Steve; HEY, SAM! guess who finally figured out how to import all his contacts on his new iPhone 7:DD!!

Sam; well. clearly not you, since you're assuming this is sam.

Notes

i've always been obsessed with the idea of steve texting like my 2009 self with emoticons and stupid capitalizations because he thinks thats how the cool kids text and then there's exasperated bucky who texts w all lower case aka me now and ta-da! this was born so have fun w that

-this is an AU where steve is still cap adapting to the 21st century and bucky is ur average millennial who steve has never met
-this is a wrong number AU (incase you couldnt tell) bc im unoriginal like that
-completely unedited, so all mistakes r my own, feel free to correct me on anything that sounds wrong
Steve Rogers is an idiot. There's no two ways about it. Okay, scratch that, not entirely an idiot, all things considered. He is a national historical icon, after all. But this-

Steve; so :p Where do U think the pencil went to vacation?

Bucky: i don't know, but i hope the pencil stops by me and is poked into my eye, blinding me and, thus, stopping me from ever seeing the continuation of that joke.

-This is completely Sam's fault, no matter what he might say about Steve looking abnormally sad with his little iPhone 3Gs, and how Sam was only doing it for the greater good. Because Sam, who thinks he is a blessing to this world, insisted that Steve buy the new iPhone 7, saying that no person as significant as Steve should be holding such phone. It's completely his fault because Steve was doing just fine without getting sucked into his phone. Very much like the way he is now, typing a reply as fast as he can so Bucky can get to see it before he does whatever he always does when he disappears for 10 minutes without replying. And so this— whatever it may be, Steve's not sure, but he's pretty confident that he likes Bucky, and wait— can you like people over the internet these days? — is how it starts:

Steve; HEY, SAM! guess who finally figured out how to import all his contacts on his new iPhone 7:DD!!

Sam; well. clearly not you, since you're assuming this is sam.

Steve; Wait...what?!!??

Sam; oh Jesus

Sam; listen buddy. you dialed in the wrong number. this isn't sam. if you want a step-by-step tutorial on how to type in the correct numbers, please contact the apple store.

Steve; Okay.. So if Ur not Sam... then who R U?

Sam; bucky...why're u asking?

Steve; Lol, because your contact name is set as Sam and it's really bothering me.

Bucky; do i get a name back? or is your contact name going to be uneducated person, who is also friends with sam.

Steve; it's Steve:P

Bucky; oh no jesus i was happy we were going so long without the ugly emoticons

Steve; Aw D: come on!! They're so cute

Bucky; no

Bucky; ok maybe like the small tiny smiley face
Steve; :-)  
Bucky; NO  
Bucky; TAKE THE NOSE OFF  
Steve; :-----------------)  
Bucky; thats an exceptionally long nose  
Steve; Kno wat else is exceptionally long? ;-)  

Steve sends that message and shuts his phone off, shoving it in the back pocket of his pants. God, he can almost hear Sam make fun of his taste in clothes, calling them ‘Grandpa pants’. It’s almost the main reason Steve, the stubborn bastard, wears them right now, going out to meet Sam for lunch. The place they’ve agreed on going to is a walking distance from Steve’s apartment, and the weather is nice so he takes the time to enjoy it. He pulls out his phone and notices that Bucky has sent a text 4 minutes ago.

Bucky; not your life span if you finish that with what i think you’re going to finish it with.

Steve grins, and starts typing back a response.

Steve; I was NOT going to make a dick joke..Lol just for Ur information  
Bucky; so what were you going to make?  
Steve; U shut up, hopefully :O  
Bucky; did u just…use my own…humor…against me?  
Steve; Is that a problem?  
Bucky; i hope u know i am extremely disrespected  
Steve; Kind of the point, smart guy xD  
Bucky; was it also the point of u using xD?  
Steve; R U going to keep disrespecting the emoticons…They’re very offended  
Bucky; SO AM I STEVE  
Steve; Stop yelling U big drama queen :P  
Bucky; listen if we’re going to keep texting can you at least refrain from xD and capitalizing your U’s  

Steve; so… what U R telling me is that I shouldn’t type like this BC it annoys U xD  
Bucky; yes. that’s exactly what i’m telling you.

Steve walks into the diner and notices that Sam has already gotten them a table. He shoots off one last quick text to Bucky and sets his phone on the table as he takes a seat.

Steve; Also. Who says I plan to keep texting u?
Bucky doesn't let that happen though, because he sends Steve a text too quickly that doesn't give Steve the chance to shut the phone.

Bucky; the fact that you still are.

“You put your face any closer to that phone and you might as well eat it up whole,” Sam suddenly says, and it’s enough to pull Steve out of that little bubble he’s managed to get sucked in for the past 10 minutes or so. And, shit. That’s a nice thought, isn’t it?

He turns his face back to Sam, “shut it. I’m being a millennial.”

“Do I even want to know?” He asks, rhetorically presumably, but Steve wouldn’t have answered even if it wasn't because he’s already tapping on the Messages app to text Bucky back.

Steve; So sue me :P I like texting you.

And then he waits for a reply. Technically, it isn’t really waiting for the text, Steve isn’t that desperate. He’s chatting with Sam and sipping on the shake that Sam ordered for him, he isn’t sitting there, staring at his phone and waiting for it to ding. But he mentally notes that it was 6:52 P.M. when he sent that text. And that it’s 7:08 now and there’s still no text back. Is this the dilemma of the new generation? It couldn’t be that nice texting, so the downside has to be this; the fact that you couldn’t really tell if someone was ignoring you or just hasn’t seen your message, yet. Any other text and Steve might not worry this much, but this one was kind of risky. He told Bucky that he enjoyed his presence when they were merely just texting for 15 minutes. Was that too forward? He tries to shut his thoughts off and zone back into Sam’s story,

“…He dead ass tried to tell me that I couldn’t cook, A Caucasian straight male actually told me in the face that I was not able to cook, I’m tired, I really am,” He was saying Steve wondered how they reached to this part of the conversation.

“If it makes you feel any better,” Steve supplies, “I think you’re a great cook,”

Sam scoffs, “you’re white, Steve. I don’t trust your opinion in matters like this.”

Steve can’t really argue with that, but he tries his best to. "Listen..." Sam raises his eyebrow, yeah, okay, fair enough. Steve shuts his mouth. He wishes he could punch Sam's amused grin right off his face. The world hates Steve, he's decided, when it's that specific moment that his phone decides to let out a small sound notifying a new text message. Steve glances at it and feels his heart sigh in relief when he sees it's Bucky texting him. Sam's grin gets impossibly bigger.

"Shut up."

"I didn't even say anything," Sam's amused voice is enough to make Steve decide not to dignify that with a response. He ignores it and checks the message.

Bucky; aw thats cute

It goes on like this for days. Steve waking up to a text from Bucky. Leaving one overnight when he knows Bucky is asleep so that he could wake up to one from Steve. And they both don’t act weird about it, this whole anonymous texting thing; Steve not knowing much about Bucky but still talking to him like he's known him his whole life.
It's 6 p.m. when Steve's phone dings with a new text.

Bucky: according to Kellog's country flakes cereal, i might be suffering from iron deficiency

Steve: Wtf... x_x why do U even eat that bland shit?

Steve; u* not U sorry :p

Bucky; aw you actually listened to me :')

Steve: YOU USED AN EMOTICON!!!

Bucky; i did no such thing

Steve; YES YOU DID!!!! U USED :')

Bucky; i don't recall doing such a thing.

Steve screenshots the chat and sends it back to Bucky, typing out a caption of 2 lines worth of exclamation marks.

Bucky; you have no proof that that's me talking.

Steve; ur never going 2 admit to that being u R u? ......

Bucky; nope

Bucky; and i eat it because we ran out of all types of good cereal

Steve; Who's we?

Bucky; me n my roommate

Bucky; u tryin to dig up information bout me, steve?

Steve; What?! No I swear!!! I was just curious

Steve; Sorry I was being nosy tho :-(

Bucky; man i'm just messing w you i don't mind if u ask me shit

Bucky; kinda helps that i wanna know a little more abt u

Steve; Oh

Steve; I live with a roommate too. His name's Sam.

It's not entirely a lie, Steve thinks, he does share his small apartment with Sam, but he also has his own floor at the Avengers Tower. Either answer could be true enough to not be a lie, but Steve isn't quite sure he's ready to tell Bucky that he's Captain America, so he'll stick with the roommate version of his answer.

Bucky; thats nice. i share mine w natasha

"Steve, had I known you're going to spend all day staring at your phone like a lovesick puppy, I wouldn't have invited you to lunch," Sam is saying suddenly, pulling Steve out of his trance. Like him texting Bucky a lot, Steve also finds himself ignoring Sam too many times. He's pretty sure that
Sam will just stop inviting him to lunch if this carries on any longer.

Steve looks up at Sam, glaring, "I'm paying, I get to spend my time however I like. If you have any objections, you could take care of the bill."

"Oh, that's how it is?"

"Oh, that's how it is." Though he's enjoying the mindless banter going on between him and Sam, Steve is about to ignore his friend and text Bucky in lieu of grinning at Sam.

However, his plans are deterred when Sam's alarm rings. Sam gives an apologetic smile, "I've gotta run, bud. Duty calls." So Steve gives him a friendly hug and lets him go. He's kind of an asshole for feeling relieved that he can actually now text Bucky in peace. He pays the bill and then pulls his phone out so that he can text him on the walk back home.

Steve; Oooooo ;-) girlfriend?

Steve is fishing. He hits send before he overthinks it. Bucky replies surprisingly fast.

Bucky; you're fishing.

Steve; Am not....

Bucky; so why exactly do u want to know if i have a girlfriend...?

Steve; I thought we were getting 2 kno each other better?? :p

Bucky; lmao sure buddy

Bucky; and no. she isn't my girlfriend. i don't exactly swing that way.

Steve; So...

Don't do it, Steve, don't do it.

Steve; There's a boyfriend?

Steve does it either way.

Bucky; YOU ARE SO FISHING

Steve; I DONT KNOW WHERE YOU KEEP GETTING YOUR INFORMATION FROM!!!

Bucky; COME ON STEVE ADMIT IT

Steve; THERES NOTHING TO ADMIT

Bucky; STOP TYPING IN ALL CAPS

Steve; YOU STOP

Bucky; admit you're fishing

Steve; FINE! I'm fishing.

Steve; So what?
Bucky; nothin

Steve; Okay that is SO not fair >:(

Bucky; what's not fair?

Steve; So I admit to something but U can't even admit to the emoticons rubbing off on U?? Rude.

Bucky; the emoticons r rubbing off on me.

Bucky; happy now?

Steve; Yes. Very CX

Bucky; what the fuck does CX stand for?

Steve; Nothing. It's a very happy cross-eyed face.

Bucky; this has been your worst emoticon yet, i hope you're aware of that.

Steve; Even worse than xD?

Bucky; even.

Steve; dang, Buck, I can't imagine what a hardship that must've been on your part...Like you were practically forced to text me :( 

Bucky; shut up.

Bucky; ur not the only one who enjoys our conversations, yknow?

Steve can't help it; he grins. All during the conversation, he's had a small smile teasing past his lips, but it comes out in full force now. As he starts contemplating a response to send back, Bucky sends back another text.

Bucky; also, buck?

Steve; IDK. Felt right and I didn't think too much of it. Is that fine?

Bucky; yes lmao its fine

Steve; So.... what's Bucky actually come from?

Steve; It's not UR real name, is it? :P

Bucky; no, what'd you think my parents were on?

Bucky; james buchanan is my first n middle name. never rlly liked being named after a president, so... bucky.

Steve; Omg...James

Bucky; steve i swear to god if u start calling me that i will block u

Steve; Aw... you wouldn't do that.

Bucky; watch me.
Steve; :-(!!!!!

Bucky; hey i'm at work so if i suddenly stop texting randomly its cuz a customer showed up

Steve helplessly wonders what Bucky's job might be. It's addicting more than he'd like to admit, this whole finding new information about Bucky and trying to pile it in a little spot. The more he knows, the more he'd like to know. So far all he knows is that Bucky's real name is James Buchanan, he's gay, and has a roommate named Natasha. Also that he has a job dealing with customers. That's not even close to how much he'd like to know Bucky. He supposes it isn't fair of him, to want so much of Bucky when he's hiding the fact that he's Captain America. He decides not to ask, because if Bucky wanted Steve to know, he'd've told him.

Steve; Oh. That's cool.

Bucky; jesus steve

Steve; What??

Bucky; car mechanic, man.

Steve; Again, what??

Bucky; i work as a car mechanic, since u were wondering.

Oh. James Buchanan, a gay car mechanic, living with Natasha.

Steve; I didn't say anything????

Bucky; come on, i can hear u wondering thru my goddamn phone. u could just ask, yknow

Steve types out 'I'd ask too much, then,' and hesitates on the send button. He goes to erase the text, but ends up sending it, anyway. Bucky's leaving the door wide open for him, Steve decides not to tip-toe around it.

Bucky; so try me

Steve spends far too long analyzing the text, as he climbs up the stairs of his apartment building. Try me? On one hand, it seems fairly obvious that Bucky is giving him permission, but then... it can't be that simple, can it? Only that's what Bucky is implying. That it is that simple. That all Steve has to do to get answers is...ask. So, he does. He opens the door to his apartment and walks in, flopping on his bed, without even bothering to take his shoes off. He sends Bucky 3 questions, because he's a curious fuck, but he refrains from asking the other 2 dozen questions floating in his mind, so it's got to count for something.

Steve; Okay. How old are you?

Steve; And um. Where do U live?

Steve; Also... Do you have any siblings?

The last question is a little off, but considering Steve was going to ask what Bucky looked like, he thinks the question works just fine. But it passes 5, 10, 20 minutes and Bucky still doesn't respond. It gives him enough time to change into comfortable clothes and over-think the entire situation. He tries to think back to what Bucky said earlier, about him going to work, but what are the chances that Bucky has to go to work the same exact time that Steve sends those risky texts. What if Bucky is
actually ignoring him? Steve is already drained and tired, so it's not a surprise that he ends up falling asleep.

Steve wakes up with a bitter taste in his mouth and drool, still barely drying, all over his forearm. He cranes his neck to the side a little, attempting to peer out the window, sighing in satisfaction as his muscles stretch. The sun seems to just have set, so that its dark outside but barely hinting a little bit of sunlight, and, fuck, how long has he been out for? Too goddamn long. He stumbles outside of his room and walks to the bathroom, groaning as Sam greets him. Sam seems a little too enthusiastic and amused and Steve would hate him if it weren't for the smell of pasta being cooked on the stove. 5 minutes later, when Steve exists the bathroom, the pasta is done and Sam is sitting on the couch with his plate on his lap, quirking an eyebrow at Steve's tired posture, "your plate's on the counter. If you're hungry."

He lets out another groan, "God, Sam... I love you, I really do," and goes to grab his plate, plopping down next to Sam. It's not that Steve doesn't know how to cook, because, really. His food doesn't taste bad at all, but Sam must've been raised in a family where people make 5 star gourmet meals everyday for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Sam knows how to use those green little things that only show up on cooking shows ("They're called spices, Steve, Jesus Christ, can you get any whiter?"), meanwhile Sarah Rogers preferred the standard salt and pepper on her chicken. It's not his fault his ma was Irish, really, Sam just makes him look very bad in comparison.

Sam laughs, "man, I'm really startin' to wonder how your health would be doing without me."

"Get over yourself, Sam. If I didn't eat for 4 days I'd still be fine 'cuz I'm Captain America,"

"I don't know how the media believes that you won't take advantage of your title as Captain America. You would take any chance to say that." Sam pitches his voice higher, and starts to mock, "'Hey, excuse me, I've been standing in line for-'" Sam purposely cuts himself off, and switches the person he's mocking into, what's presumably, Captain America and makes his voice go 10 octaves deeper, "'Shut the fuck up, I'm Captain America.'"

Steve lets out an undignified sound at the back of his throat, because his voice is not that deep, "well," (Sam's impression was strangely accurate, but it's not like Steve was going to admit to that.) "Captain America doesn't approve of his name being used in vain."

"We care."

Steve chooses to ignore Sam's blatant sarcasm and instead opts for checking his phone. 4 new messages. 1 from Tony, saying that Steve's needed at the tower tomorrow at noon. He replies to that with an 'Okay.' 2 texts are from Clint, a picture and a caption.

Clint; Attachment: 1 image

Clint; STEVE LOOK THE CAT LOOKS LIKE YOU

Steve; That is not a cat...

Steve; I'm certain that is some type of raccoon.

The last text is from Bucky. Steve thinks he might die from anticipation in those 0.02 secs in which it takes for the text to load.

Bucky; 27. nyc. and 1 sister, becca. that it?
Steve; What do u mean that's it? Did you want more Lol????

A sister. Bucky has a sister name Becca. Bucky and Becca. Steve is torn between finding it hilarious and disgustingly cute. And he's 27. Which means he's Steve age (more or less) and not 18 or something equally horrifying. And he lives in NYC. Steve can't believe his luck. His phone dings with a response.

Bucky; if u have more, sure.

Bucky; but i meant... that u seemed really hesitant to ask me shit. and those questions were kinda real easy.

Steve; I do have more! But I asked those about basic stuff because imagine if you were like... 95 or something :P

How hypocritical of Steve...but Bucky surprisingly leaves it at that. He only mentions it again a week later, suddenly sending Steve a text that would come off random and strange if Steve hadn't kind of expected it.

Bucky; so then where do u live? how old r u? and do u have any siblings?

Steve; Manhattan. in NYC. Also 27. And nope D: only child!!

Bucky; huh. i'm brooklyn.

Steve; No way!!!!!

Bucky; wh-

Steve isn't sure if that's another one of Bucky's typing gimmicks. Acting as if he'd been stopped mid sentence with that little dash, but he types out a response nevertheless.

Steve; I'm from Brooklyn, too xD

Bucky; no...

Bucky; you did not.. DID NOT.. just type out brooklyn and xD in the same sentence like that.

Bucky; you will not disrespect my hometown like that steve.

Steve; Buck. Get over Urself :p

Bucky; Stevie. No.

Steve desperately tried to ignore the way his heart tripped a little at the unusual nickname.

Steve; Omg... U used punctuation and everything ....I'm a lil worried, Buck.

Steve; Does my use of emoticons annoy u that much :c

Bucky; NO

Steve; What???

Bucky; DO NOT GUILT ME INTO DENYING THE FACT THAT YOUR EMOTICONS ANNOY ME BY BEING CUTE
Bucky; **YOU DON'T GET TO DO THAT**

Steve; Omg

Steve; Did you just say I'm cute?

Bucky; steve

Steve; James.

Bucky; we've been over this... i think ur cute. u think i'm cute.

Steve; HEY When did I say you were cute???

Bucky; it was heavily implied when u were checking if i was single or not.

Steve; Still. I don't even know what U look like 0_0

Steve; And vice versa

Bucky; steve bud ur captain america.. i think i know what u look like

Steve grinned and began to type out a response and...wait a minute. How did Bucky...? He felt the grin evaporate off of his face. What the fuck, what the fuck, **what the actual fuck?** He stared at the text. Maybe Steve had read it wrong, and, okay, nope, that totally said that Steve was Captain America. He couldn't find it in himself to type back a response, and soon enough his screen shut off for the lack of use, only to be lit up with a new notification 2 seconds later.

Bucky; come on steve... you're not actually mad, right?

Steve takes in a breathe.

Steve; Not mad.

Bucky; no?

Steve; Just kind of surprised.

Steve; I didn't want you to know. Not because I don't trust you. Just...

Steve; I was kind of enjoying this. Being normal.

Bucky; i can go back to pretending i don't know if u want

Bucky; or u can trust me not to mention it again

Bucky; u've gotta give me a little credits here

He looks at the last text, about to send Bucky a text asking what the hell that's supposed to mean when Bucky sends another message, clarifying.

Bucky; guy named steve? born in brooklyn but lives in manhattan? an only child? has a friend named sam? is 27? cannot operate modern day technology?

Bucky; i'm not dumb

Steve; I'm sorry.
Bucky; don't worry abt it pal

Bucky; i kinda understand why u didn't want to tell me. kinda rude of me 2 assume, yknow?

Steve; :-))!! Its OK!!

Bucky; there it is

Steve; Sooooo... When did u kno? o.O

Bucky; i had a little suspicion a couple of weeks earlier, but it was mostly just wishful thinking on my part. only just confirmed it when u said u were from brooklyn.

Steve; Wishful thinking, huh?

Bucky; i know u don't want to hear this but a little part of me was v excited abt texting THE steve rogers

Steve; Only a little part?

Bucky; just a smidgen

Steve; I'm offended :-(

Bucky; shut up steve it's not like u need more ppl stroking ur ego

Steve; I can think of a couple other things that need stroking ;)))))

Bucky; oh my god

Steve; HEY I JUST REALIZED!!

Steve; YOU ARE SO UNFAIR???

Bucky; what

Steve; SO YOU KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE

Steve; BUT I DONT HAVE A PICTURE OF YOU YET???

Bucky; dang man

Bucky; that sounds like a you problem

Steve; NO HEY COME ON BUCK

Bucky; dont u want to leave it a surprise for when we meet irl

Steve, incapable of breathing anymore. He imagines it for a fleeting moment; seeing Bucky right there in front of him, hugging him? Kissing him? Fuck...

Steve; Meet u IRL?

Bucky; yeah sure

Bucky; the captain america thing is over so we can meet up?
Bucky; *that's what was stopping u earlier, right?*

He must spend way too long staring at the screen, his mind going blank, because Bucky sends another text, this one sounding a lot less confident. Which, no.

Bucky; *i mean. that is, if u want? we don't have to.*

Steve; *No!!*

Bucky; *oh ok i guess*

Wait, what? That didn't come out right.

Steve; *I mean yes!!!*

Steve; *I do*

Steve; *I want to meet you.*

Steve; *Please ?*

Bucky; *that's very endearing*

Bucky; *we can plan something out sometime soon if u want*

Steve; *I do. I promise.*

Steve; *But...*

Bucky; *but...?*

Steve; *I really really REALLY want 2 c what U look like :----)*

Bucky; *why?*

Steve; *I mean. I've got to make sure Ur a human and stuff :P*

Steve; *You are human, right? All limbs there and functioning?*

He sends that text and waits for the response that usually takes a nanosecond, but this time it takes a little longer. Not too long, not enough that Steve worries excessively, but just long enough.

Bucky; *sure.*

Steve; *Ya ya alright XD Enough of u stalling*

Steve; *Send me a pic of U :-((((

Bucky; *jesus steve*

Bucky; *fine, let me get something nice.*

Steve waits, tapping his foot impatiently, because what if Bucky is, like, super ugly? But then, it's not like Steve's one to judge. Sure he's got a nice body and all, but his face is still the same face people ignored back in 1940. Steve tries to shake his negative thoughts out, focusing back on Bucky. Who is 27. And human. And--...Holy shit. Bucky just sent a text back.
Bucky: Attachment: 1 image

He taps on the little image to enlarge it and oh my God. Steve's considered the possibility of Bucky being ugly, Bucky being 18 years old, Bucky being a murderer (which really, he still can't exactly rule out), but he's never considered the fact that Bucky might be the hottest person Steve has ever laid eyes on. Because there he is, grey eyes that don't seem to acknowledge the fine line between grey and blue. A tiny little stubble framing his jawline, which is devastatingly sharp. Cropped brown hair, shorting at the sides and longer at the top, where it looks incredibly soft and fluffy. And, okay, Steve might be white but he is a little educated on matters where white people have no lips, and he's pretty certain that Bucky is white, but, oh my God, his lips. The soft curve of them falling into a smirk. He's even got a little cute chin dimple. Steve is gone. Over. Dead.

Bucky; dude it's been like... 5 minutes. how long does it take u to jerk off to my picture?

Steve; I was NOT jerking off!!

Steve; But holy god. Fuck, Buck.

If you ask Steve, he would deny ever saying the phrase "Fuck, Buck," especially while trying to convey the message 'you're so hot!!! And I like you so much!!! And I'm super bisexual!!! I would date you if you asked me!!! And did I mention that you're beautiful as fuck!!!!'. Because Steve was not in the correct state of mind when he decided to send that text. Thankfully, Bucky doesn't comment on it.

Bucky; yeah?

That's flirting. Bucky's flirting with Steve, he's pretty sure.

Steve; Oh my God

Bucky; wait is that a good or bad oh my god

It's probably not a good idea, but Steve's never been one for good ideas, so he presses on the call button next to Bucky's contact name all the same.

"Oh my God, Steve, what do you want?"

Steve would take offense to Bucky's version of hello, if Bucky wasn't laughing fondly. (Bucky's smooth deep voice would also play a role in how okay Steve is with that greeting, but whatever,) "I'm being serious, Buck,"

"Serious about what? Was it so serious that you couldn't explain it over text?" The amusement still flutters playfully over text, and Steve finds himself smiling no matter how serious he is about proving his point.

"About the whole 'holy fuck' thing. Or, y'know, you, um, being hot. I think you think that I was being sarcastic. I'm not, I-..." Trailing off, Steve lets Bucky take that however way he wants to.

"You...called me.. to tell me that you think I'm hot?"

"Um. When you put it like that..." Steve rethinks the situation quickly in his head, which, okay, sounds kinda ridiculous, but, "But, you sounded like you were doubting yourself, um, you know. Like almost... Calling yourself ugly. Which you aren't. I- You're not ugly. You look good. Really
"You're not too bad yourself," Bucky chuckles, albeit a little hesitantly, but damn, if his laugh doesn't warm Steve's insides up a little.

"Just to-" Cough, "-Just to make sure that we are on the same page, if we meet-

"When we meet," Bucky cuts him off firmly.

"Right. When we meet, I'm...I can kiss you, right?" Steve's pretty sure that that's where they were heading anyway. Bucky said he was cute. They've been flirting. That's got to be what Bucky wanted. But the line is quite for a couple of seconds. Nice going, Steve.

Then, laughter. Steve feels his heart squeeze. "Stevie, I've been flirting with you for 4 weeks now, what'd you think I wanted? A bro-hug, and a friendly pat on the back?"

The weight on his chest is pulled off, and Steve finds himself chuckling, "I did say that I wanted to make sure we were on the same page. Y'know, consent and everything."

"Yeah, okay, you've got my consent. Whatever you want to do t'me."

A little whine finds its way out of Steve's throat, fuck... He hasn't fully thought about that yet. Because, well, baby steps. And still, maybe Bucky wasn't implying sex when he said 'whatever you want,' but it doesn't stop Steve from thinking about it.

Bucky lets out a laugh, and Steve swears his voice gets huskier when he speaks, "God, Stevie, get your mind out the gutter,"

No, no, no, no, Steve is not thinking about that. Not when Bucky is speaking like that. Not when Bucky is calling him Stevie. Most definitely not. All efforts of Steve convincing himself go down the drain when he whines again, "Buck, no..."

"Okay," he chuckles, "okay, fine. Who knew it was so easy to get you all riled up?"

"Shut up."

Bucky does not shut up.

They end up setting a date for lunch on a Friday at 2 p.m. It's only Wednesday now, so it gives Steve the right amount of time to die from anxiety. Steve spends the entirety of that day yelling at Sam.

- On Thursday, Steve curls up into a little ball for a while until Fury calls him to the tower. For once, he's grateful for the distraction.

- Friday, Steve wakes up as early as 5 a.m., reciting prayers that he hasn't said ever since he was a kid, going to church on Sundays. He eats breakfast and tried his best to ignore Sam's questioning looks. His plan fails when Sam calmly raises his eyebrows.

"Fine! Jesus! What do you want to know?" Steve snaps, not unkindly.
"I didn't say anyt-"

"Like hell you didn't! I can feel you interrogating me, and I am quite frankly fed up. So, fine. What do you want to know?" Steve interrupts.

Apparently, that must've been the wrong thing to say, because Sam grins like the Cheshire Cat, "who are you texting?"

"Currently? No one."

"Don't play stupid, Steve. You know what I mean,"

Steve sighs, Sam's right. He should know better than to argue with Sam, "Name's Bucky,"

"Bucky? He your boyfriend?"

"No-" Steve starts to answer automatically but then reconsiders the question. Bucky did admit that he wanted Steve to kiss him, and that he'd been flirting, but was he his boyfriend? Was today a date? "I don't know. We have a date. I think,"

"A date, huh?" If Steve thought Sam's grin was big then, then he had no words to describe it now.

"I'm not sure it is a date. God, stop looking at me like I fell in love or something,"

"Didn't you?"

"What? No." And then, as if God wanted Steve to suffer as much as possible, his phone dings with the arrival of a text from Bucky. Steve, of course, being the lovesick puppy he is (not), grins down at his phone.

Bucky; v excited for today:)"

Sam notices. Of course Sam notices, "not in love, huh?"

"Shut the fuck up, Samuel."

-  

When it's 12 p.m., Steve is already thinking of the many ways he could kill himself. For one, a stranded piece of rope sitting across his floor, just barely long enough to make a noose. He could also overdose on the pills in their medicine cabinet, but that's too far away. Steve could also use that fork he used to eat his custard but forgot to pick up last night and plug it into the wall plug, but that wouldn't assure a death. Probably just suffering.

What the fuck ever. Steve was a grown man, he could do a date.

-  

Steve is waiting. He's 15 minutes early and only 2 of those 15 had passed, but he still felt like he was being stood up. Probably his fault for arriving to the restaurant so early.

5 more minutes passed.

3 minutes.

1 minute.
Bucky is here. Steve can't be sure that it's him just yet, but the quick thud of his heart against his chest is telling him otherwise. It's a tall man, just about Steve's height. A strong yet lean body, dressed in jeans that might as well be painted on to his legs, a long sleeved shirt, and only one leather glove hiding one hand. That could be just anybody, because Steve wasn't quite familiar with Bucky's body. It's the face that gives it away though. The stubble, still there, along with the jawline, and those grey-blue eyes. Bucky walks right up to Steve, who is sitting in a booth, looking like a deer in headlights. Steve feels it's appropriate to stand up and greet Bucky, so he does it.

He's glad that he did that, because Bucky just slides into his arms and gives him a hug. Just like that. Like they've been best friends forever. Steve is a goner, his voice going pathetically high, "Buck,"

Bucky, unfortunately for Steve, pulls away, "Steve, hey," he's grinning, eyes shining, "you look great."

"Um, so- so do you," great would be an understatement. Bucky looks even better than in that one picture.

They both sit down, facing each other. And they start talking. Just like that. Steve doesn't know what he expected, for it to be awkward, maybe? But not like this. This feels like they always meet up. It feels...normal. The only time they stop talking is when the waitress stops by to give the menus, and even then it's a comfortable silence. When the food arrives, Steve starts digging in, but stops in confusion when he sees that Bucky is staring a little nervously.

It's enough to make Steve nervous, too. "Wh-... what's wrong?"

Bucky looks down at his hands, and Steve follows his path, and he sees what's making Bucky so nervous. The glove on his left hand. Steve took note of it earlier but decided not to ask. Before Steve can assure him that it's okay, Bucky starts talking, "I'm not... I'm not exactly ashamed of it, but it can weird people out. I should've given you a heads up. But, um.." Bucky slides the glove off.

It's a hand, yes, but... metal? It's not like a modern day prosthetic either, it's full and sleek, and Steve's reaching out to touch without thinking twice about it. It's cool to the touch, and very much metal. Steve gives Bucky a reassuring smile, "Bucky it's fine, I don't ca-"

Steve cuts himself off, as he remembers a very distinct text he sent Bucky a couple days back.

*Steve; You are human, right? All limbs there and functioning?*

Fuck, Steve's an asshole. "Shit, Buck, that thing I said earlier. All limbs. I didn't... Fuck. I didn't mean anything, I- shit. That was very ableist of me, holy shit... I didn't mean. I'm so sorry-"

The hands that Steve's holding squeezes, he looks up and Bucky is smiling at him, Steve thinks he might die, right there with his hand in Bucky's, and he's totally fine with that, "Steve, it's okay. I realized you didn't mean it, I should've told you, anyway."

"You don't owe me anything, Buck. You didn't have to tell me anything."

Bucky's grin gets wider. "Question. Has Captain America come out to the public, yet, or...?"

Steve's brows furrow, "not particularly, why?"

"'Cause I really want to kiss you right now."
Steve leans over the table, and kisses Bucky, firm and sure, cold food and the public be damned.
LOL this is just a bunch of little texts and 1 bonus snippet of steve and bucky because i rlly liked their dynamics ? is that even proper english. idk just enjoy?

Steve; Omg so listen…

Steve; I've been thinking

Bucky; don't hurt yourself bud

Steve; SHUT UP!

Steve; I'll have U know, Captain America is a national icon known for his strategic planning and righteousness B)

Bucky; captain america?

Bucky; who the fuck is that

Steve; Language! D:

Bucky; sorry

Bucky; whom the fuck is that

Steve; NVM I have nothing 2 say to U. Good Nite.

Bucky; ur just mad i’m hilarious.

-

Steve; Srsly tho.

Steve; Hope U get a good nights sleep N don't stay up too late <33 I kno u need ur rest. Lov u! xx

Bucky; you just woke me up you piece of SHIT

Bucky; wait, love you?

Steve; Love u 2!

Bucky; wait what

Bucky; WE DIDN'T EXCHANGE I LOVE US YET WHY ARE U DOING IT OVER TEXT

Steve; We didn’t?
Bucky; no?

Steve; Oh.

Steve; Well, I love U.

Bucky; :D!!!

Steve; Omg.

Steve; U using emoticons is a much better response than saying ily back

Steve; I love u!!!!!! SO MUCH!!!!!!! CX

Bucky; i hate you.

-

Steve; Buck, I’m sorry :( 

Steve; Plz talk 2 me, baby

Steve; Sweetheart?

Steve; Muffin?

Steve; The worlds prettiest assassin?

Steve; Beautiful cinnamon roll too good for this world, too pure

Bucky; sorry doesn’t bring back my fucking skittles, steve

-

Bucky; hey wanna come over today?

Steve; Sure! :-)

Steve; Wht did U have in mind?

Bucky; we could watch a movie?

Steve: OOOO!! Lets watch shark boy N lava girl

Bucky: okay

Steve; And make out during the scary parts ;D

Bucky; th

Bucky; the scary parts

Bucky; of shark boy and lava girl
Steve; Yes.

Bucky; IW AS EATING PIZZA AND I JUST FUCK ING CHOKED WHY DOES GOD HATE ME SOMCUH

Steve; Jeez B don’t die on me…

Bucky; dont tell me what to do

Bucky; i’ll die whenever the hell i want

Steve; What if… the g in gif was silent

Bucky; steive , go teh fuck to sleep tis 4 am

Steve; What gif I dont want to?

Bucky; fuck of f

Bucky; text me when your flight arrives? x

Steve; Just landed :-)

Bucky; i’m waiting outside!!

Bucky; missed u

Steve; Going thru baggage claim RN!

Steve; Missed u 2, baby :D

Bucky; i see u omg

Steve; Uhhhhh

Steve; I cant see U

Steve; Nvm

Steve; Ur the 1 w the bedazzled neon sign saying NERD

Steve; Ur not getting reunion sex >:(

Bucky; WHY ARE YOU WALKING IN THE DIRECTION OPPOSITE OF MINE
Bucky: I LOVE YOU!!

Steve: I want 2 kiss u evrywhere
Bucky: everywhere??
Steve: mhmmm
Bucky: Omaha, Nebraska?
Bucky: Springfield, Ohio?
Bucky: Red Lobster?
Steve: Stop
Bucky: Radio Shack??

Steve: The rate of global warming has been increasing by nearly 3x as much over the last three decades.
Bucky: yep. that’s definitely what i meant. thanks.

Steve: OK U kno what? FUCK YOU
Bucky: no
Bucky: fuck me
Steve; That's gay WTF

-

Steve; I like my women how I like my men..

Bucky; ??

Steve; That's it.

Steve; That's the joke.

Steve; I'm bisexual

Bucky; babe

Bucky; sweetheart

Bucky; angel

Bucky; honey

Bucky; precious lil nugget

Bucky; if u don't answer soon the pet names are gonna start getting meaner

Bucky; bowl of cereal thats been sitting out for like an hour

BONUS:

Steve ducks his head and rubs at his neck, walking into a room full of Avengers, “Sorry I’m late. I was, uhh, doing stuff.”

Tony raises an unbelieving brow, “Stuff?”

Not two seconds later, Bucky walks in, sporting messy hair and a huge bruise on his neck, “I’m Stuff.”

Tony’s eyebrow seems convinced at that and lowers down to it’s assumed position. Sam snorts.

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