m not gonna stand witness. Catch you guys later. Or not. Read your texts. Toodles.”

Fast forward to Chris and I telling everyone we’d be down much later in the evening and then getting into the hotel elevator only to stand about a mile apart from each other. The camera, right above our heads. We didn’t need to give anyone a show.

“How’s your press day with the girls?” I started, casual and cool, leaning against the bar behind me as we began climbing floors *sloooooowly* like 8th or 80th floor, seriously Hilton? Come on.

“Tiring. The girls are...a lot to deal with sometimes.” At the other end, Chris had his fucking solid arms folded across his solid chest. “But we had fun. Yours?”

“You know what field day’s like with Mackie,” I sighed, laughing a little. “Non-stop, man. That man’s got crazy-raw energy.”

“We gotta find out where his batteries are,” Chris laughed, and I watched him taking yet another step towards me the closer we got to our floor. I held on to my breath when he kept entering into my space, sensing the further drop in the atmosphere right in my bones.

He eyeballed the camera and managed to keep a relatively safe distance, still. “You’re still gonna go to the party later?”

His bright eyes sparkled with a little somethin'-somethin' and Chris was starting to furiously lick his lips around as he waited for my answer.

“Depends.” I bit the inside of my cheeks and then let my mouth run the fuck away with a very giddy, “You wanna get me drunk or something, Evans?”

“You know what I want,” he replied, faster than he probably expected himself to. And then Chris was rolling his tongue and running his eyes all over me - *sloooowly*.

"I prefer you sober."

Setting me on fire, fucken Christ he was. My poor, poor heart stopped a couple of times at the thought of us being together like that for the first time but *Hell fucken yes please.*
We could’ve downplayed the rising tension a little longer but that went to Hell the second the elevator doors opened to our floor. I grabbed for his hand and next thing I knew, we were practically sprinting for my room. I didn’t have to goddamn bodycheck myself to remember where I put my key card in my jacket for once - but the stupid door, it was being a bitch.

“Fuck, Seb. Just break the damn thing,” he rasped into my senses, forcing a gasp out of me when his naughty, naughty hands traveled down to my front and started undoing my belt. “You’re taking forever!”

He wasn’t subtle with where we were gonna be going tonight, but Hell, it wasn’t like I was planning to play goddamn board games with him in my room anyway. Chris’s arms were already wrapped around my waist, his entire body fucking grinding into me from behind; his lips printing deep, hungry kisses to the back of my neck as I tried to get the door open with this much distraction fucking with my ability to get a simple job done.

“I’m fucken nervous!” I blurted, almost dropping the key when the flick of his tongue stung my skin. “Jesus, Evans. Let me open this door first!”

“I’ll guide you babe. Show you a good time. Stop thinking too much,” Chris whispered, smirking as his teeth scraped down my shoulders. “Hurry up.”

And then the universe fucken flipped.

“Holy shit!”

We fucken froze to the sound of that voice that seemingly came out of nowhere, hitting us hard like someone just dropped a bucket of ice water over our bodies. I looked up from struggling with the stupid entry to see this really, really, ridiculously young boy standing in front of the door right next to mine. Oh he looked fucken shocked to death, alright.

“Whoa!” I gasped, eyes wide at him and then at Chris and then back at the other party, dropping my key to hold onto my almost-undone jeans. “Jesus, kid!”

“I’M SORRY!” The boy’s striking eyes, as round as fucken saucers to the drop of his jaw falling off the planet. He was fucken covering them next as he quickly turned his back to us - as if that could make him goddamn unsee everything he just saw.

Chris Evans however, he didn’t fucking jump at all. In fact, he just casually stepped away from me like chillax cool cat no biggie as fuck and started straightening himself up a little before going, “yes, Tom?”

Tom? He knows Tom? Who’s Tom?

“Holy shit. I’m...Aw man!” Tom whoever he was had the looks of someone who just witnessed something he really shouldn’t have - and regrettably, was gonna have to die for it.

“I’m really, really, really...” The poor unfortunate soul was shaking, Christ - and I thought I was having the most epic meltdown right then, going oh my God he saw Chris dry-humping my ass like a billion times in my head, multiply that with the speed of fucken light.
But Tom, he was kinging spazz and he was apologizing to the floor. “...really, really, really so sorry to have interrupted you like this-”

“What is it, Holland?” Chris prompted again, cutting him off and walking towards him next, his shoulders squaring to the broadening of his chest. And I was thinking, so fucken Godly. So fucken hot.

“Make it snappy, kid.” The blonde then motioned a hand at me after Tom stopped talking to the carpet. “I’m busy right now. This is Sebastian, by the way. You know who he is. Sebastian, Tom.”

Is he serious now!? I gawked at how Chris was merrily and calmly ironing things out like we didn’t just damage the kid’s entire youth with what just happened.

And this Tom Holland whoever he was actually went, in the most awkward and let-me-die-now manner, “errr...Hi.”

This is fucking crazy. Chris is fucking crazy. “Hi.”

“First of all, Winter Soldier,” Tom wanted to talk next, his voice cracking as he pointed to himself. “Big fan.”

The fuck?

“Thanks. I’m sorry but who are you?” I couldn’t take any of this anymore. I didn’t mean to be rude with my murder stare and all but excuse my honesty, all I could think about was having another man’s mouth around my cock for the very first time and that was ridiculously exciting the fuck out of me so this kid needed to die ASAP.

“Oh, right! Sorry. I’m Tom. Holland. Pe...Peter.” Tom was fucken stammering. I must have scared him or something. “Parker.”

“Tom Holland Peter Parker?” I jerked a brow at him, getting his name right. What a weird name.

“Peter Parker,” My goddamn goldfish moment, and only Chris could get it. He sighed. “He’s Spiderman, Seb.”

And I don’t know fucken anything like, ever.

“We have Spiderman in Civil War?” I was genuinely surprised next, because one doesn’t simply hear Spiderman and not spazz the fuck out because Spiderman’s legit childhood superhero fave as fuck.

“Yes!” Tom was beaming a little at my immediately thawing to his relevance in the Marvel Universe right then.

“I’m playing the teenage version of Peter Parker in the film. You know, when he’s...erm...young.”

“Right. Okay, Tom.” I kinda burst into laughter at the way he answered me because it sounded so awkward-funny. I was looking at Chris like whose son is this? He’s actually pretty cute.

Chris however, didn’t have the same adoring frequency I was suddenly having for this Tom right
then.

He placed a hand on the kid’s shoulder and went, “Party’s downstairs, yes?”

“I uh, I’m not allowed in the bar yet. I’m only sixteen.”

He killed me. Whether I was tickled or ridiculed to death, Tom Holland was fucken thawing the coldest of hearts right then with all that under-aged awkward as fuck innocence just fucken reeking off him. I take it back. He didn’t need to die - maybe he needed to be fucken adopted.

“Tom, your timing is really bad right now,” Chris sighed, shooting me a flat look. I shrugged like, what? Look at him. So wittle.

He turned back to the kid, not wasting anymore time. “Are you here to pass some test or something that Marvel or someone put you up to?”

“Oh my God!” Tom looked genuinely impressed as fuck next. “Yes! How’d you know I’m here for that?”

Nope. Never mind me please. Don’t know anything, ever.

“Guess what? Whatever you’re supposed to get from me, you got it. I passed you. With flying colours. Now can you please go back to your room and let me get it on with my night?”

“Really?! Wow. Thanks!” The teenager went, quick to buy it all, grinning from ear to ear next.

“I didn’t think it’d be that easy but no, okay. Yeah, I’ll take it. No problem. I’m gonna go and tell mister Robert that I’m good to go with Team Iron Man now!”

Two things in my head all of a sudden : the epic Spiderman is not in team Cap like what the hell and he’s gonna tell Robert everything and Robert’s gonna tell CNN. Chris, he’s cute but he needs to die.

“Holland, hey.” Chris hand was on the kid’s shoulder again when he read the evident panic on my face.

“Listen. I passed you and that’s all that you’re gonna tell mister Robert. You got me?”

"Yeah. Okay!"

"I mean, I don’t wanna have to take everything back and talk to the casting people about re-casting Spiderman into Civil War all over again. What’s the name of the other guy who came to the initial audition with you again? Matthew? He's pretty good with gymnastics too.”

Wow. Chris Evans - Marvel’s celebrated resident Care Bear - threatening a kid. Unbelievable.

“I...No.” Luckily for Tom Holland, he ain’t slow to catch on. His mother should be proud to have raised a really smart son, bless them both.

“Oh no, sir. I did not see anything. At all. Promise. Enjoy your night. Oh God that’s just- never mind!”
“Great,” Chris grinned, releasing Tom and walking back to me. “Will see you in Germany, kid!”

He kinda ran the fuck away after that. Totally won me over, this Tom Holland Peter Parker kid.

“I wike him.” I had to say it. “Can we keep him, Evans?”

“No.” Chris just snorted and then brandished his finger at the door .

“You and I. Crazy hot sex. Now.”

Now fast forward to when we finally got into my room with that sole purpose of getting rid of all things fucken innocent that night.

“You’re fucking beautiful,” he murmured, hungry lips capturing mine in another breathless, searing kiss. I was trying to get his shirt off before he suddenly broke away, grabbed me around the waist and spun me around to face the bed. I didn’t mean to beg, but I must have said something he must have really liked to make him rip my entire top off in a single fucken pull.

“Chris, I’m not sure…” I was panting, my body absorbing the heat of his kisses branding themselves onto my naked shoulders, the supercharged adrenaline raging within my blood making me feel a little light-headed. “What do I...How…”

“Okay newbie, here’s what’s gonna happen. Fuck Seb, you’re so thick,” he snarled into my neck from behind me, slipping his hand around to my front once again but this time going straight between my legs and over the bothersome fabric of my jeans.

“First, you’re gonna say my name.”

You have no freaking idea how glad I was Tom Holland wasn’t around to hear me literally yelling Chris’ name out the second he managed to get what he had been desiring for out of my pants and into his possession.

I shuddered at the merciless way he was dragging it in his touch; the long, provocative strokes he was teasing me with driving my sanity out and over the edge. I lurched forwards and grabbed onto one post of the bed for balance when he briefly released me, spat in his palm a little and went back to working on my arousal with some slick, whispering dirty, dirty things into my ears as he continued to violate my reservations, torching my initial nervousness to Hell.

Chris worked me up so good that I ended up shoving him into bed first because fuck, I was fucken ready for everything.

"How about that, huh?" He smirked at how the game just changed. My fucking cock was throbbing so goddamn hard, it was almost painful to wait anymore.

I threw the last remaining piece of clothing he had on a second ago across the room and climbed on top of his body, my eyes locked on him like he was prey.

I was saying things I didn't know before either. "I wanna be on top."

Chris wasn’t expecting this twist, but I already had him straddled between my naked legs on the plush mattress we were on - and he wasn’t gonna complain judging from the devil smirk on his face.
"This is your first time with a guy and you wanna be on top."

"Yeah. Problem?"

"Fuck no."

“What’s next?” I growled, looking at him from beneath the messy bangs falling over my eyes, surprised at how determined I was, how much strength I just used on him. He looked so fucken handsome, perfect, so fucken delicious like this, the pale of his naked skin just glowing on the maroon covers.

And he's all mine.

“I’m gonna take you in my mouth, bring you to the stars, Seb..."

Hell yes, please.

"...And then you’re gonna put that monster up my ass and fuck me senseless. Simple?"

Facetime conversations with Gregg Masterson is always so interesting.

“I heard Captain America’s got a boyfriend now.”

My smile, the size of freakin’ Jupiter before I knew it. So yup, all Hell broke loose thanks to yours truly.

“Oh my God. I actually shot a blank one but look at you!” Gregg was practically shrieking next, his face taking up all the screen space on my phone, suddenly excited as fuck.

If he could jump out of my iPhone screen and pounce on me over really good Wi-fi connection right then, he goddamn would. I hate that I was so fucken easy, Christ. But then again this is Gregg Masterson I was talking to - I’m gonna be easy even if I manage to hide myself in goddamn Pluto.

He grinned. “Ooooh Sebastian Stan~ tapping that golden piece of all-American ass like, finally!”

“Jesus.” My face, as red as a goddamn tomato just waiting to fucken explode right then.

“Don’t talk about him like that, Gregg. It’s gross. You’re gross. God. Did you call me just for this?”

“I wanna tell you that I’m sending Turtle to Jessie’s tomorrow because I’ll be in France for two weeks. Barista conventions and coffee festivals,” Gregg replied, living the life as usual.

“Coffee festivals! That’s great man. Sounds exciting. You’re doing another panel talk about beans?”
“It is and yes I am. Because i’m the coffee-bean whisperer. Anyway, in case you suddenly come home or something and find our dog missing, you won’t freak out and call NYPD or something.”

“Enjoy France, man. You could’ve just texted me or something, I know you’re busy right now. Sounds like chaos there.”

“Rush hour.” He turned his camera around to show me just how packed his cafe was and then came back to me with a grin, going, “Besides, it’s more interesting to Facetime you these days. I never know how you’ll look like.”

Gregg Masterson, everyone. Needs goddamn face recognition to recognize his housemate of over 5 years. Friendship is so real with this mudder. I’m kidding, I love him even if I have to scan my own face to enter our own house.

“About home, I’ve to check again when I can be back in NY because you know the surprises they give us. But I know it’s not gonna be so soon, because I’ve Boston, Germany, China and UK in the list. How’s the other handsome guy who is not you doing at home? I wanna talk to Turtle.”

“Har-har. He’s fine. Out with Jessie for a run around the park. I’ve a lot to do at the cafe today.”

“I’ve only been gone for less than a month and Jessica’s Jessie now?” I went, walking into the coffee shop inside the hotel I was staying in for my last day in Hotlanta.

I ran into Scarlet Johansson, who was seated in one of the booths nearer to the windows. Probably Skyping or something, judging by how animated she was in front of her Macbook right then. Black Widow making dragon/dog puppets with her fingers next. Interactive as fuck.

I went back to talking about Gregg’s ex-wife. “You guys getting back together or something?”

“I wish…not, really.” My housemate was inside his office next, away from the noise downstairs.

“We’re so much better off as really good friends, you know that. So! Back to what we should talk about next: So is it like official or something? You and Cap?”

“How’d you know about that?” I bit my lip, concerned. “Is it like, all over the news or something?”

“No. I just casually mention it earlier and you turn into a damn schoolgirl about it. My gaydar’s not strong, but it works when you suck so much at hiding things, Seb. I say….Boyfriend. See? Too easy.”

“Please. You do not have any gaydar powers at all. You just got lucky with me,” I laughed, adjusting the volume on my earpiece because Apple was clarity as fuck.

I should stop beaming, Christ. “Your fucken skills almost broke Chace’s relationship - and face - with that hot chick he was dating.”

“He’s not with her anymore now, so I might still be right about him. Anyway, let’s not talk about goddamn Chace Crawford. I know he’s one of your closest friends but I still don’t like him.”

“Of course.” I snorted. “You just don’t like him ‘coz Jessica’s a massive fan - and went out with him a bit straightaway after you guys separated. That shit was bananas, bro.”
Gregg wasn’t gonna let me throw him under the bus that easily - and countered my snarky as fuck statement with, “So you’re flying to Boston to what? Meet his parents or something?”

“No!” I didn’t just squeak. Maybe I did. The barista behind the counter was looking at me funny next. I had yet to order anything at all too so it was a little embarrassing but really, you should have seen the coffee database this place had. I settled for a simple ol’ house brew in the end because default, and then picking a spot nearby to sit in.

“I mean Boston airport. Stopover to Germany. And no, not boyfriend. Not like that.”

“Ah. Wifey.”

“Oh.” I laughed, harder than I expected myself to. “Definitely not wifey.”

“Three hundred roses and you’re not wifey,” Gregg was confused as fuck. “I don’t get it.”

“It’s only been what? A week or so? We’re just gonna go with the flow, I guess. We work together but we still have conflicting schedules so it’s not that easy to just go out on dates or something. And…” I pointed to myself. “Just came out.”

“You came out to Chris Evans, Seb. One of the hottest living male specimens on this planet - he’s got all the vaginas in the world waiting for him but he’s hammering you. Count your blessings, man.”

“Gregg. Come on,” I threw my hand up, narrowing my eyes at my screen. My jaw dropped with, “Seriously, man. Why you gotta be so crude?”

“What?” Gregg’s went, innocent as fuck from the other side of this connection - even when his smile fucken wasn’t.

“Technically you’re seeing him now, Seb. I’m congratulating you for breaking a billion female hearts and exploding ovaries everywhere. And you’re having sex again.”

“God.” When the fuck did things escalate, Christ. “I don’t wanna talk to you anymore. Bye!”

“Okay, okay.” Gregg conceded to my waving at him from the other side of his screen, threatening to end this call and just bury myself in the ground after that.

He acknowledged my face turning bright red and went, “Jeez, when did you get so fucking shy guy all of a sudden. So I take it that nobody else knows about you two? Other than me because my gaydar works wonders?”

“Sure it does. And yes, and It’s staying that way. Maybe his dog Dodger knows too, ‘coz Dodger’s his life.”

“Honestly though, I’m seeing rainbows right now. Haven’t seen you like this in years.”

“Yeah. I’m starting to really, really like him, Gregg. I don’t need the world to know, that’s all.”

“It’s great that you’re returning his feelings. But...” Gregg looked thoughtful as fuck, and then he zeroed in on Chris - my (status to be confirmed) all of a sudden.
“Is he really fine, sneaking around like this? It’s really strange that he’s okay with it ‘coz he kinda adores you to death. He didn’t even bother hiding it in his interviews. You’ve seen them. When he talks about you or Bucky’s importance to Steve. He’s all heart eyes, Seb. Serious twinkling biz right there.”

Gregg was concerned. "You can't keep this under wraps forever, too. You both deserve to be happy, out in the open. Don't be an ass to the guy, Seb."

“I know. But until we decide to tell the world about us, he’s agreed to keeping us quiet so that’s gonna be that. Besides, sneaking around or not I still fucked him right down to his knees last night-oh shit. Fuck, you didn’t hear that. Oh God! Fuck. Fuck fuck —”

“My oh my...Sebastian Stan!” Good ol’ Gregg was fucken howling like a fucken werewolf in my ears next. I had to quickly pull out the plugs because his fucken laughter was this close to blowing my entire head off, I swear.

“Jesus. Fuck!” Meanwhile the barista was looking at me like I was a weirdo, because I grabbed the menu and basically tried to bury myself with it. While Facetiming. I was making no sense whatsoever. I bet he contemplated a million times if he should serve my coffee at all, and when he did he practically edged away from me. Thanks.

On the other end of the Facetime call, Gregg Masterson was not dealing with this well.

I let him calm the fuck down before putting the earpiece back into my ears, cursing under my breath at my own goddamn mouth for running its course like, lalalalala fuck control~.

“T-M-I, Seb. Really. Getting on with so much action when you just came out. I’m so sorry I gave so much hammering credits to the wrong guy,” the joker was goddamn squealing, Christ.

“I know you’ve always been an achiever, man. No thanks for the mental picture though.”

“Forget I even said anything at all,” I groaned out loud. Calling me a fucken achiever for the wrongest of reasons, Christ.

“Urgh. I’m serious, Gregg. I’m destroying all data from this call. Someone’s gotta know how to hack the shit out of this, right?”

“I’m sure there is.” Gregg was unforgiving. “Okay, alright. Calm down now, Hammer Man.”

“Urgh.”

So I listened to Gregg chortle for the next million years until I couldn’t really hold my own laughter in the end. Fuck it, really. I was embarrassed to Hell but it wasn’t like I could fucken erase his memories anyway - so yeah. Just laugh out loud, Seb. It’s all you can do anyway.

Gregg was first to start after he ran out of tears to fucken cry in his mirth with.

“Listen, I gotta go back down to the kitchen real soon so all jokes aside, I wanna clarify something very important with you right now - I’m still gonna be your best man when you get married right to Cap, right? Or is it gonna be that goddamn Chace Crawford?”
“What the fuck? I’m not getting married to him but yes, you’ll definitely be my best man if I ever do. To anyone. Thanks for being happy for me, though. Really appreciate it.”

“I love you tonnes - I just never say that to your face. Take care of yourself, okay? And get yourself tested every now and then. Because you’re action man now and the sex sounds ridic,” Gregg grinned, getting up from his couch to head out of his office.

“Sure. Thanks.” I gave him a really flat expression like, fucking kill me already, why don’t you?

“Wait a sec.” I was dead curious about one more thing. “What’s up with you and your Chace-hating today? You keep talking about him. Randomly.”

“Oh,” Gregg went, glancing out of his door a little before returning to our call.

“That’s ‘coz Chace’s in my cafe right now and he ordered the special spiced house latte. Since you have no significant use for him in your future, I can finally put poison in his drink.”

“Seriously!”

Gregg looked serious as fuck.

“Any last words before he goes down and I live on the run in various parts of Asia, Seb?”

Germany is always so beautiful at any given time and season in a year - even when it was almost minus 6 degrees by the time Captain America: Civil War moved from Hotlanta to start its next phase of filming in Berlin.

And waking up from a constantly disrupted sleep requires a lethal dosage of caffeine to jump start the pathetic Pentium II processor inside of me - but this Christopher Robert Evans was determined to make a goddamn obstacle out of my trying to get a decent mug on a chilly Sunday morning.

I pushed the hair from my eyes, stifling a small yawn. “Chris, move please. I need my coffee.”

“You don’t need coffee. You only need me. Please fix your brain, Sebastian.”

I wasn’t slow about this though: 7am in the morning and Chris Evans was already looking so ridiculously good. Legit #iwokeuplikethis game strong.

“Yes, okay I will. Coffee first. Please,” I pleaded, my hand dramatically reaching out to the coffee machine just waiting for me on the counter top behind him. I was literally dragging my feet on the ground to get to it before Chris stepped into my path wearing an annoyingly huge smile on his face.

“Good morning,” he greeted, like fucken sunshine in my window. He gave a quick kiss to my cheek, but I was so goddamn dead inside I wasn’t responding with anything. Just staring at him and then at the coffee machine and then back at him and just looking like (-_-)”.
I know. Memes and emojis telling the story of my life these days. Might as well king it, right?

Chris laughed at how I tried to sidestep him after that (3 whole times, Christ) but failed miserably because I was just that over-ambitious little snail tryna fucken run up a brick wall.

“Don’t make me flip you, Evans.”

His crazy-thick arms were tightly wrapped around my waist next, and he was hauling me up and onto his front like I was some goddamn stuffed toy - but yeah, okay. I gotta admit that did kinda make me go from (-_-)” to (^_^) a little bit.


Okay, fine. Maybe a little bit more of Care Bear Chris Evans wouldn’t be so bad until I get to my fix.

“Good morning to you too, Captain.” I didn’t mean to fucken giggle because I was supposed to be beastmode as fuck, you know. I was the murderous and deranged Winter Soldier walking the sexy murder strut celebrating all its mass-destructive glory, but I giggled so stupid-hard, I was only as fucken badass as a goddamn schoolgirl.

“And he rises from the dead!” Chris chuckled, pulling back to take a better look at me.

“There’s that smile. No sleep?”

“Three hours. Meeting ended later than scheduled. But I barely slept, really.”

“Then tell me something babe.” Chris tilted his head, smiling. “How are you still so beautiful when your eye bags can be used to gauge rain right now?”

“Wow.” I broke to a huge smile, warmth creeping up my face. “That’s actually flattering, Chris.”

Chris grinned. “Smooth, huh?”

“Very.”

And then he killed it with, “So am I gonna get my ten minutes of Heaven for buttering you up like this?”

“Are you serious?” I choked out, gawking at him. “You were so suave like a second ago. When did you arrive in Berlin anyway?”

“Last night. And I waited up for you but got lucky with two bags of popcorn instead, you know.”

7am and all that is masculine in the history of fucken man Chris Evans was whining, it was epic. A little weird, but still a Kodak moment.

“Why didn’t call me after you got back? We’re like, seven doors away from each other at the hotel,” he went, goddamn pouting and all.

“Thought we could get breakfast in bed this morning. Was craving for something European, really
hot, savory and stacked to Hell.”

“The hotel kitchen doesn’t even open until 8 - and we’re already here starting work real soon. That’s our European breakfast right there.”

“Mmmmm, right. Wasn’t talking about food, Seb.”

“I didn’t wanna wake you.” I replied quickly, turning redder as I blew the long bangs off my eyes. Poking me to death, Christ.

“Mmm...You should’ve ‘coz I’d be ready on my knees for you, babe. I don't just bottom for anyone, you know.”

Chris Evans dirty talking in my ear was something I never thought would ever happen in my entire life, but Jesus Christ. Crack an egg on my face and you’d get sunny side ups in a fraction of the usual waiting time, I swear. I was blushing so hard I tasted blood in my mouth.

“I didn’t disturb you because we’re gonna have a really long day today. I can function as long as there’s coffee. You on the other hand, sleep less than 5 hours and you’ll Hulk out, Chris.”

“You know me so well, babe. Okay. Now like I said, we’ve about ten minutes...”

“And in less than thirty seconds, people are gonna come flooding in for breakfast,” I laughed, tickled to Hell when he started fucken pecking on my neck and shoulders, his hands pulling at the band of my sweatpants.

He started to push me towards a nearby table. “Seriously. Chris! Can we not do this now?”

The room we were in had walls that were made from solid concrete and metal - but it was so fucken common, there was actually no door.

“Hmm….I like how you smell like vanilla all the time,” Chris said, throwing my concern off the roof just like *snappy fingers* that. I still preferred to get some coffee though and eventually, managed to pry myself free from his hold by wrestling with him just a little bit more.

5,000 calories a day and a whole lotta Crossfit. Just exercising my rights to use these guns, know what I mean?

“I need to get used to you being so strong nowadays. Fine, go get your coffee!” He sighed, giving up and taking back his arms. The giant then stepped aside and I began to function with life after my lips tasted the sweet bitterness of hot black coffee, feeling its effects drumming within my veins almost immediately once it hit my system.

Kissing Chris Evans was something I never thought I’d ever fucken do in my entire life but let’s just say, less than thirty seconds was all I needed to get him all hot and bothered under his collar.

“Don’t tease me like that,” he complained after I pulled away, tracing my lips with his thumb as he drank in the remaining hot, coffee-induced buzz I left in his mouth.

“Now you’ve turned me into the unstoppable kissing monster! Come here.”

Kissing monster, seriously.
“Not now.” I glanced at the entrance like no door, what the fuck. “You know the rules.”

Leaving him high and dry was unkind, I know. But there was seriously no fucken door to this room. I mean, seriously though. All the snazzy as fuck architectural-related wisdom the architect had the privilege to receive...and he forgot to put a goddamn door to a room. Genius as fuck.

Chris frowned a little. “I know your rules - I don’t even have a say in it.”

“You didn’t have a lot to say when we agreed to it that night, Chris.” I clicked my tongue, leaning into his chest and looking up at him from the top of my eyes. He’s only an inch taller but he fucken towers over me like Lebron or something, I swear it’s a little annoying at times.

“Maybe if we’d stopped to breathe a little...”

“Please. Fuck breathing. Being with you requires more of self-control,” he smirked, factual as fuck.

“Which I’m currently losing - a lot. Come on, Sebby. I haven’t touched you in weeks and I’m feeling a little above very needy right now. Get on the table and let me do the work this time. Captain’s orders.”

“No!” My entire forearm was across his broad as fuck chest but I was doing quite a pathetic job at holding him back and my other hand had coffee in it, the content threatening to spill all over us in this struggle just so this joker was gonna turn into a goddamn kissing monster (and everything else) at the wrongest of times right then.

I tried not to giggle to look serious as fuck. “You hear that? That’s a whole team coming in.”

And the sound of goddamn Storm Troopers or something from coming all corners of everywhere in this building, marching straight for this room which had no motherfucken door.

“We’re gonna get in trouble,” I went, dropping my eyes to the growing bulge in his pants - and boy, that really got my attention, alright. “Fuck.”

“I know right?” Chris was smug as fuck about his pride right then. “Bend over, babe. Your turn to be broken.”

“Stand down, Captain.” I swear it took a Hell lot of effort to not do that, really. “Please.”

Chris gave me a disbelieving look before letting out a frustrated groan and eventually stepped back, taking his hands off me and reluctantly slipping them into the front pockets of his beat-up grey hoodie.

He pulled the hem of his hoodie over his crotch and watched me straighten up, scowling, “Just so you know, I’m only gonna overlook the fact that you just cock-blocked me simply ‘cos you make me a happy man, Sebby.”

“You sure it’s not my evil eyes making you do things?” I joked, cocking a brow at him.

His eyes were a fiery shade of baby blue all of a sudden, and they were dancing into mine the more I stared back at him. I took another sip of my coffee, feeling the strength of his gaze gradually printing himself deeper and deeper into my friggin’ soul, Jesus.
“What I mean is that I’m not worried about whatever that’s gonna happen today like, at all. I’m not worried about a lot of things I usually worry about, Seb - and that’s something new, I like it. I like getting used to this kind of energy I get from having you around in my life like this, you know. I feel...it sorta feels complete.”

7am in the morning and Chris Evans was already intense as fuck.

“But, oh well!” He then gave it a sharp roll of his eyes. “Someone wants us to be a secret, so…”

Aaaand that’s gone. “It’s none of their business. And you gotta admit this is rather exciting, Evans.”

Some of the Storm Troopers were starting to file into the room, shuffling around us like zombies with their groggy ‘good mornings’. The distance between us widened further to Friendzone Level 999 as chaos continued to fill up the common room fast.

“It’s like we’re in goddamn highschool all over again, babe,” he sighed, still on the topic. Chris went against taking my hand and we excused ourselves to make our way out of the area for work.

“It’d be nice if we could hold hands right now. But yeah, whatever makes you happy. This way.”

We started for the south side of the building, learning that our next rehearsal would have us jumping out of some high floor of this building after we went through some emails from the Directors in our phones as we walked down winding hallways. A lot of things was already up and running, buzzing with so much life when we stepped into the designated area which space was mostly covered by construction, props and massive, massive floor-to-ceiling green screens.

Typically, just by being inside a set would have Chris Evans jumping onto props and breaking out into some song. Or a dance. Pump a 100 pushups in 60 seconds like the fucken show-off he is. He’s the exact opposite of Captain Steve Rogers. Give him an actual helicopter to take down and that’d be a hell lot easier to do than staying in character as square as Captain Steve Rogers (his words, not mine).

But right then, he was being so uncharacteristically non-hyper verbal and after a while of literally responding to instructions with only “okay” and “let’s do this” and “got it”, this little robot attitude of his was spreading worry among the crew members who’d been diligently working to wire the safety cables onto his harness.

And it wasn’t helpful at all that when they asked him if he was alright, he would reply, in the flattest as fuck tone ever heard in the history of flattest as fuck tones, “Great.”

I started chewing on my bottom lip when I realized - only at a whole 600 fucken meters later and after 30 goddamn minutes of watching him being strapped into the harness for his stunt rehearsal and then reading his body language which included avoiding my eyes - Chris Evans was, in fact, really unhappy with this whole us-being-a-secret issue.

I know, right. A fucken garden snail already won the goddamn Grand Prix when that hit me in the head, really. Jesus.

He was ready to be pulled up when I suddenly jumped him with, “You said you were gonnabe fine with it.”
Chris’ golden as fuck response to that was a wordless, angry scoff and without as much as bothering to look at me at all. Instead, he re-adjusted the strap on his vest and turned to Jon.

“I’m ready, man. Up, up and away we go.”

This guy standing between us, his name was Jon and he was standing by Chris’ side with the important task of getting Captain America in the air within the next two minutes. Instead, he turned into a blinking tree-frog at how the blonde just fucken blew me off.

And I really shouldn’t because we had a schedule to stick to and all, but what the fuck anyway. “Evens. Come on.”

“Just a little above extremely annoyed right now, Seb. Jon, let’s go!”

“Can we have a moment, please? Thanks.” I turned to the guy, who was now at Dory Level 999 like what’s your problem, man? because Care Bear Chris practically snapped at him.

“Sebby,” Chris started when he finally met my eyes as soon Jon left our space - with the poor guy going,” please, take your time.” and then standing like, a whole 10 yards away from us or something. He was all about safety, alright.

“I get it, alright? Said I’ll honor your request therefore I will. Until, you know, whenever. Your game. Your call.”

“My call? We agreed on it. You know why.”

“Yes, I know and yes, I do, Seb. Look, you finally want to be with me like this, I’m thankful so I agreed okay? Now I need to get back to this or we’re gonna run late for the actual shoot.”

I pushed the hair off my face. “What’s up your ass now?”

“What gets to me is that you don’t seem to be frustrated about it at all - and I am. Keeping someone as fucking amazing as you as a secret is stupid.”

He let out a short huff. "So. Fucking. Stupid! You got that?"

I went against the idea of reminding him why we decided to ease into this together and why this should be kept on the downlow in the first place but Chris didn’t look like he needed a goddamn smackdown right then. Plus he goddamn knew I couldn’t exactly overwrite his feelings about us right then, so never mind what I wanted to think about it.

Chris was just staring at me really hard like Jesus Christ, really. No pressure, much?

Then he went, “there’s also this problem with you and your fucking beautiful, evil eyes!”

I was gawking at him next, totally caught off guard at the sudden change of...whatever just changed right then. I mean, just a minute ago things were escalating to burn in Hell between us and next thing I knew, Chris was furiously shaking his head, seemingly ridiculed to Hell at something only he found goddamn nonsensical. What the fuck, this guy?

“Now I’m pissed that I can’t even get properly mad at you. This is ridiculous. I’m like...officially
“Seb-compliant or something!” he continued, going all over the place with his emotions.

“Seb-compliant, seriously. ‘I’m sorry but you’re seriously losing me, Chris. What?’

“I’m trying to stay angry at this whole complex situation you put me in, Seb. Keep up with me!”

I was trying so hard to not be amused by whatever the fuck that was happening.

And he groaned, “Stop smiling like that.”

“I’m trying, I promise.” I really fucken was. “Seb-compliant, though?”

“I came up with that because it’s a fucking problem, Seb. You’re a problem - and I willingly let myself deal with it because I’m this crazy about you. So I’m just ranting like a bitch now.”

“Chris.” I really shouldn’t, just to be sensitive and all, but I couldn’t help it. “You’re adorable.”

“Is that all you’ve got for me? Really? ‘You’re adorable’. Try something else, babe. It’s old. I’m still angry at you.”

“You know I like that it’s just the two of us. It’s private and sexy,” I reasoned calmly, leaning into him a little and smiling at the thought of being in control of things once more.

And I continued to work myself into his system with, “you’re a very private and very sexy person. Aren’t you, Chris Evans?”

“Yea. I guess I am,” Chris sighed and then cocked his head at me, literally impressed at his own voluntary resignation into this all over again as our eyes continued to lock in a stare down of some sort. I felt terrible as fuck, but I bit my lips and went against giving his pout a kiss in front of everyone right then.

“Let’s go out tomorrow night, Chris,” I said, listening to the grand idea popping in my head next.

“Go on a proper first date. We’ll get the car and drive up to the river side. I’ll make a reservation at this really amazing Spanish restaurant I know. Fantastic variety of wine and champagne, too. It’ll be really romantic.”

“Sure, I’ll look forward to that and I’ll talk to Ben later about the car. He’s more okay with me than he’s with you.”

Chris however, had a much better idea - but I soon found out that he was mostly thinking on the lines of getting some sort of long overdue justice for only his part the best way he knew how.

And he went on to add, “but that’s not gonna be enough for all the stress you’re giving me babe. Here’s my proposition. Question: When was the last time we woke up in the same bed?”

“Hey. No. You didn’t just!” I blinked, shocked at how he just flipped the fucken table around on me.

“Oh yes.” Chris grinned, eyes narrowing with so much glee I felt like slapping him. “I just did.”

“We got really busy and I had to fly to China and Europe for Martian. You can’t calculate based on
that! Why are you even?"

"Because I love having sex with you and I think it's important that we have it since we haven't seen each other for a while? Isn't that what couples do?"


"Right. Well...it’s been three weeks - plus last night night, babe. Twenty-two days. Long time. I've been a very good boy when you're away, so I deserve this."

"You’re fucking kidding me, Evans."

"Nope. I tell you what. Since you’re making me do this secret thing, let’s make it a very fair for me."

"This is very immature, though."

"Trust me you're gonna loooove me fucking you with this much stress in me right now. I can go all night. You won't be complaining, babe."

Jesus.

"Excuse me. Guys?"

Jon was walking into our space again, a little on the edge as he pointed to his watch on his wrist. “Sorry to interrupt but Cap’s gotta fly. Now.”

His walkie-talkie crackled with someone’s voice, sounding urgent as fuck. Marvel’s Sniperception, hot on this guy’s heels.

“Alright man. Sorry for the delay - and for snapping at you earlier. Let’s get this show running,” Chris replied to acknowledge him, genuinely good-natured this time.

“No worries, man.” Jon was then standing behind him, pulling at and adjusting some more wires that were hanging around the guy’s waist and hips, running through the last round of checks before he carefully began to haul the whole mass of Chris Evans off the ground.

“I’ll see you later,” I quickly said to Chris, giving him a pat on the chest and started walking away from the two of them. “Thanks, Jon.”

Unfortunately, Chris Evans wasn’t done with talking to me yet.

And he declared, “For the rest of the week, Sebastian Stan, I get to do you.”

Poor ol’ Jon didn’t mean to squeak, but he squeaked so hard he coughed his goddamn lungs out. He could’ve dropped Chris too, but Jon did such a great job with securing the ropes, no one died.

Me, I was just standing there with the fucken tsunami of blood hitting me hard everywhere at how Chris just casually threw me off a goddamn roof by practically getting on a fucken PA system with his proposition - at a whole fucken foot in the air, zero fucks given that poor ol’ Jon was within ear fucken shot.

Chris was still talking, Christ, going, “I wanna come down on you so hard you’ll be screaming my
“What the Hell…” Jon was fucken dying, dammit. “Oh my God-”

"But also sloooow and slick…all night, missionary-style because that's your favorite position..."

_Fucking Hell, really! “CHRIS. SHUT UP!”_

“Comply. Now.” Chris pointed to the guy under his dangling feet. “Or Jon here gets more _details._”

Christopher Robert Evans was fucken serious about it.

“Hey! No! Whatever it is,” Jon was not handling this matter well. “I don’t wanna get anything, please.”

"Sebastian's really, really, really good with his tongue-"

Jon had to scream at me. "Seb! Help?!"

“This is _blackmail_, Evans,” I muttered, fucken Winter Soldier murder staring at him smiling like a goddamn madman at me. Smart move. Good strategy. He goddamn knew I couldn’t exactly lunge at him and smack a palm over his face to get him to shut up since he was practically mid-air.

“A whole week, really?”

“It’s a lot of pent-up stress. I can’t focus at work when I’m all uptight. Can’t make a Cap movie without Cap, you know what I mean? You’ll be responsible if Civil War doesn’t make it to the post-production process.”

He’s _fucking_ kidding me.

“Your sexy ass. Mine. One week.” Chris continued to fucken sing it out loud, seriously zero fucks given to everything.

Jon the safety guy literally looked pale and freaked out like (O.o)! It was just terrible, Christ.

"One week." I quickly white flagged, because Chris was starting to make _really_ inappropriate signs with his hands and mouth at me next.

I clicked my tongue, glaring at him like murder as he ended poor ol' Jon's misery by sparing the rest of the details and went back to smiling like the devil at me next.

“You'll report to my bed at twenty-three hundred hours tonight, soldier,” Chris commanded. _“Captain’s orders.”_

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_Till next time..._
So beautiful.

Credits to @weiner.soldier on IG :) and also this interview.
Give Captain America some Chemistry

Chapter Summary

The one with Sebastian Stan not liking some parts of his day much - but all in all, it ain't that bad.


Read the rest here:
Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe

Part 10:

Ding dong!

I roused from my otherwise wonderful sleep to the sound that shattered the night’s peace. Groaning in my wake, I slapped the entire surface of the table next to the bed before I could find my phone, the brightness of the screen almost blinding when I read the time.
It was 4:39AM - and someone was already goddamn ringing the doorbell.

“Fucking kidding me,” I muttered, putting my phone back down. I turned my head to the sound of light snoring in my ear and the feeling of his arm lying across my stomach - to see Chris Evans dead to all the noise, from the world. Typical. I wouldn’t say he’s a really heavy sleeper, but a zombie apocalypse could be happening right outside and he’d still sleep through that kind of Armageddon, I swear.

Heaving out a sleepy sigh, I slowly moved his crazy-thick arm from my body back to his side, as if I needed to be careful to not wake him up or something. Maybe I just didn’t wanna damage the sight before my eyes - it was just fucken ridiculous how he could look so damn handsome undisturbed, tucked under the covers in the comfortable heat of my hotel bed right then.

Knock knock knock!

“Jesus, really!” I hissed at the disturbance, rolling off the bed to realise that I wasn’t wearing anything at all. Combing the hair off my eyes and cursing under my breath, I started looking for anything to put on before deciding to fuck it and just grabbed a pillow from the bed. I’m usually that shy, modest and humble guy but sometimes I really don’t think anyone would complain if I opened the door with just this little thing over my naked crotch these days. Call it hardcore self-lovin’ but in all honesty, all the blood, sweat and tears put into building this temple for Civil War, man, going beastmode totally paid off, big time.

I was about to go when Chris’ arm suddenly shot out to flop into the empty space next to him.

“Seb? Babe...” Chris’ murmured softly, eyes still tightly closed. “Where are you going?”

My eyebrows rose a little, surprised at how he could easily detect my going missing in just a few seconds when he wouldn’t even fucken stir to the feeling of zombies trying to eat his brains.

Ding dong! “There’s someone’s at the door.”

“Mm…” His pout appeared. I wonder if he was sleep-talking. It was hella cute.

The epitome of all things man Chris Evans, hella cute. “Come back to bed.”

“Shhh Chris. It’ll just be a sec, okay?” I said, brushing the hair on his forehead.

“Don’t wanna….” His eyes, still goddamn closed and all.

“Go back to sleep.”

“Okay. You’re coming back, right?”

“What?” I chuckled at his question, feeling a little playful all of a sudden. I totally should record this on my phone and show it to him when he wakes up because he was sleep-talking alright.

This is epic. “Of course. But you’re taking so much space. Looks like I’ll just sleep on the floor.”

“Don’t be stupid, it’s cold. Come and sleep with me here. I’m warm and fuzzy, like a teddy bear.”

“Yes you are, Chris.” I ended up laughing, touched and humored at the same time. Something in my rib cage fluttered and was gonna take that wild flight of awwww - but someone who had no concept of timing wanted to goddamn break into my room and I wasn’t gonna have that at 5 freakin’ AM in the morning.
Especially not with Chris Evans inside my bed and all. No one else needs to know this. “I’ll be back. I promise. Nighty-night.”

He muttered something inaudible under his breath before slipping back into unconsciousness, lost in his dreams almost immediately.

This ain’t so bad. I found myself smiling a little more to the dawn of a little somethin’-somethin’ that bubbled seemingly out of nowhere the more I stared at him. I was wide awake by then, although nothing much was functioning on a standard level of functioning but I guess I could get used to all this.

Knock knock!

Hmmm. Maybe you’re sleep-talking too, Seb. “Christ. Okay, I’m coming!”

I’m not really a vision 20/20, but I didn’t want any lights on so I trudged barefoot across the carpeted floor in the dark, with a goddamn pillow pressed against my hips and all, stumbling a little mostly because it was goddamn 5am legit psychomotor fail.

Ding dong!

“Yes, God!” I swung the door open only to realise that I should’ve at least checked who it was before before opening the door (if it was gonna be Scarlet or any other female, then I guess it would be their lucky night, you know?) the but I opened it already so, oh well. Pentium wasn’t running at all at this hour, man.

“That’s very flattering of you think of me that way but nope, not God.”

The legendary Robert Downey Jr everyone. Joking about being God at 5 AM in the morning as he stood in front of my hotel room wearing a hideous black and red pajamas with friggin’ Batman and Superman logos printed all over. Looking like he totally jumped the Marvel ship as fuck.

So unafraid of Marvel’s sniperception, this guy. If anyone tells you that there are no real superheroes in this world, tch, they haven’t met the Robert Downey Jr yet.

“Oh. Hey man,” I croaked, quickly squinting my eyes to adjust them to the bright lighting outside.

“Hey... Sebastian !” Robert sang at first, and then he was eyeballing me hard. Up and down and up. He looked surprised and I couldn’t blame him.

He was quick to ignore my lack of modesty and went, “Is Dorito’s in?”

Dorito’s, seriously. He’s more of a human meatball if you ask me.

“Yes.” I glanced over my shoulder and came back to the pancake rockstar with a very groggy nod. “He’s sleeping.”

“Sleeping. Still? Busy night?”

“Yeah.” I found myself smirking a little at Robert’s words because they hit home. “What’s up?”

“I’m not sure if you know what his schedule is like for today but we really need to be at the lobby in twenty minutes. Help me wake him up?”

“Sure.” My muddled train wreck of a brain actually (attempted to, really) ran through the events that happened last night, wondering if Chris had mentioned anything about a very early schedule at
all. We weren’t exactly into having conversations when he turned up at my door with a huge tub of much-needed Ben and Jerry’s in his hand - and nothing else under his robe.

*So much for taking things slow, Seb - you’re fucken hooked.*

Hey, in my defense one does not simply *take it slow* when one can eat Ice-cream off someone as sinfully sexy as Chris Evans. It’s legit *anyone would do that* logic, really.

I cleared my throat and came back to Robert with, “May take a while. I’ll try to get him down in ten.”

“Awesome,” the legend went, smiling from ear to ear next. “Oh and I’m so sorry to have disturbed you like this, Sebastian. I didn’t know. His cell is usually reachable any time. Couldn’t get to his room’s phone either, so here I am.”

“It’s okay, Robert. I’ll go get him,” I muttered, failing to hold back a yawn. “Ten minutes, tops. Thanks for coming by, man.”

“No problemo.” He nodded before throwing another glance at the door which I was holding close against my body all this while. What was so interesting about it, I didn’t really bother to know. It was goddamn 5 AM, fer cryin’ out loud. I just needed to kick Chris’ ass out of bed ASAP so I could get back to *my* sleep. In this line of work sleep is a goddamn luxury, plus my schedule wasn’t starting until 10AM. *Hallelujah* for that.

I watched Robert turn on his heels and with a last look over his shoulder, started his way down the aisle. He seemed a little hesitant, like he forgot something. Or there was something really amiss. He was acting plain *weird*, really.

I was closing the door at his departure when he appeared at my door again.

“Sebastian, can I ask you something?” He asked quickly, sounding urgent as fuck all of a sudden.

“Yea?” I combed the long bangs away from my face, my eyes refocusing to the blinding as fuck lights once more. Fucken headache hitting me from nowhere, Christ.

*The* Robert Downey Jr pointed to my door, to the stupid pillow and then to me.

“How come you’re sleeping in Chris’ room?”

For the first time ever in my entire life of living my dreams, I didn’t want to go to work - but of course *not by the hair on my chinny chin chin* that was gonna happen.

How I completely forgot I was in Chris’ room instead of mine last night, I didn’t the fuck remember - but the primary *Aargh* factor here is that I answered the goddamn door in *his* room with only a pillow over my naked crotch and then *talking* to Robert about Chris being in bed with me and that got him smiling like a madman because I couldn’t fucken explain myself for the life of me after that because it was 5 fucken AM, my brain wasn’t working and then Robert started doing his goddamn little *running man* dance and really, *this is all just oh so fucken horrible.*
I also wanted a separate ride so I didn't have to share the trip with Tom Holland Peter Parker to the first filming location for the day in the next morning but nope, that ain’t gonna happen either.

“Hey Sebastian,” Tom went, getting into the seat next to mine inside the Audi with his youth radiating from the big smile on his face. I think a unicorn just galloped past me when he sang, “good morning.”

Don’t get me wrong. I love the kid. He’s cute as buttons but at that point of time I needed to wipe his memory clean for what he saw - him and Robert, in fact - and I didn’t have superpowers or that MIB stick-thingy or the brain blender chair they used on Bucky Barnes to do that, and that was fucking with my thoughts so for the first time ever in my entire life of loving my own life, I was feeling the whole FML thing right in my bones.

You’re overreacting. It’s fucken 2015. Maybe the real question here is: how long are you gonna stay inside this closet, Seb?

Tiny voices in my head being fucken conversational, Christ. Not right now.

“Hey Spidey,” I replied, scooting over a little so him and his big ass bag could fit in. “Morning.”

“Nice weather today, huh?” he said, shifting his eyes back to the front after briefly meeting mine. Tom was morning person as fuck, but he also looked like he was sitting on needles right then.

Berlin was like minus 5 degrees. “It’s pretty cold.”

“Yeah it is, actually.” Tom nodded, suddenly maybe not so nice weather after all on me. “Cold.”

*long awkward silence here*

Urgh. I just couldn’t with this anymore, Christ.

Look at this Tom kid. So innocent - and he was already suffering from the obscene mental image forever embedded in his head courtesy of moi. I should at least not make it any worse and cut us all some slack. You can count on me to be that considerate as fuck guy anytime so balls, assemble!

“At ten in the morning. Really?”

“Hm? Oh.” Tom looked at what I was pointing to in his hand. He brought the packet to me. “Licorice is awesome any time of the day. Here, have some.”

What the hell, really. Licorice for breakfast. So good to be young. “Thanks.”

He really didn’t mean to ask, but like me, his mouth had a mind of its own. “Chris not with you?”

He was praying for death to come quick next and before I could stop him, Tom started going off the rails like, “I’m sorry! I shouldn’t ask. I know I’m not supposed to mention-”

“He’s already at work,” I replied, cutting him off. I even smiled a little because Hell naw, this kid ain’t going to therapy because of Chris and I. That would sad as fuck.

“Ah. Okay.” Tom, with his bright brown eyes and goddamn kiddie freckles all over his face, looked awfully surprised that I wasn’t gonna throw him out of the Audi for that right then. “I’m just-”

“Tom, if you’re gonna keep apologizing for no reason at all, please stop. I’ll get a headache.”

Seriously, *whose son is this?* “Was the Matthew guy any good?”

“Pardon me?” Tom turned British as fuck as he blinked at my sudden curiosity. “Matthew?”

“The guy who was your rival in the auditions. Chris mentioned his name that night, when he talked to you about your screen test. So was he really that good in gymnastics?”

Tom had a billion things coming into his brain right then, and I sorta knew he was trying to not sound so self-involved with his answer, but he kinda gave up on that and said, “I was *much* better.”

I smirked at the balls on this kid, jerking a brow at him like *atta boy.*

“I did this *perfect* backflip off one of the half pipes and landed like Spiderman would.” Tom did this action that was supposed to look like the image in his head. “Boom!”

“You did? That’s crazy. How long did you train to be able to do that?”

“Honestly? I can’t remember! I’ve been in gymnastics and dance since I was a baby,” Tom said, gradually warming up to maintaining eye-contact and easing his posture the more we talked.

“After a while it gets easier to just flip myself off things, walls, parapets, parkour.”

“So you were literally Spiderman before Marvel,” I teased, earning a grin from him.

“I wouldn’t say I was *that* good. Anyway, one day I got this opportunity to audition for Spiderman, I went all out for it. I didn’t really have a backup plan if I don’t make the cut but that I guess I wasn’t planning to fail in the first place.”

Sounds familiar. “Well, I tried out for Steve Rogers and didn’t get it. Crushed me a little, I had no back-up plans whatsoever too. Didn’t expect to get Bucky Barnes at all. I was like, okay, just take what I could get. Ain’t so bad after all, huh?”

“What!” Tom laughed. “So you’re just ‘*okay, Bucky it is! I’m gonna rock him the Hell out*’? You’re so damn cool - and you’re so *good* with Bucky Barnes and the Winter Soldier. I think I’d be *devastated* if I didn’t get Spiderman. I was way in over my head for it. The moment Thor told me there are doing a new Spiderman movie, I was like, *this is it. This is my dream coming true.*”

“You’re gonna be a great Spiderman, Tom. Marvel hasn’t let anyone down with their choice for actors to play out the roles.” #truth

“That’s the *no pressure at all* part! Hope I’ll live up to standards. Not the first Peter Parker, right?”

“Listen, Tom.” I gave him a soft nudge with my knee. I remembered what I wanted to say to him at that point and went, “Whatever Chris said to you that night, he didn’t mean it.”

For some reason Tom didn’t look convinced as fuck. I snorted at the thought of Chris *actually* re-casting a new kid for Spiderman just to protect our stupid little secret. I mean, that’d be major romantic but Hell, that would be a really messed up way for Holland to go.

*Stupid little secret.*

“You know Chris Evans wouldn’t do that to *anyone,*” I said, trying again. “He just wanted you to keep your mouth shut, that’s all. You’re good to rock and roll, Tom Holland *Peter Parker.*”
“I was so **confuzzled** by it!” Tom suddenly blurted, setting off like a firecracker the next second.

“I mean he’s always been a really, terribly nice guy! Him and Hemsworth even put in really good words for my audition - and next thing I knew he talked about pulling me out. I got **really** worried. Okay, I’m sorry for bursting like this. You don’t wanna know my thoughts anymore. I’m good now that I know I’m good. Thank you.”

“Confuzzled. Is that even a word?” I couldn’t hold back my laughter from this.

“Confused and frazzled. Confuzzled.”

Okay, I officially can’t with this kid, right? So I did the single most logical thing **anyone** would do right then - I reached out and fucken **pinched his cheek**.

“Hey!” He jumped a little and batted my hand away. “Not that, Sebastian. I’m **Spiderman**, not **five**!”

*Killed* me, Christ.

“Come on!” He pushed my incoming hand heading for his cheek again. “I finally got away from mom thanks to Marvel so pleaaaaaaaaseee don’t embarrass me like this. No more! Okay?”

“Oh, that’s staying inside these walls, Tom. You’re in Team Iron Man anyway,” I went, laughing at how he was just dying to fucken adult his way out of things. Tom tried to keep the unamused look a little while longer, failing miserably in the end because come on, he knew he was gonnanbe fucken 5 to me no matter what.

“And thank you. You know, for turning out to be a really nice guy, too. People keep telling me you are. So many interesting things I heard,” Tom said, very relaxed by the time the humor died down.

**Interesting**, Christ. Mackie and ScarJo, Christ.

“Robert calls you the ‘eternal sunshine’, so I was actually pretty excited to meet you for the first time. That same night at the **Sputnik** party, you know, when I...erm. You know.”

Ah, Yes. **Robert**. Now I need to sit that one down in the Bucky Barnes Brain Blender chair ASAP.

“You didn’t **know**, Tom,” I sighed, forgiving as fuck. “And we could’ve waited until we were inside, too. On behalf of Chris, we’re truly very sorry to have caused some damage to your youth.”

“Damage is controlled,” Tom replied swiftly, breaking into a sheepish grin. “I felt terrible that I ruined your moment more than I was surprised by it, honestly.”

I must have given him a confused look or something, because Tom started to **explain** things as if I asked him to.

“What I mean is, I think it’s normal to date a co-star - when you have a chemistry with someone you work with and you see her - for your case, him - every other day, you get caught up with feelings. Nice feelings.”

*This is gold. He’s 16 and he’s schooling you. On chemistry. With Evans. Our brain hurts.*

“ **So Stucky** is real. If they know what I know - which I won’t tell because I promised you, of course - my girl friends are gonna **freak**. They ship you two so much—”

“Stucky?” I blinked, genuinely stumped at his alien language, of all things. “What’s ‘Stucky’?”
“Steve and Bucky. Stucky. Hashtagged that. The ship sails really strong in the fandom. You should check it out.”

I didn’t the fuck understand a damn word that was coming out of his mouth but everybody clear the fuck out. This one. Adopted. Mine!

“Hey!” Tom was then furiously batting my hand away again. “No, I said no more! Sebastian!”

“Time to work, kid!” I managed to squeeze his face one last time. “We’ve a scene together.”

We started going through parts of the script together for the Leipzeig-Halle Airport fight scene which we were gonna be filming in a few hours’ time. His main fight partner on the actual battle field was actually Captain America - and needless to say, I was taken by the spirit of youth fucken blazed strong with this kid, him being 1000% down with doing his own stunts and fights, even when he had to do it in the heavy special effects suit he needed to put on. Pass me the shades already, this kid’s on fire!

Ben the driver/covert Marvel sniper (finally) turned up and we were last joined by the very pretty Emily Van Camp. I’m a huge fan of Revenge, really. She didn't need to know that.

And she's a very cheerful person, but that morning she had this huge ass diva as fuck shades over her petite face and was carrying some crazy herbal tea in her hand - or something. The smell kinda destroyed the quality of the air the moment she got into front seat of the Audi we were all in.

I tried not to mind it, but I’d rather be stuck in a room full of dirty socks than one cup of that.

Tom (mine, my own, my precious Tom) was the first to go, “Good morning, Emily!”

Emily wasn’t as morning person as Tom was, though.

“Maybe to you it is.” And then she threw her head and groaned, “God. Can I just not go to work today?”

“Winner gets to drive - loser gets the bitch seat!”

The next filming portion saw the three of us having to make a very important decision before the cameras start to roll - and after much debate, we decided that we were gonna have to do this the same way real men and actual superheroes would do to settle important matters once and for all.

Chris, Mackie and I gathered in a circle, hands outstretched and at the ready.

And we went, “Rock, paper, scissors!”

“Yes!” Chris was first to jump for joy, his rock killing mine and Mackie’s scissors. “Okay, you two.”

I’m Romanian and I should be kinging at this kinda game but guess who got the backseat?

“Man, I hate this car,” I whined, shifting around to get my ass down on the damn seat in the blue Beetle’s tiny space. Didn’t have any choice to flip this shit because the concept was still gonna remain as three oversized, very muscular men rolling in an under-sized goddamn blue vintage as
fuck car, on the run from the goddamn law.

I know, right. How is all that even a low-key getaway concept, really? We wouldn’t get past getting stopped at Wal-Mart parking lots - let alone state borders.

Marvel, Christ. Mental as fuck.

“Can we please, please, please do this in a single take?” I pleaded, genuinely pissed and looking very much into my character with it. My metal-encased arm was starting to drip lube everywhere and the edges are cutting into my skin and I couldn’t even toss my head back without it hitting the goddamn roof and I really didn’t mean to throw a bitch fit, but I did.

“This is literally cramping my style!”

“The diva has spoken,” Mackie went, laughing at my frustration. “I feel you, man. I hate this too. Think they should’ve given us a truck, at least. Or a goddamn hearse. That’d be cooler.”

“Three grown men rolling in a hearse as fugitives. That paints a much better picture and sense, Mackie.” But I couldn’t deal with the mental picture he gave us and started cracking up with Chris.

“It’s legit gangsta,” he insisted, holding a finger up to make his point. “You wouldn’t wanna question Captain America and his crew when we ride into your town in a hearse. Think about it.”

“Next location is about five minutes away.” Chris shot me a sympathetic look through the rear-view mirror. “Hang in there, baby.”

“Drive faster please,” I muttered, glaring a little. “And blast the AC, too. I’m dying back here.”

“Here.” Chris took out this little portable fan from I didn’t fucken care where it came from. I smiled wider, feeling so touched and all as I took it from him and held it up to my face.

“Better?”

“Thanks. What about you? Turn down the AC.”

“It’s already on full blast but don’t worry about me. I’m already so hot, I can live with this.”

I must have giggled so hard I ruined the supposed deranged Winter Soldier permanently.

“Baby?” He ain’t slow neither he was deaf, and Mackie wanted to let us know he existed for that.

“If I don’t know any better I think you two are not just great friends anymore,” he stated bluntly, simply because he’s Anthony Mackie like that.

A real smooth motherfucker, but point blank as fuck when he turned to Chris and fired one like, “You’re with Vanilla Ice , aren’t you?”

Vanilla Ice, seriously.

“I called him Bucky ,” Chris quickly replied, although he goddamn knew there was no coming back from that cliff jump. I wanted to facepalm, but there was no space for me to move my limbs anymore so I just rolled my eyes at the great Freudian slip of his tongue.

“Yeah I heard Bucky alright,” Mackie snorted, not buying any of this bull. “Both of you suck at this, I won’t even comment on the sexual tension anymore. Chris, come on home boy. Get into gear 2 or something? We’re hitting the runway soon and you’re driving like an old man. Are we
“there yet?”

Chris was almost breaking everything apart with his gear shifting. “This car is a fucking Tonka toy!”

“Pull over. Pull over now, Cap.”

“Shush!” The damn thing lurched and then we were picking up too much speed. “Yikes!”

“Evans, we’re heading straight for that pillar. Turn!”

“Please don’t put your hands on the wheel when I’m the one driving!”

And then you have me in the backseat with my little fan, just praying for my goddamn life. I mean, if I was gonna go from this life with these guys, it wouldn’t be so bad - but maybe not today.

Moving on to the next scene which saw our lovely Agent 13 stepping out of her snazzy as fuck Mustang and then popping open the trunk with all our superhero gear in it.

*Lights, camera, action!*

Maybe she wasn’t feeling so hot that day or something. I kinda thought Sharon could look less like she was gonna slit Steve’s throat with her nails and then stuff him inside the trunk before driving the car into the river - and be more like, in love with him or something.

*Something’s not right.*

“Mackie,” I was fidgeting again, pushing at his chair with my knee. “Could you move your seat up?”

And Mackie’s response was an unexpected and flat as fuck, “No.”

“Why you gotta be so selfish, Falcon?” I wanted to kick him, but I was better than this and shifted myself to behind the driver’s seat - and that cracked the Chocolaccino so hard for some reason.

And then Joe Russo yelled, “Ok, now Chris and Emily - let’s have a kiss from Sharon and Steve.”

“What?!” Emily squeaked so loud, she practically screamed at the director in his face.

She totally spat venom when she blinked. “Kiss him?”

“Yes, kiss him. You kiss her.” Joe instructed, pointing everywhere like fucken Saturday Night Fever.

“So it’s just a short, 5 seconds kiss. Make it short and sweet okay. No need to go all...tongue-y.”

“Isn’t this gonna look a little misplaced?” Chris argued, 110% on Emily’s side of things right then.

“That’s where your talent comes in,” the director countered. “We need to solidify the chemistry between Sharon and Steve, even when we haven’t done much work to build it with screen time.”

Mackie and I looked at each other, connecting in our *are you thinking what I’m thinking B1? I think I am, B2* moment - and we agreed that chemistry between those two was as explosive as a goddamn time bomb.

“They look like they kinda hate each other,” Mackie went, saying my thoughts out loud.
"Emily didn’t wanna come to work this morning," I said, shrugging. "Didn’t ask her why though."

“I think I know why. Chris did go out on a lot of dates recently and none worked out so...” The Papi Chulo mused, catching my full attention with it - but I didn’t manage to grill for details because Joe was fucken flipping out in his tiny little black chair of direction.

He was like, “Chris, Emily. Steve, Sharon : do you need more time to figure out how to kiss?”

Chris and Emily tried again and it was still nope with a capital N.

“Not impressed.” Joe scratched his head. “Are you two having personal issues with each other?”

“Can we take 5, please?” Emily suddenly requested, throwing the director’s question out the window and walking away from her marker. “I need some air.”

“Lord Almighty. Fine,” Joe sighed. “Everybody, thirty minutes. And you two, get your heads in the game by the time we come back. Please? Okay now. CUT!”

I laughed at the sight of Chris shooting me a kill me now look as him and Emily parted like the goddamn Red Sea to Joe’s mic flip, before he went away with someone from makeup.

Good ol’ Mackie of course, instead of helping me out of the fucken pigeonhole I was in, went off to get himself some goddamn tacos because tacos > friend stuck in stupid hole (I’m kidding, he cares a lot. Sometimes) - but at least he mentioned his good intention to bring back some for me. Fucken bless his kind soul, really.

So there I was, having the funnest time of my life getting out of the stupid backseat of the car (I swear I’ve never hated on an inanimate object so much in my life) to fucken enjoy some temporary freedom and then head for some yummy, yummy tacos - until I wandered into the wrong tent and caught the lovely Agent 13 red-handed with an act that could potentially end her everything.

I wouldn’t take Emily for someone who uses powdered substance to calm her nerves down, but I wasn’t sure what I was supposed to think when she turned around to face me in her surprise, her pretty face speckled with just that.

And I was about to jump into this really bad conclusion which involved the word ‘cocaine’ and then perform some crazy drug-rehab-intervention-exorcism-action of some sort on her until I found out what she was actually trying to hide from my view.

“What?” Emily scoffed, rolling her eyes but looking guilty as fuck when she finally stepped aside to let me look into the box on the table behind her.

“I binge-eat when I’m stressed out. Big deal, really. Oh, since you’re here you should try one. They’re just so damn good.”

___

Fucken sugar donuts, Christ.

Anyone would be crazy to say no to one but good ol’ Emily, she didn’t say no to maybe about seven.

And then she turned me into her psychiatrist. How the fuck that happened, I didn’t know. Maybe
eating one of the sinfully sweet sugar-powdered donuts caused a time lapse or something - but I guess if one can eat seven donuts without remorse at all, it does call for at least, a pair of listening ears.

“Bucky and Steve has more chemistry than Sharon does with Steve. Heck, even his goddamn motobike has more chemistry with Steve Rogers than Sharon Carter will ever have with him.”

Emily and I, we didn’t really know each other very well but she was on to me like I was that only person whom she could trust with her life with to give her that winning answer to a question via a lifeline call in the final round of Do You Want to Be A Millionaire or something.

“Aunt Peggy just died and Sharon’s making her move on Steve. Should I talk to the writers to write this out, or delete this from the actual movie? What do I do? I’m gonna get so much hate. Gosh.”

I know, right? How talking to me about this was gonna helpful, I seriously had no fucken idea.

I couldn’t deal with her pacing around the goddamn makeshift shelter we were in. We only had that much space around us and I just came out from a goddamn shoebox of a car so all this was psychologically fucking me over.

“Emily, it’s not like no one’s ever heard of Agent 13. I’m sure the directors will pull something out of the hat to get Sharon and Steve’s chemistry going after Peggy’s gone. The bit in last film was promising. I mean, Steve’s gotta move on.”

“I know. Just...suddenly she’s Aunt Peggy’s niece? It makes more sense that Steve kisses Black Widow. Or even Bucky. Chemistry with Bucky surpasses all, really. The last two films is about the Winter Soldier. Hey, your off-screen relationship with Chris seems amazing. Any useful tips?”

“Seriously,” I deadpanned, failing to catch her randomness all over again. Them trippy as fuck donuts, Christ.

“You’re an actress. You act the shit out of things. Negativity will always be around no matter what - but you’ve got a job to do and you’re gonna have to fucken kill it. Besides it’s just a five seconds kiss. What’s the big deal about it? We’re all professionals here.”

This is coming from a guy who had a fucken Olympic medal painted on his crotch and went all out nude in filming a gymnastics-themed sex scene so yes, this is my *mic drop* for you, baby.

Emily bit her lips for a billion years at how I just schooled her with my thoughts on her behavior.

“Okay. Valid point. Thanks, Seb.” She was genuinely thankful for a moment there.

And then her smile dropped and she went, “but there’s also something else.”

“Am I gonna like this?” I didn’t get to ask, really. I watched as Emily threw a quick glance at the flimsy pair of flaps that served as the ‘door’ to this shelter we were in, before she fucken teleported to standing right in front of me, her pretty face so damn close to mine all of a sudden.

Her eyebrows came together in a tight knot, and she went into hush mode with, “I thought since we weren’t gonna see each other anymore after the last film, I went ‘we should go out, Chris’ and he was like, yeah, ‘that’ll be super awesome!’ And so we did, after the Winter Soldier wrapped up and it didn’t work out. So yes, now you know why I’m really not feeling very Sharon Carter right now.”

Her impression of Chris was deadshot, though. “Oh.”
Well, well. Someone did conveniently forgot to mention he went out with good ol’ Lizzie Olsen and Emily Van Camp during the phase where he fucken avoided my existence like goddamn plague.

“Ack!” Emily’s face scrunched, dropping her chin to her chest. “You didn’t need to know that.”

“No, I don’t.” I agreed, zero empathy as fuck. But I had to ask her, “You okay?”

“I was. Until I had to come back here. I mean we got along so well! Three whole months. He was a total gentleman. I was almost falling in love with him. And then, just when I thought we could, you know, take things a little further, he frikkin’ sisterzoned me.”

I really shouldn’t, but I did: Somehow I found myself entertaining the superbly sad idea that Chris actually tried to go out with Emily and Lizzie and God knows whoever else just to take his mind off crazy ol’ me. I was clapping like a goddamn sea lion on show like I know it’s mean but ultimately, this is amusing as fuck.

All internally, of course. Emily didn’t need any further agitation. I’m still a 24/7 nice guy like that.

“Suddenly he was like, ‘I’m sorry Em, but I can’t do this’. I thought we were going good - and to be honest, I would’ve accepted it a lot better if I was just friendzoned. Gosh, it was so embarrassing! Both Emily and Sharon Carter were done with him after that. Or at least I thought we did - and now I’m expected to have that kinda chemistry with him again. Like I’m fond of him.”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Is this script modification?”

We snapped our heads to voice and the sight of Chris Evans standing at the ‘door’ of the shelter. He looked like he just dug himself out of the ground with his bare hands with all the dirty streaks painted on his face and arms, a little fake blood at the corner of his mouth. Still looked fucken good in that white t-shirt, though. Makeup’s got nothing on this sexy fucker, nu-uh.

“I thought you were supposed to be my love interest, not his,” Chris sang, looking back and forth between me and her, his smile bordering between tease and what’s-going-on-here? And then he gave her a nod. A fucken Steve Rogers kinda nod. “Emily. Hi.”

“Chris. Hello.” She tossed her hair back casually like cool cat chillax no biggie but for some reason, I was feeling more of a deadly combination of unexpected excitement and fucking-wanna-throw-a-damn-chair-into-your-handsome-face vibe coming off her.

Maybe I was judging from the theatrical as fuck smile she was pulling at Chris - and the fact that they didn’t even come within 100 meters of each other.

Oh, boy. I totally missed a great chunk of the daytime soap opera starring these two, alright - but I guess I could settle for a synopsis.

Chris had to start talking, of course. “Didn’t get the chance to tell you that it’s good to see you again before the shoot earlier. Wasn’t expecting to have you - I mean Agent 13 - back on board.”

“You know Marvel and its surprises.” And just zero response to his ‘good to see you again’. “Not Agent 13 anymore. I’m sure you read the rest of the script.”

“Right. Sharon’s in the German task force. In the manhunt for Bucky.” I bet to Hell he didn’t the fuck wanna say and Captain America’s love interest because he’d rather die than do that.
“Ah.” Emily’s perfect teeth. All 32 of them. Lined up in that smile. Killing me softly, Christ.

“You do pay attention to things after all.”

I was sure Chris didn’t mean to sound like a douche, but he kinda did when he said, “I pay attention when there’s the need to.”

*Oh God, this all seems so fucken tragic.*

“Seb,” Chris went next, shifting his eyes from her and using his *just a co-star* voice on me. He ran a hand through his messy, dusty hair, his expression serious as fuck. “Did you get my text?”

I fished out my phone from the front pocket of my jeans. “Just got it. Hot in twenty. Roger that.”

“I’m changing out of this. Here,” Chris suddenly decided, turning to her and pointing to the ground.

I blinked at him a little because *nope*, this wasn’t the changing room. It was just a goddamn shelter with lots of spare props and logistics stuff. Basically, a fucken *mobile store room*.

He was *zero fucks given* about it. “Not feeling like I wanna have an audience for it but you’re welcomed to stay, of course.”

“*Hah!*” Emily’s ridiculed snort was so fucken majestic, Christ. Hell hath no fury like a woman *sisterzoned*. So intense. So good. So much drama!

“Always so *full of yourself*, Evans. I’ll give you a pass this time. I’m gonna go.”

She automatically turned to make her way out the second Chris moved to walk into the trenches we were in. No fucken eye contact at all, Bloody Hell, these two.

“You’re right.” Emily flipped her fucken hair like *bitch bye* as she looked right past his massive existence to me, looking ready to tear off one of the trenches’ flaps she was holding open.

“I think it won’t be a problem after all. *Act the shit out of things*, right? Thanks, Sebastian. You’re a gem!”

I thought I was as helpful as them trippy donuts, but okay.

“You’re welcome. See you later, Em.”

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“*Em?* Since when are you two best friends?” Chris was staring at me with that WTF? look on his face the second the ‘doors’ flapped close after the pretty blonde went away.

He pointed to the table. “And what is all this? Secret *donut date*?”

“Look, I’ve no idea. She jumped me out of nowhere. You’re not really changing here are you?”

“Nope. I don’t have to.” Chris said, like *duh*. “I just *donut* like it that she’s standing so close to you.”

“Seriously, man?” Fucken donut jokes never fail to crack me up so bad. Old school as fuck.
“What was that all about?” I pushed the hair off my face with my human hand, talking about him and Emily’s great murder showdown.

“Sebby, honey.” Chris was more appalled at the box near us. “How many of these did you eat?”

*Did he just call me ‘honey’? “One. No lie.”*

“The rest? You’re *joking*. She won’t even finish a bowl of salad! Unless…”

“Yup. You’re the reason she’s gonna become fat, Chris. By the way, how’d you find me here?”

“Mackie got us tacos and you disappeared so I looked around. You’re always gonna get lost somewhere.”

Sorry I wasn’t born with fucken Google Maps programmed into my system, Christ.

“I’m not *lost*, I just walked into the wrong area. And I can find my way back fine, so instead of following me around, Captain Steve Rogers, you should focus on more important things while you’re at work.”

“Oh but I am, Sergeant Barnes,” he smirked, cocking a brow at me. “*You’re* important to me.”

I wasn’t prepared for something to fucken explode in my chest at that, I swear - Fucken hit me like a goddamn monster truck and Chris saw it on my face almost immediately.

He quickly dropped his head, his smile sheepish as fuck, falling kind of embarrassed at what just came out of him before recovering fast with, “And I can sense your fine ass in my radar anytime. Can’t seem to miss it.”

The stupid fluttery as fuck feeling, in my soul, bubbling over and warming up my entire fucken universe.

“Seems like your darling *Lizzie Olsen* took it better than she did,” I teased next, my face a little pink from blushing. I hit home when Chris responded to Lizzie’s name with a hard roll of his eyes.

“Great. First, secret donut dates. What’s next, Sebby?,” He scowled, dusting his hair a little.

“You’re gonna go to their slumber party, gossip about me all night and then plot my murder?”

“You must’ve been mean to her. To Lizzie too, I suppose? Like, numerous dates, months of romance and no fucking in the end? What a downer.”

“I’m not *mean,*” he argued, rolling his eyes again before bringing them to gazing into mine.

“I just don’t believe that it’s right to keep seeing people who I don’t have plans in the future for.”

“Future?” I tried not to smirk too much at how that word suddenly appeared in our conversation.

“So what about me? Does this mean you have plans for *me* in your future, Captain Rogers?”

“Thought it’ll be a good idea,” Chris grinned. “I’d like it if you can stay tuned to find out.”

I cocked my head at him, fucken beaming and all. “Probably will, ‘cos I’m curious. So, who else?”

“Who else...what?”
“The girls. Or the guys. Those poor souls you tried and tested - and sibling-zoned. For me.”

“You’re gonna think I’m grade A jerk.” Chris turned really red in seconds. Priceless.

“I wouldn’t take you for a heartbreaker, Evans. Try me.”

“Oh ho, babe.” Redder than the trickle of fake blood staining one side of his mouth.

“Trust me, I’m ruined if anything from them ever comes out to the media about our personal lives. Career over. Life, goner.”

“You’re always so dramatic, Chris but it’s ridiculously sweet of you to do that for me. I’m touched.”

“What in the world makes you think I did that all for you? Maybe I don’t wanna be held down yet. By anyone.”

“Maybe. So is there someone else I should be aware of? If there is, I won’t get mad at you for it.”

“Are you sure you won’t?” Chris was giving me this really amused look. “Somebody or two. No?”

I walked up to him, closing our gap fast. “Nope. You’ll end up sibling-zoning him or her - ‘cos you can’t get all this with anyone else. Fact.”

“Oh my God. When the fuck did you get so cocky, Sebastian?” Chris snorted, chuckling at how I just shamelessly worshipped myself.

“You must really think you’re so damn special to me.”

My *mic drop* for this sexy fucker went something like, “Why don’t you give me a reason to not be cocky about it, Evans?”

It was an epic as fuck moment worth reliving over and over again: There was something really, very different in the way Chris was just smiling at me in his response to what I said to him.

He continued watching me turn into this fucken hot glob of gushing goo before his eyes, not saying anything else. I swear I tried to get my balls back together, but it went to Hell the more I stared back at him. I felt taken apart just like *snappy fingers* that - and honestly, I liked it very much.

“You’re a confident little punk, kid,” he finally said, chuckling. “God, Seb. You’re making me fall for-

Chris dropped his head again, going against finishing his sentence. Hey, I ain’t stupid, but this escalated a little too quickly for my part, he goddamn knew that well enough to not push it.

“Anyway, you’re lucky.” He threw his arms open. “There’s no one for now. So you can sit on your throne a little longer, Mr Diva-Prince. I’m all yours.”

*You’re all mine.*

It really was a very bad idea, with very bad timing and basically very bad everything but I just slipped my thigh in between his legs and was soon sliding up to him with my smile going like you’re fucken turning me on so much right now.

“Sebastian.” His eyebrows raised high at how I just came on to him all of a sudden. “You know I have all this makeup on and we need to be back out there in fifteen, right?”
“Yes.” My hips, grinding into his a little before I could control myself. I didn’t even try, to be honest because Christ, I was losing fucken Vitamin C from all this mad lovin’ I was getting from this man.

“And you do know that anyone can just walk in here, see this and we’d get into trouble, right?”

He had a strong point, stealing my line and all but maybe I didn’t fucken care so much.

“Did you take something you shouldn’t? This isn’t like you at all. There are people right outside.”

“Mmm hmmm.” I just smiled wider at that as I ran a hand through his fake sand-riddled blonde hair, curling my fingers into it before pulling his head back and dipping the tip of my tongue into the slight gaping of his mouth.

“Also.” Chris titled his head away, laughing. “I’m really dirty right now, Sebastian. Literally.”

“Have you ever not been dirty, Evans? Not literally though but you know what I mean,” I snorted, tugging at his hair again to bring his eyes back to mine. Chris’ smile faded almost immediately when he leaned towards the call of my lips, losing his stance to the roll of my hips demanding him to just fucken fuck everything else and focus on me.

He sighed into the seduction of my tongue now sweeping up and hard against his own as before I pulled him into a deep kiss. Chris tasted sweet and salty from mostly sweat and even earth - but also wonderful as fuck. His hands, brushing through my hair to cradle my jaw, melting into my arms slipping around his massive, massive built to hold him even closer.

Chris panicked when I suddenly broke away and started going down on my knees in front of him.

“Seb!” He gasped at how things were getting way out of control. “Whoa. What’re you doing?!?”

“What does it look like?” I winked, slipping a hand up his thigh to grab the perfect curve of his ass before scratching my fingers against the zipper of his pants, the smack of my lips against the fabric of his clothes lighting fucken sparks in his bright eyes. I couldn’t do much with the metal encased arm, sadly. Oh well.

“What?” But Chris was reluctant as fuck. “Now?”

“You’re important to me too,” I suddenly said, unsure if that was ever in my plans in the first place but fuck it, really. He was dripping fucken raw honey everywhere, it was overwhelming me in ways I didn’t expect to experience so soon and well, I got terribly horny from it all.

Chris held his breath a little when our eyes locked, his gaze still filled with the worry that I was driving him wild at the riskiest of timings and situations right then - but at the same time, he was so goddamn thrilled, his resistance was soon fucken crumbling in my hands.

“You’re gonna get dirt all over you. I’m serious, babe.”

“I think I’m gonna get more than just your dirt all over me - but I’m blowing you anyway.”

Nasty things coming out of my mouth, Christ. I wouldn’t be kissing my mom for a while, I swear.

He combed my hair away from my face, managing only a pleased nod when I finally got him out and inside the palm of my human hand. My strokes were gentle yet firm as I began working on his length next, feeling the crazed throbbing of his hardening pride within my hold screaming its needs into my fucken senses.
My lips burned the sensitive skin of his arousal with light, uncoordinated kisses; drawing another long, audible as fuck groan from the base of his throat as he steadied himself against the table behind him. From the top of my eyes, I watched him bite his lips down when the smallest flick of my tongue at the tip of his cock stung him stiff, making his beautiful eyes flutter open and close, his breathing shallow and hard.

His fingers, curling deeper into my hair at the slight thrust of his hips against my face, wanting me to end my playful tease and take him all at once - Chris Evans was getting very, very impatient, he was fucken trembling in his submission and it was just so fucken beautiful.

“Seb...Now, please.”

Well, it was kinda too bad that I wasn’t gonna give him a fucken highschool quickie when I had a whole fucken fifteen minutes to show him my sincerest appreciation right then.

“Shh...Just relax and let me pleasure you, my Captain.”

Mackie and I, we were back in that stupid tiny, vintage as fuck Beetle after the break came to an end - but this time, we weren’t watching a tragic soap opera unfold before our eyes anymore.

Over at their side of the scene, Chris and Emily were taking their places in their markers once again before the cameras - and he just laughed at something she said.

Like a good, genuinely humored laugh. Whatever she said probably wasn’t that funny, judging by the confused as fuck expression on Agent 13’s pretty face - but I guess it didn’t take long for her to make something useful out of Chris’ sudden mood change.

“He’s giggling so much. Is Chris high on something?”

He’s fucken high on me blowing his brains out, yes. “No idea. I really, really hate being in this car.”

“I don’t know what kind of magic made that happen,” Mackie went, impressed by what he was seeing. “But I take that we’re not gonna be in this stupid car any longer. Thank God!”

Joe took his seat of direction, looking very pleased that how things were going. Everybody was up to get the show back on like finally.

“I’m gonna be annoying for a bit.” And then Mackie yelled, “Hey, knock-knock Steve Rogers!”

Chris turned to the call of his character’s name, grinning at us as he went, “Who is it, Mack?”

“It’s Keith!”

I couldn’t already. The one with the chiseled ass of freedom jerked a brow like, “Keith who?”

And Anthony Mackie fucken murdered us all with, “Just Keith me and find out!”
Joe’s amusement was first to wear off and he went, “Okay guys, let’s stop making fun of Chris now. If you must, please tone it down a little bit. You are going to war after this.”

“Sorry!” But Mackie never was. “Seb really hates this car, Chris. He’s throwing a tantrum now.”

I stuck my head out of the window, screaming, “FUCKING KISS HER ALREADY. I’M DYING HERE!”

“Sebastian’s dying.” Joe went, snorting. “Raise the alarm, evacuate the citizens. Freeze your eggs.”

And now you know that good ol’ Joe Russo can be a fucken joker, too.

4 goddamn takes and a whole new level of serious focus as fuck later, Steve Rogers and Sharon Carter finally got it on - and, professionally speaking, thank fuck they managed to act the shit out of their chemistry in that kiss. I mean I couldn’t be jealous. Work is work after all: we kiss frogs and think they are princesses, you know?

Chris came back to our location in the scene after Joe wrapped the shot with a very happy “cut the check!” and was caring enough to help me out of the stupid Beetle. Mackie fell back to look at the video reel with the film makers so Chris and I went ahead for the costume department as per our programme for that day.

And we were almost reaching one of the biggest tents on location when a golf buggy tried to fucken kill us.

I felt Chris’ hand grabbing mine to pull me back in my tracks just seconds before the stupid vehicle zoomed into a stop like, literally right in the middle of our walking path. Or my fucken nose, since distance was a goddamn big deal right then.

The driver didn’t seem to sense our problem with him though, and casually went, “Hey Chris.”

“Hey Kevin,” Chris replied, recognizing the crazy fella with the zero driving skills immediately.

He was staring daggers next. “Jesus. You could’ve killed someone, man. What’s your rush?”

“No rush. Just relaying his message for you. Robert’s having Mediterranean tomorrow night and he wants you to join him. Six thirty in the evening, at the Village. Your schedule is free, yes?”

“Yeah, okay. Sure. He could’ve just texted. Robert, seriously. So formal after all these years.”

“He also wants you to bring your date along,” Kevin said, smiling a little wider.

And then he shifted his eyes to me.

“Can I know if you have any food allergies, Sebastian?”

Till next time...
credits to @marvelouswars on IG and @winterpuffball for your Emily canon!

:D
Give Captain America a Godfather

Chapter Summary

The time when Sebastian almost didn't honor the Village invite, Pokemon Go and Robert's Godfather syndrome.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is inspired by 'Deep and Meaningless', from a group called Rooster #only90skidgetsit #throwback #spotifyit, particularly this part of the song:

"You knew what you were doing to me
and I, I guess I was blind to see
Well you hit where it hurt and you fool me so bad
But I'd do it again to relive what we had
Damn, that's sad"

Also, Sebastian's leather jacket.

Hope you'll like this chapter. Sorry it took this long to update. I hit a goddamn wall with my writer's block again. :)

Other mentions : The Robert Downey Jr and the people of his Village.

Read the rest here:

Part 1 : Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend

Part 2 : Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Part 3 : Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4 : Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva

Part 5 : Give Captain America Something to Talk About

Part 6 : Give Captain America Civil War

Part 7 : Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF

Part 8 : Give Captain America His Chance
Part 11:

Rumour had it that Robert Downey Jr’s Village was the kind of place where chosen ones go in only to come out wearing the happiest of smiles on their faces while singing to the gayest of songs in their hearts.

“This effect will last for days. Maybe even weeks!”

And I would’ve actually believed that - if it wasn’t Chris who was telling me this.

Please don’t get me wrong. Ya’ll know I like him a Hell lot, he’s a truly great guy and all but you gotta know Chris Evans emotes hard even on the goddamn spork he eats his salad with (everything in life comes with a great purpose - even fucken sporks), so this rumor about RDJ’s much-raved about Village could just be an overly-dramatized statement of some sort.

“It’s not necessarily a good thing. If you get say, a really bad song stuck in your head like that, you’re gonna get really annoying that you even annoy yourself,” Chris continued, tossing me a towel the second I emerged from the bathroom after taking one of the longest showers in my life.

“I was stuck on Taylor Swift for two whole weeks once. Tears on my guitar. Wanted to kill myself, God.”

His drama king syndrome, I can’t deal sometimes - but Taylor and her girl squad drama syndrome? Yeah, point taken for forever fuck no, thank you.

“Why do I have this feeling that that you’re making all this up?”

“Mmmm- kay.” He shrugged. “Don’t say I didn’t warn ya, babe. By the way, Jesus motherfucking wow.”

Chris Evans, everyone - curses like a sailor after saying the name of God, shines like the shining knight in snazzy Nikes and emotes hard on everything in life. Dramatic to the bones, but no one can deny his very existence in bringing so much love and joy to the world. Perfecto!

Oh God. I’m officially in the drama club too. Ugh. Anyway.

“You kiss your mom with that, Evans?” I turned around to see him tilting his head to one side, smiling as he watched me continue wiping myself down as I stood at the foot of the bed. He’d been reclining in one side of the gargantuan bed in my hotel suite ever since he arrived about 15 minutes ago - and as much as he is a ray of all things sunshine and warm, there was no change in the chilly atmosphere in my room. The air bit even deeper into my naked ass the longer I ran the towel up and down my body.
I love, love this country so much but I fucken gave up on the German weather already. “Yes?”

“God fucking bless you, Sebastian Stan.” Chris threw me a sly wink before killing the TV off and crossed his hands at the back of his head, heaving a long sigh.

“Why, thank you.” I smirked as I toweled through my hair. “Like what you see, Captain?”

“Mmm-hmm. A reminder that I fucking love your body, Sebby - so much that I’m getting a boner right now but please don’t mind me and towel on, wayward son.”

Lord. My face turned so fucken hot in an instant and Chris smelled all that blood like a fucken great white. His smile stretched wider when I dropped my eyes from his baby blues to what he said, my going beastmode as a goddamn schoolgirl all over again. Ugh.

“You know, I find it immensely cute that you’re still so shy with me after all this time we’ve been together. It makes me wanna lick you all over - every inch of you - and then eat you up.”

“Seriously, Chris.” I bit the inside of my cheeks, hard. “Sometimes I think that mouth of yours needs to be put on a leash.”

“That, I beg to differ,” Chris sang, shaking his finger at me, his smile cheeky as fuck now. “This mouth needs to be up your pretty ass, making your eyes water when I have you singing your deepest, darkest desires to me like a beautiful canary. You wouldn’t want it to be on a damn leash.”

I was practically drowning in my own blood at that point because I couldn’t fucken deal, really. Beyond his smashing hot-shot jock of a celebrity persona, Chris literally spares nothing to the imagination and lets his mouth go all trigger the fuck happy once he’s pretty damn comfortable with someone.

And when the topic is remotely sexual, well, he might have just invented death by blushing.

I’ll gladly testify all over again, I promise. “I can’t take you seriously on this.”

“Yes you can. You’re flexible to seriously take me in some positions I’ve in mind right now.”

He patted the empty space next to him, his grin as innocent as fucken tequila shots.

“Come to Daddy, Sebby. Put that sexy birthday suit on, let’s go a few rounds. What do you say?”

He was killing me, Christ.

I ran a hand over my reddening face, seriously just save me now before balling the wet towel and throwing it at him. He burst into this high-pitched laughter, catching it like fucken Tom Brady before it could land on his face, of course. The God-given reflexes on his guy, really - and for a person who claims to have almost zero sports skills, his return pass would’ve taken out the entire wall behind me if I’d missed that incoming.

Maybe I’m becoming a little over-dramatic too but Chris did take down a semi-helicopter (it wasn’t light-weight, mind you) on set with those crazy arms. About 12 times. Man, it was ridiculously hot. I must have been too obvious and... Ugh God, okay. Anyway.

“I’m talking about this rumor!” I laughed, wrapping the towel around my waist next.

“That’s RDJ’s private compound and you’re making it sound like a disco-hippie crack house or something. It still sounds like a whole lot of fun though. Are you listening, Evans? Chris!”
“Hmm?” But Chris fell the fuck out of the planet, apparently. “Sorry. You’re not naked anymore so I haven’t been paying attention to a damn thing you’ve said. Towel off, please.”

Fucking Hell, this guy. “Can you take your mind off sex for 5 goddamn minutes here?”

“Nope.” Chris pursed his lips together, snorting like nope. “I want that towel off.”

This Winter Soldier was so damn done with cryochamber weather. “It’s freezing!”

“And I’m sure that stupid thing you’re wearing is doing a far better job than I can. Towel off!”

Did he just kick out at me?

“What are you, five years old?” I challenged his crazy tantrum-throwing (seriously!) by keeping the towel on while being honest with myself (mentally, of course) with: one doesn’t simply look at Chris Evans and not be like awwww look at that face, such a puppy or shut up and take me right now.

“Are you listening, Evans?”

His frown deep, as the Grand fucken Canyon when he conceded to my glaring at him.

“Yes mother, I am. So you don’t wanna believe in a Village regular like me, fine - but do you remember the Teletubbies? Mackie sang the fucking Teletubbies song for a whole fucking week, Seb. That happened after his trip to the Village.”

“Uh. You introduced it to his kids and infected him in the process!” He doggone did.

“Remember how we would all get on sets earlier before Mackie did because we wanted to avoid him and that goddamn remix? You caused that.”

He stared at the ceiling for a bit, and Chris’ memory jogged up to him like, “Oh. Right.”

Goddamn Tinky Winky, Dipsy, Lala and Po to the beat of friggin’ ‘Baby Got Back’ from the Mackster - lyrical genius, yes, but it was tragic in a really comical way for the rest of us.

“Well, I rather have the Teletubbies stuck in my head than Taylor Swift. Anyway, just...don’t get stuck on a stupid song!” Chris scoffed in the end, totally guilty as charged for the whole Teletubbies fiasco with Mackie’s children but still choosing to flip that fact out his goddamn window because he was all about selective hearing like that.

“You’re unbelievable. Okay now. Focus here. Very important: What to wear?”

He sighed and rolled out of bed, did a little something to his hair and just like *snappy fingers* that, Chris was picture perfect all over again. This combination of a stretched out golden brown sweater and dark brown slacks he was decked in was almost too simple for his taste - and yet Chris Evans’ GQ Man of the Year game was still goddamn strong.

“Seriously, Seb. It’s not like we’re going to the White House to meet the President,” Chris said, scowling at the sight of me starting to practically pace around the spacious suite.

Maybe he didn’t realize that I just dunked my head in the showers from another long day at the office, also to lament my wardrobe crisis that came with the 200 pounds of muscle I packed on for Civil War. My Thighs of Betrayal didn’t lie but baby bye, bye, bye to slim cuts for a good few months. My stylist tendered her resignation. Okay I was kidding about that. She was busy
somewhere. Anyway.

Chris came over to my side and we were standing before the open wardrobe doors next, focusing on my search for one of life’s most powerful forms of influence - a goddamn fashion statement.

“RDJ’s Village is a just very pimped out, super adult version of summer camp. Music, dancing, drinking, a little bonfire karaoke session - so you can go in your pajamas if you want to. This looks good on you.”

He pulled out a black flannel shirt, a black bomber jacket and held them up to me. *Not bad.*

“And this dinner he invited us to is really, a party. Or it’ll end up with one simply ‘cos it’s RDJ and he doesn’t do low-key stuff. He gives a shit about *everything.* Tonnes of people will be there, babe - *his* people, we know most of them. Most meaning two percent for you though.”

“Thanks.” So needed his privileged as fuck Village *regular* perspective right then. I took the clothes from his hands. “Look, I just wanna dress nice for the occasion. This okay?”

“Need I remind you that you look incredibly distracting even when you have holes in your shirt, Sebastian?” He smirked, giving my choice of dark blue jeans an approving thumbs up.

“Then again, you’re probably right. Should look like the total knockout you are if you’re planning to party the night away at that place.”

Quick question: Can someone really die from overwhelming flattery? Yes I can. Anyway.

Not something I had in my mind though, partying. “I don’t know his people like you do, Chris.”

“That, we shall see after tonight. Won’t we?”

I didn’t mean to throw the clothes onto the bed but something inside of me snapped at how goddamn oblivious he was to what my stupid wardrobe selection meltdown was actually about.

“You don’t get it, Chris.”

Perhaps I was starting to emote hard on things these days too - maybe slightly harder on this fucken joker right here and also this *secret* we were in, Christ.

Recent nights witnessed me lying awake trying to convince myself that I shouldn’t fucken want him in my life like this - and that it wasn’t too late to end it and go back to how things were between us. Of course that made me feel even more stupid because I was already neck-deep hooked onto the guy.

“What’s not to get? We work long hours, babe. On days when you get out of your character, release some stress, you unwind. Besides, you get tired of seeing the same face every day. It’s healthy to see new faces once in awhile - and trust me, there’s always new faces over at the Village. He should call that a kingdom instead.”

I actually thought that logically: I’m a man, he’s a man and what we were doing was motherfucking *unconventional* - but I just end up wanting him more every time I told myself that I didn’t. Fucken take my breath away kind of want him, so yea, it was *reaaaaaally* getting to me as we went on, played along.

“I *always* wanna see your face though,” I went, trying to drop a hint. But you gotta know I’m terrible with this sort of things. Romance and all. Jumping off a building seems much, much easier.
“It’s really annoying that I can’t get you out of my mind when you’re not around, Chris.”


“It better be!”

Because fuck *conventional logic*, really. We already have a fucken *trilogy* for Steve and Bucky anyway!

“And just so you know,” I continued, hot to drop another one on him. *All systems go, Seb.*

“I’m not dressing up for *other people* there. You look amazing. I figured that if I wanna be seen with you as your date tonight, I don’t wanna look like a fucking hobo, Chris.”

“Ah, right. The *date* thing,” Chris went, putting his hand on my shoulder and pulling this forced as fuck smile on his face, seemingly ridiculed than touched by my words.

“It’s just Robert to anyhow name things like...like how he calls me Doritos. Nothing to take seriously. I do appreciate that you even want to think of yourself as my date-date since it’s just between the two of us, but I know we’re really gonna go as undercover best friends, Seb. I’m down with that, don’t worry.”

“Undercover best friends.” The flying creative fuck that’s his mind. “Did you think of that?”

“Yes I did.” He tugged at my towel. “That’s what we are: Two best friends...under the covers.”

Someone give this genius his medal already.

“Think you should put on some clothes now, Seb - while I still have some self-control left,” he joked, before bringing his delicious lips to brush against mine in a ridiculously light kiss - which fucken left as soon as I floated off the floor. Annoying, much?

I struggled a little to get into my jeans, because my godzilla thighs could demolish goddamn watermelons - and of course Chris was nice enough to just laugh at such a scene.

“Oh and I’m not sure if you knew but Robert actually wanted to have you over there earlier before this,” Chris was saying next, coming back to me with the shirt he went to pick up from the bed.

“You’re hot issue with his people. After me, that is. I’m always number one.”

“After *you*, huh?” He had to fucken highlight that, I was humored. “He wanted me over?”

“Your video message with a decapitated Iron Man head kinda made him take the rain check.”

“No shit.”

“Get changed, sexy.” He ruffled my hair like I was goddamn 10 after our humor died down.

“A Village virgin can’t be late - that’s against Robert’s *life principles*. Ten minutes. Suit up. Go!”

My heart started hammering, but it wasn’t from nervousness. Maybe I was just *that* excited about going to the Village. But that ridiculously bubbly as fuck feeling I was getting from watching him look at me as I move about in his space, making me feel like I was responsible for that stupid wide smile he was having on his face... *That* was fucking with my ability to function and breathe.

“Evans.” I chewed on my bottom lip for a bit. “I, uh...I’m really looking forward to tonight.”
“Says every person with the honorary invite,” Chris replied, tipping his head with fucken grace at me as his fingers worked to buttoning up my shirt (for once) after I managed to get my arms into the sleeves without ripping up anything.

Look, I’m not kidding. With great biceps come great wardrobe stress.

“I mean I’m looking forward to going as your date.” I tried again, smiling. “Like...your partner.”

“That’s cute.” However Chris didn’t look like he was interested to get into my drift of things.

I didn’t exactly plan it to happen this way, we had very little time left. But I thought I didn’t need that much, so next came 4 words that I believe would strike the fear of God into any soul.

“We need to talk.”

“Can we talk later?” Chris had 4 words too, and they granted him fucken immunity from it.

“Ben’s giving us the car in about twenty minutes. Come on, let me do your hair-”

For some reason, I believed that this man totally got it but was choosing to brush everything off. He didn’t wanna talk about it, but I had fucken good news and he should listen. “Chris.”

“What, Seb?” He dropped his hands back to his side, and was suddenly exasperated by my persistence.

May not be a walk in the park after all. Chris started to tense up. “What is it now? Seating arrangements?”

Told ya he knew. “No. Maybe you didn’t hear him correctly but Robert addressed me as your date.”

Chris’ expression became unreadable when he went silent, towering over me like goddamn leaning Tower of Pisa next (he’s really, just an inch taller seriously!) and having decided to give me some goddamn attention. I must have either looked drop dead serious or crazed as fuck when I blurted at him. I don’t know, but whatever, it worked.

Chris let out this huge, tired as fuck-sounding sigh.

“I know what Robert said. It’s what you’re saying right now that’s... God, Seb. I’m trying not to....” he trailed off, choosing to hold back on the rest of his sentence to give me a good, hard look instead.

“You said you wanted to be seen with me as my date. Even crazier, as my partner. Now I know I did not imagine all that because I honestly fucking loved how that all sounded, Sebastian. You know how much I’d want that if it could happen.”

“Yeah, me too.” I nodded and then took his hand in mine. “Let’s do this. I wanna make that happen.”

But the blue of his eyes flared to the slight clench of his jaws - Chris wasn’t buying anything at all.

“All of a sudden? Why? A gentle warning here, babe: we’re going to a very crowded place and you can’t salvage this level of damage once its out. It’s either we do this or we don’t,” he went, scoffing and then taking his hand back.
And he killed me off with, “so please don’t say or suggest things like that if you’ve nothing new and solid to offer me.”

Hit me like a fucken truck, that did. Christ, he looked tortured and angry at the same time that it actually fucken scared me a little. He goddamn knew that I knew that he didn’t deserve this if I was just gonna go back to playing with his feelings with this secret I was making him keep and just, ugh. Douche of the millennium, me. My fucken ode to being his goddamn Lance Tucker needed to end already.

The tiny voiced cheerleader in my head prompted response but I went against saying will you be the spork to my salad, Chris? and decided to give him something less painful to digest.

Stay calm, Seb. You got this. Breathe. All will end well. “I mean it. I’m excited to go as your date-date.”

And Chris fucken flipped.

“You really wanna do this now? Okay,” he huffed hard, planting his hands firmly on his hips, towering over me all over again, seemingly a whole foot taller now. His shoulders rounded and he was staring me down so goddamn hard, fuck, I could really use that shield of his to hide behind right then.

He let me have it with, “I tell you what happens when you’re my date-date. We hold hands, I touch you in places you like, I whisper sweet nothings in your ears, I kiss you in front of everyone. I don’t sit next to you and pretend that your hand is not riding up my fucking thigh. I can’t think straight when you look at me, and I can’t pretend that I can. I don’t want to fucking pretend, Sebastian. You won’t be my secret anymore. Tell me you’re up for all that because if you’re not, then I suggest you pick a fucking nice jacket for that shirt right now and just have a fucking good time at the Village as my nothing more than my fucking best friend!”

“I’m up for it!” I didn’t plan to yell at him but all this fucken crazy intense heat he was giving me, Christ.

I grabbed his hand again. “I want all of that. I want to go as your date-date, your partner, your Sebby.”

And he fucken jerked it back from me. God, fucken drama king! “Stop it. I’m serious. Hurry up. I’m gonna go get the car now. Meet me in-”

“I’m serious too - and if you’re gonna best-friend zone me one more time Chris, I will fucking call Robert Downey Jr and fucking cancel on him. I’m not going anywhere if you’re not gonna acknowledge me as someone you wanna be seen with, because I want to be seen with you as your goddamn partner, stupid!”

Chris went into a neuro linguistic shut down almost immediately at what I just fired at him.

“What?” Was the only thing he could manage. He didn’t move or say anything for a solid one thousand years after that, just goddamn frozen in this *the motherfucken intense pause + ‘what the flying fuck just happened’* moment and after awhile, this was psychologically quickly fucking me over.

Fuck, I think I broke Captain America. Sorry Marvel, sorry God. “Chris?”

He was still wearing this epic as fuck look on his ridiculously handsome face that bordered between are-you-fucking-kidding-me and you-better-not-be-fucking-kidding-with-me before all
that went back to looking like please-don’t-be-fucking-with-me-right-now-I-swear-to-God-I-will-kill-someone-Seb.

“Good. Guess that’s settled then.”

Well I wasn’t really gonna stand around any longer just so he could fucking gawk at me until next two summers come around or something!

“Now this Village virgin’s gonna honor a fucken invite and I wanna make everyone at that trippy as fuck place tell you how fucking hot your boyfriend is.”

Captain America - still broken, Jesus - only blinked at the thrust of a very sexy leather jacket into his fucken handsome face next.

“After you’re done glitching, Christopher Robert Evans, kindly let me know if this goes with this!”

- 

“In case I need to fly back home because my people need me and I’ll miss it, let’s bring out cake!”

Chris’ birthday wasn’t until next month, but of course the Robert Downey Jr took the liberty of giving him his first 34th birthday cake way, way ahead of everyone else.

“Specially made for my dear Doritos,” Robert was saying, his smile the size of freaking Jupiter when this mountain of little cakes in little jars was brought in by Jordan minutes after we had really, really good Mediterranean. I’ve had a few back home in New York and loved them to death but maybe eating among brightly colored pillows, cushions on intricately-designed Middle-Eastern carpets, tables and everything else this massive space was decorated with, and with about 50 members of the rockstar’s staff kinda amp my first gastronomical experience at the Village.

Or was it James who got the cake out? Josh. Andrew. Oh God, there’s really so many people in this room.

Anyway. Next to me, Chris Evans looked like he had tears in his eyes. Yup. Fucken tears.

His lips quivered a little. “This looks suspiciously homemade. Did you bake this, Robert?”

“God forbid that happens, Chris. My own wife won’t let me into any kitchens unless it’s a display mock-up,” Robert replied, rather straight-faced at Chris who was all puppy-dog-eyes-touched at him.

And then the pancake rockstar went, “but I had some free time so yes, specially made.”

The Robert Downey Jr, everyone - banned from kitchens but broke the his wife’s very law to make cute calorie-friendly portions of rum and chocolate mini cakes for his most favorite person in the room. He’s rockstar as fuck and that between them, that’s motherfucken fam blood right there.
“Awww, Robert. Come here you!” Chris flipped personal space to Hell and launched himself over the table to give the pancake rockstar a gigantic, bone-crushing hug. Robert laughed louder when Chris started smothering him with crazy kisses on his cheeks like “love you, love you man!” with the Iron Man actor just miserably failing at trying to push the bigger guy off him like “God you weigh a tonne. Evans, this is Gucci. Please mind it!” and it was just a beautiful sight, really.

Yea, it really was incredibly hard to act like we kinda hate each other and were on different sides for Captain America: Civil War when we’re as tight as them Teletubbies in real life. Robert, Mackie, Chris and I. Well I’ll be damned.

“Wow. This is...wow. I don’t know how to describe how I feel right now. Can I cry? Please let me cry.”

Chris Evans completely lost his chill for the second time in less than 2 hours that night - and we hadn’t even started on seconds for drinks yet. I was already feeling more epic things to happen right in my bones, looking at how dangerously high my partner was becoming from soaking up all that energy around him.

“Speech?” I suggested instead, because he was already fucking crying (he cried while watching Frozen because Christoph could’ve ran faster before Anna got turned into ice. Epic blackmail material). Chris gave me a pained look, but I bet a million bucks he was already composing one in his head because fuck it, let’s king this drama club shit.

It didn’t take long for everyone around us to echo me with that and next thing I knew hands were banging on tables and voices were cheering Chris on for a speech. There was 5000 people in the room all of a sudden, and everyone was just tripping on such good spirits. Great food, good music, happy as fuck people - the Village’s rumor about having the happiest smile and the getting stuck on the gayest song could just be true after all.

“You’re beautiful.” He smiled, giving my thigh a squeeze. Chris then raised his bottle of beer high.

He started with a sheepish, “Robert Downey Junior, I admit I haven’t been a good friend to you of late.”

“That’s what happens when you have a hot new co-star. You forget your ex hot co-star!” Robert scoffed, the blinding yellow of his Galactica shirt catching so much attention, I didn’t notice the turquoise wall behind him. He narrowed his eyes at me, and I could only shrug like sorry not sorry. Well, I wasn’t. Hah!

“Now, now. I didn’t forget you, I just forgot your birthday and I’d like to thank you for not disowning me,” Chris continued, making everyone laugh with that very known fact before getting slightly more emotional with the rest of his message to the only man who could ever play Tony Stark in Marvel Cinematic history.

“You’ve no idea how much you mean to me. For all those times when I didn’t think I’d survive long in this industry, too. You’re family and friend, brother and amazingly, a successful baker now and thank you, just thank you so fucking much. Ah...I just want you to know that I love you to death, man. And almost nothing can change that.”

“Almost nothing?”

“Well, you’re still Iron Man. And he killed your parents.”

“Crystal on that. Forgiven not forgotten. Here, here!” Robert chimed straightaway, raising his
bottle high and then fucken surrendered himself to another one of Chris’ smothering hugs after kissing the blonde on his cheek.

“I love you to death too, kiddo. Always have, always will.”

I promised not to cry but maybe my contacts got a little dry from all the mad love happening around me. Chaos filled the room once more, glass clinked everywhere and then Chris turned his sight to me.

“And as for you…” he went, smiling like an idiot before he leaned in to catch my lips in a long, deep kiss.

The entire Village went into a fucken uproar at that. Christ, I was drowning in my own blood all over again, pulling away from Chris only to bite the inside of my lips and have my eyes stuck to the floor for an unbelievably long time. Ugh. God, all those years of facing cameras and I still fail at this.

“My boyfriend’s very shy,” Chris was on the goddamn PA system with it. “Anyway, I wanted this man since the first day I saw him and he finally took me off the market earlier tonight. We almost didn’t make it to this lovely dinner - we were fighting because he made me keep us a secret for months. Can you believe that?”

Ah, great. Even the 2 percenters turned on me with this wave of ‘Boooooooo!’ before someone madman excited squeaked over the noise with, “So Captain Rogers finally got his Bucky!”

“Indeed I did,” Chris said, grinning at me blushing. He turned back to everyone with, “and on behalf of SHIELD and HYDRA, we’d like to truly apologize beforehand to most of you who will be experiencing a really bad night’s sleep tonight ‘cos we’re not exactly quiet people when it comes to sex. So very sorry!”

“Oh God, noooo....” My face was in my hands and I wanted to die, Christ. Everyone else seemed to be on Team Cap for this though, it was a fucken celebration. Someone told me she’d go down with this ship and I still don’t know what is it with young people and these goddamn ships they always talk about and Jesus, fucken save me now, please!

“Looking forward to ravaging you later, babe,” Chris said, his attempt to whisper that fucken failed to Hell. I pulled my lips together again and just nodded as I slowly, sloooooooowly blushed to death in my spot. I received a couple of high fives, hugs from about a billion more, the Hell?

Robert leaned into my ear and said something like ‘son-in-law’ or coleslaw, but I didn’t get him to repeat himself when one of his people cut in to whisper something in his other ear like he was freaking Godfather.

“You two have some fun, and I,” the rockstar went, pointing to whatever. “Need a minute. I’ll be back.”

Music came back on and it was good Mediterranean food, drinks, awkward dance moves and high spirits all around all over again, with everyone just taking the fullest advantage of the night off from crazy hard work. I saw Anthony Russo and Whedon coming in and yeah, wow, Monday’s gonna be a total carnival when we all come back to work, alright.

And I so wanted to eat all those crazy rum cakes, but Chris decided we should only eat 2 because calorie counting and that actually made goddamn sense to me.

Who was I? I didn't know anymore - but he had someone pack for us to pick up later and told
everyone else to help themselves with the rest.

“Follow me,” Chris then went, planting another wet as fuck kiss on my lips again, in front of 5000 of Robert’s people before taking my hand. I ain’t gonna lie, it did make me feel a little awkward but it wasn’t so bad after all.

We finally managed to find out way out of that area after swimming through the sea of happy faces congratulating us along our way, and was soon breathing fresher air outside its doors. It was a dark outside but wow, the excessive fairy lights around us, though. Almost Avatar as fuck.

“I think we just got married,” I was saying to Chris, right before he turned around and swiftly swept me off my feet in a hug. I laughed into his mouth pressing against mine after he put me back down - and quickly tipped me over my heels like a fucken Disney prince, making me yelp like a goddamn princess.

“May I have this dance?” He joked, looking up and making a face to the song that was playing around us.

“To Prodigy’s Firestarter.” I laughed again, and he agreed to my, “how about fuck no, thank you?”

“You wanted me since the day you saw me? That’s like twenty-ten Chris. Five years ago. Over-dramatic, much?” I mused, leaning into his chest after we straightened up. I was staring deeper into his eyes with a smile so stupid wide on my face, my skull needed to be replaced.

My arms were roped around his broad shoulders like his arms were around my waist and people were probably taking pictures and our bosses were probably going mental with their Steve-Bucky-relationship exploration fanboying but at that moment, everything around us could go to Hell for all I care, really. Village or not.

“Yea, I kinda did. Well I was seeing someone too so it was on and off. It wasn’t right anymore when all I could think of was seeing you again at work and meetings. Your eyes,” Chris confessed, since it was the best time ever. His fingers combed the hair off my eyes, twiddling with some strays.

“Next thing I knew I was wishing that I could ask you out on a date. Kiss you. Take you home. Make crazy, sweet love. God, you drove me nuts.” Intense as fuck. “Were you ever gonna tell me this if you hadn’t kissed me in the first place and fucken turned me?”

“No. You were very straight, although you flirt like an idiot with me in that straight white boy way. Which makes you gayer. And you were kinda taken,” he said, chuckling at the thought. “Marge Simpson. I didn’t wanna have my hopes that high. Couldn’t help myself in the end. Lost all control!”

“Hey. It’s Margarita,” I went, correcting him. He rolled his eyes. Well, well. Someone did his homework on my personal life but Marge Simpson, the Hell.

“And she was a nice girl. And I was still kinda seeing her when you kissed me in Los Angeles.”

“Oh?” Chris gave me a pseudo-surprised look. “And you failed to mention that completely though.”

“That’s because I mentioned to her about you. And, then there was nothing else to talk about,” I went, biting on the bottom of my lip for a bit. I figured if I didn’t wanna talk about Margo at all in
the first place, I shouldn’t be talking about it now. It wasn’t bad, how we ended things. Long story short. Better times for all.

“I’m sorry for being such a bastard douche, Chris. I really am. I was focused on everything else but your feelings - and you willingly put up with me because you’re equally so stupid.”

“Still a douche, Seb but don’t worry about it.” Chris quickly went, tossing his head a little like **psssh**. I tried not to be amused by it but that went to Hell.

“And am I a terrible person because I’m still not sorry at all? All that friendship bull, worth it. You’re mine now. Officially.”

“I’m yours now,” I echoed, bringing his drama king head back down to its normal size. Chris’ blue, blue eyes sparked giddy twinkles at those words and his arms tightened around me. “But really, we’re noisy? That was unnecessary. There were kids around!”

“I’d take you on that dinner table if I wanted to, you know but I didn’t. Already did them a huge favor,” Chris defended himself, shrugging. “Gosh I’m so fucking happy right now, babe! First you, and then us and this. Nothing else matters but I’m crying like a bitch tonight and you’re gonna fucking hold me, Seb. I don’t care.”

“Cry away, Captain. I’ll be right next to you,” I replied, smirking a little. “Filming you while you cry.”

“Figures,” Chris chuckled and then sighed when I leaned up to meet his mouth with my own. His hold left my waist to cup his hands around my neck as one kiss quickly progressed to another, the scrape of teeth tugging on the flesh of lips hungry and bruising at every contact, the soundless bumping of our chests trying to rid of any space between our bodies stealing every breath I breathe.

Eyes were watching but come get some of this fucken good show, everybody!

(Regrettably) We didn’t think it was nice to leave the Village before 10PM, it was my first time anyway so pretty soon we were back mingling with people at the middle-eastern themed area once again. Chris and I were separated for awhile since he was so goddamn popular with Robert’s people and I, I tried to stick to managing a group conversation with 10 people. Pretty okay. LGBT, Donald Trump, Piloxing, the latest buzz. We were taking Snapchat videos when someone clapped me on the back and made me turn around.

“Sebastian, can we borrow your Captain for a bit?” One of the guys, I think his name was Ollie, asked. About six guys surrounded me next, and they were all on their cellphones. “The internet just broke. Pokemon sightings everywhere in the US.”

The flying fuck. “What?”

“They finally developed a mobile Pokemon app, Seb.” Chris teleported back to my side and was talking like a dolphin all of a sudden. I think he might have taken a third glass of whatever Robert was serving for drinks that night. It definitely wasn’t normal cocktail, I tell you. Something was dancing in my head.

“One of these geniuses hacked into a beta version of Pokemon Go - they’re gonna try hunting!”

Hey, I’m fucken Romanian - communism and Pikachu didn’t exactly **fondue** where I was growing up.

“Dragonite might just be around the corner.” Chris brandished his finger at the area behind us. Oh
boy, he was a goner already. “Dragonite’s a big deal.”

“I’ll be here. We’ve a lifetime to catch up with each other,” I said, laughing at how serious he was despite drunk and then almost falling over catching his weight when he threw himself at me. He licked the back of my ear, all playful and giggling and just goddamn gone.

“What about you, boyfriend? What are you gonna do? I’ll be away for a second, I promise. Gotta catch’em all!”

I took a look around. There was a fucken bonfire nearby, Christ and the people seemed to multiply like those jelly sea monkeys thingies in goldfish bowls, Christ. Jeez, how many Villagers are there?

“I’ll take him on his adventure here, Evans. Another?”

A glass appeared in my hand the same time Robert and his blinding yellow t-shirt popped out of nowhere and into our conversation. Houdini as fuck. Didn’t even realize I had a new drink in my hand before he came, I swear.

And I nodded in like sure, thank you although I knew this was some trippy cocktail. The rockstar gave me a huge smile, and then casually wrapped his arm around mine before turning to Chris and his new boy band of Poke-hunters. Catchers? Whatever.

“Run along, Doritos and League of Extraordinary Nerds. Dora here is in good hands.”

“Come on, Dora. Allow me to give you the VIP tour to my Village.”

Oh no he didn’t. “Dora?”

“The Explo-rah? You lived outside of Romania since forever right?”

He did. Fucken Dora the fucken Explorer - kill me now?

Robert was more concerned to have me fall into his pace of walking, of course, and we started our journey with a gargantuan white tent that looked like a giant Hershey Kisses chocolate and it smelled very much like a whole lot of Lavender and Eucalyptus.

It housed a fucken mobile spa retreat.

“Oh my God!” I didn’t mean to squeal, but fuck it man. “You have Balinese traditional and hot stone massage. I love those!”

“Yup.” Robert replied, like it’s fucken normal to have that in a trailer park, on movie sets. “Deep muscle tissue, sports, Thai, Herbal scrub, milk bath…”

The list went on and I was just shut up and take my soul already. Going to spas is like going to Starbucks for me - and I live for the cold brew at Starbucks. I live!

“...you can just book an appointment with them if you want. At anytime of the day. I think.”
“That’s amazing!” I was talking like a damn dolphin now, and having taken another sip of this drink didn’t help. “I’m looking forward to the next honorary invite. Please invite me again, Robert. Whatever Mackie’s paying you to get in here, I’ll triple it.”

“Sebastian!” Robert laughed, humored. “You’re always so funny. Please keep your money. Practically my son-in-law now, I don’t have to tell you that. The Village is always open for you - just check on the spa timings before you visit.”

*I’ll be damned. Chris and I did get fucken married after all. Son-in-law, Christ. Did not see this coming.*

“You’re joking!” My jaws, straight through the grass beneath my feet and past the core of the planet and now in China. Robert laughed harder, before pulling me to walking with him again.

“I’m not joking. Mackie’s welcomed too. Everyone is! So I have ten-ish trailers. I don’t know why people make up such crazy stories about this place! Honorary invite. Who do you think I am? The King?”

“No you’re the Robert Downey Junior - you’re kinger than king, man. You gotta know that.”

Robert was crying in his mirth. We headed for the fucken bonfire next, where some young intern-looking kids were chillin’ - and of course they all had guitars in their laps. I recognized one of them as his Game of Thrones addict son. Edgy-alt more than he was a gamer, I guess. Robert told them to play on and we took our seats in some rattan pool chairs nearby, away from the noise.

“Hi babe!” Chris galloped past us with his boy band of Pokemon catchers, fucken nerd game overkill. “Hi Robert! The Pokemon app is working!”

He made a U-turn just to plant me a quick kiss, catching me off guard with it that I almost spilled my drink.

“I miss you,” he said, freely, loudly, just like that. It had only been less than 15 minutes, really. “Join me?”

“Not a nerd,” I went, teasing him and then pushing him away playfully. He almost fell over, tipsy as fuck. “Go get your Slitherine. I’m talking to your dad.”

“That’s Harry Potter, Seb. You don’t know *anything* do you?” Chris’ drunken snort was majestic. “Okay, be right back! Dad, no weird questions. Bye!”

I returned to a more peaceful atmosphere with the pancake rockstar, and the first thing he said to me after I asked him why he was looking at me like that was, “Thank you, Sebastian.”

“For?”

“Getting him off my back!” Robert sighed, relieved as fuck. “He can *really* talk about you - all about you - and now, thanks to you, I don’t have to be his therapist anymore.”

“You knew ?” And my face was in my hand next, just, oh God. “Even before that night when you came over to Chris’ room and I was...Christ. You knew?”

“Your abs are impressive, I give you that. Anyway, Chris lives like, in the neighborhood next to mine in LA - if not in my pocket, Seb. Of course I knew,” he replied, chuckling at the sound of things. “My wife and I, we treat him as ohana and ohana means…”
Disney Pop Quiz. I got this. “Family and family means nobody gets left behind.”

“Correct! Also means putting up with him pining for you the entire time! God, it was like that boy couldn’t find anything or anyone better to mope about - no offense,” Robert added, good-natured as fuck about it.

“I actually once thought you’re the type of guy who girls bring home to meet their parents - but you’ll probably end up bedding their moms.”

The flying fuck. “Seriously?”

Robert remained straight-faced. “It was a fleeting judgement. I didn't want Chris disappointed. Also you are incredibly beautiful and I was jealous, maybe. Okay the last bit. Bad joke.”

“Well, no offense taken anyway,” I smiled, going against saying ‘That’s ‘cos I’m better than best” because this trippy drink I was having, I swear it was making me feel things just about 1000 times more emo.

“He loves everything so hard sometimes I can’t deal with his enthusiasm. If you think about it, he’s kind of like a dog with it. That’s probably his animal spirit,” the rockstar went on, crossing his legs and reclining further in the cushions. Zen as fuck.

“And that makes him fiercely loyal to everyone he loves and treasures. You’re already at that level in which he finds you worth all his trouble - he’d literally give you the whole of him if you want him to. Love does that, get what I mean?”

And suddenly it hit me like love, Christ. Love?

Whoa, whoa. Can we just take a chill pill here...

I decided to not think too deep into it and stuck to the very first page of this story of Chris and I.

“He’s amazing, Robert. I mean it. I can’t say enough. I’d love tell you just how much he means to me but I figured I’ll be repeating whatever Chris says - and I’m guessing he repeated it about a billion times so you’re just about done,” I said, laughing at how Robert just made a face in his agreement to my statement.

“I wish you and Chris only the best, Sebastian. There’s no negativity at all from me,” he said, smiling wider at me before reaching over and pecking me on my cheek. Fucken Godfather, this felt very much like it.

“Thanks Robert. He’s gonna be alright with me.”

Wow, I guess I got his Dad blessing to continue dating his son? I don’t know. I felt accomplished as fuck, man. It was really, really, really goddamn nice how my first time at the Village was turning into the more we progressed into the night. I was so gonna spam Mackie with everything that went down until his Android fucken explodes or something. So exciting, that idea.

I perked the fuck up when I saw Chris appearing from the shadows, walking towards me in those hips of his, eyes dead set on mine to the huge smile he was wearing on his handsome face. My heart burned, boiled and bubbled over at such pelvic sorcery heading my way, lost in the trance of marveling at it. Damn, I was seeing him in slow-motion, too. This goddamn drink totaled my senses to Hell, alright but it wasn’t like I was complaining when seeing this sexy motherfucker making his beeline to reclaim his boyfriend.
And fuck, I fucken want him so goddamn deep inside of me he won’t even remember his own name when he’s done.

I must have been so caught up with how I was gonna let Chris ravage me to his heart’s content when we get back later that I didn’t realize Robert had been speaking to me until his finger poking broke my spell.

“Sorry?” I blinked, turning to Robert to see the pancake rockstar looking like he meant serious business all of a sudden. When the fuck did that change, I didn’t know.

“I said, I love Chris very, very dearly. So if you break his heart without a damn good reason to do so, I’m gonna have to snap your neck.”

Christ.

“Ah!” Robert’s smile appeared to a wave of his hand. For some reason I didn’t quite it like that he even said it in the first place and it showed on my face.

To which, he chuckled out a ridiculed, “I’m kidding, Sebastian. I won’t snap your neck if that happens.”

Christ.

The Robert Downey Jr then picked up his trippy drink, and started sipping it like the fucken Godfather or something. Slow and chilled but intense and just plain boss as fuck.

Cocked an eyebrow at me and went, “Or will I?”

Christ.

"Uh...will you?"

I couldn't read his grin.

"Mmmm. I guess...Let the mind games begin, Sebastian Stan."

Till next time...

in case you need to see Seb in a leather jacket. Heh.
Give Captain America his Boyfriend Of the Year

Chapter Summary

"If he gusta, then me fucken gusta too"

Chapter Notes

+ maybe a little smut attempt. A little. I'm subtle like that. Enjoy :)

Other mentions: Lion Cho (Fictional Character), Scott Evans

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bighspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe
Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry
Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather

Part 11
There are many reasons why I prefer to live in the East Coast, in my humble ol’ apartment smacked right in the middle of eternally busy Manhattan, instead of some snazzy hilltop mansion in some classy, gated community in the City of Angels.

“Sebastian, Sebastian. Over here!”

First of all, It’s home as fuck. My family, housemate Gregg, our dog Turtle, most of my close friends and contacts live there, to name as first few. The very appeal of living in a hot, melting pot of people, culture, trends. That city never ever sleeps. That hustle and bustle of life happening the second I step out of my door. Expectations, reality, standards, fucken rainbow bagels with unicorn sprinkles for 8 goddamn bucks a serving - New York City has it all.

Also, walking down its streets like a boss is still very much possible for puny ol’ me.

Walking in good ol' Los Angeles however, can get to a whole new level of cray.

“Aliens, Sebastian. Aliens everywhere. You believe in them, don’t you?”

“Do you ever know what’s next for you and Marvel?”

“Sebastian, are you for Trump or Clinton?”

Boy, never have I ever prayed so hard in my life just to survive brisk-walking to a waiting car at an airport, having to make a beeline for it almost immediately after touching down from New York with 3 members of my entourage just minutes ago.

“You must be here to pay a little visit to your dear Captain, aren’t you?”

That one though, right in my ear, got my attention and made my head turn.

Big sunglasses dude. “Chris Evans moved into LA sometime earlier this year, didn’t he?”

“So are you guys official or is this a publicity stunt for your die hard Stucky fans?”

Lion Cho (yes his real name is Lion), he’s a good friend and a remarkable agent, I’m very blessed to have someone like him having my back for anything work and PR-related - but this was the very first time he had to instruct me to not say anything that could potentially, in his own words, ‘break the fandom’.

Fandom, Christ. That word’s never existed in my books before but now...well, well, well.

Well I can’t pretend that I haven’t seen fan posts, tags, artworks and videos, etc. about Steve and Bucky. Going to Comic Cons further opened my eyes to how much of an impact this whole Stucky thing was, above all the other overwhelming feels and energy I often got from the supporters.

‘Stucky’ kind of fucken leveled the majority of the fans’ entire take on all the Captain America movies. It really fucken did, wow.

Further credits go to (my) preciousness like Tom Holland Peter Parker for his very comprehensive education on these goddamn ships millennials are always happy to go down with. Until today, I’m not sure if I should fucken thank him for it.

Don’t get me wrong. I fucken live for the mad love from fans, their love for anything Marvel or anything that I’m involved in for that matter, I really do - but even you gotta admit that sometimes things in the fandom almost never fails to bomb goddamn minds to smithereens. It’s either amusing
or amazing, I promise.

Yea, no shit. I seriously fucken miss the good ol’ days which I just don’t know anything at all like, ever.

Anyway.

Big sunglasses dude was firing at me hard with his next. “Heard you guys hooked up while working on Civil War - is that expected of you and Chris - for marketing purposes?”

I felt like blowing his fucker off with, “Hooked up, my ass. We fucken got married, bro”, but of course I didn’t say that. I’m not bad at handling myself with this sort of thing, especially after Marvel happened but let’s just say I’ve very little chill and a whole lot of #sorrynotsorry when it comes to flipping off people who enjoy nosing into certain matters in my life.

So I listened to my agent, kept my mouth shut and only gave it a brief smirk. Pulled my cap lower over my face, shades higher up my nose and continued walking with my eyes dead set on the doors ahead like I was Tom Cruise and just bitch bye.

Bad idea, though. If that did anything at all, it only made things even worse for us all - and suddenly all everybody wanted to fucken know was about my fling with Captain America.

“Are you two really dating? Is it serious? Details, Sebastian. Smile and give us details!”

Christ.

The circle I was in was shrinking and poor ol’ Cho had to take drastic measures to handle it. He’s becoming more of a bodyguard than just an agent these days. He’s actually Moses parting the Red Sea level good at it too, going all stern-ass with “move please, step back, please don’t block our way. Move please!” and still managing to keep so much chill throughout. He should totally be paid for all this extra trouble, really.

“Lion.” I really am not that much of a diva but I was really starting to lose it. “Get me out of here, please.”

“No comments, thank you! Please make way, be careful.” My agent responded to all the blinding lights from all sorts of cameras that greeted us the second we exited the departure belt.

“I’m following you to the gym from now on, Seb. If this is gonna be any tougher, bulk me up.”

My agent, everyone - also my Moses, my bruh, my hero. I truly thank fuck for Lion Cho.

Another loooooooong story short, we reached our hotel in downtown Los Angeles in one piece.

We were gathered in the lobby’s lavish Victorian-ish designed couches soon after checking-in next, bossing over room booking details, luggages, programmes for the next two days. Where to fucken eat because we’d been traveling since dawn broke. Very important matters like that.

I was paying attention to everything that was happening around me with my team despite fucken shawarmas turning into a serious as fuck topic for discussion - until I reached for my organizer and flipped to the page which was so fucken decorated, I had to wonder if this was the kind of mega-gay I’d become.

I’d written ‘White Wine’ in font size gargantuan on the entire goddamn page - but that wasn’t enough to prove just how much I was looking forward to coming to Los Angeles (despite the cray). I pasted like, 10 bright blue arrow-shaped Post-It tabs, made a fucken circle around those words.
Colored it all in with pink highlighter pen and this morning while in the plane, drew fucken hearts around it.

My alter-ego is a goddamn schoolgirl. Fucking Hell, really. Where’s my chill in all this?

“Cho,” I spoke up, pulling myself out of the ongoing banter to turn to my agent.

Fucken lunch choices were dividing my team. “What time’s the meeting with Tony and Michelle tonight?”

“Thirty after eight,” he answered. “You’ve nothing until that. Tomorrow’s crazy though. The shoot’s moved to ten in the morning, meeting with Castle’s producers at two, Marvel studio at five then we’re off to Canada in the evening for the Film Festival.”

And this is why I still write things down on fucken paper and he doesn’t.

“That’s for the Martian’s premier, right?” I fished out my phone when it beeped in my pocket.

Chris’ text came in as him being too lazy to workout, so he was gonna stay at home to binge-watch Charmed. Order take-out. Hermit crab himself till next week’s Comic Con appearance at Salt Lake City. He missed me a lot and couldn’t wait to see me out there.

CE: I should watch some baby Sebastian. Gossip Girls, Political Animals or...Covenant?

The flying fuck is baby Sebastian?

Lion interrupted my mid-texting with, “You’re really not gonna stay in the hotel, Sebastian?”

“I’m not tired.” I shrugged, coming back to him. “Or hungry. You guys go ahead with lunch without me.”

He was surprised. “How are you not starving? Also, my back is killing me! How’s yours?”

“I’m all good, buddy. Listen, can you text me tonight’s address?” I went, my smile turning sheepish as fuck. My mind was highly focused on the words White Wine more than anything else. Dead fucken set - and he didn’t need to press me for anymore details, really.

Lion Cho figured out the reason why I wasn’t whining about getting food or sleep but instead was becoming restless as fuck all of a sudden - even after half a day’s journey from New York which almost took out our entire posterior chains - because he was sort of Marvel’s own Baskin Robbins.

Marvel’s Baskin Robbins always finds out.

That, and I was smiling like an idiot at my phone, too. “Promise I’ll be at the meeting by eight.”

“Oh, I’m never worried about your punctuality, bro. None of us are,” Lion sighed at my wanting to take off on the team for a bit. He took a glance over his shoulder to look at the rest of our crew members before coming back to me with a concerned look on his face.

“Look what happened at the airport, Seb. The paps over here are dying to eat you up. Especially after you and Chris...you know. I can let you go for the day but more drama that’s not related to work is what we don’t need, okay?”

“Got it. Thanks.” I nodded, turning my cap around. “Didn’t know it’s gonna be this much of a big deal.”
“Sebastian, it’s always gonna be a much bigger deal when you’re famous, a very nice guy and gay. The good, the bad and the ugly wants you, man. Alive.”

Lion Cho is sort of the Asian version of Gregg too, now that I think about it. I miss Gregg.

He continued with, “If anything bad happens to you, I’ll lose my job. Then I’ll have to start shopping at Target. And subsequently become homeless, join the local Chinese Triad as a loan shark runner just so I could afford drinking my liver to failure with knock-off Asahi beers, Seb. So you know you’re this important to my current lifestyle demands, please be at the venue by eight.”

“What the fuck, man?” I laughed so hard at the tragic mental picture of it. I can’t appreciate him enough for taking the time to paint such scenario, really. A handsome raise it is!

“Target? No...What kind of person would allow something like that to happen to you? Certainly not I!” I was snorting in between laughter because Christ, that fucken escalated.

“Cho, you know where I’m heading to.”

“And I trust you so don’t let me down, Seb. I don’t even run, forget running for loan sharks.”

My life is full of dramatic as fuck jokers these days. I might as well welcome myself into the bandwagon.

“Never, Lion.” I squeezed his shoulder, reassuring as fuck. “You have my word.”

“Fantastic. So since you won’t be returning to your room here after tonight’s meeting too - and don’t worry, I’m not keeping tabs. Well, not that many tabs. I know you’ll be in good hands. Ah, not that I know how good his hands are-”

Seriously, this guy.

“...just keep your phone on and...hmmm...and, where is it...hold on...” Lion was mumbling now, producing his iPad out from his bag and started swiping his fingers on its surface like a madman.

“What makes you say that? I’ve to be at the shoot in the morning with you guys.”

“Yes, about tomorrow. Just be there by ten, Seb. You know how Becky’s a little OCD with the clothes she picks for you for these sort of shoots,” he continued, punching more information into my walls of extreme confusion right then.

“There. Sent you the location. It’s quite nearby from the hotel but I’m not sure how far it is from where you’re gonna be coming from. If you’re gonna give breakfast a miss, please don’t. Gonna be a long day, man. Just lemme know. I’ll grab it for you.”

“What? Lion!” The flying fuck was he on about, Christ. “I’m only gonna be gone for a few hours. Why are you like, kicking me out?”

“I’m not. I’m just doing my job - I’ve to maximize on the resources I’m supplied with!”

I was still tree-frogging it out at his econs jargon all up in my face until Lion Cho stopped talking and started looking at me really hard, his facial expression suddenly so serious, he was almost iron-faced.

I tried again. “Lion, I’ll be back here at the hotel after the meeting tonight. We’re going to the shoot and the meetings tomorrow together. What are you talking about?”
And suddenly, in my head, I heard him like *do you think I am stupid, Sebastian Stan? Do you?*

The telepathic Jedi connection we established continued with a pressing as fuck: *seriously, do you?*

I actually shook my head to my silenced reply like *no sir. You’re not stupid. I’m sorry.*

He jerked his brows to that like *I know everything, Sebastian. You’re very predictable with it* before going back to the face of his iPad and swiping like crazy for a solid few seconds.

“Now I’m looking at our room bookings right now and...ooh la la !”

Lion’s tone was all about a great-ass idea forming in his head.

“Yours has a nice view of the city while mine is facing the garden and pool. And you have a *bathtub. Mmm-hmm….Could really use one right about now.*”

And to that, Lion *Baskin fucken Robbins Cho* threw out an open palm at me.

“Pass me your key, please - I’m taking your lovely suite for the rest of the trip. Thanks, Seb!”

“*Oh my God! Hi! Gosh, this is so very unexpected!*”

Scott Evans answered the front door of the house with big-ass Dre Beats over his ears - and he completely forgot about that because he was practically shouting in my face.

“Oh, sorry!” He giggled to the gestures I was making with my hands to tell him just that, before quickly pulling the headphones off. The smile on his face, the size of freaking Jupiter when he stuck his hand out for a good, solid shake next.

“I’m Scott,” he went, all bright and chirpy like the goddamn Californian sun. “You’re Sebby!”

“Yeah.” I was humored to Hell. *Sebby*, really. Stuck forever. “You’re his brother, right?”

“*Younger* brother. We’re the same age, you and I.”

Such reminder is necessary. “Duly noted.”

Scott was excited. “We *finally* meet! Come in, come in. When did you get here? How’d you get here? Are you lone? You could’ve told me you were coming. Did security give any trouble? Can I get that for you?”

So many questions, Christ but for some mind-blowing reason, I got all of it and replied, “A little while ago. Uber. Yes. Didn’t wanna trouble anyone, really. Not really and it’s alright, I got it. Uhm, is Chris in?”

“Handsome and sharp,” Scott mused, clapping me on my back, good natured as fuck as he let me

“He’s in his room. You can go on up and turn left, down the hall. It’s at the farthest end of the east wing of the house.”

Fucken wings in a house.

“I uh, think I’ll freshen up first before I see him.” I took my cap and jacket off, hung them near the entrance I just walked in. “It’s rather hot outside. I look terrible now.”

Scott turned around in mid-walking to scoff, “What is it with you really handsome people and your self-confidence issues? I can’t believe what I’m seeing. You’re like, perfect.”

Scott was looking at something above my head next.

“Like how is your hair even real? It’s literally beautiful.” He sang, adoring as fuck all of a sudden. “Sorry to ask but I’m dead curious. Is it natural?”

“Natural, mostly - with a little platinum grade support,” I laughed at the forwardness of his question and give it a light toss to get it off my face like Vidal Sassoon, what’s good?

I know I used to bitch about the Winter Soldier hair being so annoying because it kept trying to either fucken poke my eyeballs to death or monopolize my entire head with its constant neediness for hair accessories and all. Strangely enough, I sorta didn’t wanna chop it off after filming for Civil War ended last month. I guess that ultimately, I didn’t look like my usual self with the long hair, so that was really great. I even grew it out a little bit more just to flaunt it since it got so much attention from everyone (Anthony Russo, presidenting it) until the next project comes along or something.

Most of the fucken beard had to go though, I couldn’t deal with it anymore. Anyway.

“We need to talk about your hair care regime. Let’s get you something to drink first - but please just make yourself at home. You’re no stranger to my brother, so you must know that his kitchen’s this way.”

I wasn’t sure what to think of what he just put across. “I must know where his kitchen is.”

“Of course, silly. His casa’s already your casa too - you should know that by now, Sebastian.”

“Ah. Okay.” I shouldn’t think so, really. The closest I got to his place was in early January, for the initial Marvel meetings pre-Civil War’s process - and we weren’t really talking back then. So I was only on one of the crazy runway driveways with Ben and Robert, not inside the house but okay, sure. Hmm.

God, his place was massive. On a goddamn hill overlooking the entire planet. His living room’s gotta be the size of a fucken Yankees’ stadium - and that was just one room. It looked like a set from one of those sexy ass Bond movies - only a whole lot homely with the French-European touch. I’m no Home Living, but I know European when I see one.

We barely made it the door of the kitchen when a low rumble came from above - and I looked up only to get an overly excited golden brown dog launching itself off the last few steps of the stairs and straight for me.

“Hello!” I laughed, recognizing this ball of energy straightaway. I quickly put the item I was
carrying on the nearest counter top I saw before fucken trying to catch the whole of Chris’ beloved pup with my arms but that was a terrible idea, of course. He might not look like it but trust me, Dodger weighed like a fucken tonne.

“Down, boy! Sorry, man. Chris was supposed to send him to dog school but yeah, obviously haven’t gotten around to that,” Scott went, tugging at its collar and talking over the puppy’s excited yapping as Dodger continued to jump around me, trying to lick my face and all.

Mackie ever said Dodger tried to eat him alive at their first meeting. Tore his shirt to pieces or something. Well, we all know Mackie’s big on exaggeration and a dog’s gotta dog, man - it’s a universal logic, though I consider myself a cat person in general.

“He likes you a lot already!” Scott laughed, surprised. Dodger and I, we Facetime once in awhile too. He’s always with Chris, a total BFF. Non-discriminative to cat people, too. Total gem.

“Looks like his owner’s gonna be in a triangle, huh?”

“With this handsome fella? You can’t be my rival, no way!” I declared my peace straightaway, looking straight into its shiny, beady brown eyes as I got down to my knee to scratch the back of Dodger’s floppy ears.

_I miss Turtle._ “Hey. Let’s form a tag team, pal - and live to annoy Chris together forever. How’s that sound?”

Dog language is up my alley and Dodger went _already gave you a headstart on that, Sebby!_”

“Keep it up. I’m right behind ya,” I grinned, winking. Dodger then gave us a few barks like _okay you do that, Imma go chase squirrels now bye!_ and then ran out to the backyard through the massive doors of the kitchen - if a fucken golf course was what you wanna call a backyard.

“Beer? Juice?” Scott was inside the fridge next. Even the fucken fridge can store a fully-grown man, damn.

“Just water, thank you.” I pulled out a tall chair and sat myself down in it, putting the bag on the marbled counter top which stretched for miles next.

“I totally forgot to ask you this, since just now was so crazy: Does he even know you’re here?”

Scott, the color of his eyes was a blazing blue from all the gorgeous natural lighting in the kitchen we were in. These windows, Christ. Floor to ceiling. Wait. Floor to the motherfcken _Heavens_ was more like it. The size of _everything_ , Christ. Larger than life, I swear.

“Nope. As far as Chris is concerned, I’m at the gym,” I chuckled, honestly fucken missing the small of my apartment the more I was inside this...palace. Housekeeping must be a nightmare.

“Actually, I’m here for work purposes. New projects with some writers for next year’s stuff.”

“ Heard you’re quite a workaholic.”

“Emotionally attached to work, yes” I admitted, catching the Evian tossed by the blonde man with one hand.

The water felt so cooling down my throat. “Anyway, I have a lot of free time before crazy starts so I thought of surprising Chris. Think he’ll like this?”
Scott’s face brightened the fuck up when he looked into the bag I placed on the counter. The 2005 "Amour de Deutz" Blanc de Blancs I brought was packaged in this little rattan basket decorated with little white flowers and leaves - but I had to put all that pretty inside a paper bag because no way I was gonna stroll down the glitzy Hollywood streets with a goddamn basket in my hand, really.

“Awwww!” Scott started spazzing a little more with, “he loves white wine. A www ...Sebastian!"

I didn’t know him that well during that point in my life, so I thought that if he was ever in the drama club, Scott Evans would be the fucken founder and CEO of it. Dolphin voice, he kings it.

“I didn’t notice that earlier. Awww! Surprise visit, exquisite wine. Suddenly all this is so awwwwfully romantic. Gosh, Chris’ gonna frigging love you - not that he isn’t already. I mean he’s totally gonna freak when he sees you. Let’s keep that cold for the time being, shall we?”

Awwwww, God. Everybody needs to really fucken chill with this whole LOVE talk about us, seriously.

“Thanks, Scott. I’ll bring that up to him after I wash my face,” I went, watching him put the whole bag inside the fridge. “Dodger’s drool isn’t exactly sexy.”

“No, it isn’t!” Scott agreed, passing me a pack of wet tissues from a drawer after putting the wine in the fridge. “The washroom is right-”

“YO SCOTTY!”

We immediately froze to Chris’ voice thundering down into the kitchen from above our heads, ping-ponging off the many walls of this place. Scott didn’t need to put his finger on his lips to tell me to not breathe next.

Boy, I was so damn determined to surprise Chris Evans that I was ready to jump into the goddamn human fridge if there was a need to do so. I was ninja mode on standby but Chris Evans remained upstairs and he was yelling at the top of his lungs, from whichever wing he was in.

“Was there someone at the door earlier? I heard the doorbell ring!”

Surprised, I rounded my eyes at Scott like fucken kidding me. Only now he notices this?

“Nope! No one.” He then nodded at me like yeah, that’s my brother for you.

“Dodger ran out of my room and didn’t come back, so I’m assuming he’s mauling someone! No?”

Think about it: If I was a robber, I would’ve made myself a cup of coffee - Hell, maybe even a sandwich - before I bail with the entire first floor’s worth of items - and Chris would’ve noticed it all only a billion years later.

“Nope! He’s in the backyard now, chasing everything that moves. You coming down?”

“Got food?”

“Not yet. I’m making the order online soon. Delivery in forty minutes. Hey, can you come down here?”

“Can I text you my order instead? I’m too damn lazy to go down. Think I’m gonna install a giant slide, Scotty. An escalator, too. Then I won’t be lazy to come down to make an online order with
Fucken _mall_ stuff inside a house because Chris and his goddamn ‘lazy fit person syndrome’ is never-ending.

“What?” Scott rolled his eyes, more annoyed than amused. “Whatever, Chris. It’s gonna be your house soon. Can you just come down here for a bit? You like to complicate a simple burger order and it’s so annoying!”

“But you know what my usual complicated burger order is already, so just order for me _pleaaaaase_! I wanna take a shower!”

Yup. I wouldn’t imagine Chris Evans to be such an impossible as _child_, too.

Scott shot me a really flat look and then groaned in his defeat, before something got him yelling again, this time with a very annoyed sounding, “Christopher!”

“What?”

“Have you been watching Gossip Girls?”

Scott was looking at his iPad now. Where the fuck that came out from, I had no idea. I was busy trying very hard to not laugh my ass off at these two yelling back and forth in their conversation. I was an only child, so as noisy as everything was, it was a pretty awesome thing to witness.

Chris was quiet for a solid few seconds before he replied with a meek-sounding, “No, I’m not.”

Scott flipped the iPad’s face to me to prove otherwise and fuck me sideways, really. Chris _was_ watching Gossip Girls. I was imploding from holding in another strong bout of laughter from giving my presence away. So hard.

“Well if you _ever_ are, you’re using my Netflix account. Please get out, you’re messing up my _Arrow_ series!”

And his brother just flipped that one out like, “Call me when the food’s here, little brother. Shower time!”

“You know, it's really not too late to get out of dating a frigging nine-year-old boy, Sebastian,” Scott was saying to me next, _so done_ and all as he went around the counter to sit down in the chair next to me.

“Thought he’s more of a five year old than nine.” This is a fact, and it's fucken concrete.

“I know right? He’s gonna have to make complicated burger orders by himself real soon though,” Scott snorted, shaking his head. “The stupid slide and escalator better be installed by then.”

I was curious. “You’re moving out?”

“Yeah. I know I just moved in but I kinda can’t stand the celebrity life and standards and whatever here in Hollywood. The Kardashians live nearby.”

“Oh dear.”

“Right?”

“So Chris is gonna live in this fucking castle all by _himself_?”
“Castle?” The blonde laughed at my choice of word. “Yes. Not sure what he’s gonna do with it. He just got it this year. Can I get you the special? I assume you’re not vegan or a complicated burger order person. Please don’t be a complicated burger person.”

“Yeah I’m good with anything with meat. Surprise me, man. I haven’t tried this place before. Thanks,” I replied, glancing up at the ceiling to the sounds coming from the second floor.

I couldn’t even hear the sound of running water anymore as soon as Chris brought out his vocal chords and launched himself into singing a rendition of a very, very, all too-familiar tune.

“I’ve got gadgets and gizmos aplenty, I’ve got whozits and whatzits galore. You want thingamabobs? I got twenty~...”

“He needs to listen to mainstream music more.” Scott held a finger up in the air. “Okay now, wait for it....”

“But who cares? No big deal! I want mooOooooOooOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoore~!”

Broadway-ing the Little Mermaid in the shower - Chris Evans was 1000% fucken all out and no fear with it. Love it.

“Food’s gonna be sent to the guest house. It’s all the way there,” Scott was informing me next, pointing to the grassy horizon outside the doors.

“Okay.” Didn’t see a damn thing until I stuck my neck out a little, Christ. “Got it.”

“Dodger’s gonna be there too, in case Chris asks for him. After you’re done, come on over and get it.”

“Why can’t we just eat in here together? I’ll just be up in a minute and bring Chris down.”

I didn’t think I said anything funny, but Scott Evans was starting to chortle like I just told the funniest joke of the century all of a sudden.

“Seb,” he went, realizing that I wasn’t in his goddamn train of thought from the look I was having on my face right then. I may be a diva sometimes but not that dramatic yet to understand what’s tumbling about in a drama club CEO’s head.

“My brother’s watching freaking Gossip Girls. If you must know, he actually hates those rich white kid problems kinda dramas. He’s more World News, CSI kinda guy.”


“He’s only watching it because you’re in it - that’s how much he misses you, so I’m gonna need to give you two time to catch up. You’ll probably need all the space, I suppose.”

He just kicked himself out of the house, Christ. “I don’t mean to trouble you, man.”

“Oh no, it’s no trouble at all, Sebastian. It’s really nice to meet you, it really is!”

Scott Evans got the order done, grabbed his Beats and pulled it over his ears as he started out for the grassy as fuck golf course of a horizon beyond those crazy huge white doors.

“But my brother, I’ve never seen him like this before. He’s kinda really crazy about you - and I so
do not wanna be around you two when he loses it. See ya later!”

“Baby you know that I miss you, I wanna get with chu tonight but I cannot babygirl and that’s the issue…”

Hayley Atwell once told me Chris Evans screams like a girl - and I wanted to find out if that was true.

“Girl you know I miss you~ I just wanna kiss you, but I can’t right now baby kiss me through the phooone~”

Never mind if I had to climb up flights of stairs and then walk down another half of goddamn football field just to get to his room while following the voice that was bouncing off the off-white walls on the second floor. My footsteps were fucken silent, not because I was a skilled defrosted Soviet-trained assassin - the flooring was that goddamn solid, I swear.

“Kiss me through the phone~ I’ll see you later on~ See you when I get hOooOoOome~”

Chris’ voice became crystal clear, and that was how I found his room. I wondered if he really needed this much space to live on his own - one needs a goddamn directory to navigate, really!

“Baby, I know that you like me, you my future wifey, soulja boy tell ‘em yeah~ you can be my Bonnie, I can be your Clyde~ You can be my wife~”

Found the bathroom. I was leaning against the partition to the shower next, smiling so stupid wide in my amusement at the sight of this overgrown kid singing (and dancing!) under the rain water falling from above his head.

He was seriously so damn engrossed with laying the rap verses down, Christ.

“Text me, call me, I need you in my life yeah all day and everyday I need ya, and everytime I see ya my feelings get deeper~ I miss ya, I miss ya, I really wanna kiss ya but I can’t~”

Sparks lit inside of me and the rising heat I was getting from taking in at all that fucken solid muscle he had on him was quickly starting to bubble and burn.

Hell, if my heart had been doing somersaults on the way up here, it was certainly flipping like a fucken Magikarp right then (that’s right I did my Pokemon homework, kids). It struck me once more that I hadn’t seen him in for over a month (Facetime dates didn’t count) and ugh, God.

I knew I missed him like crazy, I didn’t know I was gonna feel this much crazy until I was standing and breathing the same air as him once more. And I came all the way bearing expensive white wine and…what was I planning to do to Chris again?
I mean with him again? Jesus. All my marbles, gone like adios amigos and asta lavista, baby.

“...So baby kiss me through the phone~ I’ll see you later on~”

“Of all the love songs that I remind you of...and you choose Soulja Boy . Really, Evans?”

Boy, the epitome of all things cool Christopher Robert Evans could fucken scream , alright.

“Oh my gawd!” I burst laughing, so hard that I slapped my own chest and almost fell over my own heels in my mirth. Inside the glass walls of his shower, Chris was coughing his lungs out, having accidentally swallowed some water when screaming his ass off I guess.

“Hayley wasn’t kidding - you do scream like a girl!”

“Sebastian?” Chris blue, blue, blue as Hell eyes only rounded bigger as he stared at me, recovering from his temporary moment of almost drowning in the shower.

He quickly brushed the hair and water off his face before squeaking out another shocked, “ Sebby ?”

“Hi, handsome!” I sang out, giving him a little wave. My head was still ringing from the shrill of his voice piercing through my brain - although it was highly amusing more than it was painful.

Dolphin voice, go. “You’re...you’re here! Huh. What the fuck are you doing here?”

Ah, man. So much win. “Yes I am - and I came all the way to hear you drop it like a white boy .”

“You were at the gym!” Chris was blinking so hard. “You...How did...Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Evans, the whole idea of a surprise visit is to surprise you so.... Surprise !”

Should’ve at least thought about the shirt I was wearing because my stylist (constantly) reminded me that this brand was supposedly a really big deal in the fashion world - but I fucken forgot who or what name already when Chris’ hands suddenly shot out, grabbed onto the front of it and fucken jerked me straight into his solid chest.

I was soaked within seconds, Christ but we were hugging each other so hard, I didn’t even care that the water was stinging my eyes and getting into my nose - so fuck designer wear, really. Sorry, Becky. Armani. Sorry, Whoever. Anna Wintour, you too.

“How are you’re still so huge!” I was squealing, Christ, trying to get both of my arms to cover the width of his back but he was too massive. Or maybe it was just me, not so beastmode anymore. It’d been a month since I touched protein-related stuff and gym like a mad dog.

“I’m not dreaming. Oh my God, you’re here!” Chris was starting to sniffle (I expected this), burying his face deeper into my neck, his crazy solid arms threatening to snap me into two.

And…”When did you get here? How’d you get here? Are you alone? You could’ve told me you were coming. Did security give any trouble? Was Scott nice to you? Did Dodger try to eat you?”

Christ Almighty, really. I managed to answer everything like nah, Scott and Dodger were very welcoming and Chris had to ask another one like, “How long have you been inside my house?”

“Long enough to know about your Gossip Girls marathon.”

Chris grunted, pulling away to look me directly in the eyes. I didn’t even resist melting in my
soaked up Supras because never the fuck mind that he looked like he was gonna bawl his eyeballs out - I was so loving the dark, messy hair and light stubble look. Legit fucken 1 bajillion times hotter with all that water dripping off him, too. Stay calm, Sebastian. Breathe.

He turned the shower off. “Please. I won’t be caught dead watching something like that.”

No fucken difference made to calm the wild thoughts in my head - still so naked, still so hot. I died and came back smiling like a moron and I didn’t care that he knew.

“Of course you won’t be...caught dead watching season two episode seven, Evans.”

“Busted.” His fingers laced into mine. “I have a huge crush on Carter Baizen - couldn’t resist. What else?”

Cute. “Are you serious about the slide and the escalator?”

“It’s happening, babe. Mark my words,” he laughed. “By the way, Is Scotty out of the house?”

“Yeah. He’s at the guest house with Dodger right now.”

“Good. Let me show you around my humble home.”

“Don’t worry about that. You can wear my clothes later. Might look a wittle bit big on you though. You lost some weight, babe.”

“I did. Took a break from gym.” His goddamn baby talk, I’m done. “I’m not one to fucken miss 3AM chicken breasts, deadlifting cows and peeing like a goddamn fountain, Evans.”

“Still sex appeal to me.”

“Thanks.” Smirking at the compliment, I hung my wet clothes on the iron hooks outside the shower and sighed out a doomed, “Becky’s gonna murder me. This shirt’s Ferrero...Feral...uh...Who?”

“Ferragamo - and she’ll understand.”

I like to think that I have a good amount of adrenaline on Chris Evans but he’s obviously a lot stronger - and he didn’t hesitate to remind me just that when he threw his crazy thick arms around my legs and swiftly lifted me off the floor the second I was done hanging up my fucken soaked clothes and took off my sneakers.

“Chris!” I started laughing loudly, totally not expecting this. We were fucken naked but he wasn’t gonna put me down from the looks of it.

“You still have some soap on you.” But I gave in, wrapping my legs around the tiny cinch of his
waist next, the smile on my face crazy. My heart, Magikarp-ing. Marbles, lost forever.

“Don’t care. How are you, my beautiful? I fucking miss you. It’s great that you’re here!”

“I’m good. Fucking miss you too, I came over as soon as I landed,” I grinned, roping my arms tighter around the broad of his shoulders and then making a face next.

“Soulja Boy. Really?”

“And….It’s great that you’re here!”

“Yes I am!” I laughed, throwing my head back and sending water flying everywhere. “But uhm..I can’t stay that long though.”

His frown only grew deeper when I sighed out a heavy-hearted, “I’ve work here, babe.”

“Don’t you ever rest? We just finished Cap three!” Chris snorted. “Always working so hard.”

“Gotta pay rent. So is this how you usually give guests the house tour, Christopher?”

“Only you. Because you’re my V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-I-P. Now pay attention, Seb.”

He was zero flying fucks about kicking water everywhere as he started us out of the bathroom, carrying me in his arms like I was a goddamn stuffed toy or something. Effortless as fuck. What a fucken show-off.

“So this is my room. French decor around. Up there, crystal chandelier. Custom-made.”

Chris’ smile turned devilish.

“Behind you is my king sized bed with decorative iron bed frame, ornate rustic furniture pieces and baby, can I fucking take you?”

It was very adorable that he even did but he didn’t need to fucken ask, really. I think I said “yes, stupid” before shoving my mouth into his without as much as caring if I was gonna knock his perfect teeth out - needless to say, things fucken escalated almost straightaway.

I was practically humming my joy in between the reckless collision of our mouths gradually working each other into level after level of breathlessness, one given kiss only hungrier for the next. A low moan escaped my throat when he breathed harder into my senses, the drag of his teeth on the flesh of my lips slowly turning needily fierce at my wishes, the heat of his hands and the deepening curl of his fingers into the back of my thighs printing marks into my skin.

“Seb... baby...”

We moved for the bed without as much as slipping on the wet floor, even with all of my weight in his hold. I’m usually a very patient guy but at that point of high I was really not up for any prolonged teasing - my heart rate was on an overdrive and my fucken hips were starting to roll even harder against the naked skin of his crotch; the very feel of both our cocks hardening and screaming for attention at the same time driving me wild with lust, torching any kinds of self-restraint to Hell, making me want him to do things to me, nasty things only he knew I liked.

Chris was impressed, pulling away to give me a smirk. “You’re giving me orders now, soldier?”

I jerked a brow at that. “Problem following me, Captain?”
He smiled really wide into the final kiss before breaking away to fucken throw me into his bed without even bothering to check if I was gonna land on it. I sank really deep into the plush of the mattress, Christ. We were still a little wet but Chris didn’t seem to care much about his fucken snazzy 5000 thread count ivory silk bedsheet now that I was in it.

“Those eyes of yours are fucking evil, Sebastian.”

Chris moved really fast, crawling on top of me with excitement so dangerous, his blue eyes was printing his desires straight into my fucken soul, Christ. I let out a yelp when he circled his arms around my calves and brought my legs to hook over his broad as fuck shoulders, getting my hips to lift off the surface of the mattress a little in a single, swift haul. Both my heart and head were throbbing from all the manic rush in my veins and Chris just folded me like a fucken origami. Literally.

“Hi again,” he smiled, making me giggle like an idiot. “I love it that you’re so flexible, babe.”

I shuddered to the warmth of his fingers dancing upon the cheeks of my ass, touching me in places the way I wanted him to - but Chris was pulling back, only *brushing past* sensitive areas between my legs, as if wary and careful. And if all this was doing anything to me, it was only driving me even crazier.

“Sebastian?”

Chris’ eyes were filled with concern all of a sudden, the strength of his gaze doubling when he lowered himself on me, settling his chest on mine, getting between my legs with his entire weight sinking us deeper into the mattress. My knees were almost touching my cheeks and I didn’t even feel the strain. Fucken thank you, Bikram.

His features softened with, “we haven’t been together for sometime. Don’t you want me to go slow on you?”

Because I thought that was a fucking stupid question, I replied with a catty as fuck, “No.”

“Are you sure? You must know that you make me wanna go really deep inside of you right now - so fucking deep that…” His lips moved to nuzzle against my neck, making me sigh out a “please” before our eyes met again.

“…That if you’re ever gonna be with someone else other than me like this, all you will feel and think about is me making sweet, sweet love to you, Sebastian.”

Whoa...that totally came out of *nowhere*. I was a little taken aback by how he just served it to me without even sounding like he had run it properly inside his mind before he said it. He sounded possessive as fuck, but maybe he was saying things like that because he was just as high as me too.

“Someone else?” And at the same time, I felt a major pang of jealousy hitting me like *pow!*

“What do you mean if I was gonna be with someone else? Is there...Are you with...?”

“No!” He looked fucken offended that I’d even *think* about that. “How could you even?”

Urgh, my goddamn testosterones, Christ. Look, it was kind of hard to think properly when there was too much heat going on with the very tip of his cock fucken poking at my ass, okay.

“My heart’s kinda taken up. Lucky bastard. Uhm...” He hesitated a little before going,”...You?”
Not his fault that stupid begets stupid, really.

“I’ve a lucky bastard of my own.”

Chris’ smile reappeared, looking relieved above all else. God, I was dying from this much fucken intensity already, even more so damn taken by the way he was looking at me like I was his whole fucken world or something.

I broke the tense moment with a pressing, “I only want you - and all of you inside me right now, Evans. I can take it.”

His ridiculously handsome face broke into this smug - ass smirk, the dreamy, faraway look in his eyes gone when he returned to this situation which needed addressing.

“Well, if you insist. I do like to watch you beg for me though.”

I groaned, annoyed by all this delay but Chris goddamn knew that it would make the rest of me shiver in fucken delight whenever he keeps his tease naughty, playful and unnecessarily gentle. So gentle that the warmth of his touch only grazed my arousal before he went, “Knock knock, babe.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I fucken snapped. “Fucking knock-knock jokes. Right now? Can you not?”

Chris disagreed, only snickering at my frustration as his fingers slithered further down the curve and into the crack of my ass, causing my breathing to hitch even more, my tongue to roll harder in my own mouth, the bursts of goddamn stars forming in my eyes taking me higher, higher, oh God... higher …

He whispered, “Let me play with you, babe. I said knock-knock, Sebastian Stan. Answer it.”

The dance of his tease circled the breaching point into my body next, drawing another delighted moan out of my crumbling sanity, setting me on fire everywhere. I was curling my toes so hard I thought I was gonna break them.

Ugh, God. “Okay. Fuck. Who’s there?”

“Me. Entering you.”

“So corny!” I wanted to laugh but my cock wasn’t getting any of this knock-knock foreplay. My stare only screamed fucken murder at him.

But he stood by fucken principles. “You’re so goddamn tight, babe. I don’t wanna hurt you-”

“Come on, man.” I growled, so fucken done and not having all this anymore. I bucked my hips into his breach, genuinely irritated. The arcing of my back told him I was doing beyond alright, that he could go ahead and open me up further. Fuck, maybe even faster because goddammit, while he was taking his own sweet time torturing my soul, I was practically whimpering at him to tear me the fuck apart already.

“You go hard or you go home - pick one and get on it, Evans.”

Chris’ blue, blue eyes sparked so bright at how I just called him on, I was seeing fucken Californian skies all over the ceiling, Christ.

“Mmm. I’ll go for the third option.”
Excited at the mystery of it all, I watched as his hand reached out, pulled open the drawer next to the bed and took out a bottle of lube. My heart stopped when he tore a packet of condom open with his goddamn perfect teeth like some fucken safe sex commercial next, and then pressed it into my open palm.

*So fucking hot.* “Put that on me, please.”

“What’s option three, babe?”

I didn’t get to ask really, managing only to hiss out a groan when the cold of the product stung the sensitivity of my bare skin, my hands twisting into and grabbing the fabric of the sheets beneath us when the gradual feel of pain began registering into my senses.

“Chris...”

He planted soft kisses around my knees, only to make me bite down on my lips a little harder when the heavily lubricated feel of his fingers entered me once more, taking my breath away each time he slipped in further….Going a little deeper...moving a little faster.....

“*Christopher …”*

“That’s right, you sexy fucker - I’m going hard *and* taking you home.”

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I woke up to the sounds of birds chirping and it was so fucken peaceful, I had to wake myself up for the second time in order for me to be back in the actual world. *Inception* moment unlocked.

The strong light that greeted my eyes cleared away after a few hard squints before I turned my head to the noise that was coming from nearby. Chris’ being came into focus first, he was already in a singlet and shorts. The rest of the surrounding fell into place soon after, and I realized we weren’t in his room anymore.

My throat felt like it just dragged itself on the road or something. So dry. “Chris?”

“Hey sexy.” The handsome man greeted with a smile, his hands occupied with something I couldn’t see from where I was. Groggy, I blinked a little more and slowly sat up to find myself under the covers of the same snazzy as fuck silk covers, only I was inside a huge, ridiculously pillowy sofa instead of his bed - inside the *kitchen*.

Fucken sofas in a *kitchen*. This house is mad stylin’. “Hi...Baby did you carry me down here?”

“No.” Chris chuckled, watching me push the covers off just to quickly pull it back on.

I was still in my birthday suit. God I was fucken sore all over. “Weren’t we in your room?”
“Yes.”

There was a bite mark on my thigh, fucking Hell. “How did we get here?”

“Do you seriously want me to answer that, Sebastian?”

The smell of bacon and cheese floated into my senses and Chris popped open the bottle of wine at the bar area he was standing in. I must have looked so seriously stumped and genuinely curious that he actually decided to answer me, trying to keep a straight face when doing so.

“We had sex everywhere and this couch’s final destination. That’s how,” he winked, coming over with two flute glasses in his hands. That singlet was like 3 sizes too small for this solid figure, really. He dropped into the space next to mine, captured my smiling lips in an endearingly deep kiss before pulling away to note the flushing redness on my face.

“Do I wanna know how that’s possible?”

“Please tell me you’re not that terrible of a Dory, Sebby. It was seriously fucking hot.”

He handed me my drink and I stared at it for ages, falling terribly shy when it all came back to me. Christ, we were at it like fucken rabbits. Good ol’ Scott Evans was right - we did need all the space and he needed to be far, far away from the house. God bless his foresight, son’s gifted as fuck.

“Nah, I know.” I took his free hand, squeezing it. “Just...Wow. That was crazy.”

“Can you walk?”

“Come on, man.” I really couldn’t though. Christ. “Wait. Where are my legs…”

Chris was giddy with giggles. “So which is your favorite room in the house from the tour?”

Started to fucken elbow me, too. I pulled my lips together, staring at him in disbelief. “…”

“Fine. I’ll take a wild guess….hmmm….You screamed the loudest in the music room so-”

“Okay! Music room,” I quickly answered him, the burning heat of my head threatening to scorch my entire being, with him just happily fucken poking me for his humor.

That piano could really take some slamming, man. “We broke something there. Guitar?”

“Broke a lot of things, Seb.” Chris didn’t even care at all. Too fucken high on endorphins.

“But babe, you were incredible. So fucking tight. I really thought I could fuck you all day-”

“Okay, okay!” Christ what is it with casual over sharing of details with this joker. “Okay. Just...let’s not talk about it? Jesus, Evans. You’re impossible sometimes. What time is it?”

“You’re so shy. Quarter to six.” He leaned deeper into my side, bringing his mouth to the back of my ear, nuzzling at it softly. Chris is a really, really affectionate guy - sometimes I like to think of him as a human blanket.

“I miss your smell. What time do you have to be at your meeting?”

I put my drink aside before I could spill it. “Eight.”
Chris’ tongue rolled around my earlobe, making me sigh out loud. “What time does it end?”

“I really hope they’ll be done before ten. The real crazy starts tomorrow. I’d show you my schedule but I’ve no idea where my phone is right now. Erk...Wait. Fuck. Oh my God!”

Three seconds later, I was panicking like a madman at the realization that my phone could’ve been inside the back-pocket of my jeans and I went into the shower with it and fuck, my phone is like my face, and my face is my life and fuck, fuck, fuck-

“It’s in your jacket, by the door. With your wallet. Over there.” He pulled back and pointed to the area behind me, his eyes strong on mine, making me blush again.

“Your clothes, dry cleaners. They can only send it back tomorrow noon. Shoes, outside in the sun drying. But you can always leave your stuff here, I won’t mind at all. Oh, I got the food from Scott, heating them up right now. Thank you for the wine, babe.”

“Whoa. How long was I out for?”

“A while. You were very hardworking, so much energy,” he smirked, fucken proud of himself and all. My entire body was still fucken buzzing, my head light and my soul, sold to His Royal Sexiness here. My face, so fucken red that he couldn’t deal anymore and straightened up.

“Also, I texted Lion my number - in case you’re unreachable, he can just ring me up.”

“Huh?” I jerked my head at more shocking news. “You’ve his number? How?”

“Seb, are you okay? Our team members do become friends with each other from all the work we do with Marvel. Didn’t think I went that hard to make you forget that. Wait. Maybe I did.”

“Ah. No wonder he’s all ‘I trust you’re in good hands, Sebastian. you can go ahead stay with Chris so I can take your snazzy room with the awesome bathtub ’. Thought it was all too easy.”

I believed my impression of Lion was deadshot and I should be credited for it but Chris didn’t find that remotely interesting. He only perked the fuck up with, “You’re staying over?”

“Lion took my suite already. Didn’t even care to think that you might not be okay with me staying over at your place-”

“Are you fucking kidding me, Sebastian?” Chris jumped like, a fucken mile high in his seat.

“Of course I’m more than okay with it. Even your agent can fucking see that I’d love to have you over for the night. What’s wrong with you?!”

My eyes blinked at how his voice just escalated in my face. “Why are you yelling?”

“You can be so incredibly stupid sometimes! God.” Chris looked really mad all of a sudden, I swear. He heaved a fucken deep breath like I just fucken killed him. What the hell, really. Drama king syndrome, cannot deal.

But he wasn’t kidding at all. “I’m sorry! I was only being considerate. This is my first visit and already I’m partly responsible for trashing half of the second floor, Chris. I’m trouble.”

“I’d love to have trouble in my bed again tonight and wake up next to him in the morning.”

Oh, my Magikarp-ing heart. Chris got his balls back into chill mode and continued with, “so I’ll drive you to your meeting, pick you up when you’re done and we’ll come back home.”
I didn’t know why I sounded a little weirded out when I echoed him with: “Home.”

“Yeah. Home. Here.”

He dropped his eyes to the glass in his hand for a bit, smiling and looking like he was entertaining a dawning thought in his head. I suddenly wished I could fucken read it. I wished I was a Jedi.

“Just call me after work, okay?”

“Okay. I’ll call you after work,” I agreed with a smile to match his own - only his stretched a lot wider. His entire being brightened the fuck up, Christ. I ever said that Chris controls the atoms around him with his emotions, it’s almost fucken Stephen Strange level of magical, really - and right now I was pretty much staring at the Californian sun itself.

“Awesome! I’ll call housekeeping and have this place straightened out in record time.”

“We should just do it ourselves. Some of the mess is our...you know...And it’s a lot of mess.”

He goddamn knew what I was talking about but Chris had only zero flying fucks about it all.

“They’ve cleaned worse things before, babe. It’s their profession so please don’t discredit their experience. Let’s not worry about their jobs and eat!” he sang, combing the hair off my face and planting a quick kiss to my forehead before getting up to head towards the bar area.

And my heart, fucken Magikarp-ing all over again to such a simple gesture - it was terribly nice that it cancelled out fucken reality for a moment. Maybe I was turning into a fucken romantic sap from this relationship we were in. Chris had to repeat twice about the clothes he had laid out for me in the guest room, looking at me weird when I started for it with my palm pressed to my forehead, fucken giggling like a total goner.

I returned to the kitchen in his blue thread sweatshirt and black slacks, and to him singing out a very merry, “burger up, babe!” as he served the take-out Scott got for us.

“Burgers on fucking gold-rimmed china.” Had to laugh a little. “Are you for real, Evans?”

Chris’ celebrity game was Hollywood level 999, it was fucking me psychologically.

“So real. And hey, don’t mock - you’re gonna have to get used to this real soon, you know.”

Wasn’t sure what he meant about what he just said because the burgers looked and smelled so fucken good, Christ. It occurred to me that I hadn’t eaten properly since morning, wow.

“You’re welcome. And can’t you learn to live with my preference for paper plates?” I tilted my head at him, playful. Chris gave me a stern look.

“I can but I don’t wike it! Paper plates contribute to global warming. Global warming, bad.”

His Captain Planet game is strong too, look at that. He wins in life, you can’t fight me on this.

“Hey, hardcore Romeos?”

We turned our heads to see Scott Evans walking into our space with a broken something in his hand, looking directly at Chris with a very perplexed expression on his face.

He held the damaged item up. “Did you cordon off the entire second floor?”
The younger one wasn’t the puzzled goldfish for long when Chris shrugged like *really so very sorry* - and obviously Scott didn’t think so because they’re brothers like that.

“Ew. Chris, please don’t! Just *don’t* .”

The roll of his eyes resonated death.

“I need to go up to my room - How soon can the cleaning team reach here?”

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Chris Evans wasn’t a bad driver - I just wished he could drive a little faster in his snazzy steel blue GMC pick up because it was a fucken sports truck with crazy sports rims for crying out loud!

“The light was turning amber. You were almost over the line, it was an empty road - just run it!”

I promised my agent Cho I was gonna be at the meeting venue at 8pm. I was actually pretty early but maybe I’m a whole lot of Barack Obama when it comes to making it for appointments.

Gonna terribly miss that guy when he’s gone from the Presidential office, I swear. Anyway.

“Can you *not* be a backseat driver? Quit panicking. It’s only seven-fifteen and we’ll be there in ten minutes. Annoy me one more time and I will leave you on this road.”

I looked out and into the great horizon of motherfucken darkness. Fucken Hills have Eyes kind of motherfucken darkness, Christ. “You wouldn’t!”

“You’re right, I wouldn’t. The stray cats will eat you alive - what a slow, agonizing death that’ll be,” he snorted, sarcastic as fuck. I rolled my eyes before glancing at the rear view mirror to connect with Dodger who was in the backseat.

My telepathic communication with his furball BFF started with: *is this your owner?*

His ears twitched, and in dog language that meant *he’s also your boyfriend.*

*You and I, we’re supposed to be the new tag team. Help me out here. Tell him to step on it!*

*But I do not want to be eaten by stray cats. It is a slow and agonizing death, Sebastian!*

It ended with *Next dog-human relationship lesson: Mastering the human sarcasm, Dodger* and my fate in this goddamn sports truck was sealed just like that. At least Chris let me bluetooth my Spotify playlist to his stereo (but still, could drive a little faster). I couldn’t the fuck stomach mainstream radio these days. Rihanna played twice over 10 minutes like Rihanna’s the only artist alive or something.

“Babe, we’ll be there on time,” Chris said next, having decided to give a flying fuck about my anxiety. His hand slipped into mine to give a reassuring squeeze.
“Tell me about a project you’re gonna be working on.”

“I’ve a few up my sleeves. Have you read that book, ‘We’ve Always Lived in the Castle’?”

“Shirley Jackson? Yeah. Quite trippy. Sad, but even more trippy.”

Impressive. Chris’ smile was smug. “I read *tonnes* of books when in college for drama, production projects. They’re turning that into a film or something?”

“Yeah. I’m meeting the writers to see if I’m interested to play a character they’re offering me.”

“Charles Blackwood?”

My jaw dropped to my shoes. His shoes. My Supras were still wet. “How can you know that?”

“He fits your bill. It’s totally right up your alley - emotionally damaged, with dark and cruel intentions. In other words, sexy. As fuck. Bottom, though. You should just take the offer.”

“I’ll show you bottom when we get back later,” I scoffed, rolling my tongue a little. Chris didn’t look fazed by that threat but he just ran an amber light and cursed himself silly for it - that pretty much told me he took note of my hand sliding down the inside his thigh, alright.

“Please don’t sexually harass me like that when I’m driving. When does filming start?”

I laughed. “Not sure. Sometime mid next year or so? Definitely before Infinity War starts. I’ll be in Ireland, though. For a good few months.”

“Aww. I miss you already but that’s great, babe. Ireland’s beautiful. Peaceful. My ancestors are mostly Irish, if you don’t know that.”

“Other than reading about you in Wikipedia, I can totally guess from your brutal good looks, un-tan-able skin and Viking beast performance in bed.”


“And we’ve one more thing in common, Evans!” I chuckled, running my hands through my hair only to let them fall over my eyes again. “IMDB too. Christ.”

Chris cocked a brow at me, agreeing with a nod. “Aren’t you glad we got to know each other on a more personal basis, Sebby?”

“Yes.” And then my mouth, running the fuck away to the thoughts in my head with, “I especially like the highly-charged intimate moments that come with such privilege.”

“Wow. Someone’s mad excited to get back into my bed,” he smirked, teasing me. I bit my lips, my face warm. “Me too, babe.”

I decided to save myself from further *death by blushing* with, “Oh and speaking of castles, your house is like one. It’s fucking huge Chris. Are you game to live there on your own? All the way here in the West Coast, too.”

“Scott told you he’s moving out, huh?”

“Yeah. He sounds a little worried. He doesn’t want you near the Kardashians.”

“They’re actually pretty alright bunch of people. Are you worried about me living alone? I won’t -
Dodger’s staying with me. Aren’t you, boy? We’re gonna go surfing all day, everyday!”

“Not really but like Scott, I’ll worry less when the slide and escalator happen.”

“They will,” he laughed and elbowed me. “You should uh, get a house in the West Coast too.”

“I can’t see the next house from yours, Chris. You can live remotely like that. Not me.”

“You don’t have to get your own land,” he replied, keeping his eyes on the road.

“I mean...maybe you wanna consider treating my home as, you know, yours. And then you can have like, a second living space and the best of two coasts or something. It’s pretty neat. I’d be more than ecstatic to have you around like that.”

“So what you’re really saying is that I should move in with you here in California.”

Chris shifted a little in his seat, quiet all of a sudden. We stopped at a red light and it started to feel like it was the fucken longest red light stop in my life, ever. I only realized that what I just said must have struck a really big, obnoxiously obvious nerve or something like that when the silence began eating at the lightness of the air in the vehicle.

Hell, even Dodger was quiet. Even a handsome canine like him fucken knew what I just dropped on his owner - a motherfucken atomic bomb the size of Nebraska, it really was.

“You okay?” Chris’ prompt shattered the awkwardness next, causing me to jump a little.

I managed to catch my balls fast. “Hmm? Yeah. I’m fine. Just...thinking. About the meeting.”

“Right. That’s what we were talking about.”

He could already sense that I wasn’t that excited to jump into anything like that during that point of our relationship. Maybe I was too obvious with getting the heebie-jeebies from such a proposal - if it was even a proposal in the first place. Did he just ask me to move in with him or did I volunteer myself as tribute?

I decided to be open-minded about it. “We should really talk about that.”

“Your Castle project? Take it. You’re made for Charles.”

“About having a second home. Perhaps another time?” I suggested, genuinely telling him that I wasn’t that quick to throw his things out my fucken window either.

“You mean that?”

I nodded. Chris’ smile told me he appreciated the consideration, the width of it sending strong, sparkling rainbow beams into my fucken Magikarp heart like the fucken Care Bear he is.

“Sure. Just let me know, Seb. Anytime.”

“I will.”

Hey, if he gusta, me gusta - because I too, can be Awesome Boyfriend Of the Year like that.

We finally pulled up at the curbside, a couple of parking lots further from a colonial-style building and the first thing I let out was an honest to God, mega-annoyed sigh at the sight of what was surrounding it. People with huge cameras, standing around and sitting inside their parked cars,
lining up the street I was gonna have to walk on to get into my meeting venue.

I really was hoping they would just be normal fans of ours, seriously. "Urgh."

"Welcome to Hollywood, baby." Chris was all chillax cool cat no biggie and zero flying fucks about it, though. Like the shining knight in Nikes he is, he offered, "I'll walk you."

"No you're not. Are you not seeing what I'm seeing? They are like the zombies from World War Z. You and I step out of this truck together, they come running for our blood."

"So let them come. You gotta get used to being a celebrity here, honey. This ain't so bad, I promise. Come on, kid." He extended his hand out. "Do you trust me?"

"Okay. One," I frowned at it, feeling annoyed all of a sudden. "You're only a year older than me, Evans - and why am I fucking Rose? I let you top me and you're Jack now?"

Chris' laughter woke up the entire goddamn Southern hemisphere from totally not expecting the Titanic reference I just threw at him - but he got what I was bitching about. Dodger gave it a few yaps. He got it too, but was highly entertained by his two humans than anything.

"I'm sorry, what? You let me top you? Funny 'cos that's not how I remembered it," he scoffed, ridiculed to Hell. He tilted his head and was smiling ridiculously wide at me next.

Winter Soldier murder stare, go. "I don't like your face right now, Evans."

"Oh, Sebastian, Sebastian, Sebastian Stan. I have no words for you. Yup. It's decided!"

His legendary animated hands flew up in the air, all up in my face and all. "You're so, so bottoming again tonight."

*What the hell?* "The fuck I am. How do you even decide that on your own?"

"Just did - and don't act like you're not gonna like it. Music room will testify against you."

His fucken head, the size of freaking Jupiter from all the gloating that expanded it - but okay. Fuck, fine. There's nothing sexier than a man who can fucken throw you out of the zone like bitch, bow down before extending a loving hand out for you to take.

"Dodge, I'll be back in a minute. Ready, Sebby?"

Chris then started out, ignoring the many heads that just turned to the sight of us coming out of his truck. They turned so fast it was like those meerkat moments you see on Nat Geo snippets, when they stand on their feet and look at you crazy, only you feel more like you're grade A meat for them to pounce on.

"We can give your meeting a miss," he continued, talking over the building noise around us as he came around to my side on the curb.

"Or you take my hand *Rose DeWitt Bukater* - and let me walk you through these zombies, send you to those doors and have you safe and sound inside that building."

My nerves rattled. I'm really fucken awkward at the end of things, no matter how ballsy I made myself to be in front of these kind of cameras. I didn't know which was scarier: hungry meerkats or hungry zombies, Christ, I was seriously thinking hard on the whole Nat Geo shit.

"Seb?" Chris poked me for a response, raising a brow at how I just zoned out on him.
The blinding flashlights and the loud voices were entering at record speed into our space, calling for our attention from everywhere, Christ - and I could see myself running into a damn door somewhere, from a good 15 miles away.

“Don’t pay attention to them. I’ve an idea. Just look at me and think about the kind of sex we’ll be having tonight - in the music room.”

Trust him to use that to break up the stress eating me up inside. I giggled so fucken hard, Christ I failed the Winter Soldier completely. Sorry, Marvel.

“Feeling better now, Sebastian?”

“Yes, I do my Captain. Okay, alright. I will let you escort me right thru those doors but ...”

"But?"

Chris was laughing really hard at me next because I literally swooped my hand down to take his without as much as giving him a heads-up. Caught him off guard like a fucken eagle to its prey on those Nat Geo snippets - just so I could prove my fucken point.

I still didn’t fucken like being Rose but hey, we met in the middle.

He gusta , then me fucken gusta too.

“I’m taking your fucking hand this time, Jack Dawson. Let’s go!”

Till next time...

Canon source :
credits: bbarney.squad on Instagram
Give Captain America the Lovebug

Chapter Summary

Sweet dreams are made of this.

Other mentions: Gregg Masterson (Fictional Character), Aunt Jenny (tee hee) and McKenna Grace

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend

Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva

Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About

Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War

Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF

Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance

Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe

Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry

Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather

Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year

Part 13

Halloween in New York City is always gonna be slightly above motherfucken insane -
Wait. Everything in crazy ol’ New York is always gonna be slightly above motherfucken insane. 

-So anyway. Halloween is naturally one of my most, most, mostest favoritest time of the year!

It’s almost tradition that I wouldn’t the fuck give any of the annual parties at crazy ol’ Webster Hall a miss even if the world was gonna end the next day - so when one of 2015’s biggest costume party invite came to me from a very coveted Angel by the name of Miss Alessandra Ambrosio, the idea to go as a goodie-goodie priest was brill as fuck as it was a little messed up.

Think about it: in a rave party filled with sexy Victoria’s Secret Angels and many other adult costume-goers, honoring the celebration of wild party spirits and condemning sobriety to the chasms of Hell as Father Sebastian would totally be epic.

Unfortunately, my party-lovin’ posse was gonna have to revel in their super fly costumes and Halloween highs without me - because I didn’t book that flight back home in the end.

No, I did not blow off my friends at the last minute - I did tell everyone that I wasn’t gonna make it home for VS Angels weeks prior initially because of work commitments. Long story short, the world ended for like, 5 minutes in the East Coast before they all decided to (try harder and) understand the actual reason why I wasn’t gonna join them in our annual party crawl in the upcoming weekend - and I was doing it because I wanted to.

Yeah. All this fucken drama king syndrome - apparently everyone’s got it these days. Anyway.

“A blood bath dance floor. For real? That’s crazy!”

“It is! Last year was slime and glitter. Spent a great deal of the weekend getting everything out of my hair and all the cracks you can think of.”

So lying on a thread blanket on the sand overlooking the crashing sea waves below while basking in a little moonlight under a starry Californian night sky next to a very animated Christopher Robert Evans was something I’d never ever, ever on Jesus Christ’s name I swear ever thought I’d fucken trade any of my mega-cray, head-trippin’ parties back in crazy ol’ New York City for - but I fucken did.

I know right? Who am I, I don’t know anymore but I doggone flipped fine-assed VS Angels to happily spend a fairly quiet night cuddling in the solid arms of a man whose idea of a fun date earlier on was going batshit amped at a trampoline park in downtown Los Angeles.

“You seriously haven’t gone to any of Webster Hall’s parties? You lived in Boston, Chris.”

“I clubbed a hell lot when I was younger but sorta gave up on the club scene eons ago. It’s not me anymore. I feel out of place after a while - I’m more of a pub guy, you know that.”

Afterwards, met some fans while enjoying deep fried ice cream and cookie sandwiches for supper (fuck that superhero diet to Hell, we did), drove back up to the coast to lie down by the beach and just fucken talk the remaining hours away.

I gotta admit that all this mildness was a nice change for once. I swear it really was, despite some of the run-ins with some tabloid meerkats/zombies downtown earlier. Hollywood, Christ, can never deal.

Ironically, our peaceful seaside conversation was about clubbing and the epic fun it offers. Never the fuck in my life I’d hear myself just talking about partying but I fucken was.
“You’re thirty four. Please stop talking like you’re going to die tomorrow. How about I promise you this: Next time we’re in my city, I’m taking you dancing, Chris Evans.”

“No thanks. I can’t dance for nuts, Seb and I really don’t wanna have to kill witnesses off after that. I think mine’s a snake? Did you get a snake?”

Our hands, stretched out to the never ending skies before us, the tips of our fingers tracing, drawing, connecting starry dots with invisible lines in the air. Partially engrossed with making wild guesses at what they would turn out to be.

“Mmm close enough, ‘cos I’m thinking ‘serpent’. I saw you did that ballet twirling thing - in the shower. Your anxiety for things, seriously, it’s all in your mind, noisy brains.”

Chris smiled but wasn’t feeling me much. “You always believe I can do things when I can’t.”

“That’s just it - you often think you can’t before you can! Quit putting yourself down in there. It’s hazardous to your charm.”

“And this is why I need you in my life, Sebastian Stan.”

“I’m sorry I’m only here for the amazing sex, Chris Evans.”

“Jerk.”

“Punk.”

He clutched his chest, humored. “Why you gotta be so serious though? It’s just dancing!”

“Exactly. Just dance. You know what?”

I was all great ideas all of a sudden and stood up straightaway, scoring a weird look from the overgrown man child. “Get up, Evans.”


“Get up, old man. We’re gonna dance. Right now. Come on!”

God, he weighed a fucken tonne. It literally took the entire of me - a whole lot of tugging and driving my heels like 30 more goddamn metres into the ground kind of effort - in my attempt to get him to even budge, Christ. Chris saw so much of this crazed ambition I was suddenly having that he gave in, allowing me to haul him up to his feet. His face, flat as fuck. My face, zero fucks given.

“To what? The song of the sea?” He scoffed, ridiculed as he threw an arm out to the darkness around us. His eyes rounded when I fished out my phone from the inside pocket of my jacket.

“Hey, you weren’t supposed to have that with you - you promised to leave it back in the house!”

Well, sorry if I had it fucken stitched to my ass, really. I ignored his deepening frown threatening to roast me alive for breaking such trust and opened Spotify to pick a song.

The trumpets and guitar beats started playing and Chris was not still not feelin’ it. “This song.”

“What? You want Soulja Boy?”
Oh, if looks could kill. Well, I had this song stuck in my head for days, so it was just perfect.

*You can dance, every dance with the guy who gives you the eye, let him hold you tight~*

And I started fucken singing along to the song too, look at that.

*“You can smile...every smile for the man~ who held your hand beneath the pale moonlight... Come here, babe.”*

Never the fuck mind that I can’t sing even if I paid myself to but I was fucken singing. Vocal confidence level 999, I had no chill. Maybe the fucken ice cream sammiches got me flying that high.

Chris only laughed harder when I took his hands in mine next, pulling him into swaying along with me. Man I really, really, really wanted to dance in the moonlight, just the two of us, next to the eternal stretch of the sea to fucken Michael Buble.

*“But don't forget who's takin' you home, and in whose arms you're gonna be...”*

No crazy neon lights in my eyes and screaming, sweaty bodies all up in my face, raving to Zedd or whoever it was the next hottest DJ in town. No waking up the next morning throwing up my insides while getting blood-bath dancefloor shit out of the crack of my ass.

*This* with Chris was much, much nicer.

*“...So darling - fucking move it, Christopher!- save the last dance for me.. .”*

“I’m really bad at this!”

Chris was crying in his mirth at how I kept trying to ease him into executing a single, fluid motion that was supposed to be practically idiot-proof but he was looking down at his feet the entire time. His grip on my hand was becoming too strong, I started stepping on his toes and...yeah, Christ. It was quickly becoming an *Expectation vs Reality* kind of situation, really.

“Oh, you’re not bad.” My kidneys were crying too, I swear. “You’re worse than I thought.”

“Why thank you for your vote of confidence, Sebastian!” Chris snorted, rolling his eyes and then pressing his forehead against mine. Our lips met in this ridiculously nice kiss and we pulled away smiling at each other like this was some epic Disney fairy tale movie ending.

And then he said, “I fucking love you so much, you know that?”

My heart stopped only to fucken take off at the speed of light to those words. I opened my mouth to reply him but something seriously fucken *Stephen Strange* kind of trippy happened - next thing I knew, we were inside his gargantuan house and he was pulling me by the hand as we made our way down the long stretch of a hallway.

Michael Buble was still playing in the air though but the music seemed to be coming from a sound box somewhere in one of the many rooms. We were wearing pajama bottoms and slippers instead of the outfits we wore on our date. I swear on anything *teleportation* and *shape fucken shifting* was still fucking impossible for mankind - but I think we did just that.

My sexy, expensive leather jacket now a fucken Iron Fist t-shirt.

*What the hell’s Iron Fist? And what the fuck just happened? “Whoa!”*
Chris turned around to look at me giving him a really weird, spaced-out look and it was fucken strange that he wasn’t acting like we just jumped a few miles off a cliffside and straight inside this house or something.

“What’s wrong?”

Maybe I wasn’t blinking like a fucken tree-frog hard enough at everything or something.

“We...we were dancing a second ago. By the beach!”

“Yup, you’re drunk.” He laughed and was carrying me over one of his broad as fuck shoulders next, smacking my ass playfully as we entered another room after exiting the other.

“I can’t dance, babe. Why would we be dancing? We got back from Carly’s a while ago.”

Funny. I know who she was but I hadn’t met his sister in person yet and was pretty sure I didn’t need to be totalled to smithereens to know that fact. “Carly?”

“Yes. Carly. Gosh Sebby, how many of those apple cider cupcakes did you have?”

*Cupcakes*. We had fucken *deep fried ice cream in cookies* and it was legit the best food ever!

I was goddamn sure I wasn’t drunk simply because I wasn’t but Chris dropped me into his bed in his room and started removing my slippers, getting me to lie down while talking about how I had too much of Carly’s special desserts earlier.

Alright. Maybe, okay. *Maybe* I was drunk. I didn’t the fuck know how but Christ, I fucken *teleported* a minute ago anyway. How else could I explain the whole space, time and continuum lapse really? Maybe I *did* meet Carly and somehow couldn’t the fuck remember anything like that at all - but I’d remember if I’d eaten any crazy-sounding cupcakes. I mean you don’t eat *apple cider cupcakes* every other day, no?

Seriously, though: can anyone get *this* wrecked from goddamn ice cream sammiches?

And just when I thought things weren’t gonna get any stranger, it motherficken did.

Combing the hair off my eyes, he softly went, “Give me a minute. I’m gonna do the payment transfer to the babysitter. Maddy couldn’t stay any longer, we already held her back for an extra hour.”

*Who the flying fuck is Maddy? “Babysitter?”*

“We had a birthday gathering with my entire family at Carly’s and needed Maddy to be around?”

*Jesus Christ. I can’t not know that kind of thing, right? “Wait. I met your entire family?”*

“Yes! Right. Seb, lie down please. You’re talking crazy, it’s kinda scaring me a little.”

*I’m talking crazy? “Uh...okay.”*

Chris kissed my forehead before picking up his phone from a nearby table and started out of the room urgently punching on its surface, muttering something about his sister under his breath.

I looked around, having turned into that eternally lost goldfish in a bowl. I was starting to lose more of my chill in this sudden *alternate universe* I felt I was thrown into. I swear we were dancing and he was killing me with so much psychomotor fail just a second ago. And *Iron fucken Fist*, I
didn’t have such a t-shirt!

Okay. Alright. Stay calm. Maybe going to sleep with the very high hopes that I’d wake up the next morning remembering exactly how the entire night before played out was gonna make me stop scaring myself.

Right. Okay. Sleep Sebastian. Fucken go to sleep already.

A very loud, very familiar voice made me sit straight up and put my slippers back on almost in a fucken flash though, and next thing I knew I was following it with my heart Magikarp-ing out of my ribcage. Whether I was excited or fucken scared, I didn’t know. Nothing was making sense.

I’d like to think that I just heard a tiny ‘meow’ from the room next door but I couldn’t even fucken kid myself even if I paid myself to. I walked past a pastel pink door and actually had to step in and back out of the space three whole times before I could confirm that this was indeed, Chris’ much celebrated gaming room.

But instead of those Halo posters and that mega-insane Super Ultra HD TV he plays his games on, the walls were painted bright green and there were colourful alphabets and hand-painted animals and flowers and a huge ass rainbow. On the floor were stuffed toys of all sorts on this sponge-y playmat, also building blocks, wooden books…

I was standing in a nursery and there was a baby meowing in that huge crib in the middle of it.

What? Well it wasn’t crying or anything like that. It really sounded a lot like a cat meowing. I don’t the Hell know how to describe it because baby language was not up my alley yet.

Okay, so what does the fox say?

Okay now what does the baby say? Bad joke, I know. Moving on.

Holding my breath, I kept my balls together, peered into the crib and fucken froze over when a beautiful pair of huge, green, green, green as fuck eyes looked back at me. A tiny pair of pink lips broke into this tiny, cute as Hell smile - like it recognized me straightaway or something.

By it, I mean him. Her. The baby. I couldn’t tell with that yellow onesie the baby was in. In my surprise I moved closer, my hand slowly reaching out to touch the gorgeous dark blonde curls of the baby’s hair peeking out of his/her little hoodie while thinking to myself language around the baby, Sebastian. Language. Holy fucking wow, though. What a beauty!

“Hi.” I found myself smiling, his/her tiny voice warming up my entire soul. “Er...What’s up, baby?”

She was about...months old? His/Her skin, glowing white in the moonlight filtering into this room from the windows. His/Her cherubic cheeks, lightly dusted in pink. The baby smelled so fucken good and was wiggling about in glee at the sight of me looking in. God, it was just an immensely cute, huggable-looking fluffy baby. Totally squish material, I swear I felt doing just that.

“Ah...We must have woken her up.”

Chris was suddenly at my side and was reaching into the crib next. His smile, the size of freaking Jupiter, times that by 10 and then infinity and beyond when he held the baby up in his arms, bringing her to face me once more.

It was a her . A girl. A beautiful baby girl. Inside Chris’ gargantuan as fuck house.
And that made me pull myself out of the dreamy bubble I was sucked into, at fucken warp speed that it felt like a sledgehammer landed into my skull. My heart was still fucken melting and all but a beautiful baby girl. Inside Chris’ house.

I could’ve guessed it otherwise but I goddamn knew no one in our families had a new baby that I know of (Chris would’ve spammed me with pictures in his excitement, I swear he will) and I truly didn’t mean to be so tactless and forward with my shock but fuck it, man.

The flying fuck is all this?

“Is she yours?”

That question bounced off the other man like nothing. I blinked hard when Chris even nodded at it, looking up to give me that same smile he was giving the baby.

“Yes, she is. Isn’t she beautiful? The best thing that’s ever happened - after you, of course.”

So fucken nonchalant in his reply while my jaw dropped out of the planet with, “how?”

“I’m sorry?”

Trust me, I had only the motherfucking craziest theories in my head right then. You seriously don’t wanna know. Hell, even I seriously didn’t wanna know but my heart was beating so fast and I was channeling so much fucken focus on it, Christ, the universe was starting to burn beneath my feet.

“How is she yours? When did she happen?”

Chris however, appeared terribly confused with how I just questioned him. His eyebrows came together to the middle of his forehead in a really tight knit and he went, “What do you mean how and when did she happen? You know, you’ve been acting really weird ever since we came home.”

Home. Here. His house. Our home? Did I move in already?

And he told the baby, “No he’s not mad, darling. Daddy just ate something he shouldn’t at Aunt Carly’s earlier. So Daddy’s kind of flying in space and he’s saying very silly things to us right now.”

He came back to me with an agitated-sounding, “...aren’t you, Daddy?”

What the flying...” Daddy ?!”

I didn’t mean to squeak but I might have actually screamed that out, seeing how Chris just jumped a little and then the precious baby was curling herself deeper into his hold, her face a solid (O.O) at the sudden spike in my voice.

“Sebby honey, I know you’re so very totalled.” Chris was hissing through a plastered smile on his face (maybe so the baby couldn’t tell that he was getting angry or something? I don’t know) and stared harder at me as he started walking over to close the distance between us.

Only this time, the one filling that gap was a beautiful little creature and she fit into this whole picture like a fucken missing puzzle or something.

Christ Almighty what did I fucken swallow at Carly’s...
Was I even...Did I even...? ...What?!

Chris cocked a brow at me. “What’s gotten into you, babe? Delilah’s mine and yours.”

Delilah.

“She’s ours, Sebastian - Delilah’s our baby girl.”

Getting a hangover cured by Gregg Masterson is always so interesting.

“Urrrrghhhhh... Please don’t shout, Gregg.”

“I haven’t even said anything yet, Sebastian.”

My long-ass hair, all over my face. “Shhhh! And turn down the lights.”

“That’s the sun. It’s already two in the afternoon too, if you wanna know.”

“Urgghhhhh gahahhahurghhh.... Shoot it down!”

“Okay, Father party rock. Sit down. God, you’re not even that hungover and you’re this dramatic.”

It was post-Halloween morning and I woke up feeling like someone yanked my intestines out with a his/her bare hands, used it to skip a few rounds around the block before stuffing everything back in and stapling my wounds together with a motherfucken office stapler - and this fucken joker said I wasn’t even that hungover.

Well sorry if I wasn’t worthy of having a goddamn migraine, really.

Gregg had minus zero chill for my overly dramatic nonsense and pushed a very tiny cup of black something into my face the second I slammed myself down in the eating table in our kitchen after stumbling out of my room.

“Here.”

I scrunched my face at the cup. My “What’s this” came out in a language so foreign, I was straight outta Romania with, “Ughah?”

“I developed this for your kind of ‘hangover’.” Gregg was a-matter-of-factly and all, watching me take it in my hand and eyeball it twice as hard next. My vision was kaleidoscopic as fuck.

“It should turn English into your main language again in no time. Drink.”

This looked and smelled like 10 fucken espresso shots crammed into a bottle cap of a cup - but I trust my housemate enough with my life so I swallowed that down in a single gulp, knocking it back like it was those crazy glo-shots crazy ol’ Father Sebastian had last night.
“Urgh, what in the name of God...”

It tasted like 10 espresso shots and a whole lot of vodka crammed into a bottle cap of a cup. My throat lurched in protest a couple of times but nope, Gregg’s face was all be a man, Sebastian. Do the right thing. Force it the fuck down and I wasn’t gonna disappoint him.

Gregg was looking at his watch like a goddamn doctor with, “In 5...4...3...2...1...”

“Christ!”

The way I recoiled from the stinging surge of whatever that came crashing through my system was fucken ugly. However, I was still draped over the table like a fucken blanket with both of my hands grabbing at my stomach when another bout hit me real hard and not like, doubling over on the floor bleeding out of my ears or anything.

So ultimately, whatever Gregg gave me wasn’t gonna end my life that Sunday morning.

I was sitting up a little straighter minutes later, fucken croaking a dying, “you developed that?”

“Oh, it works! Phew. Doesn’t work on the other guy though, his knees. Swollen for days.”

My head snapped up and I rounded my eyes at him. My knees were buzzing. “Greggory!”

He grinned. “I’m kidding, Father Sebastian. I know it works. It’s just a tonne of coffee beans and some secret liquid thingo I got from Brazil. And I call it...The Cure. Howzat sound?”

Secret liquid thingo. Whatever the flying fuck my coffee maestro of a housemate was up to, I could only hope it was legal as it was lethal as fuck. My system was fucken rebooting itself already like, organs, assemble! Wow, look at that.

“Ignenious!” My tongue was indeed first to be fixed by The Cure. I laughed a little at the potency of it before a stinging sensation got me curling me into a ball again.

“Urgh, God. How are you still a million bucks and I’m dying right now?”

Gregg grinned, cleared the cup away and went back to mixing a batter in a bowl in his hands. My senses slowly came to life to the overwhelming smell of peanuts and sugar in the air.

“Unlike you, mister movie star sensation, I had to do the opening shift at the cafe this morning because Marky wasn’t gonna make it. He was downing those glo-shots like a water dragon last night.”

“Oh yeah. Glo-shots. Insane. Did you have fun at all?”

“It’s hard to believe but I actually did have fun without touching much alcohol. That’s a first.”

Well, he wasn’t a human ball of fucken pain at this end of the table so he wasn’t blowing smoke at all. We went to 10 parties, or was it a 100? Christ, we met so many people, went in and out so many doors, up and down so many stairs we were practically circuit training.

Halloween party crawling at the Financial District never disappointed, alright. Dressed up to our nines, we all did - me as a priest, Gregg as the legendary Michael Jackson (RIP). Most of our friends went Great Gatsby and Fame this year, so it was a solid mix of fun characters. Those Victoria’s Secret Angels, they could really party, I can tell you that - and nothing more.

Crazy glo-shots won at life, though. “Which club had that again?”
“I can’t remember. Err...Andy’s Tavern?”

Gregg and I, we could have had better things to talk about now that I was almost 70% functional but his fucken favorite spatula (yes, he has a favorite) was all up in my face next, and he was aimlessly swinging the damn thing around in his attempt to remember the exact venue which customized the alcoholic carnage that *glowed* in shot glasses. Fucken fascination, man. You’d be too, if you knew what the color Red could do.

“The club with the many angels!”

“Don’t think so. Wait. Are you talking about VS Angels angels or people in angel costumes…”

“Just...Too many angels last night.”

“And only one priest to communicate with them all.”

Gregg laughed. “You ran the world, Father - but your preaching days are over, that’s for sure!”

An overwhelming feeling of *homesickness* suddenly washed over me and it felt a Hell lot more real than this stupid semi-hangover I was suffering from the more we talked about the parties we went to the night before. You gotta understand that never have I ever left NYC for 5, 8 months at one go for work. Marvel made that happen. I love my line of work, this Marvel Cinematic Universe journey I signed up for (Hell even the *sniperception issue* that came with it) and really, I’m not complaining at all.

I just learned to emote on every single thing about my home and my people by about a *billion* times harder now than I ever did before Bucky Barnes happened, that’s all.

This *Chris Evans* effect made me get up from my seat, go around the table and fucken throw myself at my housemate to give him the biggest, most gracious hug I could muster.

“What in the world?” Gregg broke into this high-pitched laughter at how I literally jumped on him out of the blue, managing to save his batter bowl before it could get knocked over to return my hug. My puppy-dog eyes affect was all systems go, too.

“Are you making me my favorite peanut butter and jelly pancakes, Gregg?”

I was fucken whining like a baby, Christ. I didn’t care, it was just so fucken good to be home!

“Please make them with your homemade strawberry jam in between the layers. I’m not a stupid superman diet anymore so you can stack ‘em up really high. I’ll polish the plate clean!”

He was laughing so loud in my face but surprisingly, my head wasn’t really ringing that much anymore. This *Cure thingo*, I swear someone needs to give Gregg a Nobel Prize already!

“Thank God for that! Alright, one mega-stack special coming right up, Seb. Wow, your pupils are fucking dilated, man. Drink some ice water. Maybe I put in too much...”

He was literally all up in my face fucken staring into my eyeballs, Christ he wasn’t kidding. I rolled my eyes, gave him a final squeeze before going back to my seat and poured myself a glass of water.

“Are they? The *thingo’s* working very well, really! *I can see clearly now the rain has gone~*”

Gregg gave me an amused look. My voice ain’t bad but sometimes I wake the dead with some
notes in a karaoke session. Well, it is karaoke. Who’s ever Mariah Carey great at it, really?

“You were singing in your sleep earlier, man. That song...hmm... save the last dance for me .”

“Yea? God, I had a crazy dream,” I replied, running my hands through my hair. “Just... mad .”

“Didn’t look like a crazy one from all that smiling - and you were moving around, too. Kinda like you were dancing. You’re very lucky my phone’s out of battery, Seb.”

“I was?” I chuckled softly, embarrassed as fuck. “Yeah. Had another dream about slow dancing with the guy by the beach in LA. It was...something out of a Princess Diaries movie, Christ.”

“You call that a crazy dream?” Gregg was 100% #teamCap before and turned about a billion percent more supportive ever since Chris and I got together. He’s really awesome like that.

I decided not to spare the epic part of it and went, “I also had a baby girl with him.”

Gregg could only blink at the sudden change of plot. “Whoa, that escalated.”

“Name’s Delilah. Look, I don’t wanna talk about it. I haven’t been properly at home in months . Can we not make this all about me right now? How’s Daisy? Your family. Where’s Turtle? Why is my dog never around? I just saw him this morning when we got back from the party.”

My housemate heard me well but all he did was raise a brow at me, his hands busy performing magic with pancakes on the heated pan.

“Told you you’re not that hungover. Maybe you were dressed as a priest or maybe you’re attached now so you were rather mild last night - for once.”


Taking full advantage of my almost repaired sobriety, he poked at, “Delilah’s a very pretty name.”

“She was. Brownish-blond hair. Eyes so green, was breathtaking - and it’s just a dream, man.”

“You know, I studied a lot about dreams when I went backpacking around India and Nepal.”

Gregg’s a normal guy, living a fairly normal, honest life as a snazzy coffee house owner in Manhattan. He occasionally skydives for work, travels the world for coffee conventions and is able to cure hangovers with its beans and Brazilian secret liquid thingo’s.

So sometimes I had to wonder. “Where? International Association for the Study of Dreams?”

He brandished the spatula at me. “That’s legit organization, bro. Google it. Asdreams dot org.”

Would Google lie like that? No fucking way. “You’re fucking with me!”

“I dabbled in a little oneirology here and there. Dreaming process, analysis, interpretations.”

“I’ve been gone this long and you’re Gilgamesh now. Gregg, drop it. Where’s our dog?”

“He’s with Jessica and Daisy at the harbour. Girls’ day out with dogs and many other Real Housewives of Soho and their kids and their dogs. Will return in the evening.”
“She seriously needs to get her own dog. Your ex-wife, not Daisy.”

“We’re not home most of the time these days. The pet hostel is too expensive and you know he doesn’t really have fun there. Turtle’s in good hands with my girls, bro. Now about Chris and Delilah, as i was saying, I studied dreams when I was in India…”

I didn’t know why he even fucken bothered Jesus H Christ but oh God, here we fucken go.

“…the motivation of all dream content is wish-fulfillment, and that the instigation of a dream is often to be found in the events of the day preceding the dream…”

How he can talk like that and conjure such fluffy as fuck pancakes, I will never understand.

“…So your senses experience these things in reality and your brain processes it in a more quantitative process. What I want to say is…” Gregg only paused when I stifled a huge yawn.

“…You don’t dream about this kind of meaningful things randomly, Sebastian. Something big was proposed to you and you’re obviously very affected by it. What happened?”

I swear I only hesitated answering him because I really didn’t feel like a million dollars for everything else but a fucken huge stack of PB and J pancakes right then. Ironically, dream master Gilgamesh Gregg got the wrongest idea at my lack of response.

“No way.” He dropped the stacked pancakes on the table and gasped, “he proposed!?”

"Christ, I wouldn’t know what to do if that ever happens. “No! Not like that.”

“What happened?” Gregg was slapping on generous amounts of jam next. “You’re killing me!”

I chewed on my bottom lip for sometime before deciding to just fuck it and let him have it with, “Chris asked me if I wanna consider moving in with him in the West Coast last month, when I paid him a visit before Canada. I think it all these dreams started from there.”

“He did? Well, what did you say? Dreams? You’ve been having recurring dreams about it?”

Jesus. “Said we should talk about it some other time. Maybe about seven, ten times ever since? I don’t know. A lot. Gregg, it’s just a dream. So it repeated itself a couple of times.”

Okay, okay. So maybe I’d been giving Chris’ proposal on my having a second home with him in the West a little too much thought lately. How was I supposed to know all this was gonna start fucken haunting me in my sleep, really?

“Dude, recurring dreams and nightmares typically appear during very emotional times, and they happen that way because it’s set to get your attention. Delilah?”

“Only happened yesterday. I’m starting to think of this as more of a nightmare more than anything now.”

“I think what you’ve been having is a goddamn premonition - you’re Phoebe Halliwell.”

Fucking Hell, this guy. “It’s just fucking dreaming and it’ll stop soon.”

“Seb, recurring dreams only cease to recur when whatever you’re affected by is handled, solved, gone. It’s highly unlikely that they break their own pattern, too - unless the depth of your feelings for whatever you experience is turning into greater desires or fear. Delilah broke that pattern. Wow, I remember everything I learned in dream school!”
Fucken dream school, the Hell. I cocked my head, tossing the bangs off my eyes. “Okay. And?”

“And the fact that you actually want to talk about it again. He’s gonna look forward to it, Seb.”

“Didn’t make any promises. He shouldn’t have his hopes high up. Right?”

My housemate scoffed, immensely ridiculed by my sudden lack of judgement skills on a man I knew for what it seemed like forever - so just when I thought things wouldn’t get any more motherfucken intense, it doggone did.

“Logic : If I ask my partner to consider moving into my personal space and live with me, I’d very much want that person around enough in my life to anticipate a yes, Seb.”

I stared at him, partly annoyed and partly fucken interested to actually know. He was very courteous as fuck with all this dream-talk-premonition shit, Christ I couldn’t help it.

Nice is the new savage. “May I take the floor?”

Giving up, I fucken tipped my head at him like we were gonna goddamn ballroom dance next.

“Thanks. Okay. So he’s already at this stage where he wants you to leave your stuff at his place. I mean it is a little fast for you, considering that you guys have only been together for less than a year as a couple but to him, you’ve known each other forever and the basis of it all was great friendship so time and character difference factors doesn’t really matter to him anymore. Long story short, you fall in love with someone and start having expectations after that. Even I had expectations when I was with Jessica. Good times.”

“Stop right there. Fall in love? Me?”

Gregg was on a roll, all up in my face with an excited, “both of you. You mean…?”

“Uh. I’m not...Uh, I don’t know! I love him for who he is but in love with him? We’re having so much fun together, it’s going great for us at this pace. I just think it’s still too soon to tell if it’s a great idea to get myself involved that way. He knows that but he’s been so awesome to me, I can’t just say straight up fuck no when he asked. That ain’t nice so I said I’ll think about it.”

He was dying already. “‘That ain’t nice ’? ‘Sebastian, let’s get married! ‘Oh okay Chris, I’ll think about it’ because that’s just a very nice thing to say to someone who wants you forever.”

My sobriety peaked and I got defensive as fuck, Christ. “That’s not what I’m like and besides, I don’t know if he’s, you know. He’s never really said that he’s in love with me anyway!”

Other than in my fucking dreams. Literally!

“‘Never really said it’.” And Gregg was fucken deconstructing everything like he was onto me.

For some reason I felt like I just shot myself with a motherfucken tank.

My face was in my hands next and I groaned out a troubled, “Oh, God. You don’t think...?”

Nice is the new savage part 2, go. “May I, again?”

He would literally explode if I didn’t let him, really. “Knock yourself out, Gilgamesh.”

“Thanks. So Chris was more than willing to jeopardise a very solid long term friendship, literally risking everything to have you which means he must have that much belief that his happiness lies with you or something and he’s gonna start thinking rationally only when you reject him for good.
You haven’t. Judging by how damn happy you are these days, I don’t think you’re going to anytime soon, either. So he’s falling in love with you, maybe he already did but whatever he has for you, it’s definitely very deep that he could actually think about asking you to move in with him in the first place - and now he did. You know what this all means.”

I swear fear just struck my heart with a blunt stake or something. “Domestication?”

“He’s in it for the long haul. A higher form of commitment, he seems to want it with you - as crazy as that sounds, considering you’re very married to your work and kinda a hot mess sometimes. So anyway, living together is one of the major signs leading to that. And Delilah.”

Like butter wouldn’t fucken melt in his mouth, look at that.

“It’s twenty fifteen, bro - you can have it all.”

His hand clapped me softly on the back, suddenly all good-natured after all that savagery.

“That is, if you’re ready to wanna have it all of course.”

Told you tough love is real with this mudder. “Your band aids don’t fix my bullet holes, bro.”

“Can’t believe you Taylor Swift-ed me. Look, I know no one can force you to do things and you won’t do things for the sake of it but maybe you wanna look at it like this: you’re happiest you’ve ever been, man. Maybe you can continue dreaming about it. Maybe you can start looking into harnessing this happiness you have - the ball’s still in your court, even though he thinks that the court is already his.”

Gregg was finally done with deciphering dreams and reality, seeing how I was just staring hard at the stack of pancakes before my eyes and not scoffing it down at record speed already.

“May I? I promise this will be the last one. I’m sorry this got me really, obnoxiously excited.”

Hell, it actually got me excited too - it just wasn’t showing on my face, that’s all. “Go for it.”

“Seb, I also wanna say that if you ever decide to take a big step with him, I won’t fight you for full custody of Turtle. He’s still gonna be our dog, I’ve seen how he is with Turtle so Chris can be his new step-dad. I won’t rent out your room because your home’s still here in the East Coast. And oh, just remember that you chose me to be your best man at your wedding and not Chace Crawford.”

Can’t stay meh or argh at Gregg like, ever - I burst laughing really hard, I really did.

Wedding, Christ. And the fuck, this guy and his eternal rage against Chace. “Still with that?”

“I haven’t finalized my plans to put him down. He’s talking to Jessie again these days.”

“You’re a fucking love guru in my relationship matters but suck at yours. What logic is this?”

“At least I know what’s my problem in mine - and it’s complicated.” Gregg smirked, before swinging his spatula to point at my food.

“Maybe you’ll find yours in that pancake stack after you decide to eat it and not turn it into a monument to keep staring at.”

I laughed again as I began cutting into the fluffy layers without as much as caring that I was getting the strawberry jam everywhere on the dining table.
And let the peanut butter heal my soul. “What am I without you, Greggory?”

“Only a starving man,” He grinned. “You’ll still be handsome and awesome. And attached to fucking Captain America.”

“I love you too, man.”

“Save that for the Captain, lover boy.”

 Gregg went back to busying himself with making tiny coin pancakes while I grew quiet in my seat as I continued chewing on my food, somewhat entertaining the idea of love - and my being in love.

Love is kinda like a fucken Infinity stone with all the overwhelming beauty it can create and all the terrifying damage it can leave. Think about it that way. So much power, even when it’s goddamn blind, sometimes even hopelessly stupid - and I realized that although I’d been in relationships before, I’d never really been in love to actually really know what kind of crazy or blessing it could bring.

One thing I somewhat know is this: ultimately, love is about wanting it all or nothing at all.

The tiny voice in my head, it had to ask.

So are you ready to fall in love, Sebastian?

A child’s face popped up on my screen after I answered an incoming Facetime call and yup, Chris’ phone was definitely hijacked by a little blonde girl. Delilah.

Urgh God. Sebastian it’s just a child - get yourself together. Balls, assemble!

“Oh, hello!” And I’m not really good with kids, but I do try. “Hey cutie. What’s your name?”

“I’m Mckenna,” she went, her smile eating up the entire screen. “You’re Sir Hearts-A-Lot!”


“Because that’s what’s your name is on Uncle Chris’ phone!” She giggled, her blonde curls bouncing to her rocking on her heels next. I died laughing at my Phone Book identity for a bit. I swear it was Sebby a month ago but trust the fucken joker to come up with these sort of things.

Didn’t know she was Chris’ niece though. “You have very nice and white teeth, Sir Hearts-A-Lot.”

“I brush my teeth after I eat.” What the flying fuck did I just say, Christ but McKenna only giggled again, seemingly on a sugar high of some sort. You never know where the battery compartments are with children. Or in Anthony Mackie, no joke. No seriously, you gotta try being in a room with him for five minutes - and you can tell me how I totally told you so.

Anyway. Back to Delilah. I mean Mckenna. Calm the fudge down. “How old are you McKenna?”
“I’m nine years old, turning ten next month! Sir Hearts-A-Lot, do you like to eat a lot of candy?”

“I used to but not anymore,” I replied, sinking myself deeper into the couch in my living room and putting my feet up on the table, grinning at McKenna whose blonde curls remind me of curly fries. Her eyes, so goddamn green. Delilah green. God.

“Bet you got a lot of that from trick or treating!”

“Yes I did. We went to a lot of houses this year, but I got a lot more chocolates than candy. Which do you like more? Chocolate or candy?”

“Chocolates, definitely,” I chuckled. “You rounded the neighborhood with your friends?”

“I have a lot of friends here. Chris tagged along too but he didn’t dress up as Captain America. He said his costume was at the dry cleaners.”

“Did he now?” I was amused. I didn’t know he was out and about chaperoning this one but it wouldn’t be surprising I guess. It was Halloween. “So how about you? Chocolate or candy?”

“Uhmmmm….Actually I like to eat a both candy and chocolates, but my aunt tells me it will ruin my smile, so I can only eat some of the treats I got from yesterday.”

“You’ve a beautiful smile, McKenna,” I said, giving her a thumbs up and a wink. “Just take care of your teeth after you eat anything and you’ll have that forever. Were you a Disney princess?”

“No way! I was Captain Jack Sparrow.” She sang, ribbon-slicing the air with her invisible sword in her hand or something. “I like him. He’s funny and walks like he drank a lot of weird apple juice.”

Okay. This one. Adopted. Mine! “You’re so immensely cute that it hurts - and I love your hair!”

“Thank you! You think it’s pretty too? Jenny braided it for me, she’s really good with hairstyles. Did you do your own hair? You have a coconut tree on your head!”

My long ass hair in a fucken top knot on my head because I was so full of homely chill right then. A fucken coconut tree it is! “Yes I did! Who’s Jenny?”

McKenna went into sudden hush mode, looked over her shoulder for a bit and came back to me with her mouth all up on the camera lens, whispering a very secretive, “Jenny’s my aunt.”

“That’s great.”

“She’s also Chris’s new girlfriend!”

Okay. I tried so very hard not to look like someone just whacked me with a baseball bat, managing to reduce the squeak level in my voice with a curious, “Chris’ new girlfriend?”

“Yes. Shhhhhhh! don’t tell him I told you that, okay! I think they’re boyfriend and girlfriend.”

She’s just a kid Sebastian. Language around the kid. Language. “Why would you say that?”

“Because she smiles like this whenever he’s around. And he smiles at her like this, too.”

She poked her fingers into her cheeks and pulled her already wide smile wider, just giddy with giggles. Little McKenna was so goddamn adorable but I obviously had fucken reservations for her impersonation of her Aunt Jenny whoeverthellshe thinksshe is and Chris whydonesheneedtofuckensmilestwoside Evans.
Kids are all sorts of crazy but they can’t fail with precision when it comes to imitating life.

Okay, okay. *She’s a kid so what does McKenna know anyway? Fine. Let it go, Seb. Moving on.*

“Ah hah! I spy with my little eye...The pretty pirate princess who stole my heart - and my phone!”

Chris must have plucked little McKenna off the ground and started spinning them around or something, judging from how chaos just took over the other side of this Facetime convo.

“...was only talking to your best friend Sir-Hearts-A-Lot! I prooooooomiseeeeee... .”

Best friend. Okay.

There was a lot of roaring and squealing and laughing and phone tumbling about before Chris finally got the phone out of her hands, crash landing them both in what I assumed giant bean bags before finally coming back to me.

“Hey Sebby!” Chris sang, his ridiculously handsome face taking up half the screen, sharing it with McKenna who was now fixing her hair like she knew how. God, she was just precious but her hair, I thought it would’ve looked better worn down. Just sayin’. *shrug* Anyway.

“Sorry you waited up for me, babe. This pesky one wanted to play with my Snapchat app.”

Didn’t even know his way around fucken Instagram, I swear. “You’ve Snapchat on your phone?”

“She downloaded it for me. I’ve no idea,” he went, the blue of his eyes bright with fucken joy.

“Did you know about this? I took a few pictures with some of the filters. I swear it’s so much fun!”

McKenna rolled her eyes a little and I totally felt her with how Chris lost his chill for fucken Snapchat, of all things. It’s a universal knowledge that Chris Evans simply loves kids to death but sometimes he’s such a shamelessly uncool dork whenever he’s around them.

Ironically, this kind of dork amps his cool guy charm by a billion times more and *I bet that’s a total hit with trick-or-treat-groupie-child-hair-braiding-Chris-new-girlfriend ladies like aunt Jenny whoeverthehellshehinkssheis.*

*Ugh God why would McKenna say things like that? Does she have a goddamn drama queen syndrome? Sebastian she’s a kid. Kids say the darndest things. Right?*

Hey, my jealousy can get a little ugly and borderline irrational sometimes. Fucking live with it already, thanks.

“Coconut tree’s the new man bun, huh?” Chris was saying, his voice pulling me out of my self-conversational meltdown only to get me lost in his perfect smile.

“You look comfortable, babe. Wish I was there. How was Father Sebastian? Did you have fun on Halloween? I’ve a lot of adult things to say about you being a priest but there’s a child on my lap right now so I’m just gonna text you everything.”

“Wish you were here too.” I really fucken did, Christ. “Was alright. Went to so many parties but you should know that Father Sebastian was...well, a very good man at the end of the night. Wasn’t even that hungover this morning. Brilliant idea Captain, because *language* around the child.”

“You’ve no idea ‘bout the kind of the language I’m thinking of right now, babe. I agree that good men *are* hard to find these days. Happy to know I’m with one.”
Beaming so much love into my soul like a fucken Care Bear staaaaaaaare with that, he did.

Sigh.

“Yours? McKenna said you went out with her and her friends. Were you chaperoning her or something? You should’ve gone as an apple, Chris. It would’ve suited you well.”

“An apple? Why would I wanna dress up as an apple?”

I can be corny as fuck, but what the hell. “Because you’re the apple of my eye.”

Chris laughed so hard he fell out of the bean bag and killed himself with a chest thump.

“That was so smooth, babe but nah, didn’t dress up at all,” he said after his amusement died down, climbing back into the black hole of comfort he created inside his much loved LazyBoy.

“She and Jenny and took me out. It was fun. They wanted me to go as Captain America but I’m on a long-ass leave from being Steve Rogers. I didn’t tell you? Thought I did.”

No you didn’t. “You went out with McKenna and Jenny. Just...Trick or treating?”

“Yeah, we were watching out for McKenna and friends. Thanks for waiting up for me, babe.”

“It’s cool. I just came back from the gym about an hour ago and drinking the cold brew I made so I actually have way too much adrenaline right now - but sigh, my playmate is unavailable.”

“Uncle Chris,” McKenna suddenly chipped in. “You’ve playtime with Sir Hearts-A-Lot, too?”

“Oh my God!”

She fucken killed me, Christ, I couldn’t live with this. Chris turned bloody goddamn red, his reaction to this little girl’s solid innocence was as classic as trying to get the bean bag to just eat him whole, to deny him of his own existence altogether. The child wasn’t eavesdropping, so if anything damaging ever formed in her imagination at that age, it would be on us.

“Let’s keep this child friendly, babe. I don’t know where my earpiece is right now...”

“Sure.” I nodded, amused to Hell. “I thought you were at a work meeting, Chris.”

“I am but we’re wrapping things up right now in the lounge. Aren’t we McKenna?”

“Is McKenna your new lady boss?” I casually turned my tease to the other party in this conversation, earning a gleeful laugh from the little girl sitting in his lap.

“He makes really good coffee, by the way. Tell him to make you one.”

My bad parenting skill was already fail level 999 when she turned to him with, “Can I drink coffee?”

“Well, not yet.” Chris shot me an appalled look next, his eyes narrowing like the flying fuck, Seb? Coffee? She’s a kid!

Shit. I realized the damage I did and quickly let Chris salvage something with, “maybe when you’re a whole lot older - my age. When you’re my age then yes, you can drink coffee.”

Dad of the Year, right there. You’re only legal to drink coffee when you’re thirty fucken four.
“But I’m turning ten years old next month. I’m not a little girl anymore so can I at least try?”

“Coffee makes you very hyper. You don’t wanna drink coffee at all at your age, McKenna Grace.”

Her bright, beautiful green eyes were on me when Chris failed her. “Sir Hearts-A-Lot?”

You know what? I should enjoy this a little. “Come on, man. She’s turning ten next month.”

“Seb!” Chris gasped, rounding his eyes at how I just shrugged at that. He went back to McKenna, who was looking at him with those eyes, just full blown puppy dog effect with it.

She won my heart. “Thank you! I think I like him more than I like you now, Uncle Chris.”

“Seriously!” He combed his beard and pulled his lips together, stumped for a solid minute before letting out a sigh which sounded a lot like frustration, defeat and then okay I’m just gonna let the pros handle this.

“Maybe you should talk to your aunt about this. She’s at the pool area. Go ask her.”

“Okie dokes. Aunt Jeeeeeeennnnnnnyyyyy!”

McKenna was off his lap and bounced out of our conversation in a flash. I couldn’t deal with how Chris was trying to murder stare me from the other side of the screen for what I just did when he was obviously having a hard time keeping a straight face too.

“Thanks, babe. You’re never telling the bedtime stories to our kids. Never!” He was shaking his head, so goddamn done with everything that just went down.

I laughed hard, I cried a little inside. He said our kids. That kinda killed me twice, I swear it did.

“She’s ten, Sebastian. Why you gotta put ideas in her head like that? Her aunt’s gonna kill me.”

Ah, speaking of witch. I mean which. #sorrynotsorry

“What’s her aunt doing at your place? Yesterday you went trick or treating with McKenna and her and now you’re in a meeting with them. I’m not getting the storyline right here.”

“Right. Jenny and I are sort of involved, Sebastian.”

I raised an eyebrow at his choice of words. “Sort of involved.”

“The writers are making a film about this gifted little girl - McKenna’s character - and they asked me if I’m interested to play her uncle who is trying to get custody of her after her mom died. I think they’re writing him up as a loser or bum of some sort but I’m up for a challenge.”

Chris Evans can be long-winded as fuck but you know, fine. I let him talk because I’m a good man and an awesome listener boyfriend of the year like that. “Yeah…”

“They’re in town for the week for the meetings and I figured that it’s a good idea to meet up and work on the chemistry with her to see if things work out before we sit down with the writers to go into further details.”

That whole hipster beard thing on him. I wike it. “Sounds intense. You’re so damn good with intense, I can tell you that.”

“Mmmmm-hmmmm. I do like to boast by the evidence given,” he drawled in his pride, winking at
how I just showed him my teeth in a growl.

“Yeah okay, tiger. Calm down now. There’s a child in the premises.”

“How are you sort of involved with her aunt Jenny then? Is she like, McKenna’s agent too or something.” Everyone’s a Kris Jenner these days.

“She’s in the film too. It’s family business with them. The writers brought McKenna in, and she brought Jenny in to look into playing this character Bonnie, my love interest. So we’re all sort of involved at the moment. Filming begins only next year, so things may change.”

Onscreen love interest, Seb. Work is work. Don’t do it. “Jenny sure moves fast.”

“I was very surprised that she just contacted me out of the blue to ask if I wanna join her chaperone McKenna in trick-or-treating. Said I was massive and very ‘self-involved’ so she didn’t wanna be nervous and preferred breaking the ice that way. What does self-involved even means?”

That was a genuine question, I swear it was. “She finds you ridiculously hot, Chris.”

“Really?” He was flattered to Hell, duh. Loves the attention like a fucken show-off he is.

“Could’ve just said it like that. Anyway. Thought it was so random but it turned out to be a good thing. I guess with the kids and all, we hit it off well. She’s funny. Almost Tina Fey funny. I’ve never heard of her before this, though. Have you?”

“Me neither.” And I seriously hadn’t but I was starting to think that Jenny used children and Halloween as bait on Chris and no one tops Tina Fey with funny, as far concrete fact stands. No one. Not even Russell Peters and that guy’s funny as fuck.

Yeah, I was losing a little more cool. “And McKenna just conveniently calls you Uncle Chris. I thought she was your niece so I didn’t think it was weird for her to call you uncle.”

“Right? The uncle thing, I didn’t ask or tell her to. I’m fine with her calling me Chris because we just got to know each other but Jenny kind of psychoed her to it. I haven’t seen my own nephews for a while so it’s nice to be reminded of family like that.”

I felt him, I really did but I wasn’t really feeling this: “So...it’s Uncle Chris and Aunt Jenny.”

Chris was so motherfucking slow with where I was getting to, Jesus H Christ. I literally had to fucken throw a hand up, then my eyebrows up, pulled my lips into a really deep frown and then my shoulders up and huffed out a very sarcastic “That’s cute?” - all in that goddamn order - before his face lit the Hell up, like he fucken solved the greatest mystery of the Universe on his own or something.

He did his fucken Math quick to come up with, “You’re seriously not upset about this are you?”

“I think it’s really cute. You went out with Aunt Jenny - and after only a few hours of Halloween, you’re Uncle Chris now. Look at that.”

“Seb, I co-chaperoned six little girls who had too much candy - it was hardly anything romantic. You know how much I love kids. I couldn’t say no.”

This feels terribly familiar. “You couldn’t say no because you’re a very nice guy.”

“5 Winx fairies and a pirate princess at my door. How could anyone, really?”
I knew I was gonna sound silly as fuck but fuck it, really. “So Jenny’s not your new girlfriend?”

“What?”

Chris was laughing at me next, highly humored. It was hard to fucken wrangle him with anything from the other end of America so I kept my Winter Soldier killer stare strong over very strong Wi-Fi because I _was_ actually a little upset with the information I got from a _kid_.

He wasn’t reading into it like I was, of course. “This is interesting. What else did McKenna say to you?”

“Never mind. You’re gonna think I’m just being irrational and blablabla. Forget it. Can we talk about the upcoming Southeast Asian tour for Civil War’s promotion with Team Cap? You got the email already? I can’t wait to travel with you and everyone again.”

“Yeah I got it this morning from my agent. But Seb, this is _work_. You of all people know that,” he went, tossing the Captain America: Civil War portion to continue tackling me down in his corner of the ring we were in.

“McKenna’s a child, Jenny’s not my new girlfriend - she’s married. Besides, I already have you. Dreams are all coming true. My life’s almost complete!”

_God, why did he need to be so such a drama king with it. Seriously._

“Quit smiling at her like _this_ then.” I made a fucken face, I did. What did I turn into, Christ.

“That looks constipated, Sebby. I’m having a hard time believing you’d listen to what a child would say about the man you’ve been dating for the past eight months.”

Final score: Captain America - 100, Stupid jealous murder staring Winter Soldier - 0.

I sighed in my defeat. “Okay. It’s work. Congratulations on getting a new project, by the way. It’s great news. Forget I was ever anal about everything, okay?”

“Thank you. You know, normally I’d prefer to throw you under the bus with your _irrational jealousy_ but I really do love it that you’re like this right now. Means you give a damn about me.”

My head tilted at his words. I didn’t the fuck like how that came out of him all of a sudden.

Next thing I knew I snapped at the screen with, “What are you _on_ about, Christopher Evans?”

“Okay I said something wrong and I’m not sure what it was. What did I say?”

“Of course I give a damn about you, stupid. What the Hell was that about?”

He braced himself for the impact because he was smart. Slow, but smart. “Now you’re upset.”

“It’s how you just said it. It’s like you think I haven’t been giving you any damn or something.”

“Seb!” Chris tossed a hand up, his jaw dropping to my outburst. He looked really surprised that I was coming down on him with this more than he was curious how it came out of fucken nowhere and was all up in his face with emo-chaos next.

_Legendary animated hand started flying around_. “I didn’t even say that you didn’t give a damn about me - or us! I wouldn’t think of such things. I’m just saying that I really do love you when you’re like this because I mean something to you, that’s all.”
I was fucken tunnel visioning with everything. Didn’t the fuck know what came over me, Christ but there was no stopping me at all. “There it is again.”

“*What* is what again?”

“*Because I mean something to you*”. That *tone* you’re using. What does that even mean? That I’ve not given *enough* damn about you. Right?”

“Jesus.” He clawed at one side of his face, getting frustrated at how I wasn’t catching any ball at all - and he was fucken throwing it at me like I was that target in a fucken dodgeball game.

“You’re thinking too much and now I wanna throw you under a moving bus.”

“Yeah I’m sure that’s convenient. Then you can go on more goddamn dates with *Aunt Jenny*.”

His jaw dropped all the way to China and Chris threw his hand up again - this time, a palm facing his phone screen but in my digital face like goddamn *shush*. Felt like it fucken landed on me, Christ, I shut up almost on queue.

Balls collected, he then heaved a sharp sigh. “You’re saying very stupid things right now, kid.”

I knew I was but my fucken *emotions*, goddamnit. “Don’t call me a kid, Evans. I’m not ten.”

“You’re acting like one. I can’t believe I’m saying this but maybe you wanna think before you speak your *feelings* out, Sebastian? Just because of this one little girl, you don’t trust my feelings for you because of how I *sound*? Are you fucking kidding me?”

“I don’t know-”

“Yeah, you fucking don’t. But honestly, I like that you’re saying such stupid things to me.”

"For fuck's sake!" I didn’t the fuck get him and everything, Christ - and what came out of me next was totally *not* what I had planned. Ever.

“Are you in love with me, Chris?”

And just like that, I fucken murdered *everything* that was remotely alive between two coasts of a country, over billions of jargons on the internet and ultimately all else all around the universe in a solid one moment in time.

On the other end, Chris looked like he was struggling to breathe, Christ. Maybe I was suffering the whole drama king syndrome too because I felt a lot like fucken dying next - whether it was from that jolt of fucken happiness or that pang of what the flying fuck…

...wait, I think it was more of a deadly combination of both actually.

He finally found his voice after a billion years passed.

"Yes!" Chris’ blue, blue eyes sparkled. "I’m so, so madly in love with you, Seb. You have *no idea* how much. I guess you need to know now that I’ve always wanted you to be mine - officially and forever.”

That was when I realized that I wasn’t gonna be fucken ready for the most epic, ground-breaking aftermath that was heading my way.

“Damn it babe. I was gonna do this in a more romantic setting, you know. But..."
Next thing I knew, he was holding out a tiny black box in his hand and was showing it to me.

The silver band sitting pretty in the middle of the navy cushion twinkled.

And he went, “…please say yes to me, Sebastian Stan.”

“Owwww!”

Something really heavy landed on me and I would have taken Gregg’s entire jaw out if he hadn’t had better reflexes to jump back when I sat straight up in my sudden wake.

“Christ..” I groaned when the groggy daze cleared away and clarity settled into my sight and the rest of my senses after I rubbed my eyes and temples a few times. Gregg was standing over me and Turtle was in my lap, his whole body wiggling to the dangerous wagging of his tail, making him look like he was on fire.

I laughed out loud when he started to practically eat my face off with his tongue before giving me a few excited yaps like ‘Sup, playa?

“Turtle!” I sang out, throwing my arms out to hug my handsome doberman, pushing his muzzle away. My face, wet with sticky drool and all. “You’re home!”

Turtle then cocked his head at me, his floppy ears twitching about. I jumped on you three times before you woke up. Did you die and go to human heaven for a while?

“No. Daddy’s just super tired, baby.” It was very, very dark outside, too. “What time is it?”

“Close to nine.” Gregg landed himself inside the chair next to the couch I was in.

“That was quite a nap you took, man. Don made you do one of his suicide circuits, huh?”

Right. Gym earlier. “Shim’s almost fifty and he doesn’t even know pain. He’s my idol man - I wanna grow old and swole just like him. Fit for life. Did you know he can do windshield wiper pull ups? That’s mental.”

“Did you know it’s time for you take out the trash?” Gregg said, grinning like he couldn’t care less about my gym talk. “Sorry Seb, you know how I’m like with these kinda things.”

I frowned, getting Turtle off my lap and my feet on the floor. “I’ll take it out later.”

“Trash-take out time is always at eight. You may be a movie star now but it’s your turn so no excuses, bruh.”

“Later.” I pulled the band off my hair and let it fall all over my face before pulling it back into a less crazy-looking ponytail. The coconut-tree style was pulling at my roots and giving me a mild headache, Christ. How do girls keep that in a goddamn bun for a whole day?
I was about to throw a baseball for Turtle to go nuts and fetch when Gregg’s brows wiggled with, “by the way….who’s McKenna and Aunt Jenny?”

"How did you know?"

"You were sleep-talking. First it's singing, now it's talking. Another premonition?"

Premonitions. Fucking dream school. Fucking Hell, really.

“I’m gonna take the trash out now!” I quickly went, rolling my eyes as I shot up to my feet.

“No more dream talk, Greggory. I can’t seem to even take a stupid nap without dreaming about crazy shit about Chris and everything, Christ! You already gave me a fucking lecture this morning so just no more. Stop .”

“O- kaaaay,” he gave me this I’m here if you need me to look into a crystal ball, Phoebe kind of shrug before reaching for the remote to switch on Netflix. Sold our souls to it, we fucken did.

“You’re watching Arrow too? Hey, we’re on the same episode! You know I bet Tommy didn’t really die. He’s gonna come back, maybe as a villain.”

Because no one ever really dies in DC, too. Look at that. No shade, just coincidence? Oh well.

“Don’t start without me, man. Turtle, come on, boy. Let’s go downstairs!”

I was lost in my thoughts about my fucken trippy as fuck dreams while waiting for the elevator to arrive.

First they haunted me in my sleep and now I was thinking about it in my wake.

*Christ, this is motherfucking insane. You need to seriously chill the fuck out, Sebastian. You haven't said yes or no and you still have the goddamn ball in your hands in the court. Simple. You'll be ready someday.*

*Hopefully.*

The drama king syndrome was running my thoughts, still. I was starting to wonder if I was gonna get any goddamn peaceful sleep ever again when an incoming call came in.

The crazy buzz of my cellphone in my back pocket startled the living Jesus out of me and almost made me drop a day’s worth of rubbish all over the lift lobby and all over my Turtle if I hadn’t had a firm grip on the knot.

Chris.

Despite the fucken cray, a very warm feeling flooded into my system and I picked up the call with a wide smile.

“Hey babe!”

....

The call was still ongoing, though. “Hello?”

....
“Chris?”
“Hello!”

A little girl’s voice came through - and my heart fucken dropped.

“Is this Sir Hearts-a-Lot?”

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_Till next time..._

Canon for this chapter: this excellent manip from @evan.stan.x on IG!

+ Seb and baby in I'm Not Here (2017)

so much feels. Thank you for reading again! :(
Give Captain America Someone Beautiful (and Everyone Knows It)

Chapter Summary

"If this ain't love then I don't know what love is"

Chapter Notes

so I decided to continue the drama because I, drama king syndrome. Enjoy!

Other mentions: Miles Evans and fictional characters: Will Menadi, Lion Cho, Jordane Hall, Sarah Kipling, Gregg Masterson

Read the rest here:
Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe
Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry
Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather
Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year
Part 13: Give Captain America the Lovebug
“Hello, is this Sir Hearts-A-Lot?”

Have you ever gone skydiving? I haven’t.

I’ve been wanting to go though, ever since forever. My housemate’s a freelance sky-diving instructor so it’s probably convenient for me to hook myself up to him (literally) and jump off a moving plane at a whole billion feet in the air despite my very, very bad romance with planes and heights and speed and instant, horrible death and all.

Yup. Skydiving should be up in my list. The *Things I Must Do Before I Die* list - everybody has one, I bet.

Anyway. I haven’t had the balls to jump off goddamn planes yet but my poor heart, it just fucken did and it was dropping straight down for Earth at breakneck speed - all thanks to a single phone call from Chris which fucken gave me a goddamn paranoia attack of epic proportions.

I froze all over again when the voice prompted me with a lesser-than-patient sounding, “**Helllooowww ?**”

Who would’ve thought the voice of a child - an angel - could do terrible things to human hearts, really. Who?

I’ll tell you who. Fucken *Lucifer*, that’s who. Think about it: Lucifer was an angel before he fell-

-Sebastian, you’re talking about a kid. Seriously.

And Lucifer - I mean the child - went, “…No one’s ans-wing me, Uncle Chwis!”

*Uncle Chwis?*

“Holy Mother of God!”

I must have sighed out so fucken loud in my relief to hear that I would have blown the elevator doors - and a very confused Turtle - away with it. It took another solid three eons later for that bag of bricks to finally land on my head, snapping me out of my head-trip for me to realize who it was on the other line.

It wasn’t a little girl. “**Miles !**”

“Bucky Buck!”

*Bucky Buck* - and that’s gonna be forever, too. “Hey kiddo.”

“Hi, Bucky Buck. Did you hear me? You’re gonna be our Sir Hearts-A-Lot!”
I would’ve laughed in my amusement but I wasn’t exactly having a goddamn field day right then. Turtle’s muzzle poked at my leg with *Yo playa! Are we going down or not?* - and it was only then that I realized I’d been standing in front of the elevator doors without pressing anything the entire fucken time. That was how much I was psychologically fucked over, Christ.

*All this is just a very close, very scary but ultimately, just a motherfucken coincidence - not an Elm Street moment, Sebastian. Dial your crazy down, all the way down.*

Thank fuck for the tiny voice in my head. I put the trash down and got my universe rebooted by pressing for my ride down with a very merry Miles detonating my goddamn eardrums with, "**UNCLE CHWIS, DOES THIS MEAN BUCKY BUCK’S COMING TO LIVE WITH US?**"

What the!

“Hey, Miles. Hey!” I decided to quickly pull the kid back with, “What’s up, man?”

“Uh...What’s up...you mean up here? Uncle Chris got twuck wight-up stiwkers, I pasted them on his bedwoom wall. They’re kewl.”

Miles Evans, everybody. He’s adorable as Hell and I like him a Hell lot - maybe because he likes me a Hell lot. That’s a fucken big deal, considering that I’m borderline hopeless with children. I mean if you give me a choice to babysit Gregg’s daughter Daisy and Turtle, the answer is a fucken no brainer.

We met in typical fashion, of course - Chris would bring his little relatives over on the movie sets and meetings sometimes because everyone else would do that with their own kids. At those times, coming to work would feel like stepping into a child care center. Chaotic as fuck, Christ. His siblings really liked my arm, but Miles was sorta insanely obsessed with it.

And since it was stuck to me, I had to communicate with the child at some point instead of just sitting there watching him geek the fuck out over a movie prop dripping of fucken lube. Long story shorter, my new found psychic powers tell me that Miles is gonna grow up to potentially become a ridiculously handsome, super-talented, full-blown space nerd.

Kinda like someone you know, eh? Anyway!

“**I mean, why am I Sir Hearts-A-Lot?**”

“**Uhm because... it’s by owder of the King!**”

I had no idea what was going on but “Ah. Okay! Thank you.” because *innocence*, Christ.

“**Uhm....Hey, you sound stwange, Bucky Buck. Are you having sniffies ?**”

I was talking like a goddamn dolphin but fuck it, really. I was just happier that I was fully awake at this point in good ol’ New York, taking out fucken trash from my apartment like the dutiful housemate I was - and not moving coasts and getting married and dancing to Michael Buble and having a *Delilah* and fucken Iron Fist t-shirt and *breathe, Sebastian. That’s it. Fucken breathe already.*

*Sniffies* was too much cute, man. “Nah, I’m alright. Gosh, you really scared me!”

“I did? Oh...Unc, he said I scawed him. I donno why. Huh... What?” He came back to me after an impromptu hush-hush discussion with Chris over his shoulder and went, “...Al-wight, I’ll tell him again.”
Miles and his baby-talk was seriously making me want to squish something. “Tell me what again?”

“Bucky Buck, I’m buttoned with guh-wo-wi-yus porpoise to infowm you that by the owder of the King, you’re appoin-ned as Sir Hearts-A-Lot.”

Somewhere in the crystal clear connection I could hear the unmistakable sound of his uncle Chris Evans laughing that mighty, full-bodied, UHD-quality, mega-hearty laugh of his.

“You hear that Sebby? I can’t...Oh God. Help me, I’m dying! Say that again, my man. The whole thing!”

Probably thinking he was genius as fuck for coming up with Sir Hearts-A-Lot for me, for whatever goddamn purpose he had. If only the joker knew that I was fucken psychic already.

Miles tickled me to death, though. “A what again?”

His poor nephew didn’t the fuck know what was so funny that these adults were practically killing themselves in their mirth but Miles being Miles, repeated himself anyway. Thrice. He’s 3 (I think), he’s kinda like a total human sponge with things.

“Oh!” We died and came back just to fucken die again. “You mean you’re burdened with glorious purpose.”

“That’s what I said! Gwowiyus porpoise. Bucky Buck, I said it thwee times. Are you paying attention?”

I squished Turtle in the end because it’d make no sense to squish a bag of trash at all.

“He’s so adorable, Seb.” Chris then went, “Alrightee, big guy. You can go now. Remember the rectangular green one is for the bridge above the moors, okay?”

“Okay, Uncle Chwis. Bye bye, Bucky Buck. See you soon!”

And I don’t know things like, ever but “Okay. See you soon too, Miles.”

Chris was having a really hard time trying to stop laughing, Christ, I had to wait a bit until he calmed the fuck down and came on the line with a drawling, “hello, sexy fucker.”

My face turned warmer. “So much for Uncle of the Year, Chris. Miles is right behind you, isn’t he?”

“Nah, he’s already out of the room. Yup he is.”

“You called me just so we could laugh at Miles. Really?”

“So we’re equally heartless but come on - buttoned with gwowiyus porpoise, it’s fucking hilarious. I had to share! Anyway, how are you? How’s my Sebby?”

I ran a hand to the back of my neck and groaned out a tired, “I’m great. I guess.”

“Is everything alright? Are you coming down with the sniffies?”

I was done with the trash and was standing outside my building next, loitering by the roadside as I watched Turtle dog it out with this crazy butterfly which kept going for his tail. Normally that would’ve lifted fucken spirits but maybe I did sound like I was fucken tired of living or something.
Holding back a humongous sigh was hard, man.

“No, I’m good!” I replied instead, breaking into a bigger smile at sniffies. Miles’ 34-year-old equivalent is this guy right here, alright. I can’t deal at times but I actually found it charming. I was that crazy for the guy.

“A little drained. I was at the gym earlier and Don made us do this crazy strength circuit. I’ve a feeling that I’m gonna be dragging myself on my face the next few days from the DOMs.”

Also, I can’t fucken sleep because my goddamn dreams are haunting me - thanks to you.

“I know you hate taking supps but you gotta try taking those BCAAs for your recovery, it helps. A lot.”

“Fine, Schwarzenegger. I will.” Because he too, is Mr Health and Fitness as fuck. “How are you?”

“Only insanely occupied!” His legendary animated hands flying all over the place in his excitement, I could see it all in my head.

“Carly’s family are here for the weekend so I’m having a crazy fun time with my nephews and niece. I wish you could be here, Bucky Buck - my kids and I are building a giant cushion fortress around our couch castle right now and we’re short of a guard at its entrance. Dodger’s already the trusted royal advisor, so he can’t stand guard. Miles is the royal messenger and his first task was to inform you of your post.”

Trust this joker to run a country some day. His dog’s the Jiminy Cricket to a kingdom and he’s calling his nephews his kids. Okay. Breathe, Seb. Nothing to it. IKEA castle. Imaginary move in. Christ.

“Oh, right.” My balls, back in zen mode. I snorted, humored. “And to laugh at him. How could you, Chris?”

“Best abs workout - ever.”

“Sir Hearts-A-Lot doesn’t sound like a guard’s name, though. Thought I could be a knight or something.”

“Nah-ah, Seb. Sir Hearts-A-Lot is, in fact, a respected Kingsman - he’s the man to the King. And the King holds his man at a much higher esteem, in both position and power. The only thing you’re guarding is his longsword, babe.”

“Longsword, huh? Lemme guess.” Look at that smooth. I was entertained. “You’re the King of the couch castle.”

“It is by royal decree that your most excellent services to the King’s emotional, mental, spiritual, physical, sexual, sexual and sexual desires are required. The King finds his man irresistible. Insatiable. Beautiful.”

“Feeling very buttoned with gwowiyous porpoise right now,” I was beaming with flattery somewhere deeper within, I promise but my job scope was a serious case of what the fucking Hell, I couldn’t fucken deal. “So, so honored.”

“And yet you think I will not notice the lack of joy in your beautiful voice when you lay your thoughts to me.”
His sudden breakout in Old English made me burst into a string of really high-pitched giggles - and just like that, I was goddamn giddy school girl all over again.

He didn’t stop. “Fair Kingsman, am I not the beast you desire to take you to greater heights in the wake of our battles in the sleeping chamber? Would you care to see my longsword in action?”

“Oh my God!” My fucken spirit animal was talking again too so fucken bye bye bye smashing cool movie star image, forever. “This is awesome. Keep going.”

“Much gratitude. Now tell me my fair Kingsman, did it hurt when you fell... from the glorious Heavens above? The answer is....no, you did not!”

“And why is that, my King?” I couldn’t help it, Christ.

“You did not feel any pain for you have landed safely and soundly, in my strong, manly arms.”

Minutes ago I was freaking the fuck out and then I suddenly wished I was by his side, ruling a couch kingdom with his little people. I was train-wrecked from all sorts of feelings right then. I was happy, I was scared, I wanted to come back as a fucken cute dog in my next life. Ugh.

“Okay, okay!” And I was grinning at my shoes like a madman next. "I’m filled with joy now, Spartacus!"

“Spirits lifted. Truly?”

“Rays of sunshine, straight into my soul. Promise. Thanks, babe. Truly.”

“Sebby.” He was back with modern English. “The kids are still building my castle. I’m all ears for you.”

His castle, Christ. As if he wasn’t living in one already. A castleception. Boom.

“Let’s talk about how I’m genuinely honored to receive such a high post in your kingdom.”

“You sure?”

“Sex and Netflix all day. Best job ever.”

“Talking about the noise in your head. It’s loud,” he said, chuckling a little. “I’m listening.”

“Thanks but I’m good, Chris. I just have a lot on my plate right now. I can’t feel my arms much, too.”

Chris was quiet for a second before he went, “alright then. And the honor’s all mine, honey.”

Here’s someone who is 5 years old in one minute and then a fully-grown adult of his age calling me honey the next. “So did you call me just so we can be terrible people or something?”

“I’ve got great news, actually. The kids are coming to Salt Lake City next week with me for Comic Con - it’s their first - and they’re staying in my room for most of it. Miles is freaking excited to see you again.”

“Really?” That perked me up. “That’s great! I don’t have my metal arm though. Will he still like me as a civilian?”

“I actually find it very strange that he’s taken by you even without it. I mean no other kid I know
“Hey!” One child likes me a lot and everybody loses their goddamn minds, seriously.

“I maybe bad with kids-”

“-Utterly horrible-”

“-but maybe Miles is different. He’s like Daisy. They see something in me most kids don’t. Stop laughing!”

“" How do you turn it off? "” Remember that with Paul’s kid?” Chris was sniggering like he was fucken done. “That was platinum.”

In my defense, she had like about a billion questions for an apple. Rudd was a human encyclopedia as much as he was a comedian, but it was a billion goddamn questions for one goddamn apple. Seriously, his child’s got no chill for fruit, my mind was blown.

“Is space and Star Trek final frontier stuff that interesting to talk about to a child his age?”

“Is Pokemon Go that interesting?”

Chris gasped. “Leave Pikachu out of this, babe.”

“Hurts, doesn’t it?” I chuckled, shaking my head at his drama king syndrome showing for goddamn Pikachu-thingies. He snorted, genuinely annoyed. Christ. Pokemon is fucken serious biz with this guy.

“Does this mean you gotta sneak out to meet me or something?” I joked. “Like the good ol’ times, huh?”

“I would, really but I can’t just leave them alone even when they’re sleeping. I can send them to Carly’s but I already worked a schedule with her to have them with me after I’m done with work for the first two days at Comic Con. Just so she could stalk the Winchesters in their evening panels.”

“Ah. Which female doesn’t love the Winchester brothers.”

You get a fucken plum if you know one who doesn’t.

“Right?” Chris gave it a huge, ridiculed scoff before brightening the fuck up to a dawning idea in his head and he didn’t hesitate with, “how about you come over to my room and we bunk together for the rest of Comic Con?”

Oh God. Here we go again.

I was mental enough to think that he was dropping hints for cohabitation training of some sort, under the unpretentious context of sharing a room in our travel. We normally just sleep in each other’s beds and be back in our own rooms the next day whenever we’re in the same venue for work but obviously he was asking me to stay with him this time around - which reminded me that I hadn’t given him any answers for his proposal to move into his place in the West Coast, which was driving me nuts because I kept having fucken nightmares about settling down…

And then I realized that the main problem in bunking with Chris for Comic Con wasn’t at all about me.
“Uh…” I stopped chewing on my bottom lip and went, “are you sure the kids are ready to see you with me?”

He didn’t think that far judging from how he was taken aback by my question. “What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean, Evans.”

“Oh. That. Well…” He came around my bend in no time. I must have sounded fucken serious. Well I was. In fact I was more concerned about that more than the fact that Chris wanted to play Happy Family with me with his relatives or something. Chris needed to reply me with some form of assurance.

“They’re gonna have to know about us some day, babe. They’ll need some time in therapy but we don’t really have to worry about them. I’m joking about therapy by the way. It’s gonna be fine.”

“Chris. This ain’t funny. We’re talking about kids. Not Tom Holland kid-kid but little human sponge kids.”

“Babe, my nephews and niece has an idea. You’ve hung out with Carly before - she’s great at new age parenting and stuff so she’s definitely educated them a thing or two about their favorite uncle.”

In my dreams, I’ve never met Carly or the kids before but in real life, his sister’s pretty cool. She’d always ask what products I use for my hair though - all the damn time. Anyway. I sighed, still worried.

“I don’t know, Chris. She’s great. I don’t want us to cause any ideology problems on her kids or anything.”

“What Ideology problem?”

“We’re not...conventional. They’re gonna ask weird questions and we won’t be able to like, control alternate delete them off or something. Their mom’s gonna suffer for it. Poor Carly!”

Chris was highly humored as much as he was in the mood for a serious debate, alright.

And he let me have it with, “your worries are indeed valid and I’m not saying that I don’t care about their impressionable young minds but they will need to know that a beautiful love story can be between whoever they want it to be - not just between a man and a woman, Sebastian.”

Fucken beautiful love story, man that was intense as fuck - but there was a gentle stir in my ribcage and my chilly heart, it was thawing fast.

“Ideologies change. If we’re doing anything at all, you and I are only educating mindsets in this modern world we live in - we’re golden, babe.”

Chris Evans should totally run for President instead of a fucken orange. So touched, I swear on everything I was. “Wow. That was quite a speech.”

“It’s the truth, that’s what it is.”

Maybe I was starting to fall in love with him but in reaaaally slow motion. You know. Like Alice in Wonderland. Down that rabbit hole, only at 1 mph. The ride was still thrilling as fuck at that pathetic speed, I can tell you that.
There was a short pause and I could practically hear him grinning smugly over our phone call, goddamn LGBT advocate and love sensei as fuck and all. Got me a little teary-eyed yet hot and bothered at the same time. The constricting situation forming inside my pants seemed to agree with me.

But he had to kill all that fucken heat with, “so if you’re still interested to sleep in my bed for Comic Con with the kids, just hit me up, ait? You’re so Pokemon Go-ing with us all, babe.”

“God. And I was so turned on a second ago!” I laughed, rolling my eyes at how it all bombed to Hell.

“How are you goddamn hot and a dork at the same time?”

“I don’t know. It’s God-given, this swag of mine. So...talk to Lion about it?”

I just couldn’t find the anti-habit to turn down Chris Evans, I knew it was becoming a fucken problem now that we were at that point of the relationship where I’d think everything was a grand idea, why not?

“He’s already booking the best room he could get, probably. So, guess I’ll see you and the kids next week.”

Look at that. Fucking trying out Happy Family like it was fucken simulation, me. All the best, cowboy.

“Yay! Can’t wait.” And Chris Evans was 5 years old all over again. “It’s gonna be a riot! I’m gonna end a little late on day one though, so the kids will be with Carly until I collect them. I’ll text you my room detail when I get it, okay?”

“Hmmm. Well, I finish at about eight on day one - I can take them first and we’ll meet in your room.”

Chris’ laughter was so goddamn explosive, it rung in my head and rattled my entire soul.

The fuck did I miss? “What’s so funny, Evans?”

“You think I’m gonna leave you with children. What are you gonna do with them while waiting? Play fetch?”

Throw. Catch. Return. Repeat - what’s the fucken difference between playing catch with dog and a child?

“Sorry babe. You’re one of my life’s greatest blessings but you get absolutely no fucking vote of confidence from me for that one. Wait for me, I’ll get them and we’ll then get you.”

Savage is the new troll. ”Not even an ounce of belief in me.”

“Do you even know who you are with kids?” He was fucken dying at the mere thought of it.

“It’s a fuck no, babe. Your job, Sir Hearts-A-Lot, is to satisfy the King and that’s it. Capisce?”

Annoyed, I frowned. “You’re impossible, Evans.”

“I know I am, Sebastian but you love me anyway.”

Fucken consider me destroyed, then.
Next afternoon saw me at downtown core City Hall, having spent the first hour straight after my arrival at Marvel’s Headquarters signing my name on about a billion posters and pictures for fans’ Marvel giveaways, competitions and whatnots. Had a wardrobe photo shoot for God knows what purpose (they never tell me things and I usually end up not knowing anything like, ever) the next hour before sitting for some interviews in the media room over Skype - answering some of life’s toughest questions.

So Sebastian Stan, issit ‘blondes or brunettes’, ‘pancakes or waffles?’, ‘cat or dog?’ and the best of them all: ‘Superhero : Chris Evans or Steve Rogers?’

That was 

That was _fucken_ hard - you gotta know that some days they are literally the same person. Anyway.

Most importantly, I learned that the film’s post production process was quickly coming to a wrap, so Captain America : Civil War’s premier date was gonna be rescheduled for an earlier release in some parts of Southeast Asia before the rest of the world would get to see it. I’m no psychic but I had this ridiculously strong feeling that I was gonna suffer a fuck load of epic migraine attacks in various parts of the planet from long ass plane rides.

Oh, right - and _also_ , Civil War’s release was gonna fucken blow up box offices worldwide simply because everyone did such a fucken great job at it. The promotional tour ideas looked really, really good. *Whose side are you on : Team Cap or Team Iron Man?* and you bet your ass I was fucken ready to live out of my luggage for a good few months all over again already.

Anyway.

It was already evening time by the time I was done with Marvel-related stuff - but it was far from over for me and my team. I was a little tired but these days work opportunities fall into my lap out of _fucken_ nowhere and it’s like, I won’t be able to find fucken inner peace until I find out what’s in store for me. If life was a Pokemon Go game app, I’d become a goddamn super master trainer in like, 2 _fucken_ days. I’m not even joking.

Naturally, I started wandering around the building- you would too, if you’re ever at Marvel’s HQ. It’s like fucken adventure time or something, even when you’re fucken busy. Long story short, I found myself inside the studio again with Dave practically nose-deep into the screen of his Mac laptop. I’ve this interest in photography and taking pictures, I thought I could just fucken sit next to the cameraman and watch him work, while saying things like ‘make me fabulous!’ or something.

That, until something on the table nearby caught my eye and made me go, “Is that a Mamiya RZ67?”

“You know a Mamiya?”

I looked up to see this really tall man walking up to me, looking like he was highly impressed at something.

“I’ve some interest in vintage cameras,” I replied with a smile. “This is one of the popular models in Google.”
Wearing a fucken fedora hat indoors, this guy was fashion statement as fuck. He was there at the shoot earlier but he wasn’t really working the main camera. I remembered him to be that silent guy who was just standing around, watching Dave work. Occasionally taking shots from the sides. Assistant, maybe.

“It’s one of my faves to use for studio shoots.” He then stuck his hand out, friendly. “I’m Will. Will Menadi.”

His handshake was firm. “Sebastian Stan.”

“Yes, I know who you are. Winter Soldier.”

You know, I really am just a dork who really loves acting so I forget that I sold my soul to Marvel - and the universal fandom mania that came with it - sometimes. Little reminders like this give me a little life.

His mild savagery was mild. “And I was here earlier too, in case you didn’t notice.”

“Right.” I combed my hair away from my face, pretty embarrassed. “Anyway, Seb’s good. You’re interning?”

“Actually, just started this week with the company - I supervised your entire wardrobe shoot with Dave. He’s one of my intern-trainees. Now you look surprised.”

“Supervise.” I had some silly things to say when eyeballing him. “Wait. How old are you?”

“Guess.”

“Thirty.”

“Warmer.”

Urgh. I’m really horrible with age-guessing. Women seem to appreciate my blank shots though, and you could fucken guess why. “....Thirty one?”

Will cocked an eyebrow at my epic failure, looking a little like he was done. “Forty next year.”

Here’s a fella who fucken found the elixir of youth or something. Maybe it was the cool, ash-blonde semi-mohawk hairstyle he was sporting. There were wrinkles next to his eyes when he laughed but none that needed any ironing or anything - Will Menadi was anti-ageing in a really good way, alright.

Gotta know his secrets, man. Sorry Dave! “I really thought you were the very attentive intern or someone junior!”

“So I’ve heard the good things,” he replied, flattered and falling shy at my fleeting complement. “What about you? Wouldn’t take you for someone who’s interested in cameras.”

“Ah. And you can tell, huh?” I rolled my eyes and ran a hand into my hair, grabbing a handful and pulling at it.

I was suddenly sarcastic as fuck with, “is it because I’ve this great set of hair, pretty eyes, sexy murder strut thing going on - the kind of guy who beds my dates’ moms?”

“Damn.” He was totally caught off guard with the riot I just started. “How serious are you with all

“I see...Inside joke thing. But no, not really that. You were spot on with a Mamiya, I was very surprised!”

“Oh.” I popped my mega-sized head back to size. Boo to that. Just as I was feelin’ myself. Sigh.

“I’ve been reading up on cameras and photography. It’s interesting. Anyone can snap photos but to capture moments and memories, tell stories with them - takes someone with great taste, knowledge, experience and perspective. It’s fascinating.”

“Okay.” Will looked around us. “You’re obviously talking about me because there’s no one else here.”

My chin pointed at the guy who was partially inside his laptop screen already. “Dave’s here.”

“He’s an intern. Doesn’t count. You were saying?”

Laughing, I picked up a polaroid-ish picture print of myself and held it up next to my head.

“Thank you for making me look like I’ve a side profile crafted by the Gods, Will.”

Will was very amused at how fucken giddy I was about all this. Photography, Christ I would sell my soul if I knew a damn thing about it. Instagram and a whole lot of effects export photographer, that’s all me alright.

“It helps a lot when you have a good subject to work with. You made our jobs easier, so we thank you too.”

“I’m usually a modest, humble guy but I’ll take the credit.”

“You’re funny, Sebastian.” He smirked. “So, you own any?”

“A camera? Nah. I haven’t got the time to really look into the models to get one, let alone learn the skills of the trade. My iPhone’s got really mad apps for filters, though.”

And the photographer snorted like pssh, bitch please. “Print quality and clarity is better with an Android.”

“We’re not really gonna go back to the stone ages with that, are we?” My face, so goddamn flat I swear on anything that you could put jello on it and nothing would fucken move. Will was in stitches.

The photographer soon calmed down to hold the camera out to me. “You wanna have a go with it?”

“For real? Wow. Can I?” My eyes rounded like saucers. “Ah...I’d love to but I really don’t wanna break anything of yours. These hands. Broke a lot of fake walls the past few years or so. That Mamiya screams fragile.”

“You’d be surprised. And I think you’ve great-looking hands. For a guy.”

I wasn’t sure what to make of things when Will took another step into my space and started to literally fucken eyeball them closely next. Everything became weird almost in an instant, Christ.
“Oh, sorry!” He quickly apologized when I retracted them from his impromptu study, my expression all shades of what the fuck? when he straightened up to meet my eyes at level again.

“I regularly do shoots for hand models and have to screen for quality so when you said it like that it’s just automatic for me to grade them with, uh…” He gave it a sheepish groan. “I’m so very sorry. Seriously. Occupational checklist habit thing.”

“It’s okay. All good.” And I swear it was solely because Will was sporting this slightly crooked smile. It was sort of the main highlight of his face, it attracted most of my attention. As in I bet he gets away with being fucken weird when examining a total stranger’s body parts with it, all the fucken time kind of legit attractive.

“You’ve grades for these.” My hands were out again before I knew it. I was curious, Christ. “What’s mine?”

“Super nice.”

“I knew it!” My eyebrows rose to the ceiling and I was laughing again. “You totally made that up.”

“Technically, ‘super nice’ is a legit term.” He replied, as-a-matter-of-factly tonation as fuck and all.

“I do grade hands but there isn’t any official grading terminologies or anything.”

Couldn’t tell if he was really bossin’ it or he was just being cheeky. “Right. You got me good.”

“Hey. Believe me if you want to.”

Well it wasn’t like I was gonna go to fucken hand school anyway but I too, can be cheeky as fuck.

“I believe you’re gonna let a total noob with super nice hands man-handle an expensive vintage camera.”

“Damn, you’re fast!” Will chortled and practically dropped it in my hands, void of fucken TLC for his Mamiya.

“Seriously.” It weighed a tonne for a small item, though. “You’re actually gonna let me take pictures with it?”

He shrugged like he didn’t just fucken gave me a billion dollar age oldish camera to ruin. I was grinning like a goddamn madman, the skip of my heartbeat wild, my pupils fucken dilated by 99% - this felt a lot like falling in love, I swear it was.

“If you have time, I can teach you how to work it. It’s not hard to operate at all, honestly - but you gotta know some nooks and crooks to some major functions. Then you can go around and test the effects. Knock yourself out. What do you say?”

Contrary to popular beliefs, I’m not always a fucken Dory on days which schedules are non-conflicting.

I glanced at my watch to do this super fast Lion-Cho champion level of confirming the remaining program I had for the rest of Monday night off the top of my head before coming back to the photographer with an overly enthusiastic nod.

“Awesome!” Fanboy mode: on. “I’ve about an hour-ish or so before I run off to another meeting. Cool?”
Will Menadi’s sort of legit attractive and slightly crooked smile stretched a little wider.

“Perfect.”

I don’t usually send text messages to the pancake rockstar but when I do, I’d wanna know where he is.

*Me*: Where are you, Robert? I know you’re out here. Come out, come out wherever you are.

*Robert*: It’s nice to hear from you too, Sebastian but what are you talking about?

That’s because I developed this crazy belief that somewhere amongst the elaborately-costumed pilgrims flooding the convention halls to pay homage to the comic universe and its fandom in good ol’ Salt Lake City, there would be a Robert Downey Jr walking around in stealth mode so solid, you wouldn’t fucken spot him even if he took the mic to ask you a question during your solo panel at Comic Con.

Okay that’s a bit much but you gotta know that he’s successfully evolved into a fucken chameleon these days - from bratpacker to a notorious security-dodging Gulfstream-hijacking rockstar, ninja cosplayer, fucken Martha Stewart and Godfather, he’s doing it all - so it was only natural for me to suspect that one of the billions of Walkers or Deadpools invading the super massive halls could just be him.

*Me*: Comic Con @ Salt Lake City. I’m looking out for you, man. Come by my booth!

*Robert*: I’d love to but I’m in Atlanta. I’m doing great, thanks for asking by the way. Appreciate it.

*Robert*: Oh and all the best for your solo panel tonight James Buchanan Barnes!

*Me*: FACE ME, STARK!

*Robert*: Hahaha! :P

I wanted to organize a fucken manhunt and invite everyone in Utah to join me (I seriously was, I totally lost my marbles with this, Christ) but I was at Comic Con for what Lion calls ‘Marvel fan service commitments’ so boo to that crazy ambition. Chris’ latest text message was didn’t know you’re shooting a shampoo commercial but you know how everyone’s a fucken ninja when you’re goddamn Usain Bolt-ing your ass to somewhere in life, from all sorts of (legit) excuses like delayed flights with United airlines.

We were a whole fucken five sections away from each other in the hall, I was doing a great job with the supporters as they came and went and all but honest to God I wasn’t even fucken subtle when stealing glances at the guy. That full head of slicked back dark blonde hair and that thick, manly beard thing he was rocking. Sweater top so stretched, khaki colored slacks tailored to cling onto that sexy ass.

I bet he goddamn knew I was seriously thanking fuck that I was behind a table most of the time -
the fans didn’t need to see my rocket awoke and tryna fucken launch itself out of my pants the entire damn time, really. The eternal horny bastard I turned into, I swear I was such a fetus before Chris Evans happened.

“Are we having a break soon?” I asked my handler who was clearing the very many gifts from my hands, helping to load them into a big box nearby. “Thanks.”

“Yea we are. Should be in...five minutes for lunch. You’re due back here around three. Taking off?”

“Uh…” He still had about 7 people in his line. “Yeah. A bit.”

I turned to her only to see Sarah looking at what I was looking at. Who, that is. “He’s in incredibly great shape, Seb. How is Chris Evans even allowed to be so damn hot?”

Didn’t want to burst ovaries or anything but I couldn’t disagree with her. My smile was shy, though. “He’s quite a specimen, I suppose.”

“So!” My regular handler for events is pretty but she’s all sorts of fucken spice sometimes. “Quickie, huh?”

“Oh my goodness.” Blood rushed into my face and my jaw dropped all the way to my shoes. “Sarah!”

”I can only swing an extra fifteen minutes - it’s for Stucky. I totally get it.”

Look at that. People laying down their jobs for fucken Stucky. “I’ll just be in the dressing room.”

“His or yours?”

The stuffed toy dog I was holding, it couldn’t hide the fucken red that was my face. “Sarah.”

“Yours and Do Not Disturb. Got it.”

Her hand was fucken squeezing my shoulder next. “I’m with you till the end of the line, Seb. I’m Stucky for life.”

“That’s gotta be the creepiest thing you’ve ever said to me, Kipling.” It really fucken was. “I never knew.”

“Fifteen minutes, tops. Charlie Mike, soldier, I’ll cover ya.”

“Who the hell is Charlie Mike?”

“It means continue mission, Sebastian. Army language-code thing.”

When the fuck did Sarah ever join the Army, I didn’t wanna know - and I totally forgot everything weird ever existed in my life when Chris turned up at my dressing room door minutes later, looking ever so fly.

“Hey sexy.”

His blue, blue, blue as Hell eyes appeared glazed in the lighting of the hall, the increasing strength of its gaze on mine threatening to take more of my breath away if I was just gonna stare at him in my awe at the stupid door.
“Hi handsome.”

It really did take awhile to get past the fucken exploding hearts that were in my eyes to realise that he was holding a little brown teddy bear in his hand, and it was dressed very much like a Winter Soldier.

He was grinning like a goddamn idiot with it. “So a fan told me that this little fella is called Winter Boo Bear.”

“Genius!” I was tickled by the costume of the toy. “Oh-oh. What does this mean for your Iron Man doll, Chris?”

“What Iron Man doll?”

“The one you tell everyone you sleep in the nude with.”

“Again, Sebby - what Iron Man doll?”

He gave that a mighty snort, faking a confused expression for a second and then slipped his hand around the back of my neck. His eyes ran its sight all over my face, taking me into his senses, sending electrifying tingles down my spine and well, you know where.

“Been wanting to kiss those lips since you left” and I melted like warm butter in a heartbeat. It was fucken amazing as it was pathetic, really. He pulled me closer, getting my heart to do fucken double-dutch out of my ribcage. I was drawn to him like a goddamn moth to light, my mouth parting to receive his as if it I had waited for far too long or something.

“Now we have about an hour, Kingsman - you wrest these clothes off my body and let us fuck like Gods.”

Obviously I had absolutely no fucken objection to that fantastic idea - but someone else did.

Or rather, some people.

“Lion!” I went, breaking away from a very good, very nice and very tantalising kiss when I looked over Chris’ shoulder to catch my agent coming into our space - and he was moving in real fast.

“I’m gonna pretend I didn’t hear he said that.” Lion Cho totally ignored Chris’ invisible daggers flying for him and continued with, “sorry to interrupt but this is very, very important, Seb. Chris, you too.”

Everything is always so motherfucken important whenever you’re on a break or when you’re tryna get it on, I swear it’s annoying as Hell how the universe counter-works sometimes! “Me?”

“Ah, Jordane. Good. Thanks for coming over, man.”

Stranger things were happening when Chris’ manager appeared seconds later, coming around the bend with dark clouds rolling above his head - he was wearing the same steel expression Lion was.

Lion and Jordane exchanged a really brief, terribly serious look. They appeared fucken worried as fuck.

And then my agent said, “you two, inside - now.”
“You guys are fucking kidding, right?”

I threw the paper down on the table in front of me, my blood fucken simmering to what I just read. I wouldn’t glower at my own staff member for anything at all because every single person is awesome as fuck and we are fucken team titans together but this stupid letter here was fucken testing me.

A nerve in my temple burst when Jordane said, “it’s only until the press tour for Civil War’s over, guys.”

“This is bullshit,” I went, scoffing hard. “What’s us got to do with Marvel’s commitments, Lion?”

“Apparently, everything.” My agent, he had been sighing a hell lot in this meeting. “Jordane. You wanna...?”

The other man took over. “As the letter states, the management wants you two to keep everything family friendly for all the appearances related to promoting their works - the both of you being so open with your relationship can now be considered a tiny breach to the contract.”

“Breach of contract!” I snapped, shooting a glance at Chris and returned to his agent. “Reason being?”

“Reason being...Look, no one expected that you two would get involved with each other like this given your credible image as professional actors,” he explained, although he looked like he’d rather not be there at all.

Next to him, Lion served us with, “you’re Bucky and he’s Steve - and you’re not supposed to be more than brothers if you know what I mean.”

“Hah!” Chris went, ridiculed to Hell. “When I’m inside of him, I don’t fucking call out Bucky’s name - if you know what I mean.”

I would’ve buried myself inside these walls until autumn if this wasn’t a grave matter for discussion, Christ.

I shook my head, genuinely stumped. “I’m not following. So we’re dating and that’s being unprofessional?”

The agents nodded, without fucken hesitation too. “Yes.”

“I read all the contracts myself, Jord. Didn’t see anywhere which stated that I can’t date or be involved with my co-star romantically because that’s no one’s business because it’s called our personal lives.”

Chris then shot me a look when I asked, “what if we don’t want to do this?”
I had to wonder how much chaos Chris and I were capable of causing, if we fucken knew what the chaos was all about in the first place. Our agents were beating around the fucken Amazon forest and still having a really difficult time trying to get us to understand why this was happening but failing so hard, which was weird because fail was never in Lion’s books. Jordane’s too, I suppose.

It only occurred to me that they must have had their heads on fucken chopping boards waaaaaay before they became bearers of such news - so whatever that landed on us had always been a big fucken deal and right then, no one in the room was handling it well.

“There is no don’t - you need to adhere to the rules in your contracts, Seb. Chris. This can become serious.” Lion’s face was Victor Von Doom hard.

“Good news is that they still need the both of you to for all kinds of advertising and marketing purposes because of the crazy success made from the movies and characters - which is why they’re not gonna suspend or pull both of you out from the press tour. But you gotta play it down a little.”

Never in the history of my working with anyone was I ever suspended for dating my co-stars, seriously.

“Something’s not right here.” My man wasn’t having it. “I still don’t see the fucking logic why I can’t date him when I’m not Steve Rogers and he’s not Bucky Barnes. What is this really about?”

Jordane took his fingers from the bridge of his nose, meeting his client’s eyes in another epic staredown.

“Chris, come on. You honestly think we don’t already know that? We didn’t write these rules, man. Bottom line is the company has only your best interest in their books and this is a letter based on that.”

“The company’s best interest is for me and Seb to engage in a more appropriate manner when doing appearances - professionally and personally. What?”

“Okay! You wanna know what’s the ruckus is really about? They’re don’t want Steve and Bucky’s images to be seen as...different from the arc of the movies. Urgh. That’s not really it. Lion.”

Chris and I had been watching a fucken tennis game between our managers for the past fifteen minutes.

“Scandalized, guys,” Lion said, picking up savagery and wielding it in our faces. “Marvel doesn’t want any of their characters’ clean images scandalized. Ain’t what they’re going for image and branding-wise. There.”

Boy. If you could only see how Chris looked like he was really gonna throw the coffee cup into someone’s face, you’d quickly grab him by the knee and fucking throw him a look that says chill the fuck out, man. Not today too.

“Unbelievable.” My eyes rounded at the way things were put into immediate perspective before us. “We’re some kind of bad press?”

“I get it now. It’d be okay and family-friendly if we were dating our women co-stars.”

Chris’ statement came out of nowhere to fucken annihilated everything to oblivion, Christ.

“That’s what this is really all about, isn’t it?”
“Sorry, man.” Jordane sighed, worn as fuck. “We didn’t think you two getting involved this way is a problem for their family-friendly marketing guidelines, and we still don’t - but we can’t fight the big bosses on their decision anymore. We hate to do this too, but as you can see our hands are kinda tied at the mo.”

Chris and I were standing at the corridor next.

He spent about billion years just fucken staring at the wall behind me, lost in his world for a bit before he let me step into it. His warm hands were on my neck again, thumbs stroking lightly on my cheeks. His eyes, dark and shoulders, down.

“I know what you’re gonna say, Sebby - please just save it. There’s nothing you can say that’s gonna make me think otherwise.”

His smile, fucken forget it was ever gonna appear again for the rest of the day because the fucken sun just died with his spirit, Christ but opportune moment, Seb. Wait for it.

You know things were a lot Hellish when you start istening to fucken Jack Sparrow as voice of reason. “What are you thinking right now? And I was gonna offer you some encouraging words in Old English.”

He only scoffed to that. I started softly. “It’s not gonna be so bad, Evans. We’ll tone it down a little bit. Bromance. Besides, everyone knows better. Believe me on that.”

“You know it’s not about that, Sebby. I can’t bring myself to be ruled over by what I don’t believe in - they’ve no rights over us like that. Professionally I can deal but that was very personal and they made it into an official issue - and we're stuck in it. That’s a different level of low, man. My kids won’t even go there.”

His kids, seriously. Okay focus. “Where’s the guy who said we’re changing ideals and that we’re all golden, Evans? I wanna talk to him. I like that Chris Evans better.”

“They know that they can’t do that but just because they have the power, they can. I’m not even angry. Just extremely disappointed that this was handled this way.” Chris then snorted, his eyes still dark. “I’m sorry. I’m Steve Rogers. Who is this Chris Evans you’re looking for?”

You gotta know that whenever he’s feeling anxious or edgey, I’m expecting myself to swim oceans, climb mountains, fucken tap dance on a fields of fire to get him out of the supermassive black hole he digs himself into - so I’d totally settle for him for catty as fuck anytime.

“I don’t know.” My arms slipped around his waist, ridding the gap between us. “Maybe someone who secretly wishes he was Chris Hemsworth?”

“Thor?” His head jerked a little, genuinely surprised at the answer and then became curious. “Why him?”

“He’s incredibly sexy. You’d wanna think you’re him, Evans.”

“Wait, wait. You think he’s sexy?” Chris’ lips twitched a little, forcing down a smile. He was both annoyed and amused but his tense nature also showed signs of cracks appearing, and that was great for me. “You bitch.”

Maybe it wasn’t the best opportune moment I found but Chris was lightening up from the
distraction so I quickly took the chance to speak my mind.

“So! Here’s to looking at the brighter side of all things epic stupid that just came down on us—”

“God, Sebastian. I told you to save it!” Chris groaned, giving me a really flat look. “Shush, please.”

Fuck it, really. “-Marvel will never admit it but they’re also the very reason we met each other—”

“SEA BASS !”

“-Kind of like how a cupid works if you really think about it and now look! We’re together—”

“Lalalalallaa! Oh my God shut up, Sebastian!”

Chris was covering his ears, literally. I couldn’t deal, I started laughing like a madman at that dangerous pout threatening to kill me with fucken cute. I mean it wasn’t a bad way to go, though. What the hell, really.

“You think this is all so very funny! Well, I don’t - and you’re annoying me, Sebastian. Now excuse me while I flip a fucken table at whoever wrote that letter. Bye.”

“No, you’re not!” I grabbed for his hand, pulling him back to me. “Listen to me - we’re fucking Stucky, goddamnit!”

“Stucka...what?” His handsome face twisted at something I said. The fuck did I just say, God. “What in the bloody blue Hell is Stucky ?”

Here’s someone who's on Twitter but don’t the fuck know nuts about what’s trending.

“Ask Tom Holland.” Because I ain’t got no time to explain goddamn ships and millennials’ fanaticism with it.

“Listen - we’re a team. So Marvel’s fucking ungay but think about it - they need us as much as we need them, in a lot of ways. Like who else can be Steve and Bucky?”

“The Winchesters.”

Look at that. As an unhelpful as a fucken doorknob. “I will slap you, Chris Evans. Come back to me before I do that.”

He moved his jaw around to my words trying to tear themselves through the great walls of his anxiety layering themselves around him right then. I’m no psychology doctor as fuck but I came bearing goddamn rainbows and fucken butterflies into barren fields. He - everybody - needed to chill the fuck out and fucken work with me or so help me Lord!

“Look at me. You should be telling us to work around the obstacle now that we can’t get over it. Listen to your fucking heart or something. We can do this together, things like that. No one’s telling us to deny anything, right? We don’t have to go to the press and fucking tell them we’re not who we are.”

I swear at the state I was in, all up his face with fucken positive reinforcement (coercement, more like it). Chris would’ve picked me up and fucken throw me over his shoulder to get me to stop - but he didn’t (thank fuck). He was silent as he stared at me, hard.

“It’s not gonna be so bad as long as we pull through this together, Evans. You know that too.”
After a while of trying to stop a fucken ship from sailing with my bare hands, Chris Evans took a deep, deep, super deep breath. His eyes, closed. Dinosaurs roamed the earth, went extinct - thrice - before Chris let out a huge sigh and looked me straight in the eyes. My arms went Jello from all that pulling. I swear I broke a little sweat, too. Fucken drama king game mega strong with this one, no joke.

“Okay Sebby.” His stare hardened as he nodded. “We’re not gonna pull ourselves out from the tour.”

The fuck, this guy. “Really!”

“What?” He frowned when I responded with staring disbelievingly at his idea. “I’m still sure Mackie can take the stage and entertain a continent on his own. He’s like 40 people in one body.”

“You were really gonna fall out with Marvel after all these years because they won’t let us hold hands.”

“Duh! You really think I’m gonna sigh and cry at a corner or something? We don’t show up for the promotional tour, they’re gonna have to answer for it. Truth comes out. Marketing’s gonna get a total meltdown.”

I didn’t think he’d ever pull an actual superstar anarchy, Christ - it was mental and hot at the same time.

“Or have us sued and replaced!” I really, really liked playing the Winter Soldier, Christ.

“People will know just how fucked up the company is with it. I mean I won’t be surprised if they rather turn Cap into a fucking Nazi instead of justifying the fact that he’s almost queer. HYDRA Cap or something.”

Oh, say it isn’t so!

“Anyway, that was what I was thinking about doing until you and your fucking beautiful eyes talked better sense into my head. Thank you for saying all those things about us, babe. It means a lot that it came from your heart. Okay. I was a little out of line. You’re unbelievably positive about it.”

“Chris is fiercely loyal and protective of the people he cares about. Love does that, you know?”

Robert’s words hit home with how Chris was behaving right then but seriously this guy wasn’t thinking straight at all.

“You were gonna let Asia burn with Mackie’s knock-knock jokes, Chris. I can’t let that happen.”

“Christ, you don’t know.” His expression thawed only by a little. “I’d let anything burn for you, Sebastian.”

Maybe he didn’t mean to for that to come out in the heat of things, judging from the surprised look he was wearing on his face after he said it. He sent my heart into flying fucken space, Chris doggone did.

Sigh. It was beyond nice to be thought of as someone that fucken important. “You would, huh?”

“In a heartbeat.” Chris was blushing real fast. He didn’t wait to ask, “would you do the same for me, Sebby?”
I raised my brow and then shook my head. “Don’t think it’s a great idea to do that for you, though.”

“Oh.” He looked a little like torn to pieces at my reply but you gotta trust me I planned to have him with it.

“All that fire and our ozone layer?” I went, scoffing. “You give me a hard time for using paper plates, Chris!”

Boom, baby.

Chris broke into laughter again, his hand flying up and then landing on his chest in a thump.

“Ozone layer! Right, right. You totally know how to ruin a moment, by the way.”

That’s what he wanted to think but bitch, move over and give a brother room. Granted I’m not filled with pure romanticism but I believe I have my own ways and playa flava to pull off a total Romeo right then.

“So. Would you do the same for me?”

*Love*, I was feeling it. Fucken sure I was because how else could I explain this fucken euphoric rush drumming under my skin? My fingers curled under his chin next, getting his eyes to look deeper into mine.

“I’d fight *with* you in this,” I said, my smile widening. “Now we need to do this as a team. What do you say we take this issue in and walk it all in good stride?”

“You’re too kind.” He frowned. “They’re still gonna have to formally and personally apologise to us after all this is over.”

“We’ll list out about who to take out *after* our contracts end, okay?”

Chris pulled me into a hug without another word said. The unselfish and comforting quality to it reminded me of how it feels like to throw myself into a warm, gigantic, uber plush bean bag and roll around in it until I lose consciousness or something. My senses lit the fuck up to the kisses he was planting softly on my skin. My body fit into his like mold, I just couldn’t get over how fucken heart-warming this felt.

He smiled into my neck. “How do you always manage to bring out the best in me when I lose myself, Sebastian?”

I gave it a shrug because I was low key beaming. “That’s why you need me around, Evans.”

“Looks like I’m gonna need you around for a really, *really* long time, then. Maybe even forever.”

“Really? Well, looks like…” I couldn’t help it, I promise. “.... *I’m with you till the end of the line, pal.*”

He pulled away, pressing his forehead against mine and chuckling. “You fucking didn’t.”

“I nailed it at perfect timing.”

“You’re one of a kind, kid. Literally the sweetest person ever. Thanks for existing in my life.”

“Likewise, Evans - although you’re a little crazy but I like living with your kind of cray.”
“Stop ruining the fucking moment, God!”

And hey, if this ain’t love then I don’t know what love is, right?

“It won’t be child labour if I’m paying them, Gregg. You can’t call social services on me for hiring kids.”

One week to Christmas and those mountains of eBay orders that kept coming through my door weren’t gonna wrap themselves - but of course Gregg believed I was victimizing innocent children with my ingenious plan to solve that problem.

“And you can’t bribe them with milk and cookies. It doesn’t work like that these days.” Gregg went, deadpanning.

“It’s all about the money, bro. Ten dollars an hour. That’s what they’re gonna ask. Each.”

“Ten dollars per hour, each kid?” I was shocked, I really was. “Whatever happened to the spirit of giving and not expecting anything in return with children nowadays?”

“No money means no giving them things to wrap and expect a good job in return. Sounds familiar?”

“Okay fine. Tell Daisy and her crew it’s a done deal. Get them to wrap all of the presents by the end of today because I need to send them out tomorrow morning or none will make it for Christmas itself. I’d do it myself but I have this.” I held up the script book in my hand. “Actor’s gotta actor.”

“You won’t do it yourself even if you’re free, Seb. All that paper cut you’ll get on your hands. Oh, the horror!”

Don’t look at me like that. Moving on.

Gregg’s phone call to his daughter Daisy seemed to last longer than expected, Christ. The kid’s a smart one, I was prepared to know about the other demands she had up her sleeves. I left the counter and went back to my sofa chair which I’d been holed in the entire morning in my housemate’s coffee house, high on the smell of fresh bakes and full-bodied aromatic coffee.

Outside the coziness, New York City was blanketed by December’s snow, the streets on this side of the town quiet and peaceful on a Sunday morning. On my table was a huge mug of latte, half eaten bagel and about 3 thick script booklets because I was feeling like going through all the projects I left for them to collect dust since Thanksgiving last month.

Yeah, I look like a workaholic when I’m a workaholic, I swear I’m not a pretentious, method actor or anything.

“Someone’s done with shopping for the entire holiday season, I see.”

A cup of black coffee then landed itself next to my mug. I looked up from the epic mess and the first thing that caught my attention was his sort of legit attractive and slightly crooked smile on his face.
“Will! Hey, man.” I pulled my cap around, pleasantly surprised at his appearance. “Good morning.”

“Morning.” Will Menadi went, taking the beanie off and ruffling his hair a bit. “Wasn't sure it was you I saw when I walked in earlier.”

I started straightening some things, my smile widening to meet his own. “No makeup and a tiny highlight.”

“Probably.” The photographer laughed, before pointing to the chair opposite mine. “May I? I’ll get it.”

“Sure. Thanks.” He passed me my gym bag which was inside the furniture and made himself comfy in it.

“It’s been a while. How are you?” The man asked, eyeing the many things decking the table. “Busy, I reckon.”

“Yeah, just a little.” Will gave my answer a very funny look. “How’s things at Marvel? You settling in well?”

“Work’s been pretty great, actually. Everyone’s very nice over there - so there are days which makes me wonder where they’re hiding the bodies of their ex-workers or something,” he joked, stretching his legs out.

“That’s great to know.” Oh, if he had any idea what I was putting up with, God but you know what? Will’s happiness wasn’t my shit to bomb so I best let it be. His coffee looked and smelled fucken lethal, man. “Long night?”

“Long nights. On top of directing some shoots back at the HQ, I’m working on a side project with some other photographers at one of the galleries around this block so yeah. This here is a lifesaver. Was told the name is the Cure Thingo. Have you ever tried it?”

“When I need to sober up in 2 seconds from a hangover, I’ll drink that. You’re hardcore to be sipping it, Will.”

“Seb!”

Gregg fucken materialized out of nowhere, sending me jumping out of my seat a little when his voice hit the back of my head. When the fuck did he become Houdini, I didn’t know. “It’s done. Three girls. You’re paying them cash upfront before the job - oh, and they also want tickets to Doctor Strange’s premier screening. They’ll be done with all the wrapping by seven and you’re sending them all home.”

I was most amazed and amused at how such information was obtained. “Doc Strange only started filming.”

“Cumberbitches. I just got to know. So anyway, they’ll be at the apartment around two. Hey Menadi.”

“Hey Gregg.”

Next, Will was looking back and forth at me and my housemate the same way I was looking at him and Gregg.
“You know each other?” at the same time and Gregg was first to break the jinx with, “Will was my roomie.”

“College. He graduated a year earlier.” The photographer’s surprise was evident on his smile. “You?”

“I’m his new errr...roomie? We live together.” I replied, feeling like the world just shrunk with this coincidence.

“Will just started with Marvel,” I informed Gregg, who was a blinking tree frog with things. “Small world!”

“And you for real?” Will had something else to be concerned about. “You’re using children to wrap presents?”

“Correction: I’m paying them. I don’t have the time. Gregg, you graduated a year early? You graduated? I’m kidding.”

“My parents contributed a handsome amount to revamp the music room and pool so I get to skip a year.”

Will and I were staring at him in utter goddamn disbelief next. Gregg nodded with pride level 999, his face serious as fuck - and he had us for a solid 1 minute with that scenario before he rolled his eyes. Hard.

“Or I’ve an IQ of a genius so...whatever okay. Yes, Seb. I graduated.”

His fucken punchlines, Christ. Someone ban the guy before he starts doing stand up comedies or something.

He slapped Will’s shoulder, happy. “College was awesome, ain’t it Will? This guy here was a total heartthrob, Seb. Still is. Anyway, yeah wow. Small world. Seb’s kind of a diva sometimes, you can tell him to not do things. Whoa. I just baked this crazy awesome lemon bars I’m gonna bring it out in a sec. Be right back!”

“Nothing changed except he’s so much better looking now,” Will said next, still chortling at how I was a little red around the face, somehow embarrassed that the photographer was given such useless information about me by my housemate.

He decided to save me from burying myself alive with, “how long have you two been living together?”

“About five, six years? He’s the one who pushed me for the initial Captain America audition, actually.”

“That’s awesome! And look where you are now, Sebastian. Congratulations! Was it ‘Expand your horizons’?”

Look at that. I’ve got the whole wide word in my hands already. “No way! You too?”

“Made a lot of changes in my life with that one. Good ones. More bad ones though but they put me in a better place somehow.”

Maybe Will’s laughter was infectious as fuck, I was giggling for no fucken reason at all.
“Anyway, damn! I didn’t think things would get any more interesting than this,” he continued.

“To think a few months ago I was this close to moving to France. Coming to crazy New York City, working for Marvel, running into Gregg of all people on this planet. New opportunities, acquaintances. Friends. I can safely say I’ve no regrets now.”

My face was warm at his last reference. I picked up my mug and held up a toast, getting Will to do the same.

“Here’s to good times and terrible times which will turn out to be great times in the end!”

“Aye!” Gregg should fucken stop apparating out of thin air, Christ. He dropped a plate of his creation on top of my scripts (no fucken consideration for my working space at all) and sang out a very merry, “lemon bars for everybody! Only at this table. Because we’re friends.”

And just like that, snowy Sunday kicked off to a livelier level as we gathered around and chatted the next few hours away, over great coffee and yummy bakes. Will and Gregg had so much fucken history for only a few years of sharing the same room in college together, it was goddamn interesting that they didn’t learn much from books as they did from getting away with a lot of murder or something.

My college years were just as nuts, but I didn’t do things like skate down staircases with fucking rollerblades on or perform muscle ups on a traffic light posts or anything potentially limb-damaging like that. I was more of a drama club kid, Christ you should hear me tell them how I killed Hamlet next to the story of them trying to kill someone name Hamlet with a human catapult contraption. Mental as fuck, everyone but me was.

My fascination with their daredevil past (well, Gregg still skydives occasionally) came to an end when it was time to become a boss to three little elves. Will was taking the train as well, so we started for the station after Gregg forced some more bakes in our hands.

We were chatting about spin class (always a bad idea but I’ll cycle my soul away anyway) when Will’s phone beeped - and what came next was truly something I would like to think was just another motherfucking huge coincidence happening in my universe.

“Ah, man!” He went, making a face at the screen of his phone. “I was rooting for Team Iron Man. Darn it.”

“Team Iron Man.” I was curious at his sudden outburst to what he just received. “What’s that all about?”

“The Civil War press tour. I signed up to be on Team Iron Man. Official photographer,” Will sighed. “But the guy for team Cap will be on paternal leave so I’m gonna have to take his assignment with that other team.”

Team Cap = that other team. Seriously, I tried not to take offence but Will Menadi just fucken sighed again like something just goddamn broke his heart or something. Fucking Hell, this guy was seriously miseducated somewhere - I couldn’t fight the urge to set some major records straight for obvious reasons.

“What’s so bad about that other team?” I went, dialing down the rising inner bitch. “Hey, we’re a fun bunch of people. We have Evans, Mackie, Renner and Rudd. Elizabeth’s resting bitch face humor. You’d wanna be on our team when the world is ending, Menadi - you have to experience us to find out why.”
“It’s just…” Will kept a straight face. “I’ve always been a huge Iron Man fan since I was a kid. Tony Stark has everything. And Robert Downey Jr. Perfection perfected. Black Widow. She’s so gorgeous.”

“That’s too bad. You’re on my team now so this is a good time to expand your f
c

What the fuck did I just say, Christ.

The photographer was starting to laugh at my verbal train-wreck. Hey, my lips were almost frozen in the fucken cold weather, okay honest to God that was how that happened. “You Pokemon Go, too?”

I knew I should’ve uninstalled the fucking app before I could reach level 23, damn it. Chris Evans, I swear!

“The point is! You’ll be seeing a who lot of us meaning you’ll be having a whole lot of fun with Team Cap. You should be feeling the excitement sinking in very, very soon - I’m gonna look forward to it, Will.”

Will didn’t look like he was feeling anything else but one billion fucken invisible fingers tickling his goddamn ribcage right then, but he slapped his palm into mine and gave my gesture in welcoming him on board the best team ever a single, solid shake anyway.

He finally calmed the fuck down with, “Okay, Seb. You got me looking forward to twenty sixteen already.”

“May be a little early to celebrate this.” I smirked, proud and all. “But look how fast I turned you. Amazing, ain't it?”

"Yeah, it is." Will Menadi’s sort of legit attractive and slightly crooked smile appeared a little on the shy side, though.

"I wasn't quite expecting to turn that fast, too."

Till next time...
Sharing this cute manip from @lost.romanian.god on IG and @xvanillacchix from tumblr because it's too much cute.
Give Captain America a New Year, New Me

Chapter Summary

"New Year, New Me - Oh, you know how it is"

Chapter Notes

featuring top!Sebby (is this how it's written? I've no idea lol!)

This chapter is heavily influenced by DNCE's 'Toothbrush' too.

Enjoy!

Other mentions: The Robert Downey Jr, Gregg Masterson (Fictional character), Chelsea Handler, Anthony Mackie, Will Menadi (Fictional character), Frank Grillo, Emily Van Camp

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe
Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry
Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather
Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year
Part 13: Give Captain America the Lovebug

Part 14: Give Captain America Someone Beautiful (and Everyone Knows It)

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Part 15:

The pancake rockstar doesn’t usually text me but when he does, I’d like to think that it's because he thinks about me a lot. Aww.

*Robert:* Barnes. How’s Christmas in Siberia?

*Me:* Stone cold. Will I be seeing you in a fight scene this week? I’ve got new moves to show.

*Robert:* Probably not. I'm too busy pimpin’ out Parker’s suit for Homecoming. How’s Rogers?

*Me:* He’s jumping off props, taking out baddies and bromancing me as usual. Hey, big man in a suit of armor - take all that away and what does that make you?

*Robert:* Still Iron Man?

*Me:* Stark-naked. Get it? LOL!

*Robert:* This is why I'm not allowing you near my tower, no matter what Rogers tell me.

*Me:* Why can’t we be friends, Stark?

*Robert:* That’s a funnier joke than the Stark naked one.

*Me:* Well...Have a very merry Christmas and a happy new year anyway, Tony.

*Robert:* Happy holidays to you too, Barnes.

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Two days to 2016 and Chris Evans’ grand idea of welcoming in the brand new year was to get away from the world for a while.

I eyeballed the snow falling over my city. “You wanna go camping. Right now. It’s December. And you’re still in Germany.”
“I’m done with the reshoots yesterday, leaving for LA tonight. Anyway, camping and fishing. Los Padres at Big Sur, babe. Salmon and albacore are bountiful in the colder months.”

Bountiful, Christ. Webster as fuck, this guy. “Tell me there’s gonna be a cabin.”

You probably don’t know this but I believe that I can live without the internet.

“Well, we’ll be in sleeping bags inside a tent, pitched on a glorious hill point with the river running nearby.”

Hahahaha, I’m kidding - I can’t live without it simply because internet = oxygen. “And no Wi-fi.”

So obviously he was gonna be alone for this one. “You got the wrong number, don’t call me anymore.”

At the other end of this Skype date, Chris’ perfect smile turned into a murderous pout in 2 seconds.

“We need to switch off, Sebby!” His animated hands, flying all over my damn Macbook screen with it.

“Far, far away from stress. Annoying, blurry faces. Work. You seriously need to stop working for a while. Some fresh winter air, fresher catch, freshest sex under the stars will do us both good. Come with me.”

I snorted. “I would come with you. As in on you and all over you, Christopher Evans.”

His turned a little red. “You distract the matter of discussion, Kingsman.”

“I love nature, Chris. I truly do but I don’t want my balls fucking frozen solid. You wouldn’t enjoy it.”

Chris’ handsome, clean shaven face was still as straight as a fucken arrow at my attempt to stab some humor into it. Captain Steve Rogers had no chill for fun right then.

I rolled my eyes, folding my arms next. “I’ve a much better idea. Why not we go to a spa retreat - soak ourselves with Mother Nature’s best oil blends and aromatherapy massages. Eat the best tuna steak in the house. Sexiest sex in the balcony of the most expensive suite, under the stars. Come with me instead.”

My hands, flying all over my own face to my own proposition. Think I spent way too much time with guy to start goddamn mirroring him already, Christ. I swear I even didn’t know when this started.

“Clear some dates now, Chris. You. Me. Hot tub. Are you in?”

“That’s not getting away from the world. That’s escaping it. I want to fall out of the planet for a while. I don’t wanna be in a room naked with people I don’t know touching me between my balls. If you’re not coming with me then I’m gonna go alone.”

“Smart strategy. Making me think of the Revenant so that I’ll be worried about you. You always go camping Chris, and you can wrestle a bear with those arms - or make friends with it. Go on, babe. Have fun!”

“Fine. Go to your stupid countdown parties and leave me all alone in the wilderness then.”

I leaned into the camera and shook my head. “Don’t do that.”
“Do what?”

“Guilt-tripping me! This is emotionally abusive, Evans.”

He laughed, ridiculed. “Just because I rather have you spend literally alone time with me than totalling yourself silly at rave parties, I’m emotionally abusive. Shh. Wait. Did you hear that?”

His finger on his lips, I couldn’t keep up with this drama king for nuts sometimes. “Hear that what?”

“The sound of my heart breaking. You think I’d do such things to you. I’m so terribly sad now.”

The Hell, seriously. “What’s in it for me in this camping getaway, Chris?”

“Everything. Me. Basically you get me because I’m everything to you. Aren’t I, Sebastian Stan?”

Look at that smooth. And those incredibly blue, blue puppy dog eyes reaching into the very depths of my soul, pleading at me to give in.

Aww! I really, really, really couldn’t find the heart to say no.

Hmmmmm.

“Say hi to Yogi bear for me when you see him, babe!”

“God you’re heartless.”

“I’ll give you an hour to reconsider and then get over everything, Evans.”

“Hah! Two. Bye.”

The best way to describe the year of 2015 was this: an epic nut job perfectly done inside a motherfucken rollercoaster ride - but as much as I have minimum chill for all things that turns the contents of my stomach inside out, I’d gladly take that ride all over again. Ultimately, it was a darn great year for me.

Well, you would know if you read anything I wrote at all - because I penned like 14 fucken chapters of what happened to me that year (and 2014 too!) so maybe you wanna take some time and catch up with all that instead of expecting me to write a short, smashing as fuck synopsis for it all or something.

There’s only one room for one diva here, so thank you very much for understanding. Anyway.

It was New Year’s eve and its chilly morning saw me throwing things out of my room because half of the things I thought I wanted to keep forever suddenly didn’t matter anymore. Out with the old and in with the new, they say. I was shifting, rearranging things around in my room too and at the rate I was going, I must have mastered Feng Shui or something. All those trips to China, maybe. I
I didn’t know – all I knew was I had the crazy urge to fucken interior redecorate and no one was gonna stop me.

Gregg Masterson tried, though. “Stop, stop, stop! What are you going to do with that?”

I was a fucken cleaning machine with all systems go, Christ. “I’m gonna scrub my bathroom.”

“Like, on your own?” Gregg’s eyes darted back at forth at the toilet brush in my hand and me.

He took note of my serious as fuck face and snorted. “You know we pay housekeeping to do that, right?”

“Yeah, I know. I just wanna clean it now. Get the tub sparkling white. I learned a hack on Youtube for it.”

Gregg was unforgiving. “Do you even know what that is? And how to use that thing in your hand?”

The kind of crazy look someone gives you when you tell him or her that your grand idea to get rich real quick was to rob the national bank, he was giving me just that. Hell, even my dog was looking at me mega weird - my housemate and my handsome Doberman fucken knew I wasn’t me that morning already.

Turtle’s words materialized via Gregg with, “who are you and what have you done to Sebastian?”

I laughed. “I’m moving on to better things, Masterson. New year, new me. Oh, you know how it is.”

“You don’t say!” He then sighed at the pile of mess near the doorway of my bedroom. From the looks of it I guess he goddamn knew most of the items he was seeing were a little hard to remove from my heart, let alone to get them off my shelves and drawers and into the bin but hey, it had to be done.

And that was why he didn’t bother poking me about it anymore. He’s fam like that, good ol’ Gregg.

“Okay hot shot but we’re hitting Matt’s and then Times Square in the evening, Seb. When’re you gonna get this cleared?”

“After I’m done with cleaning the bathroom. I promise, Dad.”

Gregg gave me a flat look at Dad. “Okay, son. Oh, uhm, Margo was at the cafe earlier this morning.”

“She’s in town?” And I hadn’t seen her for ages, wow. Time flew that fast, Jesus. “That’s nice. How is she?”

“Happy. Anyway, she’s probably gonna be at Matt’s later too so I thought I could give you a heads-up. You know, in case things get awkward or anything.”

Hmm. Funny. I remembered we ended things on friendly terms but yeah, okay. “Thanks, Gregg.”

“Don’t mention it. I can’t believe I’m asking you this but do you need any help with anything? This mess is starting to get to me. Let me help you. Throwing things without mercy is my forte.”

“Care to help me get rid of this?” I asked, pointing to the chest of drawers next to me. “Getting a bigger one.”
“Whoa. This?” Gregg was genuinely surprised because my current drawer could hide his daughter and my dog and well, himself if he could yoga the shit out of himself to fit inside a wooden box.

“I know you’re a superstar now Sebastian but you just got this from that expensive Italian lifestyle outlet barely two years ago. How much is it? Two grand? Three? It’s still in mint condition!”

“Don’t need it anymore. It doesn’t serve any purpose if I can’t fit more things inside it.”

“And how is getting a bigger chest of drawers than this beast is gonna solve your shopaholic problem?” He was amused at my logic. “Your walk-in wardrobe is already like going into Narnia. Anyway, can I have it? Looks like a great addition to the cafe.”

If he only saw that I actually cleared out an entire section of clothes from fucken Narnia, really. “I put my socks and underwear in that and you wanna put it at the cafe?”

“I would’ve simply put it up on ebay for ten times the selling price to your fans because of that but I’m not that kind of person, Sebastian. I have plans for it already so I’ll get someone to take it and deliver it to the coffeehouse instead. Thanks.”

He ran his hand over the details of the furniture. “Jeez, why do you even need a bigger chest of drawers?”

Because motherfucken epiphanies happened, that’s why.

So that was how I came to the exciting decision that 2016 was gonna be the year I was gonna grab life by its goddamn balls and trust myself to live it on my own terms.

“About that,” I went, deciding to spare the details for much later because I needed to get all things excess baggage out of my system so I could start ushering the new year partying like the fucken excited madman I am.

“Let me know when you’re free, Masterson. Change is coming - we need to talk about some of my new year’s resolutions.”


Me : Happy New Year Mackie! I love ya man. Can’t wait to roll with you in the press tour. Bucky Falcon karaoke night part deus!

*5 fucken days later*

Anthony : LOL

Well, at least it wasn’t an annoying ‘K’.
In all honesty, chilling indoors and binge-watching a drama series on Netflix while gorging down a lethal box of triple threat cheese pizza with chilled red wine is probably the best - albeit low-key romantic - date night idea ever.

And I was planning to have just that when Chris Evans rolled into town to spend Valentine’s Day weekend with me - until of course, Marvel jumped us with last minute work. Goddamn never tell us things, I swear it fucks me over sometimes. Anyway.

“I see that you’re wearing my shirt, Evans.”

“Am making a fucking subtle statement with it, too.”

“Well played, well played. Looks better on you than it does on me. You can have it.”

“Thanks. You wanna know what you look best in, Sebby?”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

My bursting into fucken schoolgirl giggles at that scored head turns from all angles in the room we were in right then but fuck everything, really. I’d been dusting his (my) shirt forever, too and I didn’t the fuck know why because there was no goddamn lint on the fabric.

Maybe I just wanted to molest his fucken concrete chest in the most restrained manner possible now that we were downplaying our relationship when in public because we family-friendly as fuck. After all the drama that fell on us last year in relation to pre-Civil War release’s promotional activities and its goddamn marketing requirements, I couldn’t help thinking that we were, once again, thrown into the whole sniperception situation - and at a whole new level of mental, too.

I mean I was crazy enough to think that stealth Marvel agent-ninjas were keeping much closer tabs on us this time around, under spy code name Baskin Robbins or something because Marvel’s Baskin Robbins always finds out.

That didn’t stop me from running my mouth wild, though. “Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir, Capitan?”

Chris smiled wider at my suddenly going French on him. Watchful eyes didn’t stop him from placing his lips onto the flap of my ear and breathing out a sinfully sexy, “yes and fais-moi grimper au rideau, tu es un chaud-lapin.”

“Wow…” Language, though. I was impressed to Hell. “Me likey.”

“Not too bad for a guy whose only French you thought he knew was kissing and fries, huh?”

Down, Sebastian. Down boy. “Je suis impatiente, mon coquin!”

He smirked, pulling back a smug one and all. “Can’t wait, too. You need to put that tongue away now - we need to work.”

Too late. The giddy bitch in me was farting rainbow sprinkles already. “This here? Blep.”

“Yes.” The tiny gap between us was pathetic. “Please stop. You’re making want it on me right now.”
“Blep blep.” He could do things to me, I swear. “Gonna have to kiss me first.”

“Hmm.” Chris laughed, his mouth coming for mine. “The contracts can shove it, then. Come here.”

“Do you two need a room?”

We turned our senses to the unmistakable voice of the ultimate blonde snark coming into our space, cutting into our conversation with zero flying fucks that she just interrupted and then destroyed a sexy moment into smithereens. Chris shot me a look and I knowingly read it as time to get eaten alive by the wicked witch of the East, Gretel and I was like open the oven doors, now, Hansel!

I’m kidding. Chelsea Handler’s awesome.

Just don’t leave me alone with her, ever. I won’t survive. Anyway.

“I can tell the cameras to stop running and have everyone clear out the area. These walls are soundproof, by the way. All the privacy you need. Just don’t get anything on that sofa. It’s custom made from Croatia.”

Yup. No words at all. I broke into a wide grin instead, my arms stretching out to welcome her being in a big hug. Her crazy platinum blonde hair all up in my face when she returned it in an overly excited manner.

“Long time no see!” and I caught Chris looking at me like oh, looks like we’re goin’ down swinging tonight, Seb.

Again, I like her but Chelsea is Chelsea. The last time we met, she practically tore me into fucken pieces, especially when she zeroed in on the ‘less-than-platonic-looking Brokeback Mountain-ish relationship’ I had with Chris back when we were doing the media promos for Winter Soldier. On fucken live TV, too. Christ, I walked out of that stage not knowing what the Hell hit me.

So you can imagine the feels I got when I received the email invitation to her apartment in this super upmarket side of Long Island, to do a taping for her new talk show. I mean yay, that’s great but I would’ve felt a little less argh if it wasn’t scheduled to be filmed on motherfucken Valentine’s Day evening, the same goddamn night Chris was gonna touch down in NYC from LA.

Right? Of all the nights in the whole goddamn year, really. Christmas period already saw us flying back to Germany for reshoots and then Chris had to stay there until the end of January in the New Year because well, he’s Cap and so holiday plans, gone.

Look, I still love Marvel, my job, life. Work is work but so is fucken sniperception, believe me on that. Call me an ingrate or crazy all you want but I promise that I wasn’t like this until operation Baskin Robbins happened.

Motherfucken positive reinforcement - so much easier said than done, I swear. So anyway. Was gonna be Chris, Frank Grillo and Emily Van Camp in the same table for this show - and given the epic cray of a history we all had with each other, all I could think of was wow, what a fucken carnival this dinner special’s gonna turn out to be.

“You too, Romanian prince. Wow, it’s been what? Two years since I saw you. You look even hotter now!” She then turned to air kiss and hug Chris. “Happy that your husband could make it too!”
Oh, Lord Jesus save us all. *Now*, please.

“Husband!” Chris was choking back his surprise or laughter, I couldn’t tell. The TV presenter was pinching, pressing and poking into Chris’ muscles and biceps and abs and all next. Her spazzing was amusing but I totally get it.

“Jesus, it’s like you stepped out of a fitness magazine, Chris. Seb you didn’t waste your time at all bagging this sexy one.”

She was fucken serious about it, what the Hell. I kept a straight face. “I’m not...we’re not married, Chelsea.”

Of course she flipped us out of her zone with a (genuinely though) shocked, “What? Impossible. Someone told me you guys did!”

Still trying to find the fucken punchline to this. “No.”

“Are you sure? No _Evanstan_?”

The flying fuck is _Evanstan_, Christ.

Chelsea gave our blank faces a mighty snort. “Oh. You guys are not fucking with me, right? Everyone here thought you did. Looking at how things are with you two I thought you’d be having his babies already! I know you love kids, Chris. You’d want a lot of those little critters.”

Miss Chelsea Handler, everyone - 1000% zero flying fucks for everyone, everywhere.

She then said something which I couldn’t remember before walking out with her crew and closing the door behind her, fucken serious with giving us privacy and all. Chris and I were left looking at each other with faces so terribly warm, we could’ve melted our make-up faster than the bright lights around us could.

Even after so many years of knowing this guy as a real good friend and then getting into numerous numbers of beds with him (escalated, I know), my smashing mind-reading Jedi powers still fucken failed me when I needed it most so old school style it is, then.

My elbow poked into his ribs. “What’s with that smile, Chris? Anything to share?”

He combed at his beard, scoffing. “Husband.”

“What?”

“She actually said I was your _husband_.”

His handsome face broke into a very wide grin. He looked humored. _Wait a minute_.

He started sniggering next. “Where did she even get that idea? I bet that’s from some stupid tabloid person or report or somewhere. I would’ve known if I’d gotten married!”

Me, I tried not to look like I was hit by only the best fucken news ever and swam further into his side of the waters, praying so hard this wasn’t a joke. “I know, right. Silly, much?”

“It is, actually. Wow. Just the idea of it. God. _Chelsea_!”

And seeing Chris Evans laughing so terribly hard while shaking his head like he was just about done with _everything_ was all I needed to get the the entire goddamn universe’s weight to lift off my
chest right then. Looked a lot like fucken *Hallelujah*!

“Really? You can’t imagine it? Because I have to tell you I can’t imagine it either.”

His eyebrows came to the middle of his forehead, his face, pure WTF. “Getting *married*?”

“I could’ve sworn you’ve *always* wanted to settle down or something. Have a million kids.”

The kind of look someone gives you when you tell them your grand idea of learning to overcome your fear of heights is to go fucken freefall off Niagara Falls, Chris Evans was giving me just that.

He blinked a little. “Seb, I signed my life away to a few more movies with Marvel. I have other movies and projects I’m gonna be heavily involved in, too. Maybe even run for politics!”

“Whoa. For real?”

“Hey, if Arnie could do it. Trump’s gonna be president too so everything’s possible, right? Vote for Captain America, babe. Marriage and kids are not exactly tops on my list at the moment. You?”

All those fucken nightmares about settling down, having kids and living near the goddamn Kardashians in some classy as fuck community in snazzy West Coast, they must have totalled me really, really badly or something. I was overly relieved and it fucken showed.

“God, *no*. So many things to do and take on this year, Chris - I *totally* agree with you!”

That was how the New year, New Me personality made his smashing debut into the conversation. I grabbed his hand, squishing it to Hell in my excitement.

“I mean we’re going so, *so* good like this. Now. I really like this pace we’re in. It's comfortable, no pressure.”

He appeared a little confused for some reason but was kind enough to entertain my suddenly going batshit mental on him with a gentle nod. “Yeah. I like it too.”

“You do? Honestly, that’s great to know! I mean you’re a truly great guy and you’d make a good if not perfect husband but I think getting married to you is something I don’t wanna rush or be rushed into. There’s no need for all that now. Right?”

His hands were on my shoulders, as if to stop me from fucken flying away or something. “Of course not.”

“So let’s not get hitched so soon, Chris.”

He nodded again. “I’m not gonna fight ya on that.”

“I knew it! Just me overthinking about things again. Settles it then. Woohoo, *finally*, out of my system! It’s been in there for a while, I should tell you that now.”

His handsome face was wearing a surprised expression next. “It is, huh?”

“Sleepless nights about it, Chris. You’ve no idea.”

“Wow. You never told me that.”

“Well, thank *you* for no more. Seriously!”
Oh, if you could only see how blue his eyes were when Chris came around with his epic response for this.

“You’re welcome but Sebastian, are you saying that you already thought about marrying me in the future?”

@thisiswillmenadi commented on your photo “happy new year, Sebastian!”

@thisiswellmenadi liked your photo. 11m
@thisiswellmenadi liked your photo. 12m
@thisiswellmenadi liked your photo. 13m
@thisiswellmenadi liked your photo. 15m
@thisiswellmenadi liked your photo. 17m
@thisiswellmenadi started following you. 18m

You are following @thisiswellmenadi

I replied his comment on my photo. "Thanks, Will. You too!!!!!!"

Ugh, God it’s always difficult to not get jealous of Tom Brady whenever Chris twitters like a giddy schoolgirl about him. I like the guy, I really do ‘cos he’s like fucken Adonis of American football but there is never any goddamn need for overly excessive fucken heart eyes, really.

Anyway.

Dinner was civil with Frank, Emily and Chelsea but Chris asking an innocent question like ‘does
anyone want salad?’ and my fighting with myself to not reply him with ‘can I have you instead?’ was probably caught on tape - not that my getting myself fucken hot and bothered during a filming for a talk show wasn’t being witnessed by every single head in the TV presenter’s snazzy home already.

Fuck it, really. Anyone could come at me and I’d still develop a problem with toning down my goddamn body language around Chris Evans. Long story short, by the time lights, camera and action ended I was dead sure that everyone knew his fine ass was coming home with me that night.

“I like what you did to your room.”

“You’ve only been here a few times.”

“Twice. I remember thinking your bed is very comfy-looking the first time I came over. We got crazy drunk on Daisy’s donation drive cookies. So good.”

“Before I knew I was gonna become the Winter Soldier. Was that the time when that news came?”

“Was there when you freaked out. It was epic.”

“We were really good friends back then.”

“And look where we are now.”

My heart skipped a trillion beats at once because fucking bedroom eyes, I swear nothing was more beautiful than having those to look into after a crazy night out at work. Love, Christ. I was over the rainbow with it.

“Yeah. What a ride.” My face was burning. “Do you uh, wanna settle down first? There’s fresh towels in that drawer. Take anything. I’ll get us something to drink. Anything you prefer?”

“Okay, babe. Beer, please. Where’s Gregg and Turtle, by the way?”

“They’re away for the weekend with Gregg’s family. We’ve the whole place to ourselves.”

“Would love to catch up with him over drinks or something since I’m here till Wednesday.”

“He’ll be back on Monday. We could do that. Make yourself comfy. I’ll B-R-B, handsome.”

“Thanks, sexy.”

So I’m usually a very gentle, elaborated and well-planned guy when it comes to getting something I really want but let’s just say sometimes uncontrollable, raging hormones brought out a very different side of me whenever I have Chris Evans in my bed.

Perhaps he could smell my thinking about sex like a fucken great white all along. How else do I explain my walking back into my bedroom after getting us some beer, telling him I was surprised that Emily was conversational during the dinner despite the fact that she couldn’t stand him (and me, now that she found out the reason why Chris sisterzoned her to Hell. There goes our BFF sugar donut binge club) - only to find him already naked on my bed, propped on his elbows and knees with his ass in the air, stroking himself slowly and fucken drawling at me with, “well what the fuck are you waiting for?”

The fuck was I waiting for?!

My fingers wove tightly into his hair, destroying that perfect slicked back style he was so proud of
rocking to give it another hard pull as the thrusts of my hips pummeled my cock deeper into his heat, tearing into the walls of his primed and fucken perfect body almost in reckless abandonment as soon as I entered him. I must have seriously wanted to fuck him so hard and so bad that when he grunted and started bucking into my breach, falling himself into the rhythm of movement, making me groan in glee, all my senses caught fire and fucken lit. Chris Evans was so thirsty to welcome me inside of him that I was told to shut up when I asked if he was doing alright and to fucken inform me if I was getting too rough.

“You fuck me like you own me, Sebastian. I’m your bitch tonight.”

I was being considerate because I’m a nice guy like that and look who changed me.

Well!

“Aye, aye Captain.”

The rush of adrenaline in my veins was so fucken electric, Christ. I lost my chill to him barking at me to go harder that I grabbed him by the hair again and pushed his head into the plush pillows, holding it down as I adjusted my position above and behind him so he could fucken experience what the entire of me coming down on him would really feel like. I wanted to make him fucking eat his words because Hell, he got me so jacked up with it.

I began pumping his arousal the same time I continued driving myself into him, indulging in the pleasured sounds coming out of his throat, giving zero flying fucks that he was gonna let the entire Eastern hemisphere know how good he was getting it right then. Goddamn symphonies played in my head whenever Chris moaned my name, his fingers curling into my hamstrings as he lost himself to the merciless drag of my strokes on his dick, his back arching when receiving me whole, the violent tremble of his body under my dominance turning me dangerously wild with zero control. He felt so fucken good around me that the fire curling at the pit of my belly would have set me off earlier than I wanted to if I hadn’t repeatedly told myself I wasn’t fucken finished ravaging this man to my heart’s content.

“Fuck! I’m close…Seb, please...so close ... Yes...”

And the stupid pillow he was biting into didn’t fucken help much with muffling his screams as I held him tighter when we shook in our climax before exploding almost at the same time. Chris fell into the mattress on his chest, growling when I rolled off him and to his side. I was sweating like a madman, spent and breathing through my mouth with hot cum all over me, fucken stars blinding bright in my eyes, my heart out of its ribcage, my emotions derailed.

The man I just took managed a satisfied smile, his lips then dusting light kisses on my neck, his tongue lapping the salty buzz on my skin into his taste. He was just as intoxicated as fuck.

“I love it when you fuck me dirty, Sebby.”

I high-fived myself for a great job done. “Language, Captain.”

He laughed, sweeping his matted hair back and shaking his head. “Son, just don’t.”

“Anyone told you that you can be so very cute, Chris?”

“No. Because I’m not cute. That’s you. I’m usually sexy, hot, manly...That’s all me.”

“Okay, cute’s me...Until I’m on top. How about you don’t leave my bed until you leave for LA?”
Chris was blushing so hard, it was adorable as fuck.

But he was still a jerk with, “hmm...you or cafe-hopping. You or cafe-hopping. I can’t decide. I want to try all the cronuts and ten dollar rainbow bagels in town, Seb. You said you’d bring me.”

My face fell flat. “Unbelievable.”

“I’m kidding. We can stay indoors, order take out, have sex and cuddle the days away. I miss you a lot whenever you’re not with me, too. Sucks that we’re apart for so long sometimes.”

Our eyes met and I held onto that familiar dreamy, faraway look he was giving me for a billion years, watching him getting lost in his own thoughts and emotions like I could read them.

We smiled for another million years before cleaning ourselves off. My head was still in the goddamn clouds, man. So good.

Chris’ lips came together for a second before he started with a stuttering, “I uh...Seb. I...Give me a sec.”

And then he glanced at the clock before jumping out of bed only to come crawling back to my side with a rectangular box in his hand. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Sebastian - here’s to our first.”

My eyes rounded like saucers at what I was given. “Whoa. This is way too much, Chris!”

“I’d fly us out to maybe Bali but my schedule’s insane right now so I hope you’ll like this.”

“I do, thank you.” A goddamn Rolex in my hands because he couldn’t take me to the other side of this planet to celebrate. Christ, he was all out with it like a fucken winner. “And Bali!”

“You wouldn’t go camping with me. Thought Bali would be a good place to tan and spa all day. You’d like that. Maybe next time we can plan our getaway together.”

Look at that smooth. If there’s anyone who believes in romance or anything romantic as fuck, you have a very giddy Chris Evans in that circle. Gets me grinning like an idiot with it, too.

“You totally don’t care that Marvel’s gonna string us up if you do that, do you?”

“So let them come. We’re going HYDRA, Seb - cut off one head and two will grow in its place!”

 Fucking Hell. I would’ve taken his fucken perfect teeth out when I threw myself and kissed him out of my sheer appreciation for all the trouble he was willing to go through for puny ol’ me.

“And I’ve something for you too! May not be as grand as this one but I hope you’ll like it a lot.”

I came back with an empty glass which had a gold ribbon wrapped around it. “This is yours.”

Chris took the item from my hand and turned it around. Twice. “A toothbrush. Why...”

He wasn’t sure what to say but the handsome man was grateful anyway. “...Er...Thank you.”

“You can’t bring it back to Los Angeles though,” I quickly said, getting myself excited as fuck with what I’d been planning to surprise him with ever since the start of the fucken New Year.

Wait for it.

“Why can’t I bring this special Oral-B back with me?” Chris asked, both amused and curious. “It’s
mine, isn't it!"

“It is - but it belongs in my bathroom, in my bedroom, in my house, in my city.”

Chris was still looking at me like a fucken tree frog, still holding it up like he was frozen in time.

Wait for it.

I pointed to the newly bought furniture across my room next. “Also, the last two sections of that drawer and a side of this wardrobe - you can leave your stuff here if you want to, Evans.”

Ten billion years passed before he fucken got it, I swear. I couldn’t blame him. I did fucken jump the guy with only the best news ever, out of the blue, on Valentine’s Day. See, I may not be his level of prince charming romantic but I do know how to Romeo as fuck and pull stops as well!

His eyes brightened the fuck up to the smile stretching wider on his face. “For real, Sebastian?”

I nodded, confident as fuck. “I left my stuff at your place and I think I’m never gonna get them back, so uh...wait. Would it be okay if you just keep them there, in case I visit again?”

“You seriously gotta stop asking me stupid questions, Sebastian.” He snorted. “Of course it is.”

“Great!”

“Awesome.”

“So...go back to your hotel tomorrow and get your luggage. You’re staying with me this week.”

“Marvel’s gonna string us up when they find out about this. Jordane, Lion too.”

“So let them come. Right?”

So that was one New Year resolution down for Sebastian Stan’s 2016.

Chris Evans looked like he was fighting with himself thrice as hard to not fucken cry his eyes out in joy or something. What happened next was probably what I expected to happen. I thought that far to fucken expect it, honestly.

He put my gift aside and stood up, walking towards me with so much pelvic sorcery that he should be arrested for moving, Christ. His eyes, glazed as they held mine in a strong gaze, the short silence that fell between our closing distance making me chew on my lips hard in suspense, sending my heart somersaulting all over again.

His hands were in mine and his face, serious as fuck. Breathe Seb, you can handle this.

“I’ve to tell you something. I’ve been wanting to, actually. I’m not gonna keep it to myself anymore because you really should know.”

I didn’t mean to be so annoying but I butted in with, “you think you’re in love with me?”

"No."

Shot to the heart. "Oh."

"I am in love with you. Madly. You complete me."
My eyes fluttered to the words that just hit me. Hard.

He smiled. “I love you so, so much, Sebastian Stan.”

And maybe I wasn’t able to think straight since I was still crash landing a little from Heavens above.

But maybe, I didn’t need to goddamn think anymore now that my heart took over to reply him.

“I love you too, Chris Evans.”

I don’t know nuts about motorbikes except that I fell off a monster Harley about a fuck load of times during filming for Civil War but I do know a sexy-looking one when I noticed it rolling up to my side.

And the first thing the rider said was, “what’s a superstar like you doing at a place like this?”

I laughed when I recognized the voice behind the tinted visor. “Sorry but no autographs or photos, please.”

“Yes I do, actually.” The coffee in my hand thawed the cold threatening to creep up my system. I eyeballed his ride. “That goes from zero to what? Sixty in three seconds or something?”

“I wish! Nah, not James Bond. She’s the best when it comes to zooming from one corner of NYC to another - saves a lot of time, snaking around the crazy traffic.”

“She’s gorgeous. You’re still here too, at this hour. Working overtime?”

“What’s that?” He scoffed, killing the engine of his ride and then parking it by the curb. I swear it looked like a cool scene from a movie, the way he got off his Ducati SuperSport. A flaming red one too, look at that.

All about mad stylin’ and mad beastin’ on the streets of his life, this Will Menadi. Another fucken show-off, maybe.

He gave his hair a quick ruffle. “You didn’t you know I moved houses, did you?”

I never knew where he lived in the first place but okay. “You did?”

“Well not literally houses. Nineteenth floor. I practically live there now. It’s not too bad. I’ve windows overlooking one part of the city now, I guess I’m contented with that sort of luxury for a working space.”

“Oh!” I fell into his drift of things real quick. “That’s horrible. What’s Marvel’s new Director of
Photography and Media Effects doing with windows to just one part of the city? Tsk. Shame on them for mistreating you like this.”

He fell short of embarrassed when I addressed him by his new title. “Congratulations, Will!”

“Thank you,” Will replied softly. I wouldn’t take him for a really shy guy but then again I didn’t know him well at that point - other than the fact that he got a really fucken massive promotion inside the Marvel organization over Christmas.

“How’d you find out about that?”

“I read in an email that someone else is coming with us on the Civil War press tour this April.” I said, rocking on my heels a little. “I wondered if you actually signed yourself out of touring with Team Cap or something, since you can’t overcome your terrible loss.”

Will’s hazel eyes were striking despite the lack of snazzy studio lights in the street we were on. “The loss of what?”

“Not being able to join Team Iron Man’s entourage.”

“You can think of really weird things, Seb. I’m not that devastated to do that!” He deadpanned.

"Luckily, I found out you are sort of my boss now so I retracted my plans to annoy the Hell out of you.”

“Well the promotion’s a total surprise but am humbled by the recognition and opportunity given. Wait. Was that the last email you read from the company?”

Will’s slightly crooked smile reappeared, catching most of my attention like it always did. “I’m not involved in the US and European part of the tour but I’m joining you guys when Team Cap heads to Asia.”

I cocked my head at him, smirking. “You’re gonna do the groundwork when you can get someone else to do it for you.”

“My passion’s always been groundwork than being stuck inside an office, looking at mountains and mountains of portfolios,” he replied, as a matter-of-factly as fuck. “Besides, Asia’s a beautiful place too.”

“You forgot and the company’s gonna be great too. And by that I mean us, Team Cap.”

“Right. Goes without saying anymore, Seb. So yeah, why not go?”

Why not go, this joker. The last time we had this topic for conversation he was all urgh I’m stuck touring with that other team. Hah! What’s good now, bro?

“That’s great!” I squeaked a little, God. “I can look forward to really great pictures of myself, then. You don’t have to pay attention to the rest. Especially Mackie. Just focus on me.”

“Sure, Seb.” Will grinned, entertained. “So what are you doing here? It’s almost midnight.”

“The guys at Shield Labs called me down to the HQ earlier to look at a few designs for a shield they’re making. They had a lot of ideas, so the meeting dragged till late.”

Dun dun dunnnnnn. My lips are sealed, sorry. Anyway. His face lit up to what I just said but you know me - still don’t know nuts like, ever and back then, that was what I got for myself and Will.
“I’d love to tell you what they’re up to but I really have no idea. They only told me they’re gonna get on it so...maybe. Maybe not. Will know in a few months’ time. Maybe.”

“You really don’t bother asking anymore, do you?”

“It’s pointless!” I laughed with him, throwing a hand up in my apparent exasperation with the way Marvel does things. “I fucken gave up, Will.”

The photographer looked over my shoulders and then around us when our humor began dying down. “You’re not with your entourage, too.”

“Long day. They took off early for the night.”

His eyebrow rose a little with the next question. “What about Chris? Not with you?”

“He’s back in LA. Left this morning.”

“Oh yeah. Hey, I wanna say congratulations to you too, Seb! I’m happy for the both of you and I wish you all the very best in your new journey as a couple.”

Will gave me a funny look when I blinking tree-frogged at him. “Your wedding? I heard you and Chris got married over the New Year in a low key beach ceremony somewhere in Miami.”

The flying fuck, Miami. “God, who’s viraling this shit? Hold this for me, will ya?”

And then I pulled my gloves off and put my hands up, dancing my fingers in the air.

“Not married.” I went, as if Will needed such a clue. “I don’t know who started the rumor but everyone’s blowing up in my face with it. Sending me presents and stuff. I don’t even know!”

Will’s lips twisted to a purse. “Oh. Er...uhm. This is embarrassing.”

“Trust me, I dug my head into the ground so many times, I breath earth into my lungs just fine.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, then.”

The photographer’s smile was warmer than the returned coffee in my hand. I wasn’t sure what to make of him staring at me for a bit and just stared back at him like what? . He let out a tiny sigh before giving the streets around us another 360.

“You shouldn’t be alone out here, Seb. Looking the way you do.”

Well, that was nice to hear. “Looking the way I do, huh?”

“I mean it’s not safe.” He was quick to reply. “Are you waiting for anyone to pick you up or something?”

“Ahh!” My hand was fishing out my phone next, suddenly remembering what I was doing before he came. “I’d been calling for an Uber, actually. No rides available so I went to get coffee first.”

A metallic blue helmet was extended to me next. When the fuck did he opened up his bike for it, I didn’t know but Will had it out before I knew it.

“Get on the bike. I’ll send you home.”

“Oh no! I’m good. Thanks,” I declined, almost too fast with it. Look, I’m not a huge fan of bikes at
all unless there’s a whole safety team, acres of safety nets, motherfucking thick foam pillows and an ambulance on standby - at a fucken movie set, by the way.

“Sebastian.” He took better note of the evident worry in my eyes. “It’s not safe here, now.”

I shook my head again. *Uber, save me now.* “And how is getting on that monster safer, Will?”

“That’s because I’m gonna be the guy riding you all the way home.”

My eyebrows jerked high up my forehead, caught a little off guard. “*Excuse me?*”

I couldn’t help but to laugh out real loud when Will started freaking out three seconds later.

“Sebastian, I seriously did *not* mean to be crude or rude or a pervert at all. I meant to say that I’m gonna be the rider who’s making sure you reach home safe and in one piece!”

“Got it.” His face was so fucken red, Christ. Will looked like he was gonna implode. “Okay, Will.”

“Can you just *please* get on the bike?” He was swift to save himself with the helmet in my face.

“It’s getting really late. I’m very embarrassed right now but I don’t want you out here alone too. Get on? I promise you’ll be home in no time and we can forget the whole night ever happened.”

“But if the night never happened then how did I get home in ten minutes from a thirty minute drive?”

He was so fucken red around the face, it was hysterical. “Help me out here, please!”

Next thing I knew I was putting on the stupid helmet and was climbing onto the back of his SuperSport, groaning internally when Will Menadi brought his beast back to life. The fuck did I get myself into, seriously. As mental as this sounds I only remember that I wanted to blame his fucken nice *smile* - of all things, I know - for managing to convince me to do this.

And Uber. *Fucken* Uber and its *no* fucken *cars available* bullshit in fucken City Hall in New York City like that was even believable.

Will turned to look over his shoulder. “You might wanna hold on to me real tight, Sebastian.”

He revved the engine and my arms tightened around his frame, around the leather he was rocking so well with nicely spanned shoulders. Will gave my squeezing the Jesus out of him a few taps to the forearm, alarmed.

“I said hold on to me - not put me to sleep, man!”

*Well, I ain’t dying tonight.* I loosened up and settled my hands on the sides of his waist, my fingers curling deep into his jacket. My thighs were still crushing him, though. He didn’t mind that one, surprisingly.

“Is this better?”

Will nodded and threw me a tiny wink before bringing his visor down.

“Perfect.”
Till next time...

This manip I got from @steverogers_barnes is cute though.

Merry Christmas and happy holidays everyone!

Here's to a much better 2017 for us all :D
Chapter Summary

Love makes people do crazy shit like that, you know what I mean?

Chapter Notes

This chapter was heavily influenced by Backstreet Boys' Incomplete - put on repeat for about a billion times.

Thank you for reading this, everyone. Hope you enjoy :)

Other mentions: *Anthony Mackie, Robert Downey Jr, Tom Holland, Will Menadi (FC)*

Read the rest here:

Part 1: [Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend](#)
Part 2: [Give Captain America a Winter Soldier](#)
Part 3: [Give Captain America Something Crazy](#)
Part 4: [Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva](#)
Part 5: [Give Captain America Something to Talk About](#)
Part 6: [Give Captain America Civil War](#)
Part 7: [Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF](#)
Part 8: [Give Captain America His Chance](#)
Part 9: [Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe](#)
Part 10: [Give Captain America some Chemistry](#)
Part 11: [Give Captain America a Godfather](#)
Part 12: [Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year](#)
Part 13: [Give Captain America the Lovebug](#)
Spring is electrifying in good ol’ New York City, I swear on anything that the maddening buzz of it only gets bigger and better each year - especially when we were about a *mewling* three weeks out from the official and worldwide release of Captain America: Civil War!

Normally, I’d start to spazz the fuck out and text weird things to everyone in my contacts list (Gregg wouldn’t live my “brace yourself: the Winter Soldier’s gonna sexy murder strut it out in yo’ hood!” down for *months*, Christ) out of pure, manic excitement.

However, having done this for the third time in 6 years, I’ve matured enough to react like I was more than prepared to have my soul taken up for another whirlwind of a ride by the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

So the plan to handle another phase of all that box office hit and spotlight cray was pretty simple: master the art of *low key spazzing*. 

Anyway.

Speaking of preparations, Chris Evans was back in town and he too, was way ahead of everything. Three whole days ahead in fact, just so we could get some much-needed and undisturbed couple time without operation *Baskin Robbins* whipping our asses and all. Despite the drama with our bosses, our #powercouple game was still on a fucken overkill because *love*, Christ. Love makes people do crazy shit like that, you know what I mean? Waged a little civil war of our own, we did. So solid, so cocky, so good. *Charlie Mike*, Team Stucky. *Sniperception*, Marvel, anyone really - bring it on!

Oh, don’t give me that look. *They* started it. Anyway.

Warmer weather in April also means that outdoor activities are far more inviting to do - but this guy only had fucken zero enthusiasm to get his perfect ass up and about, even when it was just clocking a single goddamn mile around the blocks with me.

“Look outside, babe. The City’s *alive* - we should bask in all that energy. Get in some Vitamin D.”

Chris Evan’s fucken handsome face twisted a little when he did. “But…it’s *so* hot outside, Sebby.”

What. “You live in *SoCal*, Chris. That’s practically living inside the sun.”

“*Exactamundo*, dude and that’s why I’m so done with Vitamin D. Hmmm. Are you hitting the gym later?”
My face lit up. “I’d want to! Let’s workout with Don and the crew - beast it out. It’ll be fun.”

“Fun? Since when is beastmode fun for you? I swear you gave up gym like, months ago.”

“People change, Evans.” I practically quit smoking, too. That’s a fucken big deal. New year, new me. Boom, baby. “So! What time?”

And Chris let out this ridiculously theatrical and massive as fuck sigh, dropping his shoulders all the way down to his feet with it because Mr 24/7 Health and Fitness is also, a bloody drama king.

“I don’t feel like working out, Seb. I love spring time here but I’m just so lazy to even go for a walk.”

Fucken killed me, Christ. This goddamn lazy fit person syndrome of his, I really can’t sometimes. How does one wills himself to train 6 hours a day just to master a crazy triple-spin flip actually refuse to take a stupid jog down 5th Avenue in midday? How? Jesus, tell me.

I didn’t mean to whine but I doggone did. “Are you serious? What do you wanna do all day inside?”

“Rent movies on cable? We can watch the classics.No. Hey, I’ve a better idea: how about we cook together?”

“Cook together.” I was surprised at that idea. It was new and it was hella cute - coming from the epitome of everything tough and manly that is Christopher Robert Evans.

“Mexican sounds good. Cook with me, Seb.”

We had a problem, though. “Have you seen the fridge? Gregg and I haven’t done any shopping for the week.”

“Don’t have to worry ‘bout that because I already ordered groceries for us all.”

I thought he had all this fucken planned all along. Less than a month into our so-called living together phase (best of two coasts it was) but look at that smashing initiative.

Not bad, Evans. “You’re ninja-stocking up my fridge without checking with me first for what’s needed.”

“Like there’s a need to decipher what us guys need to survive. They’ll be delivered within the next hour, by the way. I love NYC - service standard’s so reliable here. And you’re very welcome,” he went, taking another look out of the window before turning back to me with a hand on his hip next.

“Oh and Sebby, did you know that I couldn’t sleep at all? I was up all night tossing and turning. Was so fucking worried that the building was gonna collapse.”

“Really!” Died in my sleep, I swear I did. That was normal when I have this sexy fucker in my bed. “What happened?”

“You didn’t hear? It was goddamn scary! I thought Godzilla came to destroy New York City…”

The fuck, Godzilla?

“…But it turns out that someone was happily snoring the entire goddamn roof in!”

His impromptu impersonation of me breathing like some stunted jet engine was so fucken off by a
good 10 billion clicks, I wanted to smack his face for such a terrible representation but I ended up laughing my ass off instead. Fucken Godzilla, seriously. He’s 5 as much as he was turning 35 but I bet he’d still be too fucken adorable either age.

“I do not snore like that!” I scowled. “Even if I did, in my defense, someone wanted to go for rounds - you maxed me out, Chris. And that’s why we need to hit the gym - I need to keep up with your drive.”

“I’m sorry but which idiot would just settle for one round when tapping your fine ass?” Chris’ scoff was majestic, like that was the most bullshit thing he’d ever heard.

“Tell me: Was there ever such an idiot who’s ever done that to you, Sebby?”

“Let’s see...” I was blushing like an idiot, not that he care to take note. “Pretty sure it’s just you so far, Chris.”

“Wait a minute “ He frowned, walking away from the windows and then towards me next. That pelvic sorcery working its magic through the movement of his hips, I couldn’t not get distracted by them even if I paid myself to, I’m serious.

“Sebby, what do you mean by it’s just me... so far? Hm?”

I totally didn’t see that both his hands were out and coming for me, his smile fucken crazy all of a sudden. He moved really fast and next thing I knew, I sank deep into the cushions of my sofa with a two hundred pound giddy as fuck human blanket on top of me, my legs trapped between his thighs, my laughter turning really, really high-pitched when he started digging his fingers into my sides.

“Chris!” Fucken tickling me to death, Christ I swear I failed harder the more I tried to fight him off. He’s practically a goddamn champ at this, given his experience with kids and all.

“Sebastian. I don’t recall anyone else owning your ass. Was there ever another idiot?”

“No!” He went for my goddamn ribs without mercy, fuck. “You know I’ve never been... Stop it, man!”

“Hmmmmmm. Are you sure? Come to think of it, you’re sooooo nice to everybody...”

“The fuck are you on about, Evans? Dammit! Ow, stop! I’m kidding! ”

Here lies Sebastian Stan: He died kicking, screaming and laughing - literally. I could see that on my tombstone already.

“Yeah I bet lots of guys would be lining up to have you, babe. Girls too, of course.”

“You’re crazy. There’s fucking no one else, Evans! Pleaaaase! Okay, okay. You own my ass! STOOOOP!”

“That’s what I thought.” Chris finally decided to spare my life in the end, taking note that I was fucken dying and all, watching me wipe the goddamn tears coming out of my eyes with a smug as fuck grin on his face.

“And I’ll be damned if I’m ever gonna be that moron who’s gonna give you just one orgasm when we have sex. You think you need to keep up with me? The things you make me wanna do to you, babe. Damn.”
“Oh, God!” My face, so fucken hot from all that blood rush, Jesus. I reached out to cup my hands around his neck and pulled him back down to me. Our bodies fit together like mold because lalalalala love, Christ. I was so fucken drunk in it.

“You’re the only idiot for me, Evans. I love you.”

“I love you too, Sebby.” Chris’ smile was still so crazy. “You know, sometimes I do wonder…”

Christ, where are my lungs? “Wonder about what?”

“How are we not married already, Sebastian?”

Cute. “We’re already married, Evans - to our jobs.”

“I mean to each other, you dork. Like, what if I propose to you right now? Would you say yes?”

“And then we move to the country, purchase a vineyard and sell really expensive celebrity wine.”

“You’re quite a visionary, Seb. I thought of just driving around states in our own food truck or something. Sell corn dogs for a living.”

“Chris.” Seriously not the best time, even for comedy at that level. “Stop talking and let’s fucking make out until the delivery guy gets here.”

He laughed. “See? Staying indoors can be a lot of fun.”

And it was going so fucking good, how the heat of his lips and the wicked rolls of his tongue on mine was turning my senses on. Coarse hands with a delicate touch, I sighed to them slipping under my shirt to set my skin on fire. I was thinking that my housemate Gregg and our dog Turtle could come home any second to catch us all hot and heavy on this snazzy coffee table but I could also hope that they get stuck in traffic. Sorry guys.

Chris had his shirt off next, his fucken perfect body all mine to molest but the next thing he said was, “I don’t know Gregg rides. He owns a bike?”

“Huh?” I was so flushed from all that kissing that my memory fucken tanked for a solid minute even after I turned to look at the damn same thing he was: the metallic blue helmet, sticking out like a sore thumb among all that minimalism decor in my living room.

“Oh.” Right. Shit I forgot to return that to the guy and it’s been a month. “That’s not Gregg’s. It’s Will’s.”

His fingers combed into my hair and he looked really deep into my eyes only to ask, “Who’s Will?”

“Photography Director at Marvel.” My mouth was playfully nipping at the base of his throat. So fucken delicious. “God. I can drive a fucking car on your chest, Evans. How about we start round one?”

“Aren’t you a little sore from last night?”

I rolled my tongue. “Who says I’m bottoming?”

Chris smiled at my proposition but was more taken by the goddamn stupid helmet. “Do I know him?”
“He’s part of Team Cap’s entourage for the South East Asia trip. You read your emails, right?” I licked his collarbone, thirsty and high. “Will Menadi.”


“Me-nah-di.” Manatee. I can’t. “He’s actually new at the HQ. Small world, he’s also Gregg’s college buddy. Alumni - somewhat. Reunited. Regular at his cafe. I met him a couple of times, had a little chit chat here and there.”

He pulled back and cocked his head at me. “You seem to know a lot about him.”

“Don’t know him that well but Will’s a really nice guy. He actually let me play around with his expensive vintage camera like, three seconds after we met. Maybe it’s ‘cos I told him I like photography. Taught me how to take pictures with it, was awesome.”

“That’s great, I guess.” And I should’ve just stopped talking because Chris was undoing my belt with that evil smile on his face - but I fucken didn’t, fuck. My mouth needs a fucken bodyguard sometimes.

“Will sent me home the other time I was at Marvel and I forgot to return his helmet. Had to fly off for work-”

I swear Chris sat up so straight so fast, it was like Barry Allen what’s good? The handsome man was eyeballing me harder next, his eyebrows coming together to the middle of the forehead.

Fucken bye bye bye coffee table sex. “Wait. You forgot to return his helmet?”

The sudden change in the air was instant. He didn’t look too happy and no Nobel prize will be given to any of you geniuses for figuring out why.

“You don’t really know this Manatee guy and he’s already sent you home, on his bike. Aren’t you deathly afraid of motorcycles, Sebby? After those incidents during filming - and you let him take you for a ride?”

“I didn’t let him do anything.” Fucken manatee, seriously. I straightened up, pulling my legs out from under him. Met his demand at eye level only to let out a somewhat defensive, “Christ, what’s with you?”

Chris’ blue eyes only burned into mine. “What else are you not telling me about this guy?”

“There’s nothing else, babe! Name’s Will, works in Marvel and is a photographer. He’s cool. That’s it.”

“And you didn’t bother to tell me about him at all. How nice of a guy is this new friend of yours?”

“What? Just... nice!” God, he was on it like a damn eagle. “Look, it was late, I couldn’t get Uber, he was around at the office and sent me straight home. End of story. Not a big deal, Evans.”

“I’ll be the judge of that, Sebastian.”

I scoffed. “You can’t be the judge of anything - you don’t even know what you’re talking about, Chris. You haven’t even met the guy! It’s not what you think it is, I promise. You’re getting this all wrong in your head.”
“Fair enough, okay. But I still don’t know anything about him other than what you’re telling me - that’s only now - and honestly, I don’t wike it.”

I know, right?

Chris Evans was so fucking lit with crazy-jealousy and was so not embarrassed to show it so I really should fall into his drift of things because he was genuinely fucken upset but all I could think of was: That baby talk. How immensely cute is this guy?

Look, I swear I’m not mean or have a morbid sense of humor or anything psychologically fucked up like that but sometimes, I fucking live to witness moments like these.

I tried harder in keeping a straight face. “Well, we’re meeting him tomorrow for the media shoots at the HQ, Chris and he’ll be working with us overseas so you’ve plenty of time to get to know him yourself.”

“Totally can’t wait for that.” His sarcasm was acidic, what the Hell. “So fucking excited to meet my partner’s new secret guy friend.”


He snorted. “Why? Because you like him a lot?”

And I too, can be annoying as fuck. “Hm. I kinda do, actually. He’s got a really nice smile, watch out for it.”

Boy, if you could only see how badly Chris wanted to flip the fucken table at my face for winding him up in my tease. Thank fuck he didn’t or that would have been half a grand’s worth of furniture destroyed just like *snappy fingers* that. Gregg would murder me next because table > fam.

“I’m kidding, Chris,” I said, sighing a little. “Will’s not like us. I don’t know what’s making you jump into whatever it is you’re getting at right now but I’m not gonna deal with this. Just please don’t make it all weird when you meet him tomorrow?”

The blonde grunted, as if so damn done with my attempts to get his balls to calm the fuck down and all. He rolled his eyes so goddamn hard he probably saw the back of his head, just so he could make a fucken statement. “We’ll see after I meet him, Sebby.”

“You’re upset over a new friend I made. Unbelievable. Can we just stop talking about him?”

"I don’t want to see that helmet anywhere near you ever again, got me? Return it to him tomorrow."

Wow. "Yes, sir."

I was climbing into his lap next, straddling his hips, the smile on my face all shades of sly.

“So there’s someone we both know so very well - he’s ridiculously handsome, it’s like the Gods constructed him with their own hands or something. Looks like a tough guy, but really a cute little puppy.”

“Aaaaah…” Chris’ lips twitched a little but I knew he wasn’t gonna break so easily. “You wanna talk about me now? Someone feels guilty about this but alright, okay. Butter me up good, babe. I’m dying to hear it.”
Look at the cocky-ass balls on this guy. “He’s got a really sensitive soul. Loves everything so hard, I can’t deal sometimes. Maybe that explains his insanely massive jealousy streak. Jumping to wild conclusions and all. So dramatic.”

“Maybe? I’ve every right to feel this way! You were like this when I was with Lizzie, it’s relative. Go on.”

“You said that was just a close friendship.”

“Well it is when I don’t end up in bed with her in the end, right? Why? Oh that’s right. Because I was falling in love with your ass and I got you falling for me and people who are in love don’t keep secrets from each other like this.”

Jesus he could really overthink things. "Can I continue?"

"Go."

“He’s a total romantic, so fucking charming but a hot, sexy monster in bed. I can’t get enough, I swear.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

But I ran out of butter. “Oh and a six picture deal - he’s fucking loaded.”

Chris scowled in disbelief. “What the Hell, Seb? Seriously, that?”

“Most importantly! I’m stupidly in love with him.”

Never in my life I thought I would fucken be where I was with another man - Chris Evans at that, too. Damn that was surreal - I swear, but I was. “Now holler if you know who he is!”

“Holler. What are you? Lil’ Wayne?”

Fucking killing me, man.

“You’ve the lips of an angel, Seb but talk’s just talk,” he smirked, still standing like a fucken concrete wall. Unaffected as fuck. “It’s all really sweet but it’s also cheap. So easy.”

My smile died. “So what now? You’re gonna be upset the whole day with me or something?”

“I can but that’s stupid. I get nothing from that.”

Somebody give this genius his medal already. “What do you want from me, Evans?”

“Aww, Sebby baby.” He cocked a brow, smirking like the devil again and combed his fingers into my hair.

“Okay. I’ll let this slide since you keep insisting that there’s nothing for me to kick up a storm about.”


“Your Captain still wants to see how good you are with that pretty little mouth of yours when it comes to walking all this sweet talk of yours, Sebastian.”

Right. Wasn’t exactly Quantum fucken Physics to figure this sexy fucker out, really.
“So why don’t you get on your knees right now and show me just that?”

He’s got a big heart (as big as his butt) and usually, Anthony Mackie’s a fuck load of laughs.

I swear on anything comical that you can’t not laugh with this guy. If he’s not funny then you gotta address the fucken entity within him - that’s the kind of hardcore LOLs Mackie is made of.

Telling goddamn riddles however, ain’t his forte - but who’s gonna stop him anyway, right?

“I have three eyes, two noses, five teeth and six legs. Who am I?”

Christ. Next to me, Tom Holland was the only one excited as fuck to decipher this kind of bull.

“So I got.” He brandished his chopsticks at the Papi Chulo and went, “You’re an alien.”

Well, if that wasn’t the most fucken generic answer, really. This Tom Holland kid, I always want to squish him to death. It’s neurologically programmed into my actions, I swear. Anyway.

Mackie was rocking the entire table in his seat. “Wrong. Now I have wings and drive a BMW, too. Who am I?”

I blinked, confused. “You’d drive when you can fly.”

Tom ignored everything else because he was in the fucken zone. “You’re a flying alien.”

Chris was tickled. “What about the BMW, Tommy?”

“Can’t fly when the weather’s bad, right?”

Oh my God. Whose child is this?

“Just tell us?” I couldn’t take it anymore. We had to experience this sort of nonsense at eight fucken AM in the morning on a Sunday, right in the middle of ghost town City Hall at Marvel HQ. The guy was cheesier than the cheese on my toast, dammit - and I had a lot of cheese!

Mackie’s great riddle ended with, “I’m a liar.”

Aaaaaaand… Crickets.

“It’s obvious!” Mackie cried. “Do you see three eyes, two noses, five teeth, six legs, wings on me, rollin’ in a BMW? You don’t. I lied about everything, therefore I’m a liar.”

“Makes a lot of sense.” Tom was the only one, man. “What? It does!”

Motherfucken crickets everywhere, Christ.

Robert Downey Jr was present in the same table but maybe the pancake rockstar was more concerned about the amount of solar beams flying around the screen of his phone. Live wallpaper customization, I never saw anyone that involved with it before.
“Or...You could also be a daydreamer,” he said, suddenly in our conversation topic. “Thought I wouldn’t know why you’d wanna daydream about a BMW when you can own a Porsche or Ferrari” and just like that, we were talking about something else. Thank fuck.

“Hm.” Mackie nodded. “Woulda love me a Bond car.”

“Alfa Romeo 4C Coupe,” Chris said, because he’s Cycle and Carriage as fuck. “You, Seb?”

“The hot driver with that Alfa Romeo,” I replied and Chris beamed like the fucken sun. Everyone else gagged, but whatever. #powercouple, people. Fucken deal with it. “I hate driving - I rather be driven around.”

“It’s ‘cos you’re a goddamn diva, Seb.” Mackie snorted. He knows me so well like that.

“Tommy?”

“Well, I’ve yet to get my license...”

The kind of national threat who’s gonna annihilate mankind in the comfort of his stupid Hello Kitty PJ bottoms and with his seven nation army of fluffy stuffed unicorns and cotton candy, Tom Holland is that kind of unstoppable. I reached over to him like sorry kid, I have to do this.

“Sebastian, how many times must I tell you...hey! Quit squeezing my face! You’re embarrassing me, man.”

Resistance is futile. “Can we adopt him, Chris?”

“Ha-ha-ha…” Chris dropped his head back and thumped a fist to his chest. “No, Seb. Besides, I want a girl.”

“Sebastian please!” My hands were possessed by the pinching demon, I swear. “Don’t do this when we get to England for the red carpet premier. You gotta promise me! Or I’m gonna viral for all the wrong reasons...”

Too late. Welcome to my life, Spidey.

Moving on.

So the first few activities of the day saw each of us individually worked on by different departments helming the promotional matters of Captain America: Civil War. Mine kicked off with this chatroom-ish interaction session to address crazy-excited fan posts, which was honestly so great. I wouldn’t the fuck wake up at that hour to join me trash talking #TeamIronMan, but the supporters were lit and I gotta represent my squad.

“Maybe we could’ve gotten along if you’d laughed at my Iron Man jokes in my texts which you’ve been ignoring, Tony,” I scoffed, running into the legend along my way to the next programme I needed to be in.

Sometimes I can’t tell because Tony and Robert are literally the same people. “Didn’t receive them Barnes.”

“They double blue ticks don’t lie, Stark.” I narrowed my eyes at him, growling. “You can’t ignore me forever.”

He kissed my cheek (again! Fucken kissbomber ) and grinned. “Nope I can’t, Barnes. I’ll see you at lunch!”
Maybe he had really good pancakes this morning, so looking over my shoulder should be second nature.

Anyway. I was getting my hair fixed for the next online interview when that smile walked into the room.

“Good morning, everyone!”

And I guess the reason why everyone was all so joyful and sing-song-ey and grin-ney in their response to his greeting was because Will Menadi was really that type of a nice guy. “Hey Seb, good to see you again.”

“Hey man.” I couldn’t really move my head much because the stylist was controlling it.

“Sal, may I borrow him for a minute?”

I was supposed to start real soon but maybe Sally let Will run with it because of that smile. “Ten minutes.”

“And not a second later, my beautiful,” he cooed, thanking her and just like that, good ol’ Sal was a puddle of goo. Talk about smooth, yeah. His bright hazel eyes then turned to me.

“Please come with me, Sebastian. I wanna show you something.”

“You don’t recognise them? These right here.”

I blinked harder at the collage of photos up on the giant white wall before me. “Errr...Should I be?”

“These shots are taken by you, Sebastian. With my Mamiya. That time we met, remember?”

I swung my attention back to the photos pasted on the wall, surprised. Ten goddamn billion bricks - and a particular animal - fell on my fucken head before I let out a surprised gasp.

“No fucking way! I took these? Wait, wait. Ah, this one! The goddamn cat. Oh, I know this pesky fella.”

“This shot, this moment you caught can’t be orchestrated. Perfect timing.”

“No shit, man. Practically hung off a damn iron banister to get this shot. Cyndi Lauper was unfriendly!”

“Cyndi Lauper?”

I pointed to the cat. “Tilt your head a little.”

He fucken did and lo and behold. “What the...that’s uncanny alright. Anyway, yes. These are all you.”
Will Menadi could only chuckle at the sight of me fucken twittering in my shoes when I went back to studying some of the pictures he had up this huge-ass wall in his snazzy office with giant windows to one part of the city.

My mind was more blown to smithereens with the display, Christ. I’m not usually the type to brag but I doggone did. “Wow. I’m kinda good, huh?”

I turned to see him smiling wider at me. “Honestly, you’re kinda awesome. I mean with these photos, that is. You managed to capture moments when they happened. It’s impressive, even for a total noob.”

“I didn’t even know what I was doing with some of the functions on that Mamiya, Will. You taught me well.”

“You learned fast. I hope you don’t mind that I went through the shots and developed most of the film to put them up here. Think they’re crazy-good so I actually had some of my partners take a look at them, too.”

“Partners? What partners?”

“Coming to that.” Will brought his hands into a tight clasp next. He looked like a billion hopes all of a sudden.

“I’ve a teeny tiny request to ask from you. There’s no obligation at all, of course. You can refuse the offer and take all of these home with you if you want to. Get them framed up your walls.”

My head cocked at his apparent nervousness. I didn’t think he knew what that was, really. “What is it Will?”

“May I have your permission to put up some of your works up in an auction that my partners and I are gonna be organizing? All proceeds goes to these charity organizations in this list here. We’re not taking anything.”

“You wanna put Cyndi Lauper up for an auction?”

“With works from some big names in photography, yes. I believe your masterpieces will contribute in raising funds for the buildings and programmes these places are offering for the less than fortunate.”

One, that was so thoughtful of him to include me in a good cause. Two, fucken masterpieces from puny ol’ Instagram and mad filters export photographer, me. My eyes, as huge as fucken Jupiter at the list of organization names I was looking at, and then even wider at his unbelievable proposal.

“Sure!” I didn’t hesitate at all. “Oh my God, yes - if it’s for charity. Take everything if you want and please, all proceeds from my works will be theirs to benefit from. Wow, Will. This is so awesome! Thank you.”

“I really appreciate this, Seb. These bodies will appreciate your involvement too. I should be thanking you.”

“Don’t mention it. That is if people are even gonna be looking at my stuff. I’m nowhere near your big boys.”

“I’ll have your photos arranged on the displays accordingly, don’t worry about that.” His hand was on my shoulder and was squeezing it next.
“And I’d love it too if you can make it to launch. I’ve to get back to you on the dates for it, though. Still ironing some things out. So if you happen to be free…”

“I can’t promise you anything, Will but please keep me updated, okay? I definitely wanna be there if I can.”

His hands clapped. “Of course. Great! I’ll send you a message on your Instagram when I have the details.”

“Oh no, man. Don’t do that. My phone freezes sometimes whenever I open Instagram these days.”

“Well, you are quite a hit with your fans from what I heard. I take it that you’re a genuinely sweet person to everyone, Seb. It’s not hard for people to like you a lot. I’m happy to have the opportunity to know you.”


“Sure, Seb.” Will dropped his head a bit. “Ah, I gotta say this: Chris Evans is a really lucky man.”

I swear I didn’t know what the fuck made my tongue poke my cheek with, “you jealous or something?”

“Right. I know you enjoy flattering yourself way too much sometimes, Sebastian.”

“Guilty.” Motherfucken nice smile, Christ. “If you ask me, I don’t think he’s lucky at all, Will.”

“How could you think like that?”

I snorted, thinking about what happened yesterday because of this guy. “He’s fucking blessed is what he is!”

The other man laughed out loud at my statement, amused to Hell. I did too, but I was also trying to hide my face in the collar of my jacket because the hot rush of blush was starting to burn my entire being, Christ.

I snapped out of my fluster to pop a fist into his arm. “So yeah, text me. Or better, call me, Will. We’re working together anyway. Give me your phone - I’ll punch my number in. That cool?”

Will’s smile, I didn’t think it could make him look anymore fucken dashing than he already was but well .

“Perfect.”

- 

“Hey, chubby dumpling. Pass me some black paint, please?”

Before anything, I truly wanna thank you, China. Thank you for everything. Being ever so accommodating as always and for cute little nicknames like 384. Sebastian = San Ba Se = 384. Get it? Amazing!
Chubby dumpling, however. Christ.

Oh no, no please. Give me that thing and let me bury myself real deep this time, okay? I insist.

I ignored his tease and continued working on my art work. “Oh you like that huh, fuzzy kiwi?”

Chris wasn’t fazed by his given nickname, of course. He leaned in a little closer because the deafening sound around us was making it hard for him to annoy me over my shoulders.

“Chubby dumpling still wins, Seb. I won’t get over it. It’s stupid cute.”

We were live on stage, before a massive crowd of I don’t know how many screaming faces, trying to paint on plastic Chinese Opera masks and this guy couldn’t behave like an adult because everything about that day got him mad excited.

“Hell, I’ve decided on something: I’ll come back from the dead just to haunt you with it.”

Chris Evans was so fucken lit that he forgot that we were supposedly very heavily regulated in most of our interactions with anyone outside of Marvel entourage as well as the media in our first stop for Civil War’s SEA press tour. The long ass list of do’s and don’ts was longer this time around - I actually thought that I was gonna come to this side of the planet with a muzzle over my face like Hannibal Lecter or something. I mean we might as well, really.

The Winter Soldier in snazzy Ferragamo (yeah I know his name now), you won’t ever see that one coming.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that we couldn’t really avoid the whole Stucky madness with the fans that got Chris so goddamn lit like that. This fandom biz, Christ. I don’t know how mental it can get but every other interviewer dancing on questions about Cap’s do-or-die attitude for Bucky was honestly a real swift flying kick to all the censorship rah blah blah Marvel’s marketing team had cooked up for us.

I love Marvel, I really do but Chris was all fuck this shit I’m out and boy, we had a total field day with it.

Anyway.

Everyone else would love to be in a private jet but not bratty ol’ diva me. One, I don’t like flying - period. I don’t have a fear of it. I just get fucken anxious and everything, that’s all.

Two, I was nursing a bad headache from the fucken ride to the airport - the roads in Beijing were insane and that’s coming from someone who lives in New York. I usually have a tiny bottle of pure lavender oil with me but sometimes I have Dory’s brain, seriously. Packed everything but my phone and JBLs into my luggage.

“My eldest told me to find inner peace. Embrace my mistakes as my new year’s resolution, Seb.”

“Oh?” Having Mackie telling me stuff about his kids was actually pretty helpful until my assistant got me that goddamn Ibuprofen. Whatever its name is. I was sprawled across the couch inside the jet, kneading my temples in attempt to massage myself. This guy volunteered earlier but he almost cracked my skull the first few seconds he tried so nope. Ain’t got no time for reconstructive surgery.

“Yeah.” Anthony sometimes jokes with zero expression, Christ. “So I did - I hugged my wife and all my kids.”
A hammer smashed into the back of my head like *fucking ow* when I laughed. “When’s the next one due?”

“I’m pretty sure June. Or...August.”

Fucken father of the year, this guy won that mug title hands down. “You don’t know? Mackie, you’re kidding me right? I thought this sort of things are important for parents. Birth, milestones and shit.”

“It’s the third one - you only get super excited at the first birth and after that it just gets more expensive!” He groaned. I couldn’t tell if he meant all that but Mackie’s view on parenthood was seriously fucken LOL.

“What about you? When are you gonna start settling down and suffer like the rest of us men?”

“Not anytime soon, bro. Somewhere inside of me, I kinda love the idea but I’m gonna be a very busy man this year, Mack. Not really ready to push all that back just to live the Stepford life or something.”

“Ricky Martin’s already adopted himself two boys - twins.”

Ricky Martin, the fuck. “Right. And where is he now?”

“Not Livin’ la Vida Loca anymore, that’s for sure. His children are mad stylin’. Undercuts at that age. Oh yeah, Chris sort of told me about the dreams you had - getting married to him and all. Cute baby girl. Dandelion or someone.”

And it was supposed to be for his ears only since he practically forced everything out of me. So fucken nosey, I swear and now he practically ran press. “Delilah. When and why the fuck would he tell you all that?”

“Last night. You were at some shoot somewhere so he came over to my room and we hung out. The guy can down beer like water but was all *tralalala* with Irish Coffee. Think he was in a really happy mood, over the fucking moon, man. Called his nephews and all, talked about you since they asked.”

Hmmm. Okay. Didn't know that happened. “He was, huh?”

“Family’s everything to him, man. Anyway, was all about that and everything else you’ll find boring. You know how much they’re charging to get into kiddie pools these days? Fucking daylight robbery, homes - so stick to your original plan in life, Sebastian.”

Won’t fight this guy on that. “Roger and out, Daddy Mack.”

“I rather have the fine Chinese stewardess say that to me than you.” And Mackie’s cell went off, detonating my ear drums and rattling my goddamn bones, Christ. He fished it out and sighed, “speak of the Devil.”

“Fine China?”

“My wife, fool. Gotta take this call. Hell is run by women and feminists. Yo William! Where you been, dawg?”

“Hey Mack.” Will Menadi and his big ass camera bags was on board next, receiving a fist bump from the Papi Chulo along his way in.
It had only been three days but having stuck to each others’ hips practically turned us into the Breakfast Club somewhat. That’s saying a lot. Chris actually found Will likeable after a while, although he insisted that it was all the mantra he’d been meditating with which influenced good-natured thoughts whenever they share the same space because Chris Evans has fucken drama king syndrome like that. So done. Anyway.

“Our driver followed the GPS, Chris and J-Russ’ car was following ours. China’s roads weren’t this damn complicated five years ago. City boomed after the Olympics, I guess.”

Mackie raised his brows, amused. “You speak Chinese?”

“Anthony!” I didn’t mean to scream at him but his goddamn phone was killing me. “Pick up the damn call!”

“I’ve been here a couple of times.” Travel Channel as fuck, this guy. “What happened to you, Seb?”

“Dying, Will.” I squeezed my eyes close for a sec when Mackie finally stepped out of the jet with the noise.

“Bad headache from the car ride. Gonna get worse when we take off. It’s normal. Don’t think the pill’s working. Please don’t take shots of me throwing up my dinner?”

He freed himself from his bags, placed his camera on the little table. “Where’s the pain coming from?”

“The back of my head.”

“Lying down facing these lights won’t help. Do you have anything to cover your eyes with?”

“I have an eye mask but I put it in my luggage - with my lavender oil.” Fucken Dory brains, Christ. I swear.

“Here. Use mine.” Will was holding a black one out to me next. Where the fuck did he get that from?

“It’ll reduce some of that thumping - and don’t sit up.” He looked around the snazzy jet. “Put that on first.”

“Thanks.” I slipped the mask on and found the darkness instantly appealing to my fucked up senses. The peace lasted for a second though. I jumped when a hand slipped to grab me around the ankle.

“Will. What are you doing?”

“Sorry. Just putting your legs up.” I felt him stuffing cushions under my feet. “Elevation increases the blood flow to the brains. Let’s hope your migraine eases a little before take off, so it won’t be so bad later.”

I bit my lips a little, touched as fuck. “Oh. Okay. Thank you so much, Will.”

“Just doing my part to make sure the Winter Soldier gets to show up and promote his movie.”

I was seeing a battalion of teddy bears heading my way when an all too familiar voice entered our zone.
“Hey now. Hands off the merchandise, bro.”

I pulled my eye mask up to see Chris Evans standing at the foot of the cabin, looking massive as Hell in the small space of this jet. But of course he didn’t look impressed at something. “Hello, Seb. Will.”

And I honestly didn’t know if Will noticed that or gave a flying fuck at all but he only straightened up after stuffing one more pillow under my feet. Wasn’t like he needed to explain anything, seriously. “Hi, Chris.”

I groaned internally, watching Chris smile back at the other guy but knowing that he was ready to give the photographer Hell with fists of fury or something. He shifted his gorgeous eyes to me instead.

“ You okay, babe?”

“Yeah. Just tryna get rid of this before we fly.” I went, grabbing at my head. “Will was just helping me with it.”

“You know a lot about migraines?” Chris looked at the pillows under my feet. Genuinely asking - nicely, too.

“Used to have severe flight anxiety so I’ve a small idea how to dial the pain down,” Will answered. Nicely.

“Thanks for taking care of Sebby.”

“No big deal, Chris.”

I should stop thinking that they weren’t gonna be civil for long, because there was nothing to suggest that.

“I’ll leave you two alone,” Will said, nodding at his own suggestion. “Oh yeah. I’ve candy in this bag. Not sure if sour Skittles’ helpful but they make you cringe the same way vodka does so...”

Chris actually laughed at that. “Candy sounds great, Menadi. Thanks again.”

Will moved out and left the giant to find a seat nearest to the couch I was lying in. Chris reached into the pocket of his Patriots jacket and pulled out a small brown bottle. “You’re gonna need this, babe.”

Oh. Thank fuck for this man, seriously. “You have my lavender oil with you.”

“Well, I have anxiety too - in case you forgot!” Chris joked, leaning over me and running the back of his hand up and down my cheek. His smile was soft. “Put your eye mask back on, Sebby. Let me massage your head.”

You probably don’t know this but Chris’ fingers are fucken black magic. His head massages, bombest. Food truck business, my ass. Should be a goddamn trichologist if he doesn’t wanna act anymore. “Thanks, Chris.”

It was going so good, how the darkness was easing the pain out from between my eyes. Chris was kneading the back of my head where the migraine was coming from, the pressure of his touch just right. The smell of pure lavender registering calmness into my senses, gradually ridding of the tension on my shoulders...
I was starting to doze off when Chris leaned close into my ear and whispered, “hey Seb?”

“Hmmm?”

“Did you know that on this day of this month and right around this time, you told me you like me a lot.”

I’ll be damned, man. Time flies so fucken fast these days. “Wow. It’s been a year already?”

“Uh-huh. And then we couldn’t stop kissing for hours, in my trailer. It was seriously one of the best days of my entire life, when you finally gave into my charm.”

“The credit still goes to the raspberries you ate, Evans.” I giggled, my eyes still blinded by the mask.

“I remember feeling so worried that I’d lose you for good if nothing worked out - and you were just, _we’re stuck together for the next few years, Sebastian - who else is gonna play Steve’s Bucky_. Bad joke, much?”

“Moving onto the _progressive stages_ of our relationship, Sebby!” Chris’ laughter was soft, the slight brush of his lips on my ear tickling me a little. He was kneading my temples next, making me sigh in relief.

“A lot of things happened since then. Long story short, we were friends and now we’re lovers. We were hiding it at first, and now we’re fighting to be together. I’ve never been _this_ much in love with anyone in my entire life before and honestly it’s fucking thrilling, Sebastian. What about you?”

Look, I swear on _everything_ that I so wanted to fall into his drift of things because I really did fucken feel him right in my bones with all that he was saying to me right then, but I _was_ nursing a goddamn migraine and Chris had to pick this time to drop a fucken heavy-duty romantic-emo nuke on me.

“I never knew love until you showed me, babe,” I replied, failing miserably to rise to his level of romanticism. I could still afford to be honest, at least. “Six years ago I wouldn’t even dream of being here with you like this. It’s still surreal to me, where we are now.”

Chris let out a brief sigh, happy. “So you _wholeheartedly_ agree that we’re just so fucking solid together too, huh?”

I was thinking, _we #powercouple, dammit._ “First year down, here’s to many more with you, Evans.”

I could practically _hear_ him smiling like a goddamn idiot next to me. “I love you so much, Sebby.”

“I love you so much too, babe.”

“So what else are we fucking waiting for?”

And that was when Chris Evans decided to just goddamn stun me to death without a second thought.

“Let’s get married, Sebastian!”
Till next time...

Manip influence by @squadstucky on IG:

Happy New year and may 2017 bring much better times for us all :)
Part 17 : Give Captain America a Break

Chapter Summary

The tongue is indeed, the mightiest weapon of all.

Chapter Notes

I should have put this up earlier. spoiler alert, trouble in Evanstan paradise with the debut of an OMC.

(Temporary though)

I truly apologise for the superb delay in the update of this fic. Long story short, life got in the way!

But I’m back with two whole (and a little dramatic) chapters written for you. so I hope I have atoned for my sins :x

Enjoy and thank you so much for reading!!!

Other mentions : *Will Menadi (OMC)*

Read the rest here:

Part 1 : *Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend*

Part 2 : *Give Captain America a Winter Soldier*

Part 3 : *Give Captain America Something Crazy*

Part 4 : *Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva*

Part 5 : *Give Captain America Something to Talk About*

Part 6 : *Give Captain America Civil War*

Part 7 : *Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF*

Part 8 : *Give Captain America His Chance*
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe

Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry

Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather

Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year

Part 13: Give Captain America the Lovebug

Part 14: Give Captain America Someone Beautiful (and Everyone Knows It)

Part 15: Give Captain America a New Year, New Me

Part 16: Give Captain America the #powercouple goals

Part 17:

I read somewhere from some author of some book (forever sorry for this) that sticks and stones may break your bones but words will hurt you the most.

“Let’s get married, Sebastian!”

This ain’t a plagiarism attempt of any sort on the author (I’ll come around to remembering his name. Promise) but I relate so much better to this improv that I made:

Sticks and stones may break your bones but words will trigger a goddamn migraine and fucken kill you.

Alright. So that was a little over the top but my soul did jump out of my ass a little when he suddenly declared that, so I’m not being overly dramatic about it, really.

Fortunately, Chris’ black magic touch was doing a great job at sedating so much of my cerebral turmoil that his untimely outburst bounced off me like whatever.

“Get married, huh?” I scoffed, even chuckled a little. Sexy fucker totally got me for a second there.

“You know, this is probably the umpteenth time you’ve teased me about it. Getting old, Evans.”

His fingers moved gently on my temples to create smaller circles, drawing out another soft sigh from my lips when more relief flooded into my senses. I couldn’t see a damn thing with my eyes covered by the mask and all but I didn’t need to witness the width of Chris’ smile to know how giddy he was right then.

“Is it annoying?”

I nodded. “About there.”
“I’d be over the moon if you say yes, babe.”

I knew I shouldn’t have told him about those mental dreams I had. Settling down, having a baby and everything else that’s domesticated as fuck. Freaked the living Jesus out of me, man but he was so goddamn nosey about it, Christ. Persuasive, my ass he was.

Anyway. Speaking of fucken poking me to death for his own morbid amusement, I was done dealing with his nonsense, too. “Yes, Evans.”

The massage stopped and his palms landed on my chest, assembling my organs upon impact. I felt him hovering directly over me next, squeaking into my face with, “really? For real?”

“Yes. As in yes, this is damn ancient already.”

“Sebby!” He fucken shifted my liver into my lungs, I swear. “I’m not fucking with you right now - I wanna get married.”

I rolled my eyes under my lids. “Jeez, you’re actually starting to sound like you’re serious.”

“Am I not speaking to you in English or what?”

“Cut it out.”

Letting out an exasperated groan, Chris Evans resorted to pulling up the mask from my eyes to get my full attention. I was looking at the face of a ridiculously handsome angel next - only this time, the angel was wearing an expression so serious, serious never looked this goddamn serious on him before.

And then he went, “will you marry me, Sebastian Stan?”

Needless to say, everything escalated straightaway.

Somewhere in my head, I must have screamed my fucken balls off. My humor died and I sat up immediately, tearing the mask off my face so hard that both of the strings on it snapped.

“What?” I gasped, shocked to Hell before finding myself keeling over my knees next, the pain in my head returning at full-swing.

“Are you serious?”

Whether I was reeling from another migraine hit or from the fact that reality’s baseball bat just bludgeoned my skull into smithereens, about a fuckload of times at that, I couldn’t the fuck tell.

“Jesus, Seb. You scared me, sitting up like that!”

“I scared you?” I scoffed, ridiculed. This is the very same guy who usually tells me to pay attention during interviews because I can be all goddamn Dory brains with things and shit.

Dolphin voice, go. “You just proposed to me, Chris!”

His eyes were dark when he nodded. “Yes, I did.”

“You’re not joking!”

He shook his head. “No. I’m not, Seb.”
“The slightest possibility of living my life without you in it drives me crazy,” he declared, like he’d been fucken waiting to get on the goddamn PA system with it. Totally zero flying fucks that I was fucken staring at him like a frozen, blinking tree frog. Yup, the migraine was more or less gone but that baseball bat, it took another swing and knocked the wind out of me.

His expression softened. “I absolutely hate it. I realize that I’ve found someone whom I’d love nothing more than to spend the rest of my life with and I’m only hoping that he’d make me the happiest man ever by saying yes.”

That was really so sweet but I fucken panicked.

“Oh my God, you are serious!” I was grabbing at the sides of my head the second I snapped out of my stupefied state.

“I am. Just a ring short - haven’t had the time to get one. Wasn’t really planning on letting you know this way but I got so caught up with my emotions and bam! Everything’s out of the bag.”

And I swear to fuck that I didn’t mean to be insensitive towards his feelings but what the fuck, man?

“We were literally laughing at the idea of marriage only like, yesterday Chris! All that talk about putting it aside because we weren’t ready. Our careers and all. What changed?”

“Listen, I’ve been thinking. About how we’re so good together - I gave it a lot of thought, babe. And about the dreams you had. Where we are now. Where we’ll be. I meditated a Hell lot on it too and yeah, had a change of perspective.”

His goddamn animated hand gestures flying everywhere, into my space and face and all.

“Maybe we should talk about it over dinner when we have the time. You look like you’re gonna throw up anytime. Lie down, Sebby.”

Fucken talk about it, this guy. Like I was goddamn interested to know what this Om dude told him when he was in tralala mode or something. The corner I was backed into was shrinking far too quickly all of sudden.

“I mean it - I’m looking forward to many more years ahead with you.” My hand was in his in a hold. “Can’t we stick to that plan?”

“That’s exactly it! What’s a few years down the road gonna be like for us, Sebby? I mean it’s gonna come to that eventually, right? Us getting married to each other.”

That confidence. Would’ve been sexy if he wasn’t fucken mental. “It’s way too soon! And it’s not that simple, Evans.”

“What’s so complicated about it?” He wasn’t feeling me at all. “We’re beyond fucking solid already. Getting hitched will only make us better, stronger - I’ve decided that you’re my entire life and I don’t ever wanna lose you, Sebastian.”

“Lose me?” I was stumped at how that just slipped itself into the conversation. Came out of fucken nowhere and of course, Chris went quiet, goddamn no response all of a sudden.

“Why would you think of such things?” I was staring deeper into his eyes, like I could read his
mind or something. “Did I say or do anything to make you think that way, Chris?”

“No, it’s not that. Well…Not entirely.”

I shifted in my seat to directly face him. “What are you really worried about? Be honest with me.”

He chewed on his lips for a million years, hesitant before deciding to fuck it and said, “You’ve a lot of projects after this tour ends, babe. It’s ridiculous! I’ve been meaning to ask you: Don’t you want some down time from the spotlight, get away for awhile. Re-look at priorities with me?”

“Priorities?” My eyebrows rose a little. That was totally unexpected - especially when it came from someone who’s been in this industry forever. Moreover, from someone who supposedly goddamn knew me inside out by then.

“But I already signed the contracts. You know how much I love my job, Chris - I’m not gonna slow down for anything. Or anyone. Not right now.”

“I know you do. It’s just…Look, we’re gonna be away from each other for a really long time at once and this time, it’s gonna be different. Who knows what we’ll experience, who we’ll meet. What will change between us. I’m taking it easy until the next project with Marvel or God knows what’s gonna drop in but you? Looking at what you have up your sleeves, you’re gonna be working all the time. I don’t want things to get difficult.”

Sorry I had to pay fucken rent and survive, really. “So this is your solution. Grounding me.”

“Come on, Sebby. You know it’s not like that - I’m super supportive of your dreams and I know for sure that you’ll be for mine, too. I’m just saying we can have it all and even a Hell lot more - but as a unit, together.”

My heart was dropping and rolling the entire damn time but I heard him loud and clear. I wasn’t sure what triggered me to poke at an overly touchy subject though, but I doggone did.

And I went, “is this another one of your panic attacks, Evans?”

His eyebrows came to a knit in the middle of his forehead, appearing a little offended that I just took a big ass swipe at his anxiety issue.

“No, Seb. I’m crystal. I’m serious about you and marriage is fucken sacred to me.”

“You sure?” I really shouldn’t because he’s really, really, really motherfucken sensitive about it but my goddamn edgy nerves, Christ.

“You can’t just force me to marry you just because you’re paranoid about things, Chris.”

“Paranoid!” Chris’ head jerked at how unapologetic I sounded. #sorrynotsorry, I fucken was.

“First of all, I’m not forcing you to marry me. I’m asking you to - although I admit, very persistently. I thought what you need is a little bit more convincing from me, that’s all.”

That’s all, the fuck. “And did you really think I was gonna say ‘yes’ immediately?”

“Well I was kinda hopeful for that but you’re freaking out right now so I don’t think that’s gonna happen.”

A tiny smile was playing on his lips. “On the plus side, you’re not straight up saying no so…”
Someone give this genius his Nobel prize, already. Actually, I could’ve said yes because love, Christ. I was buried so deep in it, I would have no idea who I could turn into sometimes.

He was serious again. “Seb, I love you. Of course I’m worried about certain certainties - who wouldn’t? You’re a fucking dream come true for me. I’d hate to be that guy!”

The fuck is he on about, Christ. “What guy?”

“That guy who lets ‘The One’ get away because he let circumstances get in the path, Seb. That won’t be me.”

All this super sweet talk was giving a goddamn toothache but it was really too bad that this guy needed to get one motherficken important thing straight in his head - A-fucken-SAP.

So I said, “you know how I feel about this and you still proposed. If this is anything, it’s a dick move, Christopher.”

He gave that a hard, resigning sigh. Putting his hands up in the air like he was done with arguing already. Seriously. Fucken drama king game on overkill.

“Maybe I did think I could get you to reconsider marriage with me right now. Guilty. The last thing I wanna do is put a huge amount of pressure. I’m really sorry that I dropped a massive bomb on you out of the blue, Sebby. Should’ve known better.”

Fucken finally!

And then he went, “but what are you so afraid of? We’ve known each other forever, Seb.”

“Yes but we’ve only started dating for one year!”

“Yes, but we’ve always had so much love for each other before we even happened. Six whole years, to be exact. You’re one of the reasons why I worked on my fear of being in a commitment - in both personal and professional aspects.”

That cotton candy-sweetness eating into my system like fucken nanomites. “I’m not ready! The pace of our relationship’s so great. There are no big expectations - getting married will change the entire game for us, Chris.”

His frown deepened. “You mean your game.”

Fine. “I’m ridiculously happy with you, Evans - every damn thing about you amazes me and annoys me to no end. I’ve never felt anything like it with anyone else before and honestly, I don’t know what can change that.”

“Really?” He became fucken sarcastic because he’s great with timing like that. “I don’t know too - which is what I’ve been trying to tell you the entire time and only as a fucking major concern but yeah, okay. Hopefully nothing.”

I wanted to laugh but I didn’t. “I’m fucking in love with you, stupid and I trust you to Hell. You don’t think I know how many other people who’d want to fill in my space if I don’t?”

“Hah! It’s not just that.” He rolled his eyes a little. “And I don’t care about other people. I only want you.”

“And I’m not going anywhere. Till the end of the line, yes? Just not like how you want it as, at
least not right now. Please understand that.”

He fell silent again, holding my eyes in this ridiculously intense and thoughtful gaze for like, three goddamn summers, fuck.

“Alright!” Chris sighed, dialing his persuasiveness by a billion notches down when he finally saw how the situation heading further South the deeper he had me in that tiny corner.

“We put marriage aside for now.”

Thank fuck. “Thank you.”

And I was so fucking close to stepping off the ledge and breathe easy until he jumped me once more - this time with, “don’t you want to get engaged, at least?”

Now ya’ll know that I’m that type of really nice guy who (usually) has an incredibly high threshold for stress but this, this snowballed so fast and next thing I knew, I fucken flipped.

“Ugh!” I snapped, immensely irritated, rolling my eyes so hard that I saw the back of my head.

“You seriously need to get a grip on yourself, Evans. Don’t you get it?”

His eyes rounded, caught off guard at what just exploded in his face. “Sebby.”

“Look, I seriously don’t know what’s causing you to have this little meltdown but us getting engaged or married or whatever will not fix any of your problems.”

Chris was staring at me like I lost my goddamn balls. “My...problems?”

Somewhere in my mind there was a tiny voice suddenly speaking to me. My own little Scott Lang telling me to back it up. Stop talking, Sebastian. You don’t wanna go there.

But fuck me, I can’t already!

So I let it rip. “Yes! You’re actually willing to drag me into that level of commitment so knowing that you own me will give you a peace of mind somehow. I’m starting to think that what you really want from me is actually major and constant reassurance - that I’ll always be kept in your corner.”

“Whoa, hey. I’m not dragging you into anything!” He was appalled that I could say such things. Like butter wouldn’t fucken melt in my mouth.

“And excuse me? Where’s all this coming from?”

“You tell me, Chris. Why else are you so desperate to get hitched all of a sudden?”

His expression hardened over. “That’s hurtful, Seb.”

Cease fire, Sebastian! but I was too fucken lit, Christ. On a goddamn roll.

“Whatever that’s messing with your head is fucking with your heart and judgement, Evans. I’m sorry to tell you this again but really I value my freedom a Hell lot - and if I’d known that you’re gonna get so goddamn insecure and fucking needy, I wouldn’t have wanted-”

Shit.

It all happened way too fast - the sudden drop in the air to what came out of my mouth fucken
sliced his head clean off his shoulders, in an instant. I could only watch as the look on his face twisted so hard in disbelief as I fell speechless, finding the rest of my sentence abandoning me only to cower behind a shocked, pathetic gasp.

Fucken sticks and stones may break your bones but words, Christ.

*The fuck did I just say?! “Oh my God.”*

My very words sent everything straight to motherfucken Hell just like *snappy fingers* that.

“Wow. That’s just *gold*, Seb.”

Chris jerked his hand out of mine, in a recoil like he touched fucken acid. “So that’s how you wanna think of this - and me - now, huh?”

“Shit.” My heart jumped a mile high, I swear. The ground beneath started to shake and catch fire. *Fuck. “No! That’s not what I meant, Evans.”*

“Sure you didn’t,” he snorted, as if I just told him the unfunniest joke of the century.

“Jesus Christ, Seb. You really don’t hold anything back at all, do you?”

The way he was staring me down paralyzed me all over. I could literally feel him bleeding out, his beautiful heart torn out of his chest by my own hands, right in the very depths of my soul, Christ. The pain in his eyes was so intense, it grappled my senses and *goddamn it, Sebastian!* This was *not* the direction I wanted the whole damn thing to head to, I swear.

His eyes, Christ. “You call me crazy and you understand my desire to have you as my life partner is all but a panic attack. I want you in my future and you believe it’s because I’m paranoid, desperate, insecure and also, goddamn needy. What the Hell is that about?”

His ridiculed scoff was mighty. “I admit that I *am* scared to lose you - you’re fucking perfect for me if not better but marriage is not fucking therapy.”

*Jesus.* “Whatever I said didn’t come out the way I intended them to, Evans. I was angry, I said stupid things—”

“*Hurtful* things, Seb. Honestly, I can take your rejection - but I wasn’t prepared for you to water me down, demoralize and then insult me with your fucking *diagnosis* on my mental and emotional *problems*.”

*Fuck, fuck, fuck!*

For the first time in my life, fear gripped me like death was at my door. Chris, he was suddenly so goddamnit lit to skin me alive. The tilt of his head was deadly.

“You didn’t finish, by the way. Had you known I was gonna be all that, you wouldn’t have *what*?”

It was a terribly bad time to fucken choke on my own air but I fucken did, and that only triggered the other man to Hell.

His lips quivered. “You wouldn’t have wanted to be with me in the first place. Is that it?”

*INTERVENTION, SEBASTIAN. NOW!*
“What? No!” I yelped, alarmed at what he just dropped on me. “How did you come to that?”

“You tell me, Doctor Sebastian.” He challenged. “Dropping your great psychoanalytic discovery on me. You were on fire, kid. Hell, you actually sound like you regret that we ever got together-”

“Stop it!” Jesus, I had to scream into his face because the stupid-ass conclusions he was jumping to, fucking Hell!

“You’re putting words in my mouth, messed-up ideas in your own head. All on your own.”

Chris eyes only narrowed further, the clench of his jaw tightening in his anger.

“Is that so? So you blowing up in my face earlier, making me sound like I need some sort of medical attention for my feelings for you - I’m supposed to let fly over my head, just like that? You, of all people Sebastian, suggesting that I’m fucking unstable -”

“Bullshit, Evans.”

“Well, bullshit sounded like you knew exactly what you were talking about.”

He pushed my hand away again, as if disgusted by my touch. God that hit me so fucken hard, I cringed like someone just poured salt into open wounds. The other man then shot up to his feet, furiously wiping tears with the back of his hand.

Fuck. This is really, really, really bad. “Where are you going?”

“Outside.” He grabbed his cap and pulled it over his head. “I can’t do this with you right now - we’ve some long flights ahead and we need to keep our heads in the game. I need to breathe.”

But I was seeing this as him killing me slowly if not deliberately, he really fucken was. “Evans.”

“Said I’ve heard enough, Sebastian.”

And I, being the better man I always make myself as, should just back the fuck down, I know but I got even angrier that he chose to shut me off and fucken throw me off the goddamn roof instead of addressing the fact that everything just fucken blew out of proportions!

"Don't walk away when I'm talking to you!" I went, angry. "Look, we need to slow down. You need to slow down, in fact."

"Well, I don't want to - but that's not why I'm pissed at you, Seb."

"Whatever it is, I don't want to marry you right now and you can't be a goddamn baby about it, Christopher."

Temper control was something he was losing the more we talked. "So now what? I'm childish, aren't I? Know what? Come at me, Seb. What other problems are you gonna diagnose me with?"

"Chris-"

"When's my next appointment with the great doctor Sebastian?"

For fuck's sake!!!!!

Next thing I knew, I made a call that I didn’t even think I ever - and I swear on my own life for this - fucken thought to Hell I would, but I fucken did.
“Let’s take a timeout, Chris.”

Oh, if you could only see how fast the color of his eyes drained when that blindsided him.

“On our anniversary. Are you fucking kidding me, Seb?” Chris grunted, glaring at me even harder. “How could you even want that?”

 Fucking Hell. With the amount of emotional carnage we were dropping between us, there was no fucken way anyone was coming out of this warzone civil enough to fucken talk things out. My suggestion was in fact, fucking brilliant times infinity and beyond.

“ You being like this gave me no other choice. Christ, what’s gotten into you?” I demanded.

“You don’t want to accept that we are moving way too fast and I’m supposed to fucking deal with that? I lost it. Everything I said came out from pure anger because you kept pushing me!”

“And calling time out on us is supposed to make things different.” His reply was stone cold.

“Maybe. I don’t know. Can’t get any sense into you, man. You’re being overly emotional right now!”

“Let me recap for you: You value your freedom way too much - my asking for your hand in marriage will just ruin your life. Oh and I’m also the psycho boyfriend you never wished you had-”

“I did not say such things!”

“-so can you blame me for being too overly emotional? You’re way out of your lines!”

“I have every damn right to freak out.” His fucken drama king syndrome. So damn done. “Know what? You don’t control me - so stop acting like you can. Fucking listen to yourself, please - you sound downright immature!”

“Right, right. And pathetic. Needy. Desperate.”

I wished I could just fucking erase his memory. “For fuck’s sake.”

“Maybe you’re right. Maybe I am a little weehoo in the head and heart - at least we both know just how genuinely important you are to me, Sebastian.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“The way you’re acting up now, I don’t even know if you really love me the way you claim you do anymore, Sebastian. Maybe all you wanted with me is a real good time - and I was stupid enough to fall for those beautiful eyes.”

Oh no, he fucken didn’t.

“Really, that?”

He grunted. "Maybe I thought you love me that much to not be so scared of what we can become together. Do you even have expectations? Any ambition of being with me like that in the first place? Because I do."

"You can't just expect me to agree with you just because you suddenly have a different expectation for us. Look, you're taking this waaaaaaaay too far out, Evans. Are you doubting my feelings for you now?"
"I don't know what to think of you anymore, to be honest - you don't even care to wanna look at me as a priority. I'm disappointed, Seb. I thought I mean the world to you enough to be given a chance for you to try and explore what being in a higher commitment can transform us into. You don't care!"

Son of a- "I don't care? I love you!"

He scoffed, ridiculed. "But you don't mean it the way I do and I see that now."

Look at him fucken dragging me down that fatal road at the back of a truck like an unapologetic, crazy ass bitch on full-blown PMS. Two can play this game.

“You wanna go there?” I hissed, offended as Hell. “Well fuck you, Chris - I’m out.”

“Fine! If this is what you truly want from me—”

“-Oh, trust me, more than anything right now—”

“-then let’s take a goddamn break ,” he snarled, throwing his hands up and out at me like whatever, bitch I buried you. Bye.

He spared no expense with that, too. “Hell, go fuck someone else or two while you're at it - see what kind of happiness your precious freedom brings you, Seb.”

That did it.

My tightly rounded fist, its angle and precision calculated with hardcore rage, with the sole purpose to inflict irrevocable damage simply because Chris Evans fucken deserved it, started for his jaw.

Sadly, it didn’t get to land.

“Hey, guys. Guys? Guys !”

Will Menadi was in our space next, having stormed up the stairs with urgency so urgent, he almost took the goddamn plane apart. “Sorry to interrupt the party but it’s go time, boys.”

We turned our heads to see him talking to the screen of the camera in his hands, fidgeting with its buttons.

“I hope you’re feeling better already, Seb! Marvel wants Team Cap to release a short video for your fans in the next few stops of this tour before we take off.”

The tension in the small space was motherfucken nuclear but Will, his camera was up and right at us before we knew it. The tiny red light, it was blinking fast.

Still talking, Christ. “I need it to be less than a minute and it’s gonna be a direct upload to Marvel’s Youtube account, so say really awesome things to your fans, get them all rallying behind you. And don’t forget to mention the hashtag ‘choose wisely’. Let’s go, Team Cap! And you’re on in five, four, three…."

*One whole triquantumbagajillion years and a goddamn death stare from us later*

“Oh.” Will’s camera dropped and his eyes were darting back and forth between Chris and I next. On a fucken landmine, he stepped right in the middle of it all.
“Bad time?”

Someone fucken *shoot* me already.

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*Till next time...*

*Next Chapter update here : Part 18 : *Give Captain America a Better Man*
Part 18 : Give Captain America a Better Man

Chapter Summary

When you have some sunshine in the pocket of your jeans.

Chapter Notes

I should have put this up earlier. spoiler alert, trouble in Evanstan paradise with the debut of an OMC.

(Temporary though)

Chapter 18 posted. Thank you again for the support and wait and everything!

Enjoy this one :)

Other mentions : Gregg Masterson (OMC) Will Menadi (OMC), Jenny Slate

Read the rest here:

Part 1 : Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend

Part 2 : Give Captain America a Winter Soldier

Part 3 : Give Captain America Something Crazy

Part 4 : Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva

Part 5 : Give Captain America Something to Talk About

Part 6 : Give Captain America Civil War

Part 7 : Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF

Part 8 : Give Captain America His Chance

Part 9 : Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe

Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry

Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather
Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year

Part 13: Give Captain America the Lovebug

Part 14: Give Captain America Someone Beautiful (and Everyone Knows It)

Part 15: Give Captain America a New Year, New Me

Part 16: Give Captain America the #powercouple goals

Part 17: Give Captain America a Break

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**Part 18:**

There’s always something so much better to talk about, so let’s talk about my hair and its smashing *personality*. You see, I’d like to think that how my hair came to develop a persona on its own is primarily because of all the platinum grade hair support I give to it. However, let me tell you this: even that much consistence in TLC services can’t bloody guarantee the best in our coexistence sometimes.

Ultimately, depending on which day and then which attitude it decides to give me, this mop right here *points to head* can either be a blessing or a downright curse - so when I can see that cooperative, smooth-flowing frequency in its wave, I’m golden. I’m *Bucky with the great hair*.

And when I don’t, there’s always that urgent need to bother someone to death just to hear him or her convince bratty ol’ diva me that there is more to life than just an epic bad hair day.

This is a first world problem, I know - but any problem is still a legit problem, right?

Anyway.

“Should I call Julius again? The sides are too short and it’s still a huge mess up here.”

“Hmmm. Turn to your right again, will ya?”

Gregg Masterson, he had been sitting on my bed, studying my head from one angle after another because I can depend on him to do things like that. The mirror I had been standing in front of for the past 20 thousand years or so, if it had something to say to me right then it would probably complain that it was getting tired of fucken staring at me already.

“It looks good. You’re looking like TJ Hammond again, Seb - those curls are *alive* but you’ve nothing to worry about. Trust me.”

And I did. Ladies, you know he’s a total keeper when he gives that much fuck about your follicle
uprising like you do. Guys, be like Gregg.

“Had to cut it for Logan. Keeping it for Castle. So...all okay and not too curly?”

“Seb, here’s another solution.” He reached for one of the caps hanging off the bed post and extended it to me. “It won’t clash with what you’re wearing right now. You can pull off a \textit{haute couture} look, even.”

I gave the very familiar, very navy blue item a really cold look. “That’s not mine.”

“Does it matter?” My housemate groaned like he was done. “It goes so well with your get up.”

“This,” I went, snatching the cap from his hand and stalking to the other side of my room with it. My blood simmered until I threw it inside a drawer. “Belongs here.”

Gregg was amused by my actions, apparently. “So am I sitting on his side of the bed or yours?”

“You think this is funny.” I was glaring at him with so much serious \textit{urgh}. “It’s not, Gregg. I think it’s really over between us.”

“You think ?”

“Well. Okay. It’s complicated.”

“So I give you both three months - \text{\textit{max}}. Stucky can’t die.”

Fucken \textit{Stucky} eating everyone’s goddamn brains, I swear. The roll of my eyes threatened him. “I don’t wanna talk about it anymore, please.”

“Fine, don’t tell me what happened!” Gregg slapped his thighs and got up. Checked the time real quick and then nodded like he just confirmed something in his head.

“I gotta head down to the venue. Station set-up with Jeremiah - he’s already on his way there. Will’s opening the place with my little Tiffany Tots.”

Look, I’m not kidding when I say that Gregg is the type of awesome who would help me hide the bodies that I murdered should I go on such a mindless rampage some day but it had been almost two months since the whole shit with Chris went down.

From then on, it was no calls, no texts (no double ticks, even. He probably blocked me - again), nothing new happened or changed since the tour ended. His stuff, still at my place and mine, at his. This phase we were in was pretty much like a television static and no one was interested to change the channel. I seriously didn’t know if this was really a time out, or Chris and I actually fucken broke up. Urgh. Fuck. Fine. Lives had to go on anyway. \textit{Whatever}.

I didn’t need another audience member to a fucked up episode in my life, that’s all.

“It’s awfully nice of Will to want the cafe to host a station at his charity dinner.” Gregg was saying next, changing the topic as if on cue.

“Never did an event like this before. So classy. I feel good. You must be thrilled.”

“Tell me about it.” I gave that a huge smile, my mood picking up again. “My photos are up for an \textit{auction} for charity - never thought I’d see that happen, ever.”

“Right? I still can’t get over how much of a coincidence this all is. He’s pretty much the same guy
in college - just a whole lotta zen now. Gotta learn that art. Seems like a really good place to be in at this age.”

Joker was talking like he saw dinosaurs roamed the Earth before or something. “Said it’s a fuckload of raw vegetables. Talking to kindred spirits from beyond under some magic umbrella tree in Wyoming. No meat, no gluten, no dairy. Pea protein all the way.”

“Nice try, Seb.” He went, giving me a really flat look before starting out. He was almost out of my zone when he went, “are you sure you wanna wear that, though?”

“Why?” I spun back to the mirror so fast, I almost lost my balance. “Am I under dressed?”

Gregg was eyeballing me real funny next. Fucken wiggling his brows, too.

“What?” I had no time to decipher him, Christ. “No black on black? Just white? Gregg!”

“That shirt’s perfect for tonight, Seb.” He was snickering next. The hell, this guy. “You’re edgy as Hell - I was inclined to check on something.”

“What thing?” I still didn’t get it. “Please don’t do that because I’m gonna be in the same room as Timothy Hogan and Nicholas Samaras tonight and I do not wanna look like a total dufus.”

“I don’t know if that’s Hulk Hogan’s relative or if samosas are gonna be on the menu tonight but I know a lot of heads will be turning and one of them will be…”

He trailed off with a grin on his face. Dropping some kind of hint at me like I knew what the fuck he was hinting at.

I shot a blank one, confused. “...yours?”

His humor died. “I’m not interested in you, Seb. Get over it - you can’t handle my sexy anyway.”

He wishes, really. “Can I hang out at your area?”

“Hang out meaning eating all the food.”

“You can look at it as my showing you mad support.”

“No.” He gawked, fearful. “Stick to Menadi’s side - you’re one of the contributors in his charity dinner and you wanna hide behind a table filled with tastefully planned gastronomical experiences with me.”

Sometimes he fails with the whole not tempting people with the way he describes things, really.

“Will’s gonna be busy with his famous photographer friends, on top of running the entire show,” I moaned in my dismay. I was grabbing at the curls on top of my head again.

“Should I just cancel on him?”

“I’m so sorry for this, Cap.” Gregg just fucken apologized to the goddamn headgear inside that goddamn drawer, like he was apologizing to my so-called ex.

“You shouldn’t break another man’s heart, Seb - Menadi’s really looking forward to having you tonight.”

That sounded so fucking awkward, man.
“You guys seemed to have gotten closer since you came back from the tour,” he suddenly went, brows still dancing in glee. That’s his *I’m onto you* face, by the way.

“Hardly had your phone out of your hands these days. Smiling like an idiot whenever *dings*. Work can’t be that much of a joy, can it? And since you and Chris are on a break or whatever Facebook status it is…”

That’s because I was done fucken *crying* myself to sleep like an idiot all the time. The first few weeks after the apocalypse was hard. He didn’t know that because make up did fucken wonders for those dreadful nights, I swear. And thank fuck for gym time and Nascar crash course and work and Turtle. My handsome doberman knew all about it enough to write my autobiography some day. If he could write, of course. Wait, that’s just weird. Anyway.

“Are you seriously gonna Dad me about that?”

“Maybe about some really good Mexican fiery chicken wings which materialized within *minutes* after your mention. Let’s start with that.”

Unbelievable. “Eavesdropping, much?”

“We were watching a basketball game in my room, Seb. I had a heartbroken little girl in my bed wishing for some El Pacha’s during half-time advert run but was annoyed that she couldn’t get through the delivery line or something.”

Little girl, his ass. “I can’t share my craving to midnight snack with my friends now? And it wasn’t like I knew he was gonna get someone to send them to me.”

“You know, El Pacha’s don’t deliver outside of Brooklyn after ten.”

Whoa, I had no idea about that. “They don’t?”


Well, he brought joy to my world that night. Wasn’t the first time he did, though. “Will’s a really, really nice guy, okay? I was down and out and he wanted to cheer me up a couple of times. What’s the big deal?”

“The big deal is that you’re possibly one of the dumbest smart person I’ve ever met, Sebastian.”

“Back to my *situation* tonight!” Because I had more pressing issues to highlight, thank fuck.

“I’m literally gonna be sitting in a corner of some room all alone, avoiding eye contact with these amazing, talented artists who are gonna wonder why the fuck is Cyndi Lauper even up for sale!”

“But you and *alone* at parties have never existed on the same page - especially with that shirt on.”

“Sometimes I think you’re gay for me but you’re too straight to admit it, Masterson.”

“I know someone who is literally that right now.”

“*Who* are you talking about?”

“Dumb smart person alert. Uh, God I feel like a traitor right now. Hashtag: caught in the middle.”

Fucken Tom Holland language, Christ. I was done. “Look, I don’t know *anyone* there. Menadi’s gonna be all over the place - you need help a brother out.”
Gregg gave up and offered me a humored grunt.

“Seb, you’ve exceptional social skills and you’ll be exchanging Instagram account information with everyone from Times magazine before you know it. Cyndi and her friends are gonna be showcased among the best works in the gallery and you’re gonna be so fucking proud of yourself - sale or no sale. Got it?”

“Alright. Okay. Wait.” I blinked, raising a brow at him. “Am I supposed to repeat after you or…?”

“Whatever you need to do, man,” he sang in all of good spirits, spinning on his heels like he was fucken Bruno Mars or someone.

“I gotta jet. Unfortunately, I have taste buds to dazzle at the charity’s pre-launch party. See ya!”

I laughed at how he tried to moonwalk his way out the front door because he couldn’t fucken moonwalk even if he trained for it.

“Your humility is indeed commendable, Masterson.”

“Stay any longer than three minutes at my station and I’ll have you removed, Seb.”

Knowing the type of anal Gregg can be, that could probably happen.

The thing about being who I am is that I get to go to numerous events that actually change people’s lives, make differences to communities and support humanitarian efforts. Paying it forward in any way that I can is how I remind myself that I’m just another guy who wants to see better times for myself and for everyone else in this world we live in. Spread a little love, restore a little faith and it goes a really long way, man.

Anyway.

As I was saying, numerous events but this one was slightly different. No smashing carpet catwalks and posing for screaming photographers at every two steps I take. No microphones shoved to my face poking me about Bucky picking up the shield (they don’t trust us with shit, okay?) or if we were gonna be having a Gossip Girls reunion anytime soon.

It was just puny ol’ me in a really quiet street in the middle of Soho, the chill of Friday’s night air instantly gone the moment I walked into the teak double doors of the building where the auction was to be held. The upbeat sound of smooth jazz music welcoming my entrance was refreshing - it really felt like it had been a long while since I had this kind of chillax reception.

The petite lady at the booth addressed me as ‘Mr Stan’ before I could even tell her who I was. Figured I was probably singled out in some list somewhere because it was the first time that I was honoring an invite to a photography charity dinner-auction which 99% of the attendees were exceptionally and highly accomplished men and women in an industry which I only saw as a new
hobby less than a year ago.

A purple butterfly clip in her afro brought out the color of her gentle brown eyes. “Mr Menadi’s been expecting you. I’ll let him know that you’re here.”

Her name was Symphony. “Here’s a little door gift and you may follow the sound of the music to the dining hall. Enjoy the evening, Mr Stan.”

“Thanks.” Sometimes I laugh when people call me that. “Please, just Sebastian. Better, Seb.”

“Will do, Seb.”

Fast forward to me heading straight for the bar and downing one of those cocktail specials in an attempt to kill my apparent nervousness. I texted Will and then planned to spend most of the time hiding in the shadows like my professionally-trained super-Soviet-assassin cinematic character The Winter Soldier until he turns up but that didn’t happen.

Maybe Will had this all planned - I was seated in the same table as that dude whose photos got into the cover of National Geographic magazine - like, about a fuckload of times! There was also this other dude who had his own travel series on a lifestyle channel - and the very fact that they recognised who I was from my movies with Marvel sent me twittering with excitement.

Problem was, I didn’t the fuck know what their names were because they were practically friends so they removed those pretty little cards which had their names written on from our table. Thankfully, my social skills managed to save my ass - if only for a short while.

And then the table got bigger because everyone who knew everyone else started pulling their chairs over and they began talking about things I didn’t really have much knowledge about. I’d never camped out for a week just to snap photos of mega rare mountain wolves (never the fuck will. Nope), so I quickly excused myself from the maddening crowd to see how my housemate was doing over at the other hall. I swear, if he wanted to throw me an apron right there and then, I’d wear it over my smashing sexy Armani and fucken serve cwa-sa-di-yahs (however you spell it) in a heartbeat.

But Gregg and his staff Jeremiah were only incredibly occupied with the changing faces visiting his station, so I decided to check out the gallery on my own - way up on the tenth floor.

Thing is, I wasn’t supposed to be there. No one was, I suppose. The many red velvet ropes placed before the entrance reminded me that it was not open for viewing yet - but of course I went around it.

“Hello?”

Jesus, it was so goddamn dark inside. Didn’t help that the building was probably a 100 years old and you know how zombies are always somewhere in these kind of places. I contemplated about walking into this supermassive black hole I was looking at, the eerie silence of the room threatening to deafen my ears the more I stood there.

“Anyone ever told you that curiosity kills the cat?”

Will Menadi stepped out of that same darkness I stuck my head into, scaring the living Jesus out of me in the process. My schoolgirl as fuck squeak practically echoed down the hallways, man.

“Holy crap!” I’m a pro at embarrassing myself, I know. “What are you...Were you hiding in there? Christ.”
“Yes I was.” He nodded. “Just hiding in the dark, waiting to scare off nosey people like you.”

“You’re your own security guard.”

He kept a straight face, having me with it. “State your business here, Mr Busybody.”

“I tried, okay?” I didn’t mean to complain, but I doggone did. “But I don’t know what breed of forest wolves they were talking about, Will.”

“Sorry? Wolves?” The photographer looked lost as fuck now. “What wolves?”

“Your wildlife filmmaker friends and their epic camp outs in the wilderness. I can’t keep up. So much death-defying adventures in one single conversation!”

“Hm,” he went, amazed. “And here I thought that the party don’t start till I walk in.”

“Party started without you!” I replied, the galloping of my heart slowing down once it returned to its place inside my rib cage. That slight crook in his smile, it never fucken failed to command most of my attention.

I felt so much at ease when looking at it. “You’re too busy being a ninja up here - safeguarding masterpieces from pesky ones like moi .”

“Some are worth millions, Seb. Can’t have spoilers or it’ll ruin the market value.”

No shit. “So I can’t go back to my table or something?”

“Not dropping bodies in front of Jamiroquai tonight, Seb. So, nope. You’re staying with me.”

My eyes went wide. I know I’m supposedly a film star already and I should’ve mastered the art of Tinseltown ‘meh’ at the mention of another megastar’s name but “ Jamiroquai ’ s a legend.”

“Table four, yes,” Will replied, seeing the whole floor plan in the air above my head. “Same table as the lovely Miss Famke Janssen. Chris Rock is coming too. Sting.”

“Sting!” Here’s another one who badly needs to go to fucken school and learn how to not tempt/taunt people like this, I swear. Him and Gregg. Alumni and birds of a fucken feather!

“You can’t keep me as prisoner, man.” Not when Jean Grey was within 100 meters of me. “I didn’t see anything but your face coming at me from nowhere! I’m gonna go back down. Bye!”

“Sorry but you’re glued to my side until the gallery opens for viewing, Seb.”

He read the time on his wrist in a glance. Zero mercy on my ass. “Forty more minutes to go.”

Christ, this is gonna sound funny but what is it with men and their need to be so controlling?! “Are you for real?”

“Or I can drop you and then wall you up.” Will smirked. “I must protect these works, Seb.”

Sorry but I’m gonna fucken Prison Break myself . “You watch a lot of those super American horror movies.”

“CSI.” His handsome face then broke into a huge grin - he was self-entertained as fuck.

“I’m joking. I was done doing a final check on everything in here, Symphony said you’ve arrived.
Turned off the lights and was about to meet you downstairs but you’re here. Figured I’d have some fun. Got you good.”

“Aw!” My response was flat. “Thanks, Will.”

“Hey, I’m really glad that you could make it.”

“No biggie.” And then my face was warm in seconds. “Said I’ll turn up if I’ve the time. Heard it means alot that I do.”

“Yeah, it does.”

I didn’t know what to make of Will looking at me the way he was right then but that ridiculously attractive smile of his was making me wanna squish a fluff toy in my hands. The heat from my cheeks spread to my entire body so fast, turning me Hella shy.

The sudden fluster must have been too obvious but the guy didn’t seem to mind. Hmm.

“Again,” I said, bringing myself out of the bubble. “Thank you for involving me in such a cause in the first place. I’m excited, Will - although honestly, I’m dead nervous about the auction.”

“Cyndi’s gonna do absolutely fine. I foresee her going for about three grand or so.”

Unrealistic as fuck, that was. “Right. Maybe just two hundred dollars.”

“Bet you an Earthquake. Four whole grand.”

“Martha’s!” I squeaked, excited when recognizing one of my City’s go-to for guilty pleasures. “Oh my God, Will. You know what ice-cream is?”

“Huh!” Will laughed. “Was I ever a health freak fitness pushover to you before or something?”

“No.” I giggled, tilting my head at him, giddy as fuck for some reason. “Forget what I said.”

He seemed to have shifted closer. The miserable lighting couldn’t even hide how bright his hazel-green eyes were. “What is it? Seriously, I’m not that terrible, am I?”

“Well, I mean you’re incredibly fit-looking! I thought that maybe, you’re a lot like my trainer.”

“Don? I see the main similarity in us already - he’s very good-looking.”

“Okay.” Here’s someone who likes to try. “And he doesn’t eat ice cream. Says he doesn’t need to. I’ve to fucking write a proposal for Don to get him to try soft serve froyo.”

“So you’re saying that…I’m good-looking.”

I bit back a growing grin and shook my head at him. “There’s no stopping you now.”

“So how about that bet? Up you two Earthquakes that Cyndi’s gonna go at a few grands?”

I gasped. The nerve of him to raise me on that one. “Fifteen balls, Seb.” Will was enjoying himself, he really was. “You wanna go on that diet now?”

Like fuck I was. “Any lesser than three grand: two Earthquakes and one waffle tower.”

“Should’ve known,” he went, the further narrow of his eyes daring me. “You like to play dirty,
Sebastian. Tonight?"

“Martha’s fifty percent off after midnight on weekends - pick me up at reception afterwards.”

“You’re seriously gonna do this with me?” Will was seemingly and genuinely surprised.

“Why? Afraid of a little fat percentage increase?”

“Not worried about me.” He scoffed. “You, though…”

“Best not to keep me waiting, Menadi.”

Strange. The very tip of my ears tingled in delight at the sight of Will’s widening smile.

Or rather, what he chose to think of all this.

“Perfect. It’s a date, then.”

Mental note to oneself: Never get too fucken cocky when making a goddamn bet, especially one that involves a fuckload of food to finish.

*Brainfreeze* was not even the right word to describe how goddamn frozen my entire head was, man. I had the entire fucken North Pole right on my shoulders. The buttons on my pants were still very much intact, though. Surprisingly.

But the point is, I fucken did it.

“Boom!” I did a spoon-drop into a bowl and grinned. “Done and dusted, Menadi.”

Next to me, Will was totally blown away by what he just witnessed with his own eyes.

“I can’t believe you actually finished *everything*, Sebastian!” He gawked, blinking harder at what was (dare I say) left on the table before us.

Fifteen mega balls of multi-flavoured ice-cream with all its whipped cream, crazy chocolate fudge plus glorious gummy toppings and *then* a 6-piece mini waffles stack served with a dollop of super berries compote. I fucken cleaned the bad boys off their bowls and plate like *Don Saladino, what’s good?*

Right. I’m kidding - I ain’t telling the guy shit. He’d literally torture me in some crazy ass weights circuit so just *shhh*, everyone. You don’t know anything. Moving on.

“Are you human? You didn’t eat for a whole week or something? *Everything* ... gone. Christ!”

Perhaps I was in a really, really, *really* awesome mood that night. Had a very good experience at the auction earlier - my main ‘masterpiece’ Cyndi Lauper actually fetched at a staggering three
thousand and one dollars thanks to this incredibly sweet lady who loved everything cat. Was so fucken happy that I offered myself to be her date for the rest of the night. Of course Professor Marion didn’t mind and we had a great time. She was about 60 but she could boogie like she was Motown, I swear.

Either it was that or I was still motherfucken sore somewhere from a fresh heartbreak and a eating a fuckload of ice-cream helped sedated the lingering pain.

No, wait. Fuck that emo shit. Correction, please.

I was doing a fucken fantastic job at nursing a heartbreak because I, stronger than yesterday. Now it’s nothing but a mile away. My loneliness ain’t killin’ me no more!

Britney Spears for the current theme song of my life actually healed me in some ways, you know.

Anyway, the deal with the Devil had to be done.

Will was taking photos of the crime scene for, I bet, future epic blackmail material but I struck some poses for him anyway. My endorphin-induced mood continued to jump dangerously high, all I thought about for most of the time we were on this so-called date was how dashing Will Menadi looked with those wrinkles next to his eyes were whenever he pulled a smile. I mean he’s tall and handsome for someone who prefers to be behind the cameras. Metro-guy stylish as fuck too, never a hair out of place. I can go on forever about how easy it was to work with him leading our media team during our tour - he fucken deserved that Director title back at Marvel’s media FX department, that’s for sure.

Anyway, it was mostly platonic if not strictly work between us - until shit hit the ceiling with Chris. During that point of low, Will made himself out to be one of those people whom I felt I needed to have around me as much as I needed to be neck-deep inside my workload.

One the other hand, I could never figure out if Will was just natural at flirting or he was really born to be a messiah for the pitiful, i.e charm his way into my misery and fucken fix me with sunshine. My human emotional Hansaplast.

Whatever it was, it worked. Fuck feeling depressed. Fuck it all, I say!

He leaned deeper into my side in the booth we were seated in, putting a palm up in the air before my eyes. “Seb, how many fingers am I holding up?”

“I’m full not drunk, Menadi.”

“I don’t see the difference right now,;” he chuckled. FYI, this guy only had one stupid tiny sundae and he wanted to fucken sass me. Pssh!

“How about your tummy? You don’t feel sick or anything?”

The one with the fashionably-styled ash blonde hair seemed to be full of worry all of a sudden. I shook my head, dialing down my inner dancing unicorn from debuting to gave him a calm, assuring smile. Internally high as fuck, I was.

He nodded like okay, whatever you say. “That was madness and yet so epic! I would’ve just lived with the shame of a loser instead - you surprise me, Sebastian.”

“I love to eat. A lot. Ice-cream is a definite go for me!” I couldn’t stop giggling, fuck. My hand landed on his thigh in a slap, playful. Damn. Them quads, though. “Is that a good thing?”
You don't like to waste food, that's good for sure!" He sniggered. "You like pizzas, right?"

"Sold my soul to it."

"We should go up to Newark on one of the days next week - there's this pizza place I'd like to bring you to. Heard of Maroni's Avenue? You gotta go there."

Oh, hello.

I chewed on my bottom lip a little. Wasn't sure if I should imply anything negative and come out all rude or worse, stupid or if I should worry that he was gonna take it in a bad light but fuck it.

I went, "so...that's another date then?"

Aaaaaaaand .... *short, sudden but mega fucking awkward silence here*


"Know what, Will? Ignore that. I was just-"

"Sebastian." His hand landed on my arm, stopping me mid-talking. Suspenseful, damn.

And he said, "I don't know if you've noticed this but I really like your company. Yes, I'd like to take you on another date with me."

Highlight on the words: ‘I really like your company’ and ‘date’ in a single line. See what I mean? Nice guy or flirt? Platonic date or date-date? No fucken idea! Like I said, I wasn’t under the impression that he was anything like me at all. Oh well. It was still very nice. Unexpected, but nice.

“So...Tuesday?” He prompted me out of my blush, quick to schedule things. “Anytime? Or will you already be in Ireland? Because we can totally go to Maroni’s some other time….next month.”

“Tuesday’s good,” I laughed at how straight-faced he was with my work nature.

“I’ll be here till the end of June because Logan’s still ongoing and I’ve to go to the next few Comic Cons. Can we do lunch? You don’t eat anything like that after sundown.”

There was a gentle spark in his eyes. “I can make an exception for you. Seven’s good?”

“Seven it is.” Smooth as silk. I had to tell him that. “You're really good at this.”

“At what?”

“Being all suave with your nice guy charm and that smile. You get away with a lot of things, huh?”

“Well.” He cocked his head at me as if I was a map he was trying to read. “You would know.”

Hmm. *Hello again. “How would I know?”*

“Oh, you're acting like you’ve no idea now.”

“You’re welcomed to stroke on my ego and tell me something now.”

“Your modesty, really!” He chortled, highly amused at how shameless I just made myself out to be.
Okay. If you must be know something.” He rolled his eyes when I told him to that I didn’t mind waiting for him to list them out. “I think you look absolutely stupid-hot right now.”

Wow. HELLO!

I should at least pretended that I totally saw that coming but I failed. Miserably.

And then it came. The rise of intense pink that appeared on his face, it started from the tip of his nose and was flooding real fast around his cheeks. I saw the whole process happen in less than a second, it was sort of adorable. As Hell.

Will Menadi, he started flipping out.

“Oh God!” He gasped, shocked at what he just confessed to me. “I’m so sorry, Sebastian. That was completely inappropriate - I mean to say that you look totally amazing tonight. At the dinner.”

Underneath my shirt, my heart just took off in a race - I was fucken flattered to Hell. “Okay.”

“Everyone just easily likes you, too. So you would know what its like to get away with things because you know, looking the way you do, being this person you are. I’m still talking.”

“Yes you are.” I was in such a great mood that instead of letting his awkwardness kill him, I let myself do the honor. “At least now I know that you’re not just being a really nice person to me.”

“What?”

Too soon. “Never mind.”

“Damn it.” Will looked like he wanted to bury himself alive with his own hands next. “Everything came out all weird, Sebastian. Please don’t over think it.”

“What? Don’t stop. You were going so good,” I went, grinning at him like a madman. The man groaned, dropping his head back in a cringe, embarrassed as fuck. His face, so red. Adorable.

My finger traced around the rim of a bowl. “You were hating on Marion a bit, weren’t you?”

“No, I wasn’t.” He deadpanned but he came back again with, “I was, however, watching her actions very closely. I didn’t have the heart to cut in. Marion bought Cyndi.”

“She’s a very sweet vivacious lady whose smart as Hell and has a heart of gold. Moves like Jlo.”

“And she’s got my special guest in her arms the entire night. Mostly, special.”

Hello, hello, hello. Shy guy, my ass. Someone opened a can of jelly beans and sent my spirits flying into space, he did.

Now my face was red but I kept some cool. “You could’ve just borrowed me from her for a dance or something, Will.”

“Say…. Something dawned upon his face. “Do you think you can still dance, Sebastian?”

I could still move, yeah. “Here. Right now?”

Will turned his head over a shoulder, to the old school jukebox at the end of the aisle and then back at me.
God, his *smile.*
And he went, “any loose change to spare?”

It was almost three am in the morning but the night was still so young - according to the mega tonne amount of sugar that fucken intoxicated my system.

The metallic blue helmet on my head, I remembered Chris saying that he didn’t want to see me with it ever again. Too bad it’s a traffic offense to ride a bike without fucken safety measures.

My hold tightened around Will’s waist when the speed that we were going on his sexy red Ducati Supersport threatened to throw me off my seat at some turns. Thrilling chills ran up and down my spine in my awe when watching the bright lights of my City go by us in long, neon streaks. New York never sleeps because it’s forever jacked with eternal, raw energy, I love it.

We were at the red light on the junction of Times Square when Will pulled his visor up.

I swear this guy must have a fucken spotlight in his skull or something. His hazel-green peepers seemed to become brighter the darker the surrounding around him was. Beautiful.

“Seb, I’m gonna go get some water from that store. Too much ice-cream, ugh.”

One goddamn sundae and he was out. Seriously, what a little boy. I shook my head and my rider killed his ride. “Quick stop, okay? You can wait here if you want.”

“Nah I’ll tag along.” New York nights are forever young, people. “Take your time, Menadi.”

We got off the monster machine, took off our helmets and crossed over for the convenience store, ruffling our hair back in place. I was revisiting our epic dance battle at Martha’s earlier (he’s good, man) in my head while walking for the newspaper section when something - or rather someone - stole my complete attention.

My legs jammed the fuck up in an instant. I felt that life itself was pulled out of me, turning my entire head cold all over again. My jaw dropped, shock hitting me hard like sonic boom. It took a solid billion years before I could find my voice again and when I did, I fucken croaked.

“Chris.”

The man standing in the middle of the aisle with his eyes just as round as mine didn’t move. A slight shiver on his bottom lip quickly changed to a small smile.

“Hi, Sebby.”
Look at him fucking Sebby me like we’d been living in the same goddamn planet. I stared at him in my disbelief so hard, my eyeballs started to sting. I didn’t know what the fuck to say/do next because my universe just erupted to Hell at his sudden existence in it, but I managed to breathe out a meek, “you’re in the City.”

“Yeah...” He was wearing my blue top, too. One of my faves. It looked a size smaller on his body, of course. “Just got here from the airport.”

And then I was thinking: Was he planning to surprise me? “I didn’t know that.”

“I uh...I didn’t wanna bother you.”

How considerate. Of all the nights in a whole goddamn life time, too. Two whole motherfucking months and suddenly the Universe wanted to fuck me six ways like this. Fucken thanks, man.

His blue, blue eyes dropped to the item in my hold. “Enjoying a night out in town, I see. Hey, Will.”

This was obviously awkward as Hell but our photographer who came around the bend to stand beside me remained a cool cat. “Hey Chris. How’s it going?”

Chris’ smile was theatrical as fuck. “Better. You?”

“Great.”

“Good to know. Seb?”

“I’m...”

My words died. Ugh, God. This is fucking surreal. Why is he here? Should I straight up apologize or something? Is he gonna listen to me now? Shouldn’t he be grovelling at my feet with it too? Fuck, he looks so fine.

“Chris, the brand of coconut water you want ran out of stock. They have this one, though - the nutritional value is pretty close to the one you prefer. It’s a little pricey.....”

A petite brunette woman appeared from behind him, holding two cartons of juice in her hands, pausing in her sentence to give me a smile when she stepped into the frame of our picture.

Oh, hello there.

“I’m good with this one,” Chris went, nodding at what she was showing him. “Thanks, Jenny.”

My heart skipped a beat. That name. It can’t be, can it?

Jenny Whoever She Was did this girly-girl as fuck gesture with her tiny body in response. I wasn’t sure if that was supposed to be really cute or what but Chris was wearing this stupid wide smile on his face and I wanted to throw my helmet into his fucken perfect teeth for it.

But I was a much better man. I fucken stuck my hand out and smiled. “Hi. Sebastian.”

I bet Chris wanted to fucken die when the woman shook it. He looked like he did. Good.

Will introduced himself next because he’s a nice guy like that but in all honesty, he didn’t look like he wanted to stay for another tragic rerun.
“Hi. Jenny Slate.” She looked so fucken tiny next to Chris’ massive size. “And I know who you are.”

My brows went high up. “You do?”

“Of course. You’re the Winter Soldier!” Jenny sounded like she was small-town girl as fuck, Jesus it was almost funny and yet odd at the same time. I threw a glance at Chris like are you seriously serious right now? and of course, he let that ricochet off him by a good 10 miles.

“But I grew up with the Gossip Girl cult. Finally got to meet the notorious Carter Baizen!”

“Thank you, Jenny.” I actually smiled a genuine one, finding the civil bitch in me to be grateful for her support. Too bad I didn’t the fuck know who she was, really. Maybe she was fucken Aunt Jenny, you know? From that dream I had. If she was, then yup, fuck me - please and thank you.

“What are you doing here?” My attention went back to the silent giant she was with.

“Work. New film project.” Chris said, his blue eyes turning a shade darker when my smile faltered a little. “We’re meeting the writers and everyone at Midtown later in the day.”

“Oh.” For a tiny, sad moment there I was crazy enough to think that he wanted to see me. I bet he could sense that. But I, stronger than yesterday dammit.

“Didn’t know that too. What’s it called?”

“I think it’s called Gifted. You know, after much deliberation and stuff.” He replied, before quickly turning to Jenny. “Wait, we’re not supposed to tell anyone that yet.”

“No, Chris but..” Girly-girl little woman shrugged, giggling like ants were in her pants. “...Oopsies!”

It’s a fucking movie title not a goddamn engagement announcement. Seriously.

“We uh...working together at the moment.” Chris answered my questioning look at this woman he was with, all diplomatic as fuck with it.

His eyes returned to mine. “Jenny’s my uh...co-star.”

I’ll be damned, it’s really fucken Aunt Jenny from my dreams. I can’t, man. “Are you playing some total loser who has a really genius niece or something like that?”

“Oh! So you have heard of it!” The one with the (sexy) well-maintained beard lit the fuck up. Maybe my ‘total loser’ wasn’t sonic boom enough. Meh. “I must have told you about it before.”

No asshole. I’m fucken psychic. Literally. Boy, Gregg’s gonna have a goddamn field day when he knows about this one. “Yeah. Maybe you did.”

I couldn’t resist myself, I swear it was fucken hard to stand there and not go, “so how long are you gonna be in town?”

Held this one back though: are you coming home to me, back to our bed, Christopher?

“Just for a few days.” He shifted his weight a little, looking to the woman again. “We’re staying at the Hilton. Until...Tuesday? Or it is Wednesday?”

We.
Chris Evans having Dory brains for once was epic as fuck. Jenny picked up as if on cue, nodding at me with, “Wednesday. We’re flying off to Boston in the noon - we’ve a wedding to attend on Sunday.”

We. We. We.

“Yours?” I poked, firing a live one at Chris since he was so fucken ready for it. “What? No invite?”

She turned a little red around the face. Chris was staring daggers at me. My face, zero fucks given.

“My cousin, David. Jenny knows his fiancee, she was her high school friend. Small world, huh?”

Of course it is. “Totally.”

And then Jenny had a bright idea. “Hey, we should get breakfast or something together while we’re in town. Chris told me that he hasn’t seen you for a while, Sebastian. Captain America misses his Bucky, it seems.”

Jesus, that felt like a very blunt stake through my face. Will would have coughed up a fucken hairball from choking on his drink, I swear his timing was perfect.

“I’m not his... Bucky.” I dialed down a growl. I, way better man. “Not until the next filming starts, at least. Ain’t that right, Chris?”

“Yeah. I think we’re both gonna be busy with...stuff, too. Jenny, it’s alright.” Chris quickly jumped in, realizing that there was gonna be another innocent casualty in our path if he let his small-town cute chick continue talking.

“We should get to the hotel. It’s late.”

“Aw, alright. It’s nice meeting you Seb, Will. Maybe next time,” Jenny went, laying a tiny hand on Chris’ solid shoulder next.

“I’ll wait for you in the car, handsome.”

Handsome but Jesus Christ, where the fuck did she come from? So goddamn pleasant. I’d hate to ruin her life with things Chris obviously hadn’t gotten around to telling her about. I’m a 24/7 real nice guy who was also the ex after all, so fine. Okay.

Hilton bed > my bed. “She’s nice.”

Nothing else to say here. “She is.”

Jenny was out of our zone and then Chris was looking at me with eyes so glazed over, they appeared glassy.

I didn't know how it came out of me, but maybe my heart was breaking all over again and I needed to know. "You're seeing her now, huh?"

Chris didn't answer me immediately with it. "Well..."

"You can just be honest."

"We've been hanging out a lot because of the movie," he replied, as if careful. "Maybe."
"Maybe."

His eyes shifted to Will who was now standing a good few feet from us. He's not much into drama like that.

"And looks like he finally made his move on you."

"Sorry?" I blinked a little at his sudden remark on Will. "We're just hanging out."

"You're wearing this shirt and telling me that? Right." He snorted, disbelieving. "Jesus, Seb. I know you, remember? Just hanging out. Cute."

Wow. The nerve of him to fucken come down on me like that. "Oh, so you do know that I exist after all - only you chose to fucking act like I don't."

His expression softened a little next and Chris took a step closer towards me. He took a glance over his shoulder, maybe to see if Jenny was watching this. He appeared almost worried. Nervous, even.

The hell?

"Seb, I'm going back to the Hilton tonight but can we-"

"No," I went, a little too fast with my decline but fuck it, man. For some reason I really didn't want to hear anything else from this idiot that night. Maybe I was too engrossed with how my heart was being grounded into oblivion.

Still wanna fucken go with Jenny, fucking Hell. That fucken boiled me over from within, Christ. Was I worth anything anymore?

Can't you just fucking come home already?

"Looks like your needs are well taken care of, Evans. You came to my city but said that you didn't wanna bother me, yes?"

His decision was goddamn made. "I came with her."

"Then don't let me ruin your lovely little business trip with cute little Jenny."

His face, I saw it drop so hard when I cut him off but fuck everything, dammit. Go away.

"He's waiting for you."

Chris didn't fight me at all.

"I gotta get back to the hotel. Please take care of yourself, Sebastian."

Disappointing, much? But well, fuck yourself, Christopher Robert Evans.

“You too. All the best with Gifted, Chris.”
And then I was crossing roads without as much as bothering to look out for oncoming traffic, heading straight for the taxi waiting at a nearby corner. I was lucky it was way too early for trucks to run people down, really.

“Seb!” Will called out, running up to my side and catching up with me in no time. “Hey.”

I didn’t stop. “I’m sorry I...I think I’m just gonna get a cab, Will. I don’t wanna trouble you.”

“Don’t be silly,” he went, pushing the helmet back at me. “Come on, let me take you home.”

There was a rising, huge knot forming in my throat. “I can’t let you do that.”

“Stop, please.” His eyes ran all over my face when I did, reading me real fast. “Why not?”

*Are you fucking kidding me?* “I don’t know. I don’t know, man. It’s just...not nice.”

“Not nice?!” He actually laughed a little. Stopped when I murder stared him into a speck. Will didn’t say anything else and took the helmet from my hands, slipping it over my head.

He gestured to his Ducati. “Please?”

The tears flooding in my eyes didn’t flow until I snapped the visor close, shutting everything out. Shutting Will, the angry hum of the machine we were on, the zigzag of the streets, Chris and Jenny, my hopes crushed into oblivion, completely out. I could cry on cue on screen just like *snappy fingers* that but I wouldn’t the fuck let anyone see me cry if I could help it in real life. I’m not pretentious or anything but sometimes I just want to have a breakdown all on my own - everyone else didn’t need to share this misery. It’s strange, I know but I’ve always done it and still come out very sane, so.

*Love*, Christ. Felt like Heaven, hurt like Hell and I was at thedeepest end of the latter. Maybe my heart was a little slow at repairing itself after all. Seeing Chris in *my* town, breathing *my* air but not running to me like he used to (I wasn’t stupid about Jenny, seriously) couldn’t have shot me down that fast but let’s just say I aimed for the stars in my landing only to end up fucken 6 feet under.

I didn’t want to take the helmet off, even after we got off the bike minutes later. Will hadn’t said a damn thing ever since we took off from the store and all the way until we reached the lobby of my apartment. His silence wasn’t hostile, though - I totally appreciated that he let me be in my bubble for a while.

“Good night, Sebastian,” he said, finally speaking up when the elevator came. I felt stupid as fuck, nodding at him with a helmet on like a fucken Power Ranger, so I took it off.

“Ride safe.” I dropped my head when I saw how fast his expression changed to what he saw. My tears weren’t drying up anytime soon, alright. I didn’t need to give him a show.

“Thanks for the night. I really had fun.”

“I had fun too.” And I bet to hell that he would’ve done something else, being the terribly nice guy he is but he didn’t.

“And you’re welcome. Call me if you ever need...anything. At all. Okay?”
Fucking Hell, this guy. I didn’t want him to leave me all of a sudden. My heart was in goddamn pieces, my eyeballs were shot red and I still wanted him to see only the best side of me. If there was anyone who was doing a fucken great job at drowning himself in his own pathetic mess, it was me. I deserved a fucken Emmy Award for it, I swear.

“Okay.” I managed to pull a small smile, stepping into the doors of my ride and pressing the button for my floor. “I’ll see you soon.”

He seemed hesitant, but nodded. “See you.”

The apartment was dark when I came home. Turtle didn’t jump out to eat me alive out of nowhere. I figured maybe Gregg was over at his ex’s place again with our dog after he was done with the charity food hosting. Fridays usually sees him visiting his daughter Daisy anyway.

So I let my emotions loose.

It started with my throwing my phone across the room, cursing out loud when I heard it land on the hardwood floor. And then I grabbed a pillow from the couch. Fucken put it over my face and screamed my head off. I’d never done this before. Didn’t fucken work, by the way. I felt worse, ran out of expletives and cried even harder. I would’ve continued screaming until I felt better but I needed my goddamn voice for tomorrow’s shoot so I had to stop.

On a fucking break my ass. He moved on real fast, Chris fucken did. Trail blazin’ into the sunset and leaving me behind like he didn't care to look back anymore.

We are so fucking over!

I could use a little padwork with Don. I’d imagine that was Chris’ face and cross-jab-uppercut my anger out but I needed to wait three more goddamn hours for the gym to open. So I went to the kitchen, absent-mindedly opening and closing the door of the cabinets and fridge without getting anything out of them. I couldn’t keep doing that all night or I’d get evicted from waking up the entire building with the noise so I went to the windows. Curled myself up like a stupid and heartbroken teenage girl, still fucken crying into the goddamn pillow in my arms. I didn’t want to go into my own room, because Chris’ stuff was in there. I got him a stupid birthday present even, but of course I wasn't gonna wish him anything on his birthday itself because we were on a break and God, it hurt too fucking much to even sleep in my own bed now.

Love, Christ. The fuck did I get myself into?

I was about to get up and get my phone when my buzzer went off. Thrice.

Five times.

I ignored it, keeping my eyes fixated on the skyline ahead like I was deaf. If that was Chris Evans, thinking that he could do a fucking U-turn from his smashing Hilton stay and that I would welcome him back into our home with a good fuck because I missed him or something emo-loaded like that, he could fucking forget it.

The next conclusion I was about to jump into was hasty and cruel but fuck it. Fuck love. Fuck everything and fuck everyone-

“I can see you from the window, Sebastian.”

It was unbelievably pathetic how I automatically lit the fuck up, like I was controlled by a fucken switch for it. Next thing I knew, I practically dived for my intercom, tripping over the coffee table
in my rush when the familiarity of that voice broke through the noise surrounding my head. Fuck, I wanted to hear it again, so badly.

The man on the little screen of the security device to my building smiled at the camera. “Hi.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Can I see you for awhile?”

_Not a good idea, Sebastian. Go back to that window, rehydrate yourself and cry the living H2O out of you all over again. Text Gregg. Wait for the gym to open._

_Don’t let him in._

Fucking off the tiny talking voice in my head was done in a heartbeat. I nodded, wiping my tears with the sleeve of my shirt and pressing the access grant button.

“Yes, stupid. I want to see you too.”

What the fuck got into me, I didn’t the fuck know but my heart and blood was raging with fresh adrenaline I couldn’t quite control. It was so very obvious from the way I swung the door open the second the bell rang.

Stupid-ass grin broke my skull into two at the sight of him standing in my space again. He was still outside of my apartment when the entire of me crashed into his slender frame in a really deep, forcible embrace that took my own breath out. Almost toppled us both over our shoes, too.

His snazzy jacket was stained with my tears in record time, but he didn’t mind. I swear I didn’t want to be such a little girl but I thumped my fist on his chest and screamed, “you left me!”

“I’m so sorry-”

“Are you fucking stupid or what?”

“Maybe a little?”

“Not funny. You’re a lot stupid.”

“Okay. I’m a lot stupid.”

I sighed when the gentle strokes of his fingers upon the curls of my hair further seduced me into calmness. He smelled so fucking good, sweat and cologne, all musky and sweet. His touch moved for my cheeks to dry my face, holding me tightly, turning my knees into Jell-O. Comforting.

He was apologetic as fuck. “I only figured things out so much later. Didn’t know if I should do this in the first place. You were shell shocked from what happened with Jenny and-”

I pulled away from him right at the mention of that name to look at the other man dead in the eyes with an expression so cold, I radiated disgust and menace.

No explanation needed. “Okay.”

The water in my eyes dried. “I need you. I just don’t know how to tell you that.”

He smirked. “If you want me to stay, say it. Sometimes that sort of thing needed to be sent across for me to get it. I’m a man after all, Seb.”
I bit my lips a little and then *fuck it.* “So am I.”

“And I want you to know that I care so much about you,” he whispered, smooth and suave in his counter, getting me all fired up with feel-good heebie-jeebies inside.

“Say it and I won’t leave you, Sebastian Stan.”

The curl of my fingers into the snazzy fabric of his Gautier lead him into my apartment, to my living room. I closed the door behind us and pulled him into my chest again.

Kissing him winded was the last thing I should do but I fucken did - and when that happened everything that was so goddamn horrible suddenly turned out to feel so fucking right.

"Sebastian,” he went, breathless in between kisses. Next thing I knew I was backed up against the door of my bedroom and was fucking tearing the clothes off the other man's body like I'd been fucking dying to do that.

"Wait."

He found a reason to resist me in the heat of the moment, pulling away to stroke his thumb across my lips.

"I really, really want you right now,” he whispered, his smile gentle despite his hesitance. "But I won't continue with this until you tell me that you want me too.”

He looked goddamn serious. "I can't resist this...so I need you to say it, Sebastian.”

His eyes spoke to my soul in volumes, he had only burning desire in him - and so did I.

I leaned up to him, nodding. “Stay with me."

His eyes blazed. "One more time."

And then my fingers skimmed over the dents of his abs under the shirt my hands just ripped apart, the tiny growl escaping my throat calling for him to fucking give in to me already. The curl of my arms around his waist tightened to the anger of his lips printing kisses down my neck, his entire body pinning me deep into the cool surface of the wooden door, the hunger in him taking control of his actions before he could wait for me to repeat myself.

*Fuck....this felt so fucking good.*

"I want you to stay with me tonight, Will Menadi. Please."

God, his fucking *smile.*

"Perfect."
Till next time...!

I hope everybody feels fine O.o
Give Captain America the Only the Best That Ever Will Be

Chapter Summary

"Can't live life as a human baguette forever, Sebastian."

Chapter Notes

Spoiler alert: trouble in Evanstan paradise is blowing over, so you can start breathing easy :)

Enjoy!

Other mentions: Will Menadi (FC/OMC), Gregg Masterson (FC/OMC), The Robert Downey Jr, Scott Evans, Hayley Atwell, Anthony Mackie, Lion Cho (FC/OMC)

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe
Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry
Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather
Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year
Part 19:

Today I don’t feel like doing anything

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

I just wanna lay in my bed

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

Come on. Be a sport and singalong with me, will ya?

Don’t feel like picking up my phone

Leave your message at the tone

Coz today I don’t feel like doing anything

Nothing. At. All.

Sigh.

It was one of those lazy-ass, ridiculously nice as fuck mornings which saw me waking up only to want to keep my eyes closed and snuggle under my covers a little while longer. The fresh buzz coming from the plush of the mattress I was lying on was beyond fucking rejuvenating, so refreshing. Wanted to sleep forever if that didn't equate to dying, you know.

Guess it really had been a while since this place radiated with this much warmth and comfort - most of the recent nights had only been cold and fucken depressing whenever I lay in it.

Also, a dreamless sleep. Hadn’t had that for awhile, too. Much. Needed. Bliss.
Aaaaaaah!

The all too familiar noise of my City seeped further into my senses, gradually pulling me out of the abyss I was in. Sunlight filtered into my space from the blinds of my windows, crawling onto my skin and yet I wanted to savour the peace before it leaves me completely. Take some time to appreciate the fact that I could wake up and be alive, all safe and sound in my town, my home, my room. I was given another day to grab life by the balls and live it to its max.

Never mind that the Universe chose to fuck me up real good juuuust a few hours ago. It’s okay. I’ve always been a fighter, a survivor - so what is another sucker punch into my gut from Life, right?

Right!

And never the fuck mind that what was left of the space next to mine was the lingering heat of the man who had me in his arms the entire night before he too, delivered a cheap-ass shot to my face. Leaving me when he said he wasn’t going to.

So what is falling for another hot, suave as Hell sweet-talker in my life, right?

I was in a sad, sad situation but in the wise words of progressive rock and roll (Kansas, to be exact): Carry on, wayward son.

Fuck it and whatever. “God...What time is it?”

The clock on the wall told the time since I Tom Brady-ed my phone to Hell earlier. I let out a sleepy groan, falling onto my back and stretching out, taking up the whole king-sized mattress in my laze. Work wasn’t gonna start until a good few hours later, so I rolled into the covers and turned myself into a goddamn baguette for a while.

Hmmmmm.

Look at me pretending to be a loaf of bread because I’m a madman like that sometimes. Bet Life can’t get to me when I’m like this - baguettes are untouchable, unfuckable with. Maybe if I was a baguette, whatever that happened in my bed last night wouldn’t have had me waking up feeling like I was back in line for yet another crazy ass roller coaster ride with my emotions.

The fuck am I talking about baguettes again?

Urgh.

There was a gentle tug in my heart when I stared at the empty space next to me. Know what? I had it coming. I couldn’t exactly blame Will Menadi for taking off in the end - it wasn’t like anyone of us had planned for things to turn out the way it did in the first place. It just fucken happened and-

“Hey!”

Something in my stomach fluttered when that smile poked through the door of my room.

And he went, “good morning, Sebastian.”

“Will,” I breathed out his name like I was shocked to see him. Hell, I goddamn was. “You’re here!”

He was more confused about what he was seeing. “Are you a human springroll?”
“Huh?” Springroll, the fuck. I quickly freed myself from my bedsheet. God, that was beyond embarrassing. “I was...basking in the solace.”

“Poetic. Why do you look so surprised?”

“Oh. Err...” I didn’t the fuck know what got my tongue all of a sudden but I was sputtering before I knew it. “I woke up and you were gone so...I assumed…”

I stopped talking when the man with the messy ash-blonde hair crawled back into my bed to run his gentle fingers into my curls, shushing me just like *snappy fingers* that. Couldn’t be more obvious that I was goddamn relieved to see him.

God, his fucken smile. “How about you start with ‘good morning to you too, Will’ instead, hm?”

“Good morning to you too, Will. I thought you left.”

“I thought you were gonna scream.”

“What?” I was giggling already. The fucken schoolgirl I really was, Christ. The start of the morning couldn’t be better. “Now why would I do such a thing?”

Will shrugged. “Thought if you wake up and see an unfamiliar face you’d freak out. Was prepared for it.”

Okay, that *could* have happened but “again, Will. I was full but nowhere near goddamn drunk.”

“You know what I mean.”

I knew what he meant. “It’s way too early for that, Menadi.”

“Duly noted.” Will acknowledged that with a tiny smile. “Anyway, don’t think I’ll ever be able to tell the difference between you being drunk and superbly happy but thanks for not screaming.”

My face was warm. “Thank you for not leaving.”

“You wanted me to stay,” he whispered, tracing my jawline like he was drawing me. He moved himself closer and we were sharing one pillow next.

“ Heard it means a lot that I do.”

“It does.” Our legs came to a tangle. “It really does. I’m just surprised that’s all and...Well, we...You...”

“Do you normally talk this much in the mornings, Sebastian?”

My laughter came out in a ridiculously high pitch. It’s official: the dolphin is my goddamn spirit animal because The Universe dictates it. This is what I leave as legacy when I die.

Here lies Sebastian Stan - *So long and thanks for all the fish!*  Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy, I relate to that film on Nirvana level.

I know, sorry. Morning madman, me. Anyway.

Will’s smile widened. “I didn’t wanna wake you. You were sleeping like a beauty this morning. Was quite a sight to wake up to. Glad I didn’t miss that.”
Never the fuck mind if his eyes weren’t as Californian skies blue. They were just as clear and just as breath-taking in hazel-green - and the way he was using them on me was making the hot blush under my skin rush to my entire head. I was gonna turn into a fucken hot air balloon anytime soon.

“You mean like a baby.”

“I mean you’re so beautiful.”

Oh, wow.

His face scrunched. “Too early for that too?”

“What were you prepared to do if I’d screamed?” Fucken imploding from flattery, I was. “Jump out the window?”

“That is actually a legit option, Seb,” he snorted, amused at the idea. “Your Dad is right outside.”

That was surprising. Gregg usually spends the entire weekend with his daughter. “Did he see you?”

“Yeah, I went out just now to get a drink. Found your phone, by the way. I put it on the dining table.”


“We had a short chat and I had to solve a riddle to come back in here.”

Good God. “Seriously?”

“I think it’s nice that he’s protective of you somehow.”

“You’re his college buddy.”

“It was a really tough one.”

“Ugh.” My face was in my hands. “God. Sorry about that. Yeah, he’s like my older brother and everything.”

“It’s alright. Just tell him to update his riddle database because that was old. Tough, but old.”

I was in stitches. “Duly noted, Will.”

The tiny gap between us closed and his lips landed on one corner of mine in a soft, light kiss. Wasn’t sure what shot through me when he did that but it was so goddamn nice - at the same time I knew I shouldn't be feeling that way. Guh. Feelings are so complicated.

“Hey, listen.” He pulled back and sighed. “I’d love to stay longer but I’ve freshen up and get back to the office, Seb.”

“No rest for the wicked, huh?”

“None at all. You gonna be alright?”


“You sure? Actually, I can stay but I really don’t wanna miss out on Zoe Saldana’s visit to the HQ today so…”
“Right,” I chuckled, punching him on the chest. Zoe Saldana’s a big deal, I get that.

“Go on. I’ll be alright. Ride safe, man.”

“Mmmkay. I’ll call you later to check up on you.”

“Whenever, Will.”

“Do I want to know?”

Gregg Masterson, he was onto me the very second I saw Will out of the door of our apartment.

My housemate’s one of those people who’s been with me through thick and thin (both figuratively and literally speaking. I went up to 200 pounds!) for almost a decade already so yeah. I truly hate to admit it but he can actually fucken Dad me if he wants to.

Just don’t ever remind him of that. Anyway.

“Not really.” I picked up my phone from the table before slipping myself into it, scowling at the guy. “A riddle, seriously?”

“It was better than my about to throw a rolling pin at him, Seb. I thought there was an intruder in our kitchen. Give me a heads-up next time?”

“Okay, Dad.” I scoffed, before realizing that my phone was turned off. I hoped to Hell I didn’t break it. “Can I get some coffee?”

“Still brewing.” He then gave me a ridiculed snort. “And go get it yourself after it’s done, you diva. I don’t bring my work home.”

Diva, my ass. Okay fine. Maybe a little. “You’re back early. Everything okay at Jessie’s?”

“Yeah. Someone’s coming in to check on the plumbing at the cafe today and I need some stuff from here. Heading back to to her apartment afterwards. What about you? Everything okay in this house?”

“Yeah.” My phone came alive, thank fuck. “I’m feeling better.”

“From throwing your phone into my room or from having Will Menadi in your bed?”

Ugh, God. Waaaaaay too early for this shit.

My face, flat as fuck. “Nothing happened, Gregg.”

“He just spent the night here.”

“He just spent a few hours here. We got back very, very late from the dinner and had too much ice-cream afterwards. He sent me home and...Will you stop looking at me like that?”
Gregg kept looking at me like that. “And …?”

Fucking Hell. I rolled my eyes, got up and poured myself a cup of fresh caffeine from the brewer. “Like I said, nothing happened.”

His green, green, green goblin-ass eyes, still looking at me like that. I took another sip of my coffee, feeling the side of my face burning from his prying stare. Jesus. His Dad level was 999-psycho as fuck.


He didn’t look surprised. His sarcasm was predictable. “Now how did that happen?”

“Honestly, I have no idea. I was high and angry and sad and emo. He was around.”

“Around. Great. And?”

Just in case he hadn’t fucken realize it yet (he hadn’t. For someone who was being a fucken situation nazi), I was still wearing yesterday’s clothes and everything was pretty much intact. Fucken slept in all of yesterday’s mess if that raises the pathetic bar.

“And alright. I might have wanted the night to end that way. I knew he did, ’cos I could tell from where we were taking all that flirting and kissing to-”

My housemate’s hand went up. “Okay. Scene.”

“Now you don’t wanna know?”

“You just broke up with Chris, who’s only the greatest guy on earth and Will’s a real good friend of mine too, Seb. You doing this?”

Greatest guy on Earth. Hah! “You should know Will’s not so innocent then. But I promise you, Dad, nothing happened.”

Gregg only gave that a highly ridiculed snort. Christ.

“Look.” I didn’t mean to snap at the guy, but I fucken did. All this heat I was getting. Nope, not at this time of the day, man.

“Will came back for me. Sure, I started something but we stopped. I stopped - and instead of leaving, he stayed. He fucken cared about me enough to do that because I was crying and screaming into stupid pillows over a moron who was happier fucking his new chick in a Hilton hotel bed instead of me, in our fucking bed. Okay?”

That got him. His expression changed immediately.

“You should’ve been there, man. That son of a... dammit!” I threw a hand out, trying to contain myself from bursting but failing miserably.

“He...He doesn't even fucking wanna tell me things now! I had to...The convenience store...He...Fuck!”

Gregg stopped whatever he was doing and gave me his full attention, worried as fuck next.

“Seb, calm down! What’s going on, bro? I've seen you go off the tangents before but not like this.”
Wasn’t the first time he saw me out of a relationship but he just made it sound like I was very much Grade A seriously fucked over for once. I bit the inside of my cheeks for the longest time, staring at the cup in my hand before giving him a response.

My throat tightened. “Chris. He’s in town.”

“Huh.”

“Said he didn’t wanna bother me, Gregg. He’s got this cute girl with him right now and... Urgh. I hate myself.”

“Jesus, kid.”

And then Gregg was hugging me with all his might.

“You could’ve started the story with that. Are you okay? Why didn’t you call me right away?”

“No, I’m not okay - I’m a horrible mess. He’s an asshole. Will, I don’t know if I just fucked things up with him now. I would’ve texted you but I didn’t wanna disturb your family time.”

My housemate wasn’t moved. “Seriously, Seb. When are you gonna learn to put yourself before others - even just this once?”

I shrugged, unsure of what to say next. We hardly have this kind of tender moments out in the open, you see. It’s usually a lot of tough love with this mudder so it was fucken awkward as much as it was touching as fuck, really.

I decided to dial my inner spazzing bitch down and collect my balls back to zen mode when I pulled away from him. I was all cried out so I couldn’t turn anymore taps on, thank fuck. Couldn’t be turning up to work later looking like fucken ET too, could I? Nope. The show must go on. I must look fabulous.

My smirk was dry. “Plus I don’t think you’d like it if I kissed you, Gregg.”

He deadpanned, hard. “Stop hitting on me, Seb.”

I laughed out loud because he wishes, really. Ah, fam - can’t live with blood, can’t live without it. If Gregg and I were Shadowhunters, we’d be Parabatai as fuck. Yes I quite like the book, actually. The movie was okay. Not sure about the series, though. Anyway.

Gregg looked at the time on his wrist and then fished out his phone from his pocket.

“Okay. I’ve some time now,” he said, reading something off the door of our fridge while punching away like a madman. I always wonder how the fuck he could type his messages without looking at the screen. So freaking talented, Christ.

“Get a good shower and come back here for breakfast. You’re not leaving this house until you tell me everything. Got it?”

Hah! Like fuck I was. I needed my drug more than anything else right then. Start my day with the usual grind, sink myself in it. Never mind if I was gonna be on set, about a billion hours earlier than everyone. I couldn't be around my own home because Chris was everywhere in there. Shouldn't have let him leave his stuff here now that this happened.

“I can’t. I’ve to get to work.”
But Gregg wasn’t having it. “Not until two, you’re not. You’re on a lockdown, brother - it’s storytelling time.”

Waaaaay too early for all this emo shit. “But-”

His hand landed on my shoulder. “Chop-chop. Go!”

Urgh. Fine. “Yes, Mom.”

Warm running water never felt so good, man. I ignored the sight of Chris’ toothbrush and whatever else that was sitting on his side of the double sink in our… my bathroom and started humming to a tune in my head again, feeling my spirits beginning to lift the more I stood under the rain shower.

I can’t sing for nuts but I was this close to belting out a full decibel range out of sheer madman ambition when I heard the doorbell rang.

And then Gregg tried to fucken knock my bathroom door down.

“So, are you done? Can you cut it short?”

There was sudden, crazy urgency in his tone. I stuck my head out of the shower and was looking at Gregg blinking at me like he was fucken stupefied to Hell by something.

Or rather, by someone.

He pointed at outside. “Chris.”

My heart jumped into space. I knew it. He can’t stay away from me-

“His Dad is here.”

Say whut?

“These are really, insanely good! Yum! I’m gonna be paying a visit to your cafe soon, Gregg. Promise. Address. please.”

Well, fuck.

Never in my entire God-blessed life (at least, before Marvel happened) would I even imagine having someone of his calibre inside my humble ol’ home but there he fucken was - in my kitchen, sitting in my dining table, helping himself to a stack of steaming hot chocolate chip pancakes without anyone telling him to because he is a legit rockstar like that.

I’ll never get used to not turn into a fanboy when it comes to this guy, I swear. “Robert?”

The one who was pouring a fuckload of maple syrup over his breakfast raised a brow at me. “Sebastian.”
My jaw, it was in China. Gregg’s jaw, though. I think it landed on another planet and stayed there for good.

_The fuck is he doing here?_ “The fuck are you doing here!??”

“Why, hello to you, too.” His face was uber straight. “Is that how you greet your elders?”

_Elders_ , the flying fuck. _The_ Robert Downey Jr, everyone - not a day above 30, I swear he was just dramatic about things. “How did you know where I live?”

Straight as a fucken ruler. “Chris lives here, doesn’t he?”

Correction, homes. He _lived_. “Security?”

Straighter than the snazzy-ass straight cut pants he was wearing right then. “I’m Iron Man.”

Oh. Just like that. Simply because ‘I’m Iron Man’ is the new ‘I’m Batman’. Rockstar as fuck. I can’t.

Gregg and I looked at each other - and as much as he was still in utter shock that a legendary Tinseltown ex-brat packer of our generation was inside our apartment, eating his creation and loving it to death at that, my housemate had the same goddamn questions I had for RDJ right then.

But since Gregg was stunned stupid, I turned back to the legend and went, “Why is this happening?”

“Rumors, Sebastian.”

“Sorry?”

He placed his fork down. “I heard a rumor that you broke my boy’s heart so I’m here to break your nose. Remember that conversation we had?”

FYI, It's actually 'snap your neck' but _he's gotta be fucking kidding me right now_.

He laughed, amused by whatever the fuck he thought was funny. “I’m just pulling your leg. I bought a pad here! Summer home for my kids. East Village. I didn’t tell you that, huh - thought I’d drop by since I’m around your area this morning.”

Another *Internal fanboy scream here* contained.

“But also, you broke his heart so we’re gonna talk about that too. Might as well, yeah?”

Robert was then scoffing down food again. “Gregg, you’re _seriously_ killing me here. What _are_ these? I’m supposed to be on Atkins, man.”

My housemate wasn’t sure what to respond with but he did anyway. “Yeah. I make really good pancakes err…What do I call you?”

“You know who I am.”

“So it’s _Sir_ Robert?”

“Seb called me _sir_ the first time we met too,” he went, amused to Hell. “Anyway, no! Just Robert. Please. Gosh, can I take some of these away? So good!”
“Sure. Take everything!”

“Okay. Stop!” My hands were out like everybody chill the fuck out because the fuck is happening right now?! Waaaay too early for any of this, fucking Hell!

I went straight to what I assumed was the whole point of his visit to my place. Our place. Chris’ soon to be ex-place. Gah! “Your boy ain’t here, Robert. If you’re looking for him, that is. He’s at the Hilton.”

“Oh, so he’s in town after all.”

Funny. “You don’t know that.”

“Did I tell you that he’s been avoiding me, lately?”

Did I tell you Robert does not tell me things because he just doesn’t but he makes it sound like I’m the one who has fucken Dory brains? Seriously.

He motioned to the chair across him with his chin.

“Sit down, Sebastian. Let’s all have breakfast and talk about this particularly interesting rumor I just got to know last night.”

The look on their faces was something I couldn’t quite describe in a single word so I’ll just stick to ‘blown away to Hell’ by the time I was done with fucken storytelling time.

As expected, both Gregg and RDJ were staring at me like that. From across the table. Fuck me, man.

This literally really felt like that one time when I came home with 12 inch spikes on my head from a middle school carnival and my mom didn’t want to accept that her only son had embraced good ol’ American punk rock after a while of living in this country. For weeks. Christ. The Devil’s music did not sound like the Ramones or New York Dolls but you know, mothers.

Gregg had his chin in his palm. “So he asked you to marry him, you freaked out - and killed him off with all that. Dropped him. Point blank.”

“Your savagery is unparalleled.” Robert chimed in, shaking his head, truly appalled. “I have no words.”

“That was downright mean, Seb. What the hell? I didn’t think you’d actually rain down on him that way.”

“Evans is only the most ultra sensitive person on Earth! You shouldn’t have, man. He loves you to death.”

“Making him agree to calling time out on your anniversary. Tsk. What’s gotten into you?”
“No wonder he’s behaving like this. I would too if I was him. The pain is too much to take!”

And I was just sitting there with the grumpiest of frowns on my face, taking hit after hit like *fucken stab me with a toothpick to death, why not?* But of course, I believed I deserved most of it because I was a total asshole for tearing the guy’s heart out and then let it bleed out in the open.

Oh and this *situation* with Will. As much as I know I fucked up real awesome, I’m entitled to defending myself here. Sure it was crazy, it was unexpected and I get why I’m getting all the negative sass for turning to him for a fcken shoulder to cry on (and okay, and a mouth to kiss. His goddamn smile is dangerous) but I trip out *one* fcken time and everybody loses their goddamn balls. Wow.

Of course I’m only immensely disappointed that a lot of you had such a low opinion of me. Hello. Only human? I have issues and sometimes I deal with shit in a really messed up way. Can’t please everyone, man - unless you wanna pay my bills with your opinions on how I should get by living my life, save your comments for the weather.

#sorrynotsorry. Anyway. Got that out of my system, so I’m good. Now, speaking of being a total asshole.

“But Jenny, seriously?” I huffed, steering the direction towards the next *urgh* topic since we already established that I should be crucified for shredding Captain America to oblivion so, fcken move on already.

“Robert, if that’s the rumor that’s been getting around, him dating her, then what the Hell? He doesn’t get my ass so he’s sticking it to some chick already?”

My fists landed on the table, rattling ceramic, steel and souls with it. *Fucken justice,* I wanted to goddamn get mine too. “And he’s worried things will change for the bad between us because I love to work? Come on! It’s only been two fucking months and already this much drama with him? Jesus.”

Robert tried defending his boy. “Chris lets his emotions cloud his judgement whenever he’s triggered. He thinks he’s always right sometimes. It’s a pain, I’ll be honest. He *does* get needy and clingy - you hit the spot. Coming from someone as important as you, he took incredibly hard. He doesn’t need the reminder.”

“Then he needs to grow the fuck up, doesn’t he?”

Gregg was thinking about someone else. “Are you and Will dating or...are you two anything at all?”

Here we go again. “We’re *nothing* - and I don’t treat him like that. I don’t know right now.”

Robert tilted his head at me in question. Dad game, on a grand overkill. “Who’s Will?”

“Marvel’s new Director for photography something-something.” My housemate’s 411 skill was zilch. “Went on the Asian press tour with Team Cap?”

“You mean Will Will? Main media guy who was supposed to be on my team?” Robert’s eyes sparked, a little shocked but quickly recovered with a fuckload of glee. “The one with that really nice smile, it’s almost unreal?”

See? Told you so. Tony Stark certified, too. I’m almost jealous that this guy actually had a tiny fanboy moment for Will Menadi!
Gregg nodded. “He’s also my college buddy. Long story. Small world. Always getting smaller, it seems.”

“Lord. He’s hot issue - everyone at the Village keeps talking about how handsome he is, a total nice guy, humble as hell. Even my wife! But we’ve always assumed that he’s attached or seeing someone. I mean he doesn’t seem interested to entertain the long line of females unless it’s work related or something. You were saying?”

“He just left a few minutes ago. Seb went on a date with him last night.”


Ugh, God. “Thanks, Gregg.”

“So the rumors about Seb and him are true too?”

The fuck, Robert? “What rumors about me and Will?”

“Some of the members of his entourage said that he was only openly flirting with him during the entire tour!” Robert informed, pointing at me.

“So because of that Chris didn’t get along with Will, lots of fights happening backstage, tensions were high…Was there a fist fight, almost? Major hoo-ha, that one. Evans hated his guts.”

Have I been living on the same goddamn planet with everyone else during the Civil War press tour? Yes I was.

Was I aware that this dramatic bullshit was being mouthed around? Fuck no. This pretty much was a fucken deja vu - Chris and I got married in Miami. That one. Remember? Epic what the fuck, that really was.

Whoever started this, here’s my standing ovation for you. Fucken thanks. Anyway.

“Well, I was arguing with Chris in front of him. Maybe people got the entire scene wrong. Anyway.” My tongue dripped acid. “One thing is true, for sure: Will Menadi is not a Hilton fuck buddy.”

Boom. Mic drop.

Iron man, his face was ironed flat. “Your savagery, Seb.”

“Wait, wait.” Gregg put his hand up like he was in fucken class or something. “You don’t even know who she is. They’re working together anyway. Hollywood, right?”

“I’m not stupid, Gregg. It’s not exactly something new with him. Maybe he wants to see it as some sort of coping mechanism or he just enjoys fucking other people while fantasizing about fucking me. Hah! Maybe that’s it.”

“Christ.” He deadpanned. “You need to really dial down on the mental picture sharing too, Sebastian.”

“You guys wanna take his side in this. Then tell me why is he with that woman?”

“That, I’ve no idea. So you wanna know too, right? We all do, actually. I’ve no idea where she came from but the main tragedy to address right now is you’re both acting like children.” Robert
offered, rolling his eyes so hard at it. “Sebastian, you need to go to him.”

The rockstar fucken killed me. “I have to go to him? I’m not the villain here!”

“Oh but you are. Robert’s right.” Gregg went, agreeing at 1000%. “Admit that you’re wrong and remorseful, Seb - communicate with him already.”

“What do you think I’ve been trying to do?” I groaned, annoyed to Hell. “He’s the one who ignores my calls, texts and everything. For months! And then he’s in town, he doesn’t even bother to check up on me. How I’m doing. I wouldn’t even have known that he’s in the East Coast if we didn’t run into each other last night! He could at least fucking look at my texts or something but no. He just... disappears . Obviously I got to know that Jenny’s got him covered.”

“Forget Jenny! You broke him to pieces in the first place, Seb. He loves you that much to dwell in his pain. Trust me, I know how that works,” Gregg argued.

“So apologise a million times over if you have to. Keep doing that until he knows how you terrible you feel for fucking him up. Look, I love you man and I’m pretty sure the both you have your fair share in creating damage but you’re mostly at fault here.”

“You’re stupid and he’s crazy - a match made in Heaven,” Robert added, factual as fuck.

“Although I don’t think saying sorry to him is gonna be that easy but you can fix this, Sebastian. He’s practically obsessed with you for so long, he’ll come around eventually. Redeem yourself. You put him through a lot of shit and he was very patient with you - the least you can do is grovel at his feet.”

The entire fucken Universe, fucken turning on me and it wasn't even nine AM yet.

Sighing in my frustration, I decided that I was done with the morning and needed to get out of the zone immediately. I had better things lined up, man.

“Look, guys. I appreciate the listening ear and the crucifixion and now the counselling but I don’t need it. You’re right about this: I do need to apologise for the mess I made. For hurting him this badly, so I’ll do that. Face to face since he doesn’t wanna respond to me over the phone.”

Gregg was hopeful. “He’s still in town.”

“Fuck no. I don’t wanna see him and Jenny. We’re scheduled to be at Wizard World Philly in June so I’ll catch him there.”

“That’s the spirit. Go and get your Captain.”

They wish , really. I scowled, rolling my eyes. “But I’m not gonna cry him a fucking river to take me back. He’s said some things which hurt me badly too. If he really wants me , he needs to grow the fuck up too. If he doesn't, well I’m not hard up about riding his dick, so whatever.”

These two dads groaned. “Sebastian!”

Zero fucks from me. “Thanks for visiting Robert. Now excuse me, I’ve work to drown myself in.”

I grabbed my coffee and headed for my room, leaving Gregg and the Robert Downey Jr. continue to talk outside. Whatever the fuck they have in common, I didn’t the Hell care. I was staring at the screen of my phone, watching it beep for the billionth time from yet another incoming text but none of the messages were from the man whose heart I shattered.
Sad.

Throwing myself back into my bed, I read the first message in the queue. Will’s. Wefie with Zoe Saldana at the Marvel HQ, hashtag #webaeing!

Cute. I replied that with a selfie of my head sticking out from my duvet, hashtag #humanspringrolling.

He replied with ‘LOL. TTYL’

Why he was still so nice to me after what fucked up between us made me wanna kill myself. I replied his text with a smiley face because I was literally smiling at how he still bothered to care.

Must be that fucken sad, me.

And I just got sadder. I opened up my Safari browser, tapped on the search bar and started typing.

Search for Jenny Slate.

Don't look at me like that.

Thursday night was a fairly quiet night for me. I went to a friend's place to chill and was grabbing a smashing tray of high-end sushi on my way back home when Scott Evans fucken blew up my phone.

Scott: O

Scott: M

Scott: F

Scott: G

Scott: SEBASTIAN!!!!!!!!!!

Scott: SEBASTIAN!!!

Scott: SEB!!!!!!

Mother of God.

me : YES, SCOTT?
Scott: DID
Scott: YOU
Scott: BREAK
Scott: UP
Scott: WITH MY BROTHER?
Scott: HE’S HERE AT MY CUZ’S WEDDING PREP WITH SOME GIRL CALLED JENNY
Scott: SOMETHING’S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE
Scott: AND THEN I FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED AND I’M FREEAAAAAACKING OUT RIGHT NOW
Scott: EVERYONE’S SO EXCITED TO SEE YOU AGAIN AND YOU BROKE UP WITH MY BROTHER?
Scott: WHAT HAPPENED?! CAN I CALL YOU NOW?
Scott: WE NEED TO TALK

Great. What’s worse than a drama king is the fucken president of the entire drama king squad. Urgh, Christ Almighty these uppercases gave me fucken migraine!

I was about to reply him with tragic news when I received an incoming call. Number unknown. My first thought was Scott but I already have his number.

Chris? Maybe he’s calling me from a payphone. Why would he do that though?

Could be work, too. Oh well. “Hello?”

“I ship you two to my own fans and this is what I get?”

What a surprise. “Hi, Hayley.”

“Hi Sebastian. What the Hell happened to Stucky?”

Good God.

I didn’t even bother asking how the fuck she got my number, really. “What did you hear?”

“You two-timed Evans with that handsome photographer. From his own squad, Seb? What the hell.”

These fucken rumors - the flying fuck did they come from, Christ?!

I was about to flip Hayley and that shit out the window when my phone buzzed from another incoming call.

Putting a very disappointed Agent Carter on hold, I picked up the next surprise call. “Hey, Mackie!”

“I’m seeing photos of Evans with a girl and captions that suggest they’re currently dating. Fill me in, dawg. Thought you guys had a minor tiff and went to the Bahamas for a getaway or something?”
I just love, love, love going to Comic Cons. The energy from such an exciting event can turn me into this human fireball of ridiculously positive feels, I forget who I am sometimes.

I mean it’s incredibly hard to not dork the fuck out in a mecca filled with pilgrims dressed up as their favorite characters. You see a Batmobile and you'd literally cry because Batman is real, a fucken childhood dream come true. Hell, if I could do a fist pump at every single step in my walk at the Pennsylvania Convention Centre without embarrassing my entire entourage, I totally would. Philadelphia would see me coming from a mile away, smiling like a goddamn idiot and I’d have absolutely zero shame.

Unfortunately the members of my team had a lot of shame, so all I did was smile and wave like a normal person. Internally spazzing, I really was.

Anyway.

Meeting him again didn’t send dark clouds rolling over my fields this time. As usual, he was handsome as fuck, commanding all attention everywhere he walked just like *snappy fingers* that. He sported a very different image for his appearance in Wizard World, though - his usually well-kept beard was a little disheveled and he was casually dressed in a flannel shirt, jeans and Timberland boots. It had been a while since I saw him with anything else but a slicked back gentleman’s haircut but he was rocking that drastic buzz cut to Hell anyway.

Chris Evans looked rough and raw and *fuck*, I should stop staring but *fuck*, I fucken liked it.

But there’s one great thing about me - when I put my absolutely mind to it, work is gonna all about fucking work and nothing else. I maintained my happy, dancing unicorn persona (my other spirit animal, FYI) throughout the first day, right from the start - kicking things off with a briefing at the hotel lobby with him and the good ol’ Papi Chulo Anthony Mackie before the three of us go on stage in front of hundreds for the Captain America panel chat. I wasn’t sure if everybody at the Con knew about Chris and I but right then, professionally, we came as Steve Rogers, Bucky Barnes and Sam Wilson and yes, according to the most popular fact in the comics, Captain America really loves his Bucky.

Chris wasted no time with that, of course. “Honey, should we just get out of here?”

Look at that cheeky as fuck smile, thrown directly at me with a sly wink to get the crowd wild. That’s the thing about this sexy fucker - he knows how to work the charm. He knows what to feed the supporters, their exploding ovaries (Hayley’s words not mine). Fanservice, they call it that.

Got me all hot and bothered with it, although I didn’t think he did it on purpose. Was so close to boning him on that very chair as my response but I settled for quenching the heat with water. After that my cool went downhill little by little - I was distracted by how responsive he was to my
prompts. He gave me attention when I wanted it, demanded for mine when he got into some bickering moments with Mackie. I mean, I was always stuck between the two, it was normal. On stage, we adored each other to Hell.

Never thought I’d owe my chill maintenance to goddamn fruits but thank fucken fuck for those plums, I swear they helped me focus. Bless you, Andy Signore, for I came out from the entire panel chat still emotionally stable in the end.

Anyway.

Our happy Team Cap stage play ended the second we separated backstage, of course. My manager had a billion things to say to me as we headed for the function room to grab some coffee and lunch, but I was more preoccupied with falling out of the goddamn planet.

“Here’s a fun fact: The brown fox wears a winter coat during the summer.”

I landed back on earth, hard. “What?”

Lion frowned. “Hi there. So you have been here the whole time!”

God, really. “Sorry, man. I’ve a lot in my mind. What was it you were saying earlier?”

“You have only one thing in your mind,” he corrected, fucken reading me like his precious, open Kindle. He’s been with me for so long that Lion is almost fam too - only he gets paid to tell me what to do. Handsomely.

“Why did you break up with him, Seb? I know Marvel was hard on you two but they’re letting up a bit on the rules a little. And then this happened?”

“Tell me you didn’t hear any of those stupid rumors people are circulating about us.”

Lion was quiet for a second.

“Seriously, man?”

“They are really interesting. It’s almost a Spanish telenovela at some point. Of course you told me the whole story so I didn’t believe any of them.”

Telenovela, the fuck. “Thanks.”

“Seriously, Seb. Look at the guy. How could you say those things to him? You gotta do something because this is quite a tragedy.”

My frown was as deep as the fucken Grand Canyon. “Thanks, Lion.”

We were both looking at Chris next. He was at the other end of this crowded as fuck space, drink in his hand, chatting with a bunch of guys. Probably about football since one of them was wearing a Patriots cap. So fucken animated, his hands flying all over the place and all. Yup. Fucken Tom Brady does that to him.

Another bag of bricks fell on my head and I was done with myself. “God. Everyone’s right about me.”

“What?”

“I need to fix this.” I clicked my tongue, squaring my shoulders like I was ready to fight someone.
“I’m gonna go and talk to him.”

My manager didn’t think it was the right time. “Are you sure you wanna do that now? You’ve two photo op sessions after this, Seb. I don’t want you to be all grumpy cat for it. Tickets for that and your fan signing are all sold out. Some kids are still demanding it at the counters outside.”

Aww! Thank you so much for the mad love for puny ol’ me. Truly appreciate it from the bottom of my heart, I truly do.

But I had 99 problems and that sexy moron right there was one of them. I needed to make peace. “I’ll be fine. Promise. Catch you later?”

“Do not turn off your phone again, Sebastian. I’m serious.”

“Yes, boss.”

Lion was still heavy-hearted about my ambition but he let me go in the end. I made a beeline for Chris straightaway, feeling all eyes from the billions of heads in that room falling on me the closer I got to him. Everyone in his circle stopped talking when they saw me walking towards them, it was almost funny how goddamn awkward things got. I’m not drama king as fuck I swear, but I bet those crazy-ass rumors about us got everyone lit as Hell.

“Can we take this somewhere else?” I asked, looking around the room in my discomfort and then back into his eyes.

He hesitated at first, unsure if he wanted to do that but after a while, gave me a nod. We didn't need the audience.

"Sure, Sebastian. Excuse me, fellas.”

We were in his dressing room next, with Chris closing the door behind him after we found privacy. He looked like he’d rather be somewhere else, though.

*Here goes nothing*. I pulled myself together for the billionth time and went, “I want to apologize to you, Chris.”

Didn’t even fucken glance at me, the fuck. That was because his phone was out and in his hand and he was busy punching at it. Funny. He never thought of replying *any* of mine with that damn thing.

*Why don’t you just fucken throw it into the sea?* “Can you put that away for a sec?”

Still fucken texting. Maybe it was Jenny. *Urgh*. “You said you want to talk to me, so talk. I can multi-task.”

*Sebastian, breathe. Chill. Hold your fort, dude.*

I started again. “You were right - I was way out of line, I hurt your feelings. I didn’t mean to, I didn’t want to but I did.”

Got his attention, damn it. Chris put aside his phone and was looking at me with eyes as blue as the skies next, yet to say anything. I swear a bajillion years passed in those very few seconds of waiting before he finally responded and when he did, all that came out of him was a pathetic, “Okay.”
“Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Just okay?”

I blinked, surprised by so much chill in him. In fact, Chris’ handsome as fuck face was practically expressionless, he was almost stone cold. As if whatever I said didn’t even come close to clipping at his emotions, fucken forget moving any heart strings or goddamn mountains. I expected him to at least acknowledge it with that little twitch he does with his eyebrows whenever he understands things but nope.

Chris was not gonna make this easy, alright. “You broke my heart and you regret it. Okay. Anything else?”

Words never left me. Fucken choked. Wonderful timing, smart mouth.

He gave that an annoyed grunt. “Close the door behind you when you leave. Thanks.”

Wow.

The voice in my head told me to keep holding my grounds but maybe I didn’t anticipate him to treat me like I wasn’t worth any of his time. At this point my heart felt like it was being wrung, too. My eyes were watering up real fast. I thought I was strong enough to confront him. Maybe I was wrong.

Dropping my head and pulling my cap over my face, I started past him - only to walk right into his fucken concrete chest when he suddenly stepped into my path, stopping me mid-exit. He was fucken massive. I couldn’t spearhead him out of my way even if I trained like a madman for it, Christ.

Chris Evans, he wanted to see how much of a miserable fucker I was and it was definitely working. “That’s it?”

My chill was faltering. “You’re not interested to do this with me so what’s the point?”

"Okay. Let's do this." His hand was on my elbow next, catching me when I tried to sidestep him. “What else, Seb?”

Something inside me cracked. I remembered that I wanted to drop to my knees and beg him for fucken mercy until his ice cold heart thaws, so we could fucken go back to how we were in all that happily ever after shit but what came out was everything else altogether.

Her name had me hissing. “Jenny.”

His brows rose a little. “What about her?”

“Are you two seeing each other?”

“Why do you wanna know?”

My eyebrows came to a knit at how defensive he was about this woman. Fine, he had all the fucken rights to, I know but maybe I didn’t the fuck deserve such an attitude for showing my genuine concern. Which came with a lethal dose of apparent jealousy. As well as a fuckload of are you fucking kidding me right now? Pretty sure he could tell everything because I was staring at
him like that.

I was civil despite taking back my arm in a slight jerk. “She’s a married woman, Chris.”

“Separated.”

“Still legally married.”

“So this isn’t just about you coming to apologise to me for being a heartless jackass, after all.”

Ouch. “You know what? I thought I could do this but it’s obvious that you’re not gonna give a fuck about what I think anymore so just spare me, please.”

That opened a whole new can of ugly ass worms, alright. Chris clicked his tongue, scoffing in disbelief - and then he fucken flipped.

“Spare you? That’s fantastic. Oh, Sebastian, Sebastian, Sebastian.”

His chuckle sent a blunt stake straight into my heart.

“You didn’t care to spare me at all when you called me desperate, needy, crazy. After all those times I played your game, followed your rules? I fell in love with you, believed I was your everything and you reduced me into nothing, Sebastian. Walked out on us, leaving me when I was at my lowest and you’re telling me to fucking spare you? What a joke.”

That was a solid burn to the soul, man but I was fucken lit to argue, too. “So I ripped your heart out. I was hoping you’d take some time to fucking grow up and accept that I’m not ready for your needs. Don’t interrupt me. Let me talk, Evans.”

Chris crossed his arms over his chest, cocking his head at me. Ready to challenge anything, anytime. "Let me hear it."

Jesus. I swallowed another quivering knot in my throat and continued. “I admit that I made a very serious, stupid mistake and I feel absolutely fucking terrible for going there and putting you down like that, Evans. I know you understand that I didn't want to move so fast and I get it now.”

“Do you, Seb?” Chris was ridiculed. “Do you really? Or are you doing this for the sake of keeping our professional relationship civil for the next filming phase? You’re all about work, aren’t you?”

Fucking Hell, his anxiety was speaking for him in goddamn volumes right then, ploughing me down like I was standing in its way. His weakness had always been my eyes but even that couldn’t scratch the walls he was protecting himself with right then.

Formidable as fuck. “I truly regret hurting you, Chris Evans. I swear on my own life I am, so I wanna make things right with you now. Please let me do that.”

“You think it’s that easy.”

“I know it’s not but I’m gonna fucking try until you accept my apology.”

"Jesus."

"And until you accept me again."

That’s right, everyone. I was beyond fucken ready to swim oceans of raging fire, walk on molten lava and dive into a sea of jagged rocks for the guy. I know I said I wouldn’t but maybe I was more
of an emotional sap than an angst-ridden egomaniac in the end. Fuck that big talk about not wanting to grovel at his feet.

Love, Christ. Fucken Chris Evans and for crying out loud, he turned me into a goddamn emo madman with it.

He was staring really, really hard at me. "Accept you again."

“Yes, me. Us. This between us right now, I hate it. I don’t want it anymore. If I could go back to that night, I’d take it all back. So here I am, hoping to Hell that you can look past my fucking stupidity and forgive me. I’m so, so sorry, babe.”

“Babe, huh?” He smirked. “Well, sorry to tell you this but you should’ve fucking thought about all that before you lost me, Sebastian.”

Wait. The fuck? “What are you saying, Evans?”

Chris dropped his eyes from mine. “I think it’s best that we continue seeing other people. I’m at a good place right now. You seem to be, too.”

This was not what I had in my plans. At all. Panic knocked me winded, hitting me with a nasty surprise. “You don’t mean that.”

“I don’t want another heartbreak from you - I can’t handle it. I realize that I lose myself so easily when it comes to you, it’s almost unreal how high I could fly and how low I could fall. You’re toxic for me, Sebastian.”

“Toxic?” Oh, my heart couldn’t take it. “A while ago you would burn anything for me and now you want to fucking move on with someone’s wife?”

His eyes narrowed to my jumping him with unbridled wrath on the next touchy as Hell subject but fuck, I couldn’t fucken deal with this kind of new shit hitting my ceiling.

“You’re one to say. What about Will?”

Oh look, he gives a flying fuck about that after all. “What about him?”

“You don’t get to do that to me, Sebastian.”

“Hurts, doesn’t it?” I scoffed, about to give up already on us fucken dragging each other through the mud with it. I kept my ego in check. On the down, down, down-est of lows. I had to. I was losing everything I thought I could get back.

It got harder to hold back my tears so fuck it. Let him see me cry. “I can’t with Will.”

“Yeah, right.” His jaws hardened, adamant. “You mean all those times he had you giggling and then you flirting with him, all that fucking caring so much about you didn’t end up in our bed?”

“Goddammit.” I hissed, dialing myself down time and time again before I could explode too. “Don’t.”

“So does he fuck you better than I do, Sebastian?”

Whoa. whoa. whoa!

“Don’t talk about him like that! He’s only been there for me when you fucking blocked me out of
your life, Chris.”

“You’re unbelievable.”

“No, you are.” I snapped so hard, every part of me hurt.

“It’s our bed, Christopher. I don’t want to be with anyone else because the only other person who belongs in there with me is you.”

His expression, still so damn cold. The blue of his eyes continued to darken, zero fucks given.

I tried again. “I love you, stupid. God, can’t you see that I’m miserable without you?”

Again, bounced off him like I was saying fucking nothing - and I was already at my most honest, most desperate. Christ, I was never this fucked over before and trust me, I know what fucked over feels like. I had those days, man.

Love, Christ. So fucken arggggggh!

“You know what? I give in.”

I raised my hands, having said what I needed to say. My heart, out on my sleeve for him. His play now.

“Since you want to make things difficult for me, fine. I’ll let you. I deserve it. What do you want me to do, Chris? Tell me.”

And he did - he stepped aside and motioned for the door.

“I want you to leave, Sebastian. We’re done here.”

“Chris.”

"Didn't you hear what I said? You're toxic for me. I don't want that in my life. It's not something what I wanna live with."

"I don't know who's talking right now but this isn't coming from the man I know."

"He's changed, Seb. You changed him. You destroyed him."

Christ, the pain that he kept striking me with was becoming even more unbearable. I felt myself dying in its fire, the hurt was waaaaay too much to take. My first love broke me into pieces and dusting me off like I was nothing.

His eyes burned through my skull. “So please just go. Get out.”

I almost wanted to run away. He didn't look at me when I made my way out of the warzone. The floor was far more interesting to stare at, it seemed.

But if he thought I was gonna fucken walk out on him like I did that night and just leave everything as goddamn unfinished business, then Christopher Robert Evans fucken forgot who the fuck he was dealing with.

No. I'm not gonna give up on us. "One more thing, Chris."

"What?" He spat. "God, Sebastian. What is it with you?"
I tilted my head at him. He was only an inch taller but he towers over me like fucken LeBron or someone.

"Let me know if you're still interested."

“Interested in what?”

“In taking me back.”

He snorted, as if I told him a bad joke. Well, lucky for this mofo I ain’t a funny guy to start with anyway.

“I only want you, Chris. That idiot who loves me so hard that I can’t deal sometimes. No matter how crazy, needy, desperate and clingy he gets, that sexy fucker, I wanna be with him. He belongs with me.”

No goddamn response.

Typical.

“You know where to find me, Evans."

Till next time...

Chapter inspired by this manip taken from @imsebastianevans ig account, from a Tumblr source.

The next chapter is probably gonna be the finale to this work. We'll see :)
Thank you for reading!
Finale : Give Captain America His Stuff Back

Chapter Summary

"Unfortunately, Time waits for no breakdancer wannabe - and neither will a Boeing"

Chapter Notes

The finale to my first work with AO3. Spoiler alert : dancing unicorns.

Enjoy :D

Other mentions: Will Menadi (FC/OMC), Gregg Masterson (FC/OMC), Theo Kennedy (FC/OMC) Anthony Russo, Lion Cho (FC/OMC), Megan (FC/OMC), Jenny Slate

Read the rest here:

Part 1: Give Captain America a Boy - bigspacehere - Friend
Part 2: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier
Part 3: Give Captain America Something Crazy
Part 4: Give Captain America a Winter Soldier - the cronut diva
Part 5: Give Captain America Something to Talk About
Part 6: Give Captain America Civil War
Part 7: Give Captain America Some Beastmode AF
Part 8: Give Captain America His Chance
Part 9: Give Captain America some Lovin' Babe
Part 10: Give Captain America some Chemistry
Part 11: Give Captain America a Godfather
Part 12: Give Captain America an Awesome Boyfriend of The Year
Part 13: Give Captain America the Lovebug
Early August of 2016 saw me in another continent to kick start filming for *We’ve Always Lived in a Castle* and let me tell you something about this particular period in my life: Being in a different country and nose-deep in work all over again was exactly what I fucken needed to do to refocus on myself and what I’m seriously good at.

The timing was *perfect* - I was a good billion miles away from a fucked up relationship drama and from people who constantly poked the living Jesus out of me to check if I was doing alright or if I needed to get something out of my system or a goddamn hug or drown my heartbreak with another round of shots or swallow a fuckload amount of melatonin pills to help me sleep more (or put me to sleep, I don’t know)...

...All the unnecessary etcetera, etcetera, et-motherfucking-ceteras, man. Granted that I was beginning to feel somewhat depressed instead of smashing *stronger than yesterday* (even Britney Spears was *nope*) after accepting the fact that Chris Evans didn’t wanna deal with me anymore. It reached to a point where between the gym and my place, I hadn’t done anything else with myself (not even work!) for *weeks* and that gradually sent waves of panic to my people.

Please don’t get me wrong. I honestly loved the fact that my family and friends gave so much flying fucks about how I was doing since the break up but let’s just say the second *Castle* began rolling its pre-production phase, I couldn’t freaking wait to get a fucken good makeover, jump on a goddamn plane and fly the fuck out of the US for a while.

*So hello from the other side!*  

Good ol’ Bray, it was a sleepy town by day and came alive only by a little at night simply because the Irish and their fucken chilled life, man. Everything about the location I was gonna be in for a month plus was unspoiled as fuck, every other day was either sunny with a chance of rain or rain with a chance of me fucken singing/dancing in it. The fans, so polite.

Best of all, I could read my scripts all day, all night, for-fucken-e ver and *no one* could stop me. It
was all lights, camera and action - nonstop. Heck, I would’ve forgotten my own birthday if the wonderful cast and crew hadn’t thrown this low-key party for all the ‘August babies’ on our set. Turned 33 years old that year but you know, age is nothing to much to harp about unless you’re cheese.

Looooooooong-ass story short: Thank you so much for having me, Ireland. Mostly, for saving a gargantuan part of my sanity.

Moving on.

Life was a little better when I came back to mad ol’ New York City - even had this tiny swing in my walk. The Winter Soldier Sexy Murder Strut, remember that one? Yeah, times that by ten. I kinda liked it.

My manager did an awesome job and fed me new, hardcore adrenaline. It was all systems go, go, go since - I was donning snazzy ass suits from big labels and attending a long list of events night after night - from work meetings to charity galas to launch parties to dinners to fashion shows to goddamn basketball games (my face on giant screens, LOL. Awkward) but what got me really fucken lit was this one particular interview with someone from my hometown.

Now ya’ll know that I’ve lived out of Romania for oh, about a triquamtimbagajillion years, Christ. I do read about its history, current affairs and everything but I wasn’t expecting my homeboys and girls to keep up with me - which was goddamn silly because hello, Marvel boyband member since 2010.

He was an awfully nice guy over the phone call, however ProTV’s Rares Nastase insisted that I do my best to speak in my native tongue for his upcoming program feature, in honor of Romania Day.

Naturally, the first thing I thought was: Fuck. Die. Me.

“The only time I heard you speak anything else than English was when you were Bucky - and that was scripted.”

Anthony Russo always has a point, if you must know something good about the guy. He had me shirtless in a heart-breaking scene in an action movie and will tell you that’s very necessary. No further questions.

“You must be excited, reconnecting with your roots.”

“I am. I was born there. I’m just a little rusty, that’s all.”

This party that they invited me to, it was organised by the National Italian American Foundation. The Russo bros were honorees of an award which recognizes its people for their contribution to everything Italian - heritage, language, culture perseverance, successful ventures, you name it.

Me, the most Italian I can understand is pizza. Hey, I was just happy that they called me up when they were in town (unlike that idiot someone), so I didn’t read the memo much. Suited up for another night out in town. I was free anyway.

What were the odds that I received Rares’ call literally minutes before going to an honorable event like this, really? Pure coincidence or destiny, the Universe dictates it all. Anyway.

“Don’t you speak it with your mom?”

“Yeah. Occasionally.”
He was positive as fuck with, “so just wing it!”

“Of course.” I sighed, throwing a hand up. “Go ahead and embarrass myself on international TV again.”

“You’ve great talent for that, Sebastian,” he laughed.

"Don't overthink things. The camera loves you, my friend. You’ll do just fine! By the way, thank you for turning up and showing love for us Russos tonight. You’re such a sweetheart, Seb.”

I grinned. “Here’s to forging lifelong friendships.”

“Thankful for that, Seb. Oh, yeah. I’m happy to see you happy, man. You’re everywhere nowadays, been very, very busy lately. Keeps you together, huh?”

I knew what he was getting at. “I get by okay.”

“I’m sorry about...you know.”

Hah. “Nobody died, man. Why so serious?”

“Because it is! I didn’t wanna believe it at first, too - the chemistry between the two of you was off the charts both on and off the screens. Still surprised that this happened.”

Well, fuck. “You worried about Steve and Bucky?”

“More to the you two as individuals. I mean the personal relationship’s just as important before it can be brought into your characters - Chris is all about you like Cap’s all about Bucky. We couldn’t have asked for a better pairing. Marvel knows not to mess with you guys now.”

Fucken Stucky eating brains worldwide because we were all out #powercouple as fuck. Good times.

Well it was too fucken bad that I didn’t need any more of the false hope, really. Admittedly I expected waaaay too much from our last meeting - knowing the kind of man he was, how deeply he loved me. Didn’t think he really fucken meant it when he said we were better off seeing other people but last I heard this Jenny Slate chick found herself her ‘7th grade dream boyfriend’ so I guess that’s that.


I swung the conversation to another direction before anything Chris Evans-related could trigger me. I’d need ten more of this scotch if my director keeps picking at the subject, fucking Hell.

Sigh. “Anthony, don’t worry about us for Infinity. We’re professionals. I’m sure we’ll bring out that Steve-Bucky chemistry or whatever it is Marvel wants us to become for the upcoming shoots.”

“Thanks but that’s not what I want you to understand, actually.”

“Most importantly!” Sorry but so done. “Is Bucky getting new weapons? Like, concealed AKs inside his metal arm? Black Panther’s pimping him, right?”

Anthony snorted at the topic change. “That I’ve no idea, Seb. Maybe we’d give him a bazooka? I don’t know.”

The fuck he didn’t. “You’re directing the damn film.”
He chuckled. “Yes we are but Marvel never tells us things, too. Ask Joe. Or better, Feige. Good luck.”

Maybe he should be directing *Infinity Circles* instead of *War* because obviously I wasn’t gonna get shit from the guy. Goddamn Marvel and its *sniperception*, seriously. Thought they would’ve trusted us by now.

“Mr Stan?”

The waiter, his name was Megan. Didn’t wanna ask. He slipped a napkin on the table and placed a flute of pink-orange-ish champagne on top of it. Gestured to someone across the room.

“Compliments of the fine gentleman, on your right, two ‘o’ clock.”

He was tall, dark, *ouch*-handsome and flashed a little smirk when our eyes met but *nope*.

“Wow. Another one!” Anthony went, suprised.

“The whole damn world knows you’re up for grabs now or something? How come people didn’t give me much damn when they find out I was single!”

Fucken *up for grabs* like I was some snazzy Intercon car in Deal or No Deal, the Hell. To be honest, I ain’t oblivious of the attention I’d been getting since the after party started. I just wasn’t in the mood for this sort of thing that night.

“His name is Theo Kennedy, sir.”

“Kennedy?” Anthony was goddamn *bossy*, I swear.

The waiter nodded. “Yes. As in Kennedy Kennedy.”

“Ooooooh! Big fish swimming for you, little one.”

Little one. The Hell, Anthony. “Megan?”

“Yes, sir.”

His name was really Megan. I can’t deal. I pushed the glass to him. “You can have it.”

“Mr Kennedy specifically requested this to be sent to you - it’s the most expensive champagne we have tonight. You would want to accept it.”

“Please tell him I’m flattered but I’m already good.”

Megan gave me a wry smile. “Well, he’s coming over.”

“Good God.”

“Okay, so sorry about this but you won’t believe who just walked in. I’m off to do some major PR.”

I was alarmed. “What, *now*?”

“Yes. Sooner the better! Little Sebastian, can you fend for yourself?”
Of *fucken* course Anthony Russo had to leave the table because Danny Devito > me. Okay, fine. I’d leave me too if I saw such an icon but what *fucken* timing, really. I wasn’t all Bucky Barnes badassery when in my Valentino and was about to get up and avoid the incoming but maybe the Universe didn’t make me Speedy Gonzales enough.

His hand shot out and I was looking at someone who looked a *fuck* lot like Ryan Reynolds now that he was up close. Carbon copy, no shit.

*Amazing.* “Hi. Theo Kennedy.”

“Hello, Theo.” I returned his mega-watt smile with a firm handshake. “I’m-”

“Sebastian Stan. Yes, I know all about you. May I?”

*Ryan "Theo Kennedy” Reynolds knows all about me. Squeal. Looks like I’m going nowhere.*

“Sure.”

Him and his crisp silver suit took the chair next to mine. His teeth, so *fucken* white. “I notice that you’re not in the partying mood much. Not your kind of gig?”

“Oh, I’m having an okay time.” I smirked, motioning to the drink he sent me. “Hey, thank you so much for this but I’m only here to support for the Russos.”

“How sweet. Looks like I’ll have to cut to the chase.”

He quickly leaned into my ear and whispered, “I’ve had my eyes on you the entire evening, Sebastian. So I heard you’re single again.”

*Oh hello, personal space invader.*

“How about you and I get out of here and get to know each other in a more private setting, hmm? My place is just around the corner.”

*Okay discount Deadpool,* nope. “I’m not interested.”

“Come on, sexy. What’s your worry? The paparazzi? They’ll never make it past half a block from here.”

*Urgh, God.* “No.”

“Hey, sorry I was super duper late!”

I turned my head over my shoulder only to have my lips briefly pressed against someone’s. Lucky for this guy I quickly recognized who he was after he pulled away or I would’ve flipped Will Menadi together with this table in front of us. Literally!

*Wait. Did he just *fucken* kiss me?* “Will.”

“Again, so sorry.” His *smile,* oh God. Instant sunshine through my windows. Got me blinking in
my surprise though because *the Hell did he come from?*

“Was so caught up with work and traffic to here was terribly *insane*. Did you wait long for me, baby?”

My goddamn Dory brains only got the *baby* when he threw an ultra tiny wink at me, prompting *lights, camera aaaaaand action, Sebastian!*

Never the fuck mind that he just *kissed* me. “I did, uh, babe. You only missed the entire award ceremony. What could be more important than supporting our good friends, William? Tsk.”

“Right, I’ll make peace with them after this. You’re so darn cute when you’re mad, darling.”

*Darling, wow. Jesus. Okay.* "Uh, thank you dear."

Will snapped his head to the man next to me. “Hello, Theodore. Didn’t know you’re gonna be here.”

“Hey, Will. Speak for yourself, good lookin’. Not your usual cup of tea from what I know.”

Will Menadi rolling with the freakin’ Kennedys. Bag of surprises, this guy got a big-ass one apparently.

“It’s still not. I’m only here for this one.”

He slipped an arm around my waist, pulling me into his side. At this point my face was really bloody hot and I was grinning like a damn idiot. Whether I was feeling the sunshine Will just brought on to my fields or that I was very amused that we were in an impromptu play, I didn’t the fuck care. He made me feel so fucken good either way.

And I shouldn’t want that from him. Especially not after what happened between us.

“So! What are you two party animals talking about?”

“Nothing much, apparently.” Theo’s brows went high up at what he was seeing before leaving his seat. The further tilt of his head told us he got the hint, alright. I mean it was only the size of *Nebraska*, man.

“I had no idea, Will. Sebastian?”

*That makes the two of us, hotshot.* I gave the Kennedy a shrug and an apologetic smile. “Guess you don’t know everything about me after all, huh?”

“My sincerest apologies for that, then. Please accept this anyway. Compliments - from a *very* big fan.”

Theo was out of our zone before Will released me and I turned around to bury my face into his shoulder, groaning in my relief. “Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome,” He let me pull myself away before taking a big step back himself. “Hi, you.”

“Hi! You need to tell me the truth, Menadi.”

“Bout what?”
“Are you a fucking ninja? This ain’t the first time you pop out of thin air. What are you doing here?”

“I got the invite. Partly Italian, if you can’t guess it yet.”

Menadi, right. “You missed everything festive about your people but turned up just in time for this.”

“I guess? Oh and I’m more of a wizard.” He laughed. “Took the train from platform nine three quarters to save you. Theo’s a good businessman but not someone you wanna tango with, Seb.”

I could take care of myself but what a hero, this one.

My grin was still so wide. “You took the train? Since when? Is your bike at the workshop or something?”

“No, Seb. Was joking about platform nine three…The magic express train to Hogwarts?”

The flying fuck. “Huh?”

He was amused. “Do you know who Ron Weasley is?”

The flying fuck? “…Ronald McDonald’s secret son?”

“You would’ve known him if he was with NASA.”

Will’s slightly crooked legit attractive smile always got me giggling harder than I wanted to. Maybe it was the scotch that was making me behave in that lalala way. So good, the drinks in this bar.

“Hey,” I went, realizing how rude I was, letting him stand around like that. “I’m alone tonight. Care to join me? Anthony and Joe can’t exactly sit still.”

Oh, snap. That wasn’t a smart idea, Seb. Back it up.

Luckily, Will had something else on. “Wish I could but I’m not staying long.”

He dug a hand deeper into the pockets of his pin-stripe slacks and threw a thumb over his shoulder with the other. Awkward.

“I just came by to show my face for some sponsors here. I’m heading back to my office after this.”

“For real? It’s nearing midnight, Menadi.”

“I’ve got some things to clear before the weekend comes. Glad that I caught you here, of all places tonight.”

“The Russos, figured I’d show some support for all the awesome that they’ve done.”

“I see,” he said, pointing at me next. “That’s a really cute bow tie.”

“Thanks. Not too much, right?”

“You look absolutely stunning, Sebastian.”

Oh, wow, what a charmer. The hot blush on face hadn’t yet disappeared from earlier, Christ I
must’ve have looked like Rudolph’s nose.

Too obvious. “You look great, too. It’s very nice to see you again, Will.”

Will’s smile stretched. “Likewise, Seb. So uh...I guess I’ll be seeing you around? At Marvel, I mean.”

Maybe, just maybe, I did a bad job at hiding the disappointment that he’d rather be off but I nodded to acknowledge him anyway because the hell are you expecting from the guy, Sebastian?

He shouldn’t be dragged into your emo cesspool. Not anymore . “I’m popping by next Wednesday noon, actually.”

“Perfect. Catch you soon, then. Okay, really gotta go!”

I watched his fucken nice smile disappear with him as he made his way out, weaving through the guests in the room without as much as stopping to say a lot to anyone. Guess whatever work he needed to do must be that motherfuc*en important that night.

The tiny voice in my head, it took its seat in my table.

See that? You really need to talk to him about it, Seb.

What do you know? Sounds just like Gregg.

Don’t fuck him up too, Seb. You owe him. Big time.

My self-conversation ended when a metallic blue helmet landed on my lap out of fucken nowhere.

And Will the fucken magic train ninja went, “could use some company to keep my mojo going tonight. Come with?”

We really shouldn’t be here but it was too late.

“Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.”

“ Shhhhh . Quiet, Seb!”

My finger punched on the glass. “That’s. For. Me!”

“It’s got the Winter Soldier star on it, yes.”


“Ooooooooooh my God! I’m gonna take a picture.”
“You can’t do that. You’re not supposed to know this until next Wednesday’s meeting with Erik from Shield Labs. He’s gonna know it’s me and it’ll spoil his intention to surprise you!”

Here’s someone who can’t fucken work for CIA despite having the skills of a ninja. Wizard. Whatever. “I’m never telling my secrets to you, man.”

“Seb, can we just go? Right now?”

“Hey. You brought me here, Menadi.”

“I brought you to my office! You went snooping around the FX floor, all on your own. Did you even want to go to the bathroom?”

Whoops. “Promise I won’t share it until after the meeting. Promise. One picture.”

“Christ. Alright, fine. Take a damn picture.”

I fished out my phone. Will kept a lookout like we were gonna fucken rob the state bank, making sure coast was constantly clear.

“The lift’s moving up. Are you done?”

He was nudging me by the elbow like a madman next. “It’s reaching our floor. That’s Commissioner Gordon, he’s on shift tonight and he’s got no chill. Hurry up!”

We raced up the staircase after the mission’s success (my Inglewood's weren’t meant for this, fuck) and was back in his gargantuan as Hell office with one of the best discoveries in my phone memory - a custom-made shiny shield for the Winter Soldier.

I know, right?

Yesssssssssssssssss !!!!!!! So. Fucking. Excited! Fucken pumped for that other War already - which until today, I still have no fucken idea what’s gonna land in my lap because Marvel. Fuck it, man. Whatever they’re up to, I’m game. Can’t fucken wait to get crazy ol’ Bucky Barnes out of that damn human fridge Black Panther’s keeping him in.

I could see it all even more clearly: my crawling back home from horror gym sessions because Don Saladino. ‘Everything-boiled’ diet just to get abs I could wash my damn clothes on. Forcing myself to sleep at 9pm, get up at 4am. Drinking the Pacific Ocean and peeing like a fountain on a daily basis.

Beastmode as fuck, me. Just bring it, baby!

Anyway.

Naturally, the first thing I wanted to do was to send that picture to Chris. I bet he’d be so fucken excited for me. I would’ve joked that Cap and his Bucky now have a ‘His and His’ weaponry and he’d tell me that it’s about goddamn time. He’d come up with cringey words like ‘matchy-matchy powercoupley stuffs’ and I’d find it so immensely adorable because he’s just a cute wittle babytalking puppy underneath all that manly, solid muscle he has on him.

Of course I didn’t do that, duh. Hello. Emo but not stupid , remember?

Next!

“Commissioner Gordon?”
Will didn’t look like he was gonna pass out from the climb but me, I threw myself into one of his snazzy leather couches like I just conquered the peak of goddamn Mount Kilimanjaro or something. Lucky for me I quit smoking for quite some time.

He was worried. “Gordon’s really good at his job. He could put us in the system for what we did earlier which you must promise me again to not mention to any soul that you saw it before you should! No Instagram posts until AFTER your meeting and no more nosing around, Snoopy. Also, please act surprised as Hell on Wednesday, okay? For Erik’s sake.”

“Oh I will, Charlie. I’ll be like ‘Awww Marvel, for Bucky? You shouldn’t have! Why Erik, this for me? what a wonderful surprise!’” I sang, hands flying all over the place, animated as fuck. “Good?”

“I said *act surprised* not act like you’re in Downton Abbey!” He deadpanned. “Seb, you *promised* .”

Will knows Downton Abbey, I can’t deal. “Yes, man. I *know*. What will they do to you if they found out?”

“Actually, no idea. People like to make it sound like Marvel’s a mob squad sometimes, makes you think of the craziest things. Very nice people work here, know what I mean?”

I cocked my head at him. “Can’t disagree to that.”

The handsome photographer/Director walked for the other end of his office, throwing a smirk at me for what I just said. That was an entire lap done in his working space on the 19th floor of Marvel’s HQ, Christ. So fucken huge. “Drink?”

He was only being modest about having windows to only *one* part of the City, too. “Anything.”

Will handed me an ice cold bottle of Hennessey from the mini fridge and took a seat across me, in that classy urban-retro as fuck, egg-shaped chair.

“So!” The one with the bright hazel eyes started after taking a swig from his, relaxing now that he could.

“Thank you so much for lending me your exceptional organizing skills, Sebastian. You’re a lifesaver.”

The workload on his huge table was stacked up nicely at one of its corners. Took us almost two hours to sort that Armageddon of a mess out. I’m no secretory material but I’m systematic enough.

“Well, you saved me from a horny Kennedy,” I joked. “Classic move, by the way. So smooth.”

He looked somewhat embarrassed. “Sorry about that. I was...I couldn’t think of anything else when I saw you two together.”

“You sure you didn’t just wanna kiss me again?”

*Aaaaaaad* *silence*

“Shit.” I quickly dropped my eyes, realizing how out of line I sounded. “That would’ve been funny if we hadn’t...Uhm. Anyway. That was awful.”

But Will’s fucken nice smile only widened.
“I severely miss your snarky sense of humor, Seb.”

*The Hell, this guy. Too much chill or what?*

“Just wanted you safe. You’re all that matters to me.”

Boy, that did it. The hot, hot can of worms which we’d been dancing around in quiet, careful footsteps for eons tipped over to fucken spill its contents out.

Fuck finding a better time to do this. Our eyes met and I cornered him straightaway with, “how are you, Will? Really.”

He was caught off guard by it. “Me? I’m doing great.”

“ You never stopped caring.”

But was quick to recover. “You don’t like it that I do?”

“I do - too much, in fact. I appreciate that you still bother to check up on me once in awhile but I’ve been meaning to tell you that you don’t have to.”

Will took another long swig, his attention at 1000%. The both of us knew what I was onto him about, wasn’t exactly fucken Quantum Physics.

“How can you be like this after what I did to you?”

“Did what to me?”

“That night, at my place. We didn’t talk about it.”

“Is there a need for discussion?”

I put my beer aside. “You don’t think so?”

He then waved a hand, dismissive as fuck. Like this was a small issue to yap about. “Seb, it already happened and it was for a reason - even if it’s not a good one. Things just didn’t go the way I wanted it to. Got past it.”

“So you’re still nice to me because you got past it.”

Will Menadi looked at me for the longest time before giving a response and when he did, he fired a live, hot one straight into my soul.

“It’s because I like you, Sebastian. A lot. Like, a lot.”

Shot me at point fucken blank, *fuck*. His eyes twinkled. “And I wish that I’d met you sooner so I would’ve known what it’s like to be with someone as who is as amazing and as beautiful - both inside and out. You’re simply incredible.”

This pretty much felt like that time when I tried flirting with the legendary Sharon Stone and she fucken killed me with a real good smackdown, Christ.

He noted my sudden inability to speak and let out a tiny sigh.
“Here’s my confession: When I went back for you that night, my only intention was to make you mine. I thought that by taking you, I’d have your heart. Thought I could replace the guy. Obviously, I can’t.”

It was still fresh in my head, how I started it all - I let him inside my home and we had kissed like nothing before that mattered. I asked him to stay the night and obviously things escalated. Moved from the living room to my bedroom in 0.6 fucken seconds, I swear. By the time we fell into my bed, our bodies tangled in the heat of our emotions, I was goddamn sure that I wanted Will Menadi and nobody else.

And then I breathed out Chris’ name in my high.

Long story short, Will didn’t need the explanation.

“I knew from that very moment, you won’t let me have you no matter what and I’ve to respect that, Sebastian. I only stayed because you asked me to, you were so out of it. What kind of a person would I be if I left you when you needed me?”

Jesus. Literally fucken burying me with kindness yet at the same time, what kind of person were you when you left Chris?

I swear I had a billion smashing as fuck words lined up at the very tip of my tongue but all I could fucken offer was, “I’m really, terribly sorry that I don’t feel the same exact way as you do, Will. I truly am. I was lonely and you gave me attention. I do like you but I took advantage of things.”

“Hey. Trust me, it’s not your fault. I let myself think that we could be something more at some point in our friendship and it took off from there. I knew you liked me, too. Somewhat. Just took my chances.”

I felt a little offended. "So I was just someone you took your chances on now?"

"Okay, sorry. God I didn't mean to make it all sound so one night stand-y cheap. It's more than that, Sebastian. Since we met, I can't get my head around not wanting to be drawn to you. When we kissed, I was...I'm gone."

Hell, I didn’t think it was all him. “And I fucking led you on.”

“Look. I need time to get over this, get over you and it's already so hard for me. Now we can play the self-blame game forever or we can look on the less excruciating side of this, Seb.”

He then scoffed, amused by something in his head.

“Maybe in the next life? I’d really come back for you.”

“Christ, man.” What a time to fucken joke. “Are you seriously gonna be fine? I still feel like a total ass.”

“As long as we’re okay, I’ll live. So, are we okay?”

Shouldn’t ask for a lot but “honestly? I want us to be.”

His fucken nice smile widened. “You think I’m worth having around, too.”

“You're such a good person. Thank you for being there for me, Will.”

“Glad to know that you genuinely appreciate me, Seb. Him, not so much I reckon?”
“Not really.”

“Still bad, huh?”

“ Fucking catastrophe.” I shrugged. “Got past it.”

Will was looking at me for the longest time again.

“I’m not trying to get into your pants again when I say this but I seriously think that Chris Evans would be the world’s most enormous dumbfuck if he doesn’t forgive you and give you another chance, Sebastian.”

Awww!

“Thanks.” My smile reappeared. Hell, it was nice that somebody else shared the same exact sentiments about my ex, I fuck you not.

“I hope he does, Will - it’s the least he can do. I’d be happy to settle for the consolation prize even if he doesn’t want me back.”

“I don’t think it’s that simple for him to just drop you like nothing, Seb - it’ll be the worst decision he’s ever made.”

God bless this man for being so fucken supportive, I swear.

“Well, Chris made his point simple and clear the last time we met in Philly,” I snorted, thinking about his new chick and how fucken hetero-happy he seemed.

“Know what? He’s already a damn dumbfuck in my books. I wanna celebrate that.”

Will laughed, agreeing to that like no one knows a dumbfuck ex better than the ex. He then leaned forward in his seat and raised his bottle high before extending it out to me, getting me to do the same.

“May his regret haunt him for the rest of his life, then.”

Our bottles went clink.

“Amen, Menadi. Amen.”

The problem with being so goddamn busy is that sometimes I literally lose track of time - and looking at how 2016 was soon coming to an end reminded me that no matter who you are, Time just doesn’t give a flying fuck about waiting for anyone.

Two days to Christmas saw me out and about in the super-packed district of SoHo because where
else would everybody be in this City at this point, really. In all honesty, the whole last minute shopping idea had never been the slightest bit appealing to me (I, systematic as fuck. Schedules for life!) but there I was, fucken last minute shopping.

Christ. SALE signs. SALE signs every-freaking-where.

Lasted less than an hour before *fuck this shit, I’m out*. Why I even bothered attempting such feat when I already had every present for every person of interest sitting at home, I didn’t the fuck know. Maybe I was driven by a crazy need to check the new Gucci store out. Flagship outlets are the devil.

“Try this. With this. And this.”

Gregg’s cafe was warm and ultra cozy with less of the maddening crowd after lunchtime hour was over. This side of Manhattan would be a goddamn ghost town by tomorrow with most of these office people getting off work to welcome in the festive cheer and then extending their leave for the New Year.

I sat in my favorite blue couch in the place, feeling my balls beginning to thaw from almost becoming frozen solid thanks to my shopping adventure earlier.

The food that he fucken forced me to try (fine. he *insisted*) looked *amazeballin’*, though. “Pumpkin spiced latte *waffles* with mixed berry jam and...coffee butter sauce. What’s coffee butter?”

“It’s coffee-infused butter made into a sauce.”

Genius.

“Dare I say, this has been selling like hotcakes since we put it out. Eat, Seb. Let the waffles heal your soul.”

Here’s another someone who always knows what’s up. Gregg Masterson, everybody - he *believes* in the power of food. Gets me believing in it, too - so right then, all I needed in this life of sin was a generous tower of flattened, geometrically-shaped starch, sugar, carbohydrates and a fuckload of saturated fats. I usually stay away from this kind of nonsense if I can help it but whenever I’m with this mudder, I’d fuck juicing to Hell man.

That and also, I already scheduled gym sessions with Don for the New Year to prep for that other War and that guy’s a fucken nutrition nazi above a fitness one so this was, in a way, a dead man’s final meal.

I’m kidding, I love Don, I’m not gonna die and I did look to welcome 2017 like a madman, I promise. So many new projects too,yay!

Anyway. *Nomnomnom*, I did.

“Does it feel like Christmas inside?”

Fucken sparkles, I felt them. “Santa. You’re real!”

Laughing, my housemate then placed his cup of coffee on the table before us and sat down next to me. “You should’ve gone to Maldives with her, Seb. Experience a different type of Christmas - sun, Sangria, sand and sea. Party on a boat over crystal waters. Exotic seafood.”
“Her and six other Tupperware club ladies? I love my mom but I rather not do that.”

Listen to me, kids. Don’t ever get involved with ladies who are friends with many other ladies who are emotionally attached to expensive as hell colourful container collections because the *Real Housewives of Washington Heights* is real.

“So,” Gregg went, sighing a little. “If I’d known you’re gonna be on your own for the entire Christmas and New Year period, I would’ve booked another cabin, man. Should tag along with us - you know Daisy likes listening to your stories. Jessica won’t mind, too. I can leave Turtle with you.”

His daughter Daisy ‘The Duke’, is beyond adorable. Floorball star of the future, I can see it. Turtle adores her to death, so our dog should go. His ex-wife/seemingly new bff Jessica though, hm, she’s okay but nah, fam. I had plans of my own, I was good.

“What are you gonna do? Please don’t look for a job.”

“Nah. I don’t plan to have anything in my schedule until the *Tonya* shooting in mid January so…I know this is gonna sound weird but I’m going to rest. Think I earned it.”

Gregg’s jaw dropped when he gasped. “Breaking news: Sebastian Stan is taking a break from being a workaholic. And I thought Trump running against Hillary is something out of the ordinary.”

Thinks he’s a damn comedian, by the way. “Yeah, I think I’ll do that. Stay in the City, finish some series on Netflix, watch a couple of plays. Oh, I wanna try out that new high altitude gym’s spa centre at Greenwich. It’s New York, man. I’m my own tourist here.”

“Allright. I’m picking up Turtle and the girls after the cafe closes. Seat’s still vacant until seven, FYI.”

“Booking a massage and skin therapy session right...now,” I grinned, holding my phone up and showing him what I just loaded on my Safari browser. “There’s a slot available at six.”

“I can see that.” His eyes narrowed at the screen and gave me an amused look. “Chris a masseuse there?”

“What? Oh, shit.” I quickly pulled it back to me to see that I was actually showing him my fucken wallpaper, which was a picture of Chris and I smiling at each other. Each of our hand had half of a heart made from stupid serviettes and we had put them together. Mega gay. His idea. Good times.

Ah, fuck. Must have accidentally killed my browser when I flipped it around. “Uh. No, of course not. Anyway, this is the place.”

Gregg’s brows rose a little. “Pricey.”

“I spare no expense for vanity.”

He looked at what was next to my legs on the floor.

“You got him those white Gucci loafers, didn’t you?”

Wasn’t like I could fucken hide the big-ass shopping bag, really. “It was on sale. Not a great idea, I know but I’m still...I don’t know. Just in case?”

Don’t look at me like that. “Just in case.”
“I’m an actor, Gregg. My life is all about dreaming - which means that sometimes, I dream for the impossible, too.”

“Nothing is impossible and impossible is nothing.”

“What are you, the Iron Fist?”

As anal as he can be, he didn’t bother picking me apart for what he just saw on my phone. I didn’t need it. Gregg knew I was a big boy.

My housemate threw an arm around my shoulders. “Well, Christmas is all about miracles and wishes coming true, right? It is the most magical time of the year, Seb.”

*Oh, fucken thanks.* “Please don’t make fun of me, Gregg or I swear I will borrow your clothes and you’ll never find them again.”

“Hey, Lily!” Gregg called for one of his servers with a better idea to spread some cheer in me. “Can you fix this man some *Love Potion No.12? Thank you.*”

*The fuck.* “What did you just order for me?”

“I’m not making fun of you, man but let me tell you something about this special baby: My *Love Potion No.12* will make your wildest, most impossible dreams come true! It’s magic in a tiny cup, Seb.”

Tiny cups in coffee houses can make a horse fucking fly on land, Christ. Beyond lethal for such a size and I wasn’t up for that sort of *magic* when all I wanted to do later was snore my senses away in a spa.

What came in the black espresso cup was bloody red in color and topped with shredded gold flakes.

I blinked at it. “Will I turn into a vampire?”

He looked dead serious, though. “Make a wish before you have it.”

*Fucken kidding me or what.* “For real.”

“It only works if you wish hard and from the heart. What do you really, really want for Christmas?”

*Right.* “A Jag?”

He gave me *that* look.

“Aha!” I grunted. “Nope. I’m not wishing for any more emotional damage, man. A sportscar is what I need.”

Gregg gave that an *okay whatever you say* shrug. “If that’s what or where your happiness is, go ahead.”

Hey, I believe in the spirit of Christmas, I truly fucken do but making wishes on a stupid cup of whatever the Hell my housemate concocted in the back kitchen of his smashing uptown as fuck hipster cafe was yeah, goddamn ridiculous.

“Alrightee then.” I went, trying not to roll my eyes.

“Here’s to my new Jag. Merry Christmas, Santa Claus.”

“Merry Christmas, Sebastian Stan.”

Thankfully, Love Potion No. 12’s powers failed against the wonderful works of a great spa session. Pretty much slept through everything before signing up for a package over one of the nicest cup of chamomile tea I’d ever had.

Heck. Why not, right? I earned it. 2016 was a crazy, hectic year. Keeping Up with Sebastian Stan show will return in 2017, most definitely.

So!

Ironically, all that pampering actually resulted in me feeling even more refreshed so to tire myself out a little, I dropped off from my Uber ride about a good two blocks away from my place. Figured I could walk in the falling snow and have the rest of my journey home accompanied by lively carols from just about every other performer along the streets I need to pass in. Despite the ice the City was very warm, exciting and alive. I’m really no Travel Channel as fuck but believe me, Christmas in maddening New York CIty is definitely one of a kind - you gotta be here to experience it.

Anyway.

Well, definitely no shining and brand new Jaguar waiting for me (duh) when I finally reached the foot of my apartment building - but something else was.

There was light coming out from under the door of my unit when I stepped out of the elevator at my floor. It was strange because Gregg just texted me that he was already halfway to Niagara Falls with our dog and his fam - and he’d been in the cafe all day before he went on his road trip.

And it definitely ain’t like ourselves to leave the house with all the electricity still on (Earth Hour guys, us) so all those crazy CSI episodes I love to watch so much told me that the lights only came on recently.

Who’s home, Seb?

Balls, assemble!

So I drew out my keys like I was gonna go duel in a goddamn sword fight and walked slowly towards my unit, cautious as fuck. For once all that silent psycho assassin training I had was put into real good, real-life use but I failed my Winter Soldier persona miserably in the end. Couldn’t exactly put my goddamn passcode and then keys in silent mode when I opened the door, you know.

Still wary, I poked my head in first. “Hello?”
No answer.

“Gregg? Are you still here?”

He wasn’t but someone else was.

“Hello, Sebby.”

My knees went into an instant lockdown, Christ because well, well, well and fucken f**kety fuck me and my life - look who decided to come back from goddamn outer space!

Maybe *Love Potion No.12* was magic after all. Maybe it knew my innermost desires and made that come true instead of a sexy devil sportscar. Maybe I was still sleeping at the spa and this was all a dream.

Nope. F**ken wide awake, me. No pinching needed.

“Jesus,” I breathed out my relief when I realized who was in my living room. “How did you get in?”

He pointed to something on the table. “Keys.”

*Right. Okay.* “What...What are you doing here?”

My heart rate went into further overdrive - it was too obvious that I was having a f**ken hard time processing that Christopher Robert Evans was f**ken standing inside our - correction, my - home.

Goddamn ninjas and wizards and *magician baristas* appearing in my life in the most magical time of the year like seriously, Christ? And this guy. Been, what? Half a f**ken year since we last met, talked. Hell, *anything at all?*

So there was no wind, no fire, no goddamn warning signs but *poof!* There he f**ken was, having pulled a successful Houdini on me.

*Son of an urgh.* I looked around. “Are you alone?”

“Solo.”

I knew I shouldn’t but I doggone took a moment to take all of him into my senses. That healthy head of dark blonde hair was back in style, combed into a slick pomp. His beard was fuller, kept very neat. Those massive boulder shoulders and tiny waist under a painfully stretched tee. And of course, that tight little ass rocking those slim-cut navy slacks.

Fucker showed up in my universe like f**ken GQ Man of the Year and there I was, unglam as f**k in my goddamn padded coat with my hair all over the f**ken place from pulling my beanie off too fast in my shock because *Jesus. It’s really him. Wow. Fuck. Urgh. Sigh. Stop it, Seb.*

“I’m sorry I came unannounced. You didn’t change the passcode and locks so I just came in.”

He probably guessed that I was *that* hopeful for him to return but yeah, didn’t look like he was moved.

His eyes, they were a piercing shade of blue when I held onto them. I swear the first thought I had was to ask Chris if he had a change of heart despite the cold in his gaze - but I got past all that, remember?
My jaw hardened. “What are you doing here?”

His lips were cherry red. I would’ve enjoyed fucken bruising them with kisses if he hadn’t opened his mouth and fucken murdered me.

“I only came here to get all my stuff, Sebby.”

Well, fuck. That was a direct hit. “All of it?”

“Didn’t bring anything but an empty luggage with me.”

*Hi, handsome. I’m doing fantastic thanks for asking!* 

Inside my head, the tiny voice was starting to lose it real fast. It wasn’t Gregg talking this time - it was that emo, inner cry baby named *Sebby* and he was throwing one superstar of a bitch fit.

Externally, I was just looking at him and blanking out.

Chris’s voice prompted me out of the black hole I was falling in. “Excuse me. I need to make it fast.”

*Fine. Take everything and fucking get out of my life.*

Standing at the door of our - *my*, damn it - bedroom, I could only watch as he took out his clothes from the drawers and arranged them neatly inside the open luggage bag on our - *my*, fuck - bed. Literally ignoring me like he didn’t give the slightest damn that it was killing me inside to see him do that.

*You got past it, Seb. But un-fucken-believable, Christ!*

I bit my tongue from screaming. “You’re leaving.”

“Uhm, yeah. Have to be at JFK, in three hours.”

Broke *juuuust* a little. “You’re really leaving me.”

Chris’ fucken response to that was a low, useless drop of his head and to continue busy himself with packing up. I was better off talking to a goddamn doorknob, for fuck’s sake. *Urgh, Goddamn son of a-*

“Why won’t you forgive me, Chris?”

Because *bloody Hell*, how could someone emote so fucken hard on a goddamn Kodak commercial be this fucking merciless to me? Was I really so fucken capable of driving a man whose heart is practically made out of love to this fucken point of no return, huh?

Without thinking twice, I walked up to him. Chris immediately straightened up, his Heavenly-crafted jaws moving around in rising agitation but *fuck it*.

*If he really wants to do this, I’ll fucking show him the way out.*

“Look at me, Evans,” I demanded, drawing his beautiful baby blues into mine at eye level, all of his attention to my existence in his zone.

What came out of me next was something I really didn’t want to say to him right then, given that he was already happy being someone’s dream 7th grade boyfriend and all but *fuck it, Christ.*
“Before you go, I really need to know something, Chris. It’s very important that you tell it to my face.”

His brows twitched. Sign of life. “Sebby. We are running-”

“Don’t call me ‘Sebby’ again if you don’t want to be with me, Evans,” I snapped, my hands balling into fists to control myself from doing something stupid.

“Now I want you to answer me truthfully: is it so fucking easy for you to not have anything for us anymore?”

The furious way he was licking his lips told me he wasn’t prepared for my question. Too fucken bad.

My throat tightened. “After all we’ve been through. Six whole years. Friends to lovers. All the feelings we have...or had ...for each other. One stupid mistake from me and you wanna tell me that you feel absolutely nothing at all now?”

God recreated the great Universe three fucken times before the idea of giving him a good chokeslam came into my interest - that was how long he had me waiting in suspense, had me fucken dying for a goddamn lifeline. Mercy. Sanity.

But all Chris answered me was, “I’d love to get into this with you but the plane’s leaving in about three hours, Sebastian and we need to-”

AAAAAAAAAAARGH!

It happened so fast, so suddenly. All that cool I’d been keeping to deal with this goddamn drama king went straight to Hell. Said I got past it, right?

Well, guess not entirely because before I knew it, I snatched a cap off the dresser and fucken hurled it at him.

Of course, he caught it like Tom freakin’ Brady before it could land. “Seb! What are you doing?!”

So damn done. “Helping you get out of my life!”

His eyes rounded with panic. “Sebby, wait-”

“Don’t fucking Sebby me, Christopher.”

“Wait! Okay, wait. Can you please just let me ex-”

Fucker wants to talk now. Hahahahahhaa, too late!

His words bounced off my ears and died in the air when I stalked out of my room. Came back flinging his camo jacket at his face.

“You wanna leave me so much, go ahead and fucking leave!”

“Jesus Christ!”

Dodged and caught the bunch of keys making a beeline for his head effortlessly, too. Damn it!

“You’re gonna hurt yourself, Sebby. Stop!”
“Hurt myself?”

Maybe if I wasn’t shaking so hard from pain and anger and disappointment, I would’ve had a better aim, a more powerful swing to launch the entire chest of goddamn drawers at him.

“Oh don’t worry about that, asshole. You already did a fantastic job at killing me. Now GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!”

Boy, I went completely batshit mental. I started screaming and throwing more things at him (way too many stuffed toys and nothing remotely cheaper to destroy, though. Oh well. Sorry, Little Ponies). I was going straight for his luggage with the sole intention to toss it out my goddamn window when Chris suddenly lunged at me and took hold of my wrists.

“Sebastian! I asked you if you have- Seb! Jesus.”

“Don’t touch me. DON’T TOUCH ME, FUCKING-”

Goddamn strong, Christ. “- PIECE OF-”

“SEBBY! DO YOU-”

“-MORONIC-”

“-HAVE YOUR PASSPORT WITH YOU?!”

I jerked my head back. “MY PASSPORT?!”

“YES, DAMN IT. IS IT WITH YOU?!”

“IT’S IN THAT DRAWER!”

“SWEET. NOW CAN YOU STOP TRYING TO KILL ME WITH THESE TEDDY BEARS AND GET IT FOR ME, PLEASE?”

“I’M NOT GIVING YOU ANYTHING, CHRIS. I DON’T-”

Aaaaaaand *silence + a big ass bag of bricks crashing on my head later*

I was gawking at him next. Huh? “Wait. What did you just ask me?”

“For goodness’ sake.” Chris huffed, dialing himself all the way down. “Your passport. This drawer?”

As if on command, I nodded. He immediately let me go to give me two fucken thumbs up next, casual and zero flying fucks that I was fucken confused (Ask Tom Holland) at what just went down.

Did not hesitate to give an order, too. “Now I want you to start packing your bags. We have very little time.”


“I said pack your bags, Sebby.”

What the fuck? “What the fuck? Why?”
For the first time in forever, Chris Evans’ fucken handsome face broke - and he smiled at me.

“Because you and I are going to Bali.”

I ain’t that much of a drama king but believe me, I swear my heart literally stopped for one solid minute when his words registered completely into my system and turned me into Little Sebastian: the super stunned, super confused, blinking tree frog.

“Pack your bags, Sebby - you and I are going to Bali.”

**WHAT. THE. FUCK. IS. HAPPENINGRIGHTNOW?**

I was staring at him so hard, my eyeballs stung. “Why the Hell are we going to Bali?”

“Said I’d take you there, so let’s go.”

_The fuck, this guy? We were screaming at each other just a second ago, Christ. Did I black out or something? “HUH?”_

Chris looked somewhat annoyed at the speed of my brainwork. “You’re so fucking slow, Sebby.”

His eyes then dropped to the small ‘o’ of my mouth, the upturned ends of his lips stretching his smile even wider as he took note at how miserably left behind I was. Dory brains, Christ but could you blame me, really?

“Maybe this will make you understand things faster.”

What he did next pretty much had me feeling like lightning just struck the living shit out of me: It only took him one small, swift as Hell step to completely close the gap between us. I didn’t even get to twitch in my surprise when he leaned in and captured my lips in a deep, searing kiss.

My eyes went really, really wide, Christ. They came together to the middle of my nose next and performed a fucken _triple check_ to confirm that this was really my ex’s face pressed up against mine and that our mouths were really molded together. You can forget the condition of my heart - it fucken flew to space in the speed of light, leaving me behind and breathless in my goddamn boots.

_Yup, Sebastian. This is seriously happening._

Chris pulled away to nudge me by the forehead with his own when I didn’t show any signs of response.

Fucken cocked his head at me with, “Hellooooo? Anybody home?”

I snapped out of my glitch and when I did, I sputtered like an idiot in my shock. “Yeah. Hey. H...Hi.”

He laughed. “Honey, are you okay?”
Honey. Oooh suga suga. You are my candy, boy…~

“I’m not sure, Chris.” And God, let me tell you that song was stuck with me for a damn whole week by the way, I fuck you not.

Back to the main issue of things. My surprise began to subside when the intense blue of his eyes pierced deeper into mine.

I croaked. "Before anything else, does this mean I’m forgiven?"

“Seriously!” He scoffed. “Is it not obvious enough?”

I was eyeing his lips like an eagle like good God, I want more. “Can you please confirm that again by kissing me like how you did just now?”

Chris didn’t fight me, of course. “Pucker up, sexy.”

It had been so, so long but the sheer familiarity of his taste in my tongue burned straight into my senses like blazing fire, lighting me up like crazy fireworks on the 4th of July. All these memories of him inside me jolted back to life to execute a thundering rush of excitement within my veins. My knees buckled to the seduction of his touch on my skin - it was almost too easy, how I was so eager to feel him like this again.

Also, fresh mint. What do you know? Handsome fucker came prepared after all.

Sigh. I really wished we didn’t have to fucken breathe. We could’ve kissed forever, I swear. For. Fucking. Ever. But alas, we needed oxygen to like, live and everything.

Siiiiiiigh. Anyway.

“What the hell, Chris?” I broke away from him with my eyes fluttering like goddamn butterflies before they could refocus on his fucken handsome face.

“Couldn’t you have done that earlier? I could’ve killed you with Buster Bunny.”

He frowned. “When the Hell did you get so violent?”

“Thought you were done with me for good,” I went, pointing to his bag. “You did appear out of nowhere with an empty luggage, packing up your stuff! I freaked out. I didn't want you to go like this..."

His attitude was smug, though. "Can't live without me, huh?"

Fine. "No, I can't and I don't want to! Why did you have to fucking scare me like that?!”

"Jesus. Sorry!"

I punched him on the shoulder, hard. "That was seriously...Urgh, you asshole!"

"Ow! Okay!” He cringed. “I wanted to build a mood up before telling you why I'm here but you went nuts! I thought I had you when I said I wanted all my stuff back because you’re my stuff, too. Didn’t you get the hint?”

Killed me, man. Do I look like a goddamn mind-reading Jedi? “No.”

“None at all. I mean the plane part didn’t work too?”
My face was flat out flat. “No.”

“Right. My bad. Never been great at Cluedo, sorry.”

For someone who was melting in his shoes from looking into those beautiful baby blues, I felt like he needed a little bit more shredding.

No, don’t give me that. The tension was way too high for me to just cut him some slack just like *snappy fingers* that, my friends.

I cocked my head at him. “Could’ve given me better clues, really. Wasn’t like we’ve been talking or communicating for me to expect this.”

“Okay, I knew this would happen and yes, Sebby. You can blame me for being a total idiot. I’ll admit it.”

“Evans.” My arms folded in front of me. My face, as straight as those iron lines on his pants. “You ignored me for months. I was practically a nobody to you.”

The older man slapped his chest (left, by the way) to tell me that he took that hit to the heart. His fucken drama king syndrome, I swear. “I admit to be the biggest, stupidest moron ever lived for doing that.”

He wishes, really. “And then two days before Christmas, come barging into my house with a fucking plot twist which could’ve been settled nicely but no. The whole of New York City just heard me kicking your ass out.”

Chris’ face scrunched. ” But we’re going to Bali in the end. Yay!”

So fucking adorable but, “oh. There’s also Jenny.”

“Okay, okay!” Chris huffed, throwing his both his hands up and quickly waving the white flag before I could completely rip his head off. So much fun, it was.

“Sebby, I wanted to come here and sweep you off your feet with a romantic getaway surprise with hopes to patch things up, not get into an argument or a fight with you.”

“Who says we’re arguing? I’m so fucking elated to see you right now.”

“You have a strange way of showing it. Look, I don’t want to upset you anymore. Can I start over?”

Look at that, pulling a puppy-dog face on me. I didn’t know how long I could contain my giggles and he really didn’t have to because I’d give anything to have him back in my arms but okay, just this final one. Promise. Promise.

I nodded. “Here’s something you can start with. ‘I only came back here to get all my stuff, Sebby’ - and...Go.”

Chris went straight to work, smiling at me like I was his world. The intensity of his gaze was slowly reaching into the chasms of my heart next, to find that connection he used to have with my soul. To be honest I felt it straightaway but you know, he could just impress me with his romanticism chops.

“And if it’s not too late to ask, can I have everything of mine returned to me?”
He had his arms around me next. “By everything I mean you, Sebastian Stan. I love you so much and I don’t want to leave you. I’d really like to come home now, babe.”

Motherfucken finally!

I didn’t need to say anything but I launched myself at him to catch his entire being in a powerful hug that basically answered his goddamn stupid question.

“You know how much I hate waiting, Evans.”

Chris’ laughter was loud and ringing inside my head but fuck it, figured I could always get my eardrums replaced for this guy. We hugged for a long, long time, Christ, allowing ourselves to drown in our relief. Peace washed over us to end the war which long kept us apart. I was his mortal enemy no more.

Hallelujah!

He pulled away and cradled my face in his hands. “Thank you, Sebby.”

“My pleasure, handsome.”

"Pleasure's all mine, Chubby Dumpling."

"Get out of my house."

He chuckled. "I'm still gonna come back with that, even after I'm dead."

Ah, what the Hell. Chubby Dumpling it is. I mean I was grinning so goddamn wide, my head actually hurts. Dolphins took over my vocals next. “Oh my God. I’m still in a shock. I don’t know how or where to start.”

“Me neither.” Two plane tickets were in my face next. “But we can talk on the way to Indonesia. First class, love.”

“Wow. You’re really taking me to Bali? Like, right now.”

He nodded, excited. “We didn’t get to go on a getaway last year because of my commitment to Civil War - I thought it’d be great if we can celebrate Christmas and welcome in the New Year together this time. Rekindle our love, relationship.”

Romeo got me giggling like a goddamn giddy schoolgirl with that. “How’d you know I was gonna be free?”

“Talked to your manager, last week. He gave me your schedule so I worked around it. Did he tell you anything?”

Didn’t suspect a thing, me. Lion, you dawg. I shook my head. “I thought he won the lottery. He was so uppity-up recently. It was weird. Now I know why.”

“Looks like I’m sending those thank you baskets to everyone, after all. Was worried someone would talk!”

“Everyone?”

“Yeah I kinda told a few people. My mom ‘coz you know I talk to her about everything. Scott, RDJ. Robert never gave me a break after he found out. I heard he came by.”
Never the fuck would I dream that I’d ever have my damaged personal relationship with anybody tended to by the legendary Robert Downey Jr but that was what he did - fixing broken hearts like the love mechanic he is. My very own fairy Godfather.

Awww! “Yeah, he just popped up and we talked.”

“Great man. I owe him, Seb. Who else, mm? Your mom.”

Fuck me, I can’t. “What! My mom?”

“You know how it is.” His brows started wiggling. “Before I impress my future husband, I must impress my mother-in-law!”

This again. “You’re impossible. What about Gregg?”

“I’m not interested to marry your housemate.”

Jesus. “I mean did he knooooooow? My God.”

“Of course he does!” Chris became annoyed all of a sudden. “And how could you wish for a JAGUAR on a magical drink like that? During Christmas week, too.”

Wouldn’t take my housemate for a double agent, yet he worked for the other team too as an inside informant right under my nose. Amazing. “I didn’t think too much about it.”

“You don’t believe in magic, Seb. That’s why.” He scoffed, as if I should be strung up for it. Seriously.

“Well, I do and my wish just came true - I’m going on a romantic as Hell trip to a beautiful island with my ex and we’ll be having lots of make-up sex by the beach, everyday for the next two weeks. Now pack your bags.”

His planning skills were top notch as fuck but I had a better idea. “Or we can just have it here. Right now.”

“Trust me baby, inside my mind, I’m already nailing you against that wall but we have little time and also, that’s not the reason why I wanna take you to Bali, Seb.”

My face was hot, Christ. The handsome blonde took my hand again, tracing my fingers softly with his. “I hope to be able to make it up to you for everything I put you through - starting with this small gift.”

Fucken flying me to a tropical island at the other end of the planet = small gift. Oh. So. Romantic! Sigh.

I shook my head. “You were so angry at me, Chris - you were right to do so. Don’t have to make up to me for anything.”

“But I want to, babe. I’m so, so, so sorry that I ever wanted you out of my life, Seb.”

That struck me directly on the heart strings and all I had was one miserable box of tissues right then. It really wasn’t gonna be enough for the both of us, let me tell you that. Jesus. Breathe.

Chris swallowed a knot in his throat. “I’m especially sorry for saying that you were toxic for me. That was the worst, and most untrue thing about you but I said it. I even meant it for a while.”
Fucken killed me, he did. “I was convinced that you hated me, Evans. That was quite a blow, I won’t lie.”

“I believed that what I was doing to you was exactly what you deserve - I wanted to hurt you as much as you hurt me and I took it way too far. In the end, all I’ve become is a total dick.”

Accurate self-reflection, checked. His hands were wiping fucken Niagara Falls from my eyes next, checked. Between the two of us, I caved first.

“Sebby, I want you to know that you were never ever toxic or bad. If you’re anything, you’re so damn good for me. It took me sometime to overlook the noise and my demons in my head but I’m here and I want to be with you. It’s not right that we’re not together.”

I really shouldn’t but I doggone did. “What about your 7th grader girlfriend? She gonna be okay?”

“Not sure.” Chris let out a sigh, drying his own tears away as he shrugged. “But she knows now.”

Oh, dear. “What do you mean not sure? You told her about us before you came here. Right?”

“Erm….More like she found out that we shared a history together in a not so uh, good way.”

How about that. “Like, when in bed or something?”

“No!” Chris blurted, seemingly offended that I would say such things. And then he was sniggering at me with, “what? You called out my name when having sex with Will or something? Wait, you said you didn’t hook up with him. Did you?”

The bloodbath on my face returned. “You’d love to know that we didn’t even get to first base, Evans.”

“He knows I own your ass, babe. Good for him.”

Look at the smug-ass balls on this one. “About Jenny.”

“I was drunk after a night out with her and some guys from our set, told her that I wanted to go home. Thing was, I was already in my house - I was talking about going home to you. How I missed you a hell lot and that I wanted to be with you so bad. It was your birthday, I should at least fly over and see you.”

Awww. “I was in Ireland, Evans but I had no clue you remembered my birthday.”

“I didn’t forget. Actually, I drunk-posted about it on my Twitter. Don’t even know what college essay I was talking about, man. I only found out that I’d wished my ex ‘happy birthday’ on the world wide web the next day and by that time, it already went viral. You didn’t see it?”

“I don’t have Twitter. Show me later. So then what happened? Doesn’t seem so bad to me.”

Chris then groaned, clawed his face a little. “So she asked me what birthday present I’d get for you, right? Completely innocent question. So I said, I’d get you me.”

The perfect present, hands down. No doubt. “Okay.”

“And that I’d fuck you six ways before we even find the bed.”

We have a winner. “Jesus.”
In details, Seb. She left me straightaway.

Trust me, he would tell you such things in ultra HD because Chris Evans, everybody. “Good God.”

Then I cocked my head at him. Sorry but, “six ways?”

And then I tried to science the shit out of that. “Is that even…?”

“For you? You’d take me without breaking a rhythm, Seb. Look at you - you’re a fucking piece of work. Six ways is probably just a warm-up-”

My body is a temple. I work my ass off for it and if this sexy fucker appreciates my maniac beastmode sessions then thank you so much but, ‘Oh my God, Evans. Don’t. Stop, stop!’

He cackled like a goddamn witch. “You’re still so shy with me after all these years. Why are you so fucking cute? Anyway.”

Ugh, God. “Thanks.”

“Jenny is a nice, fun girl but you’d be happy to know that I only slept with Dodger the entire time you and I were apart. As weird as that sounds.”

Wow. “So you’re telling me that the only other being who can warm up your lonely nights is... your dog.”

“Either you or Dodge - no one else. But please don’t make me choose. Okay, I’m kidding. Bad joke.”

“God!” I burst laughing like a madman. “I really fucking miss you, Chris. How are you so hot and a dork at the same time?”

“Right? What was I thinking, really. I can’t turn hetero even if I paid myself to, babe - I’m so madly in love with you, Sebastian. Almost literally, in fact.”

He turned serious all over again.

“Look, I’m a very, very emotional guy. A big baby, okay. I cry at watch adverts and I will fucking love Disney to death no matter what comes at me. I’m challenged in so many ways, I’m overprotective, I cling a lot and I always, always worry that I’m never gonna be good enough for anything. But despite my imperfections, I wanna be the best and only person for you. Make you happy, all the time.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, man,” I said, squeezing his hand. “You’re perfect to me, Chris.”

He snorted, ridiculed. “No, I’m not.”

“You are - You’ve always loved me so hard and so genuinely! It’s overwhelming sometimes but it makes me feel like I can take on the world with my bare hands and I hope you won’t stop giving me that strength.”

Chris went quiet and just stared at me with eyes so blue, they lit up the darkness outside.

“I don’t want you to stop giving me all of you, Chris.”

“You mean that, Sebby?”
“Yes. I want your good, your bad, your crazy. I mean if we’re gonna get married someday…”

His grip tightened instantly. The expression on his face brightened up so fast, I swear I was looking directly at the Californian sun before my eyes.

Shit, I knew that look. “Ah ah! I said someday.”

“Ah ah! I said someday.”

“Looking forward to it already.”

Chris decided to pull back on his excitement when I narrowed my eyes like don’t push it. He nodded and settled for a dopey-ass grin instead.

“You know I’d wait for you, Sebastian. You're worth every minute of my time. Someday it is, then.”

Great. The rest of my speech died in my head, which was a bummer because I, too, had smashing, super heartwarming things to say to this guy!

Fucken Dory brains, I swear. “I love you so damn much, Chris. I just fucking love you. I believe that you're the only idiot for me in this lifetime so don’t ever let me go again.”

“Er...you left me first.”

This idiot just had to but okay, he won. “I know but if I ever do something like that again, tackle me down or something. I've never felt so much regret before in my life-”

“Babe.”

“What was I thinking? I wasn't thinking at all!”

“Sebby.”

“You're mine as much as I'm yours, Evans. You got that?”

“I got you, babe.” His grin stretched wider. “Oh, I just fucking love you too, Sebby. Hmmm...”

“What?”

“Can I please say it?”


“Please?”

“You'll ruin my boner.”

“Come on. This means...”

“Please no.”

“...Thaaaat…”

“Urgh, God.”

“...I’m with you till the end of the line.”

My face fell. “Can’t resist ruining the moment, can you?”
“You love me for my imperfections, honey.”

Ah, well. "Welcome home, my Captain."

So I guess this part of the *Keeping Up with Sebastian Stan* show wrapped up nicely! I’d write a long-ass essay just to describe how motherfucking happy we were to be together again but I’m an actor, not a novelist - so I’ll just say that if I could dance right then (or at all), I’d literally attempt a fucken windmill in my madman joy.

Unfortunately, Time waits for no breakdancer wannabe - and neither will a Boeing.

“So!” I sang, shooting up to my feet and headed straight into my walk-in wardrobe. Fished out my trusty Samsonite and tossed it onto my bed.

Oh, that’s right. Correction: *our* bed. Teehee!

“What do you say we take that *six ways make up session* to Bali already, Christopher?”

*THE END*
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