The Birds, the Bees, and the Sexual Awakening of One Steven G. Rogers

by Lywinis

Summary

Phil's life is looking up, in every respect save for one.

Notes

From the avengerkink LJ prompt

"Steve is simply awful in bed, leaving Coulson unsatisfied and often with minor injuries. Coulson is good at hiding how miserable this makes him, but Natasha notices and forces Steve to learn how to be a good lover. Happy, tender, apology-filled sexytimes ensues."

See the end of the work for more notes.

Phil felt like it would be an insult to fate if he claimed unhappiness in his relationship now. After all, who could say that their boyfriend just happened to be Steve Rogers, the one and only Captain
America? Phil was pretty sure that being stabbed meant that serendipity owed him a do-over; she'd delivered in the form of Steve asking him to a ball game. A ball game had turned into dinner, then a movie, then a kiss under a streetlight.

It was romance.

Phil should have been over the moon.

He wasn't, however.

Steve was, to put it bluntly – in his own mind at least – god awful in bed. He had no idea how he had missed it, but Steve was...enthusiastic was putting it politely. He wasn't a bad boyfriend, not in the slightest. He and Steve clicked on a lot of levels. Steve was there when Phil was home from work, meeting him at the door and wrapping him in a warm embrace, curling up with him on the couch after dinner, making him breakfast when Phil was in the shower in the morning. Somehow, though, between the dinner and the handholding to the bedroom, Steve's brain shut off, or shorted out. Phil hadn't thought about it much the first time.

Phil had tugged him to the bedroom, kissing and nipping along Steve's skin, and Steve had been responsive, skinning them both out of their clothes. Phil hadn't been able to see Steve how he'd wanted, because the soldier had reached out and flipped off the lights. He turned back to kissing Steve, much more caught up in the sensation than anything else, and Steve had laid him down on the bed, taking control. Phil had been more than eager, wiggling under the covers and arching against Steve's hands.

What had followed was the most unsatisfying, mortifying, and painful experience that Phil had ever had.

Even in the dark, Phil could tell when Steve matched his hips with Phil’s. He shuddered at the sensation and rutted backward, rubbing against Steve’s cock. Big hands grabbed his hips, stilling the motion and Phil chuckled. He could feel the girth of Steve’s cock against his ass, and he stilled, relaxing.

He was about to open his mouth and offer the lube, resting in its drawer, but then Steve pushed, and it was all Phil could do to remain coherent. Not in a good way, either. Precum or not, Steve was large, and while Phil had never had a problem with anything big with his partners, lube was one of those things that was a necessity. Phil concentrated on his breathing, trying not to cry out. He was flat on his back, hips rucked up against Steve, who wasn’t pausing to breathe or let Phil breathe. Phil forced himself to relax, knowing it would be easier. He could feel the tears streaming from his eyes, and he was glad for the dark of the room. Steve hilted himself, and Phil took a breath.

Steve pulled back, and pushed forward, and Phil bit his tongue to keep from howling. It would be okay. He could handle this, and they’d talk about it. It was Steve’s first time, probably his first time with a guy, it would be okay.

Phil tried to breathe, grateful he’d been an avid user of toys beforehand, but he knew that he wasn’t stretched like he should. He tried to take his mind off of it, a hand snaking between them to touch himself, but suddenly Steve was there, his hands pinning Phil’s as he picked up the pace, rutting against Phil, who clamped down hard with a grunt that was drowned out in the harshness of Steve’s breathing. Phil’s groan was soft, but it was pained, the burn overwhelming, and he pulled Steve close, wrapping his legs around him, his head turned to the side and into the pillow.

What felt like hours later, Steve’s thrusts went slower and shallow, eventually stopping as he pulsed warm and wet inside Phil, who was trembling. Steve’s forehead hit Phil’s shoulder with a soft noise,
and Phil let go of the breath he’d been holding.

Steve pulled away, Phil letting out a whimper, and kissed his cheek.

Phil lay there, wondering if that was it.

Apparently it was, for Steve’s breathing evened out into sleep. Phil took a couple of deep breaths to even out, and crept from the bed. He was limping. That wasn’t a good sign, and he frowned, pulling down a washcloth out of his cabinet and shutting the bathroom door. The warm water was soothing on his hands, and he washed his face first and foremost.

Next, he saw to the rest of it. He had left the water running for a very specific reason. He wet down the washcloth and ran it over himself, grimacing at the abused feeling. He was sore, and not a little bloody, if the cloth was any indication. He cleaned himself up, pulling out a box of baby wipes and making sure he was properly taken care of.

He made a mental note to start eating more fiber, sighing as he looked at himself in the mirror.

He settled onto the toilet, still somehow managing to get right back to half-hard even after what he’d just gone through. He took himself in hand, his cock hardening under his fingertips as he closed his eyes, thinking of Steve touching him, whispering to him, and making love to him, soft and sweet and gentle.

He came with a grunt, spilling over his fingers. He cleaned up, feeling vaguely ashamed, and then slipped into pajama pants and crawled back into bed. Steve rolled over, leaning up on his elbow.

“Everything all right?” he asked, and Phil hummed, still rather disappointed.

“Just brushing my teeth,” Phil said.

Steve gave a sleepy hum and tucked Phil against him. Phil lay awake a long time after, staring at the ceiling.

He’d fix it in the morning. They were partners, nothing they couldn’t talk about, right?

Steve woke before Phil did, and while that wasn’t unusual, this morning, Phil opened his eyes to the smell of bacon and eggs cooking. He stretched, wincing a little at the dull ache, but he rolled to his feet and yawned. He showered and dressed himself, not sure he wanted to show his face just yet. He straightened his tie and looked at himself in the mirror.

“When did you become a coward about this?” he asked himself, and straightened his spine.

Steve was humming as he puttered around the kitchen, and he perked when he saw Phil, smiling and leaning down to kiss him soft and slow.

“Good morning,” he said. “I made breakfast.”

“So I see,” Phil said, his stomach flopping over at the sight of Steve, just like it always did. He wasn’t limping today; years of training as an agent had taught him to mask physical discomfort, and he settled at the table, picking up his mug of coffee. He stared into it, doctored to his liking, and then turned to Steve.

“Can we talk?” he asked.
“Sure, Phil, what about?” Steve put the pan into soapy water to soak and settled at the table.

“About last night,” Phil said, and Steve went a little red, looking down. “Listen, I—“

A shrill beeping interrupted him. Steve pulled out his communicator card and frowned.

“Sorry, Phil, Tony’s calling. Looks like they need my help.” Steve bolted up from the table, heading into the bedroom. A few minutes later, he emerged, wearing his uniform. He leaned down and pressed another kiss to Phil’s jaw. “We can talk about it when I get home, okay? Fury hasn’t called for you, so enjoy breakfast. I’ll see you a little later.”

“Sure,” Phil said, looking a little morose as he watched Steve flip his cowl up, grab his shield, and bolt out the door. He turned back to breakfast, picking up a piece of bacon, snapping it in half and feeling very much alone.

Phil began to get creative with his nightly routine. Steve was nothing if not like clockwork, reaching for Phil in the dark, pinning him down and taking what he wanted. He hadn’t torn anything since that first night, and Phil wondered if that was because he was taking better care of himself, or if Steve had just been overeager that first time. Not that it hadn’t been painful every time thereafter, but Steve at least had upgraded to using spit.

After, Phil would roll out of bed, turn on the shower, and jerk himself off before he cleaned up. Every time he did, he managed to make himself feel more and more ashamed. He ended up bruised from Steve’s hands pinning his arms above his head, but those were easily hidden under long sleeves and suit jackets. He might be prouder of them if they were the result of him actually getting off too.

He was miserable, if he was honest with himself.

It wasn’t that Steve was a bad boyfriend. He was an amazing partner in every other respect. Phil had never had someone be so attentive to him outside of the bedroom. He was just awful at sex, and nothing changed.

It wasn’t just that, either. Every time Phil tried to find a moment to bring it up, it seemed like life intervened. Either he was called into work, or there was an Assembly, and Phil didn’t know whether to laugh or cry that Serendipity had given him what he’d wanted the most, and then it made him unhappy. Eventually, he dropped the subject, because it made Steve uncomfortable when he did manage to bring it up. He couldn’t broach it.

He resigned himself to it. If it meant he got to be with Steve, then he could deal with it. It wasn’t like being Steve’s boyfriend was hard. He was a puppy in some respects, so pleased that Phil was paying him attention that Phil could see the mental tail wag at times.

Captain America, bruised and bloody from whatever scrape he’d gotten in that day, still found the time to stop at the florist and bring him home flowers. They went out, on actual dates. Phil taught him to dance, and Steve couldn’t get enough of it. He was a real partner, shouldering the burdens of everyday life. They didn’t bicker, they meshed together in every way but one.

Phil loved him. That was always enough, his mother used to tell him. If he loved, and was loved in return, he could deal with it.

He hoped.
He started showering at night, before bed. It was easier to clean up and cover the sound of his own stolen orgasm. He crawled back into bed, and Steve rolled towards him, tucking him close. Phil let out a sigh that could have been a sob, if it were louder. Steve was always too asleep to notice.

Phil could deal with it.

Natasha wasn’t a mind reader, but she was an expert in body language. She was better than ninety-nine percent of agents in most regards, her skills honed to a razor’s edge as a necessity of her life. When she turned the corner and caught Coulson chewing over a group of new recruits in the harshest manner possible, however, her green eyes narrowed and she studied how he was standing. His back was straighter, almost rigid, forced, and he kept it to the wall, to protect it. While that was normal, the way he snapped made it almost like he was trying to hide it. Natasha knew when he was uncomfortable, from the way his hands clenched to the way his calves tightened under the tailored pants he wore.

He looked…agitated, and not with the probies.

That usually slipped away when they scattered. This was deep seated, and raw. Clint stepped in and made a suggestion, and then—

It was gone. Nothing.

Interesting.

Natasha watched. She’d made her living out of watching, waiting, and then taking the appropriate action. Someone, and she didn’t know who, had hurt and made Coulson anxious. She was going to find out, and then she was going to set them straight.

It was strange, how feelings complicated this business. She watched Clint leave, saw the weariness return to Coulson’s shoulders, and watched him limp to his office. He hadn’t noticed her observation.

Whatever was going on, he didn’t want them to know. She would bet a good bottle of Stark’s vodka that he would try and hide it from her, too.

She resolved to watch, and wait.

It wasn’t easy, either. Coulson was, for all intents and purposes, a secret agent just as highly trained as she was. He’d taught her some things, subtle things, and even now she wasn’t sure how much he actually observed while he watched. It always disappeared when one of the team approached, the collected agent drawing tight around him like armor. He didn’t want them to know, and he kept it from those who would figure it out.

She was just as good as he was, though, and in some cases, better. She shadowed him for days before a breakthrough happened.

She caught him meeting up with Steve after work. While that wasn’t unusual (the whole department knew, and she’d swept the betting pool), he wasn’t acting like a man in love with his partner. He kept his body turned away, his hands at his side, and Steve had to initiate contact.

She was sure she was the only one to notice the slight flinch when Steve reached for his hand.

What was going on?
She narrowed her eyes and watched from her vantage point on the roof. Steve leaned in for a kiss, and the flinch came again, so subtle that Natasha’s teeth ground.

Was Steve hurting Coulson?

She had her hackles up, but she knew Steve wasn’t the type to hit someone without a reason. He was hardly abusive; he was gentle, even with her, a fact that made her smile.

Then it clicked. The limp, the flinch, the way he never wore short sleeves to the gym anymore. She’d seen the bruises when he changed for the shower after an op that had left them all exhausted, beaten and bloodied. Hand shaped, big enough to be Steve’s, and in the right place that the agent was being held down, but too old and yellowed to be from the fight.

Steve *was* hurting Coulson. Just not in the way she’d imagined. She frowned. If he was doing it on purpose, and Coulson didn’t seem happy about it, then she and Steve were going to have a talk.

She decided to wrangle Clint to help. That was the best of ideas. He would have a lot of words for the man who hurt Phil Coulson.

She ghosted away from the rooftop to plot.

“Hey, Cap, y’got a minute?”

Steve turned and found Clint smiling at him. A smart man would know that Clint had something planned if he were smiling at him like that, but Steve was just a little too trusting of his teammates. He smiled back, tilting his head at the archer.

“Sure, Clint, what can I do for you?” he asked. He’d just said goodbye to Phil for the day and was headed out of SHIELD to run some errands.

“Well, you can stand right there for another five seconds, that would be great.”

“Wha—“ He didn’t finish the sentence. A hypodermic needle pierced his skin, and his eyes rolled into the back of his head. He teetered, and Natasha caught him, hefting him in a fireman carry.

“Come on, Barton,” she murmured. “Get the door for a lady.”

“You are not a lady,” Clint argued. “You are a deathtrap on two feet.”

“I can be both,” she said. “Just hit the button, the tranquilizer won’t keep him down for long.”

“That’s why we brought extra, isn’t it?” Clint asked. Natasha fixed him with a look and Clint hit the button. “Which subsection?”

“Sub-basement C, section 2.”

“We gonna lock him in?”

“I’m going to chain him to the chair.”

“Have I told you lately that I love you?”

“Simmer down there, Bryan Adams.”
Rod Stewart.”
“…dork.”

Steve woke, groggy, and was aware of the bright light of the florescent lamps in his eyes. He squinted, then groaned as he sat upright.

He was cuffed to the chair.

Unamused, he looked around. He caught sight of Natasha staring at him, leaning against the wall of the interrogation room and watching him. She looked annoyed, her eyes narrowed.

“What’s the meaning of this, Natasha?” he snapped, rattling the handcuffs that bound him to the chair. “Let me go.”

“No,” she said. “Not until you answer some questions.”

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he asked, incredulous. “Phil’s going to hear about this, for one. For another, I can break these.”

“You can try. They’re adamantium. For big threats, like supers gone rogue.”

Clint pulled open the door to the containment cell, and poked his head in. “Oh, good, he’s up.”

He sauntered into the room, took another chair, and spun it backwards to straddle it. He dropped his shades and gave Steve a hard look from sharp eyes.

“You done fucked up, Cap,” he said.

“What the hell is wrong with you two?” he asked, yanking on the cuffs. Natasha was right, they were strong, and he wasn’t about to break them, not with the leverage he had. He had to think of something else.

Natasha moved toward the table and sat. She gave Steve an assessing look through narrowed eyes. Steve felt the beginning of ice slip down his spine, but he refused to shiver in the face of interrogation.

“Did you know you were making Coulson miserable?” she asked.

“I don’t think that’s your call to—“

“I think it is. When my handler limps, but hides it so that I can’t see it, and flinches when you reach for him, I think that’s my business, and I’m making it my call.” Natasha’s voice was like a coldsnap, chilling Steve to the bone. He fell silent, glaring at her.

“He doesn’t show it to you, probably because he’s so damn attached to you.” Natasha shook her head. “He’s hiding it from me and Clint, because he thinks he can handle it. He’s putting up with something from you, and I’m going to figure out what. You’ve been together what, almost six months?”

Steve gave a curt nod. “I was going out to get him flowers for the anniversary.”

“When did you two start sleeping together?” she asked.
Steve reddened like he’d been slapped. “That’s definitely none of your business.”

“Listen here, Spangles,” Clint said, leaning forward. “Thing is, Tasha told me Phil was hurt. I’m not one for jumpin’ to conclusions, but if she tells me Phil is limpin’ and you’re the cause? Either you’re not usin’ enough lube, or you’re hittin’ him. If it’s the last one, I’m gonna club you with the chair I’m sitting on, so you’d either better unprude yourself right now or prepare for an asskickin’. Just because you’re too much of an uptight asshole to do your research doesn’t mean Phil’s gotta suffer.”

Steve’s jaw tightened.

Clint stood up and pulled the chair in front of him.

“We’ve been…intimate for about six weeks,” Steve said, his teeth grinding together.

Clint sat back down, his gaze stern.

“I want full details,” Natasha said, her mouth a tight line. “How much lube you use, what positions you’re in, and how hard you’re thrusting.”

Steve could feel himself go bright red, and he glared at her.

“Do it, Rogers, I still have a chair,” Clint said.

“Phil’s on his back,” Steve said, closing his eyes so he wouldn’t have to look at either of them. “I didn’t…they make lubrication…for that? I’m not rough, I mean…I’m not hurting him.”

Natasha scoffed. “No wonder he’s miserable. You must be god awful in bed.”

Steve’s eyes snapped open. “He hasn’t said anything!”

It was Clint’s turn to scoff, then. “Would you, if someone looked as uncomfortable as you do right now?”

He jerked a thumb at his reflection in the two-way mirror. Steve looked, and caught the mixture of discomfort and revulsion on his face. He smoothed it out, trying to ease the flush.

“Point taken,” he said.

Clint leaned on his arms. “You know what we should do, Tasha?”

“Yes, I do. I’m going to educate the Captain here about proper sexual etiquette when one’s partner is a man.” Natasha rose, padding to the door of the interrogation room. She returned a moment later, rolling a television on a stand with a DVD player. Steve blinked.

“What…” he asked.

“Because I’m really tired of Coulson miserable. Kicking probies is my job.”

Steve opened his mouth to argue, caught Natasha’s expression, and closed it again. She flicked on the TV and started the unmarked disc she placed in the player. When the screen adjusted, there was a room with a bed, tastefully appointed but nondescript. Steve watched in curiosity as the music started. It wasn’t really his genre, but to each their own, he supposed. A young man sat down on the edge of the bed, stretching his legs out and crossing them.
Another, older, man joined him, and they kissed. Steve knew how kissing worked, and he wasn’t too phased by that, until the older man’s hand slid down the front of the kid’s shirt, flicking open the buttons on his pants.

Steve recoiled as hard as he could, which was impressive, since he made the bolts that connected the chair to the floor squeal in warning. Clint was up in a flash, his hand on Steve’s shoulder.

“Easy there, Prudence.” Clint gave him a squeeze, and Steve glared up at him. “The way I see it, you have two options. You can either suffer through some semi-decent porn – and I should know, picking this stuff out was a chore fueled by bottles of vodka and red vines – or you can cut out right here. If you cut out right here, though, I expect you and Phil to not last long.”

“What?” Steve asked, trying to ignore the silence that had fallen. Natasha had paused the video.

“There’s only so long you can go unfulfilled in bed. He’s not going to stick around if you’re disappointing him.”

Steve was disappointing Phil? He hadn’t thought about it that way. He swallowed, looking at Natasha.

“Play it,” he said. For Phil’s sake, he’d figure this out.

Steve watched the older man sink to his knees and take the other man into his mouth. He watched the young man tip his head back, a look of bliss on his face. Could he make Phil do that? Could he make him make the noises that that actor was making?

Soon, the older man was kneeling in front of the younger man, probing against him with slicked fingers. Steve paid attention. Once he was determined to learn something, his focus was rock-solid. He watched the other man writhe beneath the attention.

“Do you see what he’s doing?” Natasha asked. Steve nodded. “He’s preparing him. Unlike a woman, you’re not going to provide your own lubrication, but with enough prep, it’s fun for both of you. If not, there’s the chance of tearing, even bleeding.”

Steve nodded again, absently. He watched the slow penetration, thinking back over his own experience. Maybe that hadn’t been pleasure he heard. He’d been hurting Phil. He watched the actors share a deep kiss, and then the thrusting started, slow and shallow, teasing. He shifted, uncomfortable for a different reason, because he wanted to try that – with Phil.

They paused, halfway through, and Steve watched them change position. Now the young man was on his stomach, rutting into the sheets, and the older man thrust from behind.

“He does that, and there’s more stimulation to the prostate in a different way,” Natasha murmured. Steve nodded, watching the young man’s hands clench into the bed sheets.

He could…he could make Phil do that.

The scene changed, and the older man was lying on his side this time, the young man sliding into him with a slow press. Steve caught his breath. Phil could do that for him.

Natasha caught him with a sharp glance. “Do you understand now?”

He nodded, emphatic. “I do. I’ve made a terrible mistake, not doing my research. I need to talk to Phil.”
She gave a small smile. “You’re going to have to grovel for a while.”

“I don’t care. It’s worth it.” Steve wiggled his hands. “Can I get up now?”

She unsnapped the cuffs and handed him a large paper bag. “Proper supplies. Books to read. If you have questions, by all means, come to me.”

“I…thanks, Natasha.” Steve rubbed his wrists. He glanced at Clint. “And to you too, Clint.”

“No problem.” Clint waved a hand. “You fuck up again, I’m gonna neuter you, though.”

“Point taken,” Steve said, his voice wry. He turned to Natasha. “Can I…have the video?”

“There’s a copy in the bag,” she said, lips quirking. “Along with a couple others. All of them are practicing safe sex. No one’s getting hurt. Watch them, and learn from them.”

He nodded. “I will. Thanks.”

“Dinner, and flowers, are in order,” she murmured.

“I know,” he said. “I really messed up.”

“He loves you, though. Otherwise he’d already be gone.” Steve swallowed hard. He didn’t want that. He hurried from the room, the bag under his arm.

Phil straightened his tie. It was their anniversary, their first – a six month milestone. A remarkable one for the both of them, because they hadn’t had anything that had threatened to tear them apart.

Well, almost anything. Phil mused on his crummy sex life even as he straightened his cufflinks and sighed. He was going to have to end it. He was miserable. He ached. It wasn’t as though Steve was bad in any other case, but it looked like he’d hit the dealbreaker. He was unfulfilled, and it looked like he’d never really find it.

He glanced in the mirror for the umpteenth time to check that he was ready.

“Phil?” Steve called. “We’re going to be late for our reservation.”

Phil grabbed the hotel key and stuffed it in his pocket. He had a room to stay in so that Steve could get his stuff. It was for the best, he reminded himself.

“Coming,” he called.

Dinner had been lovely, and the movie had been good, too. Phil was full and content, save for the fact that he hadn’t broken it off with Steve yet. Steve had been even more amazing tonight, and Phil didn’t know if it was because it was the anniversary, or if it was because Steve was being Steve.

They’d barely gotten in the door, however, when Steve took Phil by the shoulders and kissed him, gently.

Phil blinked and looked up. “Steve?”
Steve just smiled. “I want to show you something.”

Phil, intrigued, allowed Steve to take his hand and lead him back to the bedroom. Someone had, while they were gone, laid out the bed for them. The blankets were pulled back, the pillows fluffed and ready. Phil let go of Steve’s hand and began opening the drawers of the bureau.

“Before you start checking the room for bugs – I had Clint come in and do this for us,” Steve said. Phil paused, his eyebrows up. “I wanted to apologize.”

“For what?” Phil asked, confused.

“For acting like a real jerk,” Steve said. He stepped forward and collected Phil’s hands, shutting the drawers and kissing the pads of Phil’s fingers. Phil felt the base of his spine go melty, and he watched Steve, wary. “Why didn’t you tell me how I was acting was hurting you, Phil?”

Phil realized then that he’d been caught out, somehow. “Someone told you?”

“Natasha chained me to an interrogation room chair.” Steve looked a little sheepish. “I didn’t know anything about it…at all. I didn’t tell you, and you didn’t tell me, and I feel like I messed up big time because of it.”

He sat on the bed and pulled Phil closer. Phil went, and Steve tucked him between his knees. His arms went behind Phil’s back, and Phil gave a slow sigh.

“I wanted to talk to you about it,” Phil said. “We just…never made it to that point. I was making you uncomfortable.”

“I could have hurt you badly,” Steve said, looking up at Phil. He couldn’t hide from those eyes, and Phil nodded. “I wish you would have said something. Phil, this is a partnership. We each give something to the other, and we shoulder each other’s burdens. Okay?”

“…okay.” Phil said. Steve smiled and tugged him down for a kiss. He opened to Steve with a small sigh, and Steve ran a hand down his back, soothing. He pulled back after a moment, looking up at Phil.

“I love you, you know? I don’t want to be the one hurting you. I want to be the one who punches the ones hurting you.” He gave a small grin, and Phil laughed, shaking his head.

“That was the worst comparison ever,” he said, cupping Steve’s face.

“Not my worst. My worst was when I tried to ask you out the first time,” Steve said. “Remember?”

“…the birds and the bees reference?” Phil asked. Steve nodded. “Point taken. Yes, I remember that.”

He rested his forehead against Steve’s, and Steve placed a warm hand in the small of his back.

“I was going to break it off tonight,” Phil admitted. Steve flicked his eyes down. “I was…unhappy.”

“That’s putting it mildly,” Steve said. “We were going to talk to each other about this tonight regardless, it looks like.”

Phil nodded.

“Are you angry with me?” Steve asked.

“Can I make it up to you?” Steve asked.

“How?” Phil asked.

“Trust me?” Steve asked, kissing his palms. Phil, even after everything, found himself nodding. Steve smiled and reached for Phil’s tie, undoing it. Phil reached for the light switch, but Steve took his hand and shook his head, kissing his palms again. “No, I want to see you.”

Phil felt a flip in his stomach that he hadn’t since they’d started dating. This was new. It was… exciting, and arousing to watch Steve’s eyes darken as he looked up at him. Steve let Phil step back, and he stood, pulling Phil to him and kissing him, exploring and tasting him. Phil felt his knees go weak, and he leaned into Steve, who rumbled a chuckle.

“Stay with me, Phil,” he murmured, cupping his neck with a hand. Large, warm fingers slid the buttons of his shirt away from their holes, and he shivered when Steve traced his skin. “That was unacceptable of me, to leave you wanting like that.”

“It happens,” Phil said, sucking in a breath as Steve found and teased his nipple with a thumb. He was halfway there already, and Steve had barely touched him. But…Steve was touching him.

“Doesn’t happen to you,” Steve said. “Not ever again.”

Phil shuddered when Steve leaned down to kiss his neck. “Where did you…?”

“Been doing research,” Steve said, nipping gently. “Natasha got me started, so I dove into it. Learning things. About a lot of things. You’re going to have to teach me, too. There are some things I just can’t learn on my own, and I don’t want to dive into it without you.”

“You won’t,” Phil said, lacing his fingers into Steve’s hair, his hands trembling. “I promise.”

“Good,” Steve whispered, his breath hot against the damp trail he’d kissed against Phil’s neck. He pushed aside Phil’s shirt, and Phil wiggled out of it, leaving it to dangle from the tails still tucked into his belt. Steve’s hands, large and warm, pressed against his a-shirt, and Phil sighed, humming against him.

“You make such nice noises,” Steve said, his voice low in Phil’s ear. “Why did I never notice before?”

Phil shook his head. Steve smiled, kissing him with small, nipping presses of his lips and tracing his fingers down Phil’s arms. Phil was a shaking mess already, the tension leaking out of him as Steve took care of him. Steve reached for his belt, and Phil felt his knees start to lock. He sucked in a breath when Steve took a knee, his hands on the button of his pants.

Steve looked up, his eyes dark. “I’m going to take care of you tonight, Phil.”

Phil nodded, disbelieving. Steve undid the button of his pants, the zipper sounding overloud in the quiet room. Phil breathed, catching it as Steve kissed the line of his stomach over the top of his boxers. Phil’s pants slid to the ground, and Steve helped him out of them.

“I’m so sorry, Phil,” Steve murmured, looking up at him as he hooked his thumbs into Phil’s waistband. “Let me make it up to you.”

Steve pressed kisses to the skin he revealed, dragging Phil’s boxers down and off. Phil stepped out of his clothes on instinct, and Steve settled him against the bed. Phil sat, and Steve mouthed a kiss against the tip of his cock. Phil almost came undone right there, it was sweet and meaningful, and
Steve was watching his every reaction.

A flicker of pink tongue, and Phil’s head tipped back, a groan making its way from his lips. Steve took the head of his cock into his mouth, and it was all he could do to not roll up into the warm, wet heat of it. Steve was tentative, but a natural, and he aimed to please. He ran his tongue along the underside of Phil’s cock and he groaned again, squirming and begging.

“I think I like learning new things, if that’s the noise you make,” Steve said, Phil’s cock coming away from his lips with a wet and salacious ‘pop’. He smiled, and Phil nodded, struck dumb with it.

“I think I like it, too.” Phil was trying to figure out how to surreptitiously pinch himself.

Steve pressed a kiss to the side of his shaft, and Phil groaned.

“Steve,” he said, his voice low and needy.

“You’ve never said it like that,” Steve said, licking a hot stripe from base to tip. “What have I been missing?”

“Everything,” Phil said, leaning back on his arms. Steve rose and leaned over the bed, kissing him long and hard. Phil could feel his erection bob against his stomach, thick and heavy, but it pulsed when Steve stripped his shirt and peeled himself out of his khakis.

“Then show me,” Steve said, reaching for the lube and handing it to Phil. He lay back, eyes big and vulnerable, even in the bedroom, and Phil’s hands shook.

“Steve, are you sure?” Phil asked.

“I want you,” Steve said, tracing fingers over Phil’s cock. “I want you to show me what I’ve been missing while I’ve been a jerk. But I’ve been hurting you, and I don’t want to do that tonight. I want to know what it’s supposed to be like.”

Phil nodded and squeezed out a measure of the lube onto his fingers. It was thick and not at all runny, though it was slick to the touch. That was good. He pressed up against Steve, who splayed out for him, lifting his hips.

“You look good like that, Steve,” Phil said, nuzzling at Steve’s neck. Steve’s eyes were closed, and he nodded, looking uncomfortable. Phil paused, his fingers pressed against Steve’s entrance. “Steve. Sweetheart. Look at me.”

Steve opened his eyes, and Phil kissed him.

“Relax. It’ll go easier. If you want or need me to stop, then I will,” Phil said. Steve nodded, and the taut line of his body relaxed, leaving him much more receptive to Phil’s probing finger. Phil pressed inside of him, careful and slow, and Steve gave a full body shudder. “Touch yourself for me, sweetheart. I want to watch you, and it’ll help what I’m doing.”

Steve nodded, his lower lip between his teeth. His hand slid down his stomach, taking himself in one large hand. He gave a slow, languid stroke, his hand stuttering as Phil slid a second finger in to join the first. Phil probed and pressed, rocking his hand against Steve, and he brushed something that made Steve arch and gasp.

“That’s your prostate,” Phil murmured, mouthing against Steve’s neck. “You’re going to be a mess if that’s how you react.”
Steve sucked in a breath. “I want to. Please, Phil.”

Phil pulled back, slipping between Steve’s knees and sliding a condom on. “Okay. Take a breath, and I’m going to be gentle.”

He was, too, sliding the head of his cock against Steve, who shivered and bucked. He slipped in the head, Steve engulfing him with heat as Phil pushed until he was hilted. He leaned down, pressing kisses against Steve’s neck, murmuring endearments to him. He stroked the hair from Steve’s face and kissed him deep and slow.

He could feel Steve adjusting around him, and he’d be a liar if he said it wasn’t making him see spots. He ran a soothing hand along the underside of Steve’s thigh, and Steve nodded up at him, his lower lip between his teeth.

“You feel so good like that,” Phil said, squeezing his leg before he pulled back and gave him a shallow thrust. Steve’s eyes closed, and he shivered. Phil set a slow pace, pulling out, then leaning over and pushing back in. Steve gave a low moan, and Phil felt heat creep down his spine. Steve was making noise.

“You look so good like that,” Phil said, and Steve looked up at him. “You do.”

Phil reached for a pillow, tucking it under Steve’s hips, and he sped up at little. He leaned over, running his hands down Steve’s torso. Steve squirmed when Phil changed the angle, his head tossing back as Phil brushed against him deep inside, and Phil tweaked it for all it was worth, driving hard against it and setting Steve whimpering and bucking around his cock.

“Keep touching yourself, sweetheart,” he whispered, and Steve reached down, taking his cock in hand. Phil watched him and matched his pace, keeping it even and steady as Steve worked himself over. Phil’s head was reeling with it, heady with the idea that it wasn’t going to be the way it had been. He gasped when Steve squeezed, his head lolling back.

“You look good like that,” Steve said, echoing his earlier words, and Phil leaned close, kissing him and keeping the pace. “I love you, Phil.”

“I love you, too, Steve,” Phil mouthed along Steve’s neck, sucking welts that would be gone by the time they finished, but sent Steve arching and gasping. “Faster?”

Steve nodded, and Phil went harder, thrusting until the heat that pooled in the base of his spine became too much, and he leaned up, licking against Steve’s neck and nipping at him.

“You look good like that,” he said, his voice a groan. “Sweetheart, I’m close.”

Steve nodded and stroked himself a little harder, his pupils blown as he watched Phil. He stiffened, then came with a cry, clenching his whole body around Phil’s cock and sending him rutting against Steve. He sank his teeth into Steve’s shoulder, making him gasp, and then slowed his strokes to a shallow thrust as he rode it out. He sobbed in a breath, leaning against Steve, who looked up at him with a dazed expression.

“Is…is it like that all the time?” Steve asked.

Phil smiled. “Oh, sweetheart, you have no idea.”

He slid free with a low whine, taking care of the condom and cleaning them both up. He slid into
bed, expecting a kiss and a roll into sleep from Steve, but he was surprised when arms went around him and he was tucked to the broad chest, Steve giving a low sigh.

“Thanks for not giving up on me,” he whispered. Phil nuzzled into Steve’s neck, placing lazy kisses against him. “I almost lost you, and I had no idea.”

“Thank you for understanding,” Phil said, yawning a little as the warmth settled into his bones. “Better late than never, right?”

“I suppose so,” Steve said, his own yawn huge. “There’s so much more I want to try.”

Phil blinked. “Really?”

Steve nodded, seeming almost shy. “I know how good it feels now, so I want to try more things.”

“If you want to, then of course,” Phil said. “We’ll talk about it, all right? No more keeping this sort of thing from each other?”

Steve nodded. “Never again. I promise.”

Steve pulled the blankets over them both, and this time, when Phil turned out the light, his arms went around Steve, and they slept, limbs tangled together and wrapped up in each other.

His showers went back to being a morning ritual.


“You’re not normally this loud when I’m searching for something,” she said, irritable. He gave her a lazy grin, scratching his stomach as his shirt rucked up.

“I want tacos,” he said, shrugging. “You’re being nosy. I think I win this one.”

“Shut up,” she said, peering through the binoculars again. There they were. She focused on them. She was pleased to note that Phil reached for Steve’s hand. She smiled. Good.

Clint snuck the ‘nocs out of her hand and watched them walk down the street.

“Oh, good. I don’t have to beat his ass.” Clint set them down and turned to her. “Tacos now?”

Nat reached out and ruffled his hair. “Yes.”

“Aaw, Nat, no, come on.” He scowled and went to fix his hair. They ghosted away from the roof, their steps silent.

End Notes

This was, in fact, one of the hardest fics I have ever set out to write. I was cringing with second hand embarrassment for Steve the entire time, the poor bastard. And poor Phil. I
actually started this last week, no joke.

Anyway, hope you enjoyed, and if you were the anonymous prompter, I hope my fill made your night!

Lywinis

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