

## **Love Makes Bucky Dilate**

*Story: Love Makes Bucky Dilate*

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*Summary: Bucky gets pulled over by Officer Steve. \*Chapter 1\*: Chapter 1*

It was actually just really lame and stupid how Bucky even got himself a concussion. He was in his apartment's little kitchen, whipping up a batch of the ol' family secret recipe chocolate chip cookies for himself. All because he'd just had a breakup and was kinda sick of moping in bed by the end of the week. So really, it had been a pretty rotten week already.

He's in his kitchen whipping the batter real hard and good, and maybe swinging his hips to G.R.L.'s Ugly Heart on repeat, and a little bit of batter flies out of his bowl. Which is fine, he'll clean it up later. Except that he forgets it's there and when he takes a step towards the counter, it goes all slow-mo like in a movie. Bucky's batter gets flung backwards out of his hands, his feet slides apart until he's kinda stuck in a forced split and he knocks his head real hard onto the edge of the counter. *Well, this sucks* he thinks, before he blacks out for a little bit.

When Bucky comes to, his head is throbbing, and the lights hurt his eyes. But he knows he's gotta get himself to a hospital and there's no one around to keep him from falling asleep with what he's pretty sure is a concussion. So, he stumbles to his keys, stumbles to his door and then nearly falls over many, many times to get to his car. He takes a few moments to catch his breath in the car.

Off he goes, turning out of his apartment block's carpark and into the streets of New York. He somehow makes it to the highway, probably because the roads are so full of traffic, he can't exactly swerve. Once Bucky reaches the highway though, he gets the feeling that he's in trouble. There's space to swerve and with his head spinning the way it is, he's probably swerved all over the place and he's actually slightly relieved when he hears the siren behind him.

Bucky pulls over at the side and digs out his wallet. Whatever the cop needs, it'll be in there. He can't quite focus at the moment. There is a tap on his window and he pulls himself together enough to roll down the window and smiles as innocently as he can at the cop, whose golden hair is *wow is he glowing?* Bucky's looking at this big, beefy, blond, beautiful beefcake. *Yay, alliteration!* He smiles even wider at the angel cop whose really tasty looking pink lips are moving and *oh, he's talking to me.*

"...eyes are dilated, are you high?"

*What?* Bucky just stares. "You look like a stripper," he says. The cop leans down and takes a whiff.

"Have you been eating pot brownies? I smell chocolate."

In his addled state, Bucky really doesn't want this beautiful avenging angel getting the wrong idea about Bucky. He shakes his head and that's a really bad idea because his head hurts even more and makes him groan and now the beefy beefcake is looking at him with concern in his cornflower blue eyes. *Even his eyes are perfect!*

"Sir? Are you alright, sir?" *Woah, there's a really nice and warm hand on his shoulder now.* And Bucky wonders what it'd be like to get those giant paws all over him.

"Officer," he purrs. "Don't you know, that your pupil dilates by 45% when you see someone you really, really, really like?"

Bucky is delighted and kinda distracted by the faint pink that brushes across the cop's cheeks that he misses the start of the officer's sentence.

"...concussion?"

Well, he's committed to pretending he's just in love with this stripper cop, which he kinda is, to be honest. And sober Bucky would smack him if he was here, because consent is really important, and concussed Bucky has just leaned in for a kiss.

\*

Steve is feeling a little shocked at the moment. A few minutes ago, he and Sam were in the cruiser following the car that couldn't seem to pick a lane. This is Sam's fault. Sam made him get out of the car to write up the "hardened criminal", because Sam says, "I see, I go. But you see, you go." So, Steve has to go, because he saw the cute brunet with a serious case of bedhead. It's still Sam's fault.

Right now, he's got his lips pressed against the cute brunet's and his brain is jumping from surprise to pleasure to guilt because he's got his mouth on the cute guy who is very clearly not in control of his own mind. Though he would really like to ask him out on a date, that is, if he was sober and Steve wasn't trying to do his job.

He pulls away reluctantly and feels like a total tool for even thinking about himself before the guy who probably isn't aware that Steve felt sparks from a chaste kiss from a random stranger. *Jesus, he was pathetic.* Steve resolutely doesn't look at Sam. He drags his eyes away from pinkened lips and tries to keep them somewhere above the poor guy's ear. "Sir, you are not safe to drive this vehicle. May I see your license?"

The cute guy pouts and hands him a wallet, which Steve *absolutely does not* find cute or endearing. But he does raise a brow at the guy because people don't usually hand him a wallet when he asks for a license.

"Sir, this is a wallet. I asked for your license?" He can't quite keep the confusion out of his tone.

Cute guy sighs. "Yeah, I know." He wets his lips. "But my head really hurts, and I can't quite focus on anything right now." Except that he's slurring a little and starting to sway. So, Steve makes the executive decision to manually unlock the door and gently manhandle the brunet out.

\*

Hottie cop finally asks to see his license and Bucky just pushes his wallet into those capable-looking hands, at least what he can see through his spinning vision. He says something about his head hurting, though he isn't sure because his tongue feels thick in his mouth and he thinks he might be shaking or falling or something. And then suddenly, his door is open, and the officer is carefully supporting him out of the car and *wow, manhandling kink!* And then there's two hot officers, the avenging angel one and the really nice chocolate-is-totally-his-favourite-food one. He's a little confused, although it's nice that they are both towering over him because he is so down for that. But maybe when his head doesn't hurt so much. Bucky can't really hear much over the ringing in his ears, but angel cop looks like he's saying something so Bucky does his best to nod. And then they are both lifting him up and he's suddenly in the car alone and in the passenger seat, already buckled in.

Foggily, he registers blond officer getting into the driver's seat and he asks, "Where we goin'?"

Hottie cop says something and pats his arm reassuringly. Bucky just nods. He honestly has no idea what's happening, but he's suddenly really sleepy, which almost makes him snap at hottie cop. Hottie cop keeps nudging him awake even though Bucky doesn't have to drive anymore. He thinks that's really inconsiderate of hottie cop as he tries to bat away those big paws. When they finally reach their destination, Bucky gasps in wonder. *That's exactly where he meant to go! How did Hottie cop know?* He lets Hottie cop guide him as he clings to those shoulders. Hottie cop smells real nice and Bucky smooshes his face into that broad chest to breathe in that wonderful scent.

Someone shines a light into his eyes and feels for a bump on his head, which sends sharp pains lancing through his skull and Bucky can't stifle his whimper. Hottie cop sits with him and puts a comforting arm around Bucky though, so he thinks maybe it's not so bad. Bucky gets taken to a private room for observation, where *no one* will let him just sleep. It's not fair to put him in a bed and then wake him up every hour or so. And Hottie cop isn't there to provide his company anymore. Bucky understands that cops have to do their duty, but he sure ain't thrilled about Hottie cop leaving him behind. He's surprised though when miraculously, he feels a little better after resting in the hospital where no one will let him sleep, and Hottie cop comes back in jeans and a t-shirt.

"Hey, I talked to the nurse," he says. "You're free to go as long as you have someone to watch you and make sure you don't sleep for too long." Hottie cop scratches his neck and a blush colours his cheeks. "Er, do you have anyone to call?"

Bucky doesn't. Becca on an exchange programme in Greece and his parents just went off on a tour in Southeast Asia. They are currently in Singapore. He could call Nat, but Nat had a double shift and he sure as hell wasn't calling his Ex back.

"I uh, I don't have anyone available actually." Bucky cringes internally. He sounds like such a loser with no one to call.

"That's alright," Hottie cop says. "I could, I could watch you sleep. I mean watch your sleep!" There's this deepening blush staining his cheeks and Bucky is so in love.

"Um."

"I've got the next two days off. It'll be no trouble at all!"

Hottie cop clearly thinks Bucky needs convincing and Bucky wants to giggle at how adorable Hottie cop is, right now.

"I don't even know your name," he says.

And Hottie cop goes pink again. "It's Steve. I'm Steve. Rogers." He clears his throat. "Steve Rogers."

Bucky grins wide. "Call me Bucky." He hops off the bed and lets Steve steady him when he wobbles. "Well then, take me home, Steve Rogers."

Steve does.

\*

A few days later, Bucky is feeling much better. There's still a bump on his head, but he gets to sleep through without anyone prodding him awake now. So, he goes and bakes his cookies again. This time, they aren't for him. He takes two whole batches of chocolate chip cookies minus one because he couldn't help himself, to the precinct where Nat works. Nat, who didn't tell him that Steve was her colleague, the terrible friend.

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He blushes slightly when he asks for Steve and the dark-skinned cop whom he vaguely remembers smirks and yells for Steve. He blushes a little harder.

Steve pops out from a room and goes, "What's up, Sam?"

And Bucky's mouth dries. He was too concussed to appreciate a man in uniform before, but he certainly isn't now.

"Oh, hey Bucky!" Steve says when he sees Bucky standing there with his mouth open like some gormless idiot.

Bucky thinks he might still be concussed because his brain still isn't working right. And he stands there long enough that Steve flushes and shuffles his feet awkwardly.

"H-hey," he finally croaks out.

Steve waves shyly and Bucky wants to die. "Hi, Buck."

He clears his throat. "For you," he says, thrusting the package of cookies into Steve's chest.

"Thanks," Steve wets his lower lip with his tongue and Bucky watches hungrily. "You made these?"

It takes him a few seconds to respond, too busy watching Steve's mouth. "Y-yeah. From scratch. For you."

Bucky is so embarrassed of himself right now because *seriously, pathetic much?* And Steve is turning from pink to red with how much he's blushing. He vaguely hears an 'oh my god' from Sam, but he's too busy staring at Steve.

"Go out with me," he blurts. "Please. I will do anything." And there's another 'oh my god' from somewhere in the precinct.

"Y-yes," Steve says and his fingers twitch like he wants to touch Bucky. Bucky is totally down for that. Twelve upon ten ready. He steps closer and Steve doesn't move away. So, he cups Steve's jaw and leans in. There's still a tiny gap between their lips and Bucky waits with soft abated breaths. He wants badly to kiss Steve, but he also wants Steve to kiss him back, so he waits.

Steve doesn't disappoint. He closes the distance and their lips touch. He doesn't hear the muttered 'finally' or see money exchanging hands and Sam gleefully relieving Steve of his cookies. He's too busy memorising the softness of Steve's lips and the heat from his skin to even care.

There's a fleeting brush of Steve's tongue and Bucky parts his lips. He *wants*. Steve licks into his mouth and Bucky nearly swoons. Instead, he gives Steve a gentle suck and suddenly, the warm hands on his hips tighten into thick arms around him. He shifts, testing the strength of Steve's arms and they tighten even more deliciously. Bucky can feel the blood in his body rushing South, and when he shifts minutely, he feels Steve's length pressed hotly against his thigh. He whimpers. Steve pushes a thigh between his and Bucky moans at the feel of thick muscles pressed against his cock. He starts humping Steve's leg.

They get hollered at to get a room by Steve's boss, Nick Fury.

Bucky is too happy and turned on to be embarrassed. Clint and Sam tried to eat all the cookies, but Nat takes them away for herself. Bucky doesn't care because he can make more for Steve. And Steve is smiling blindingly at Bucky.

***\*Chapter 2\*: In Many Different Ways***

Other than his newfound job of baking Steve all the cookies in the world, Bucky has his day job, which consists of covering every tabletop and floor space in newspaper so that his kids don't get glitter everywhere and for easier cleanup today. Right now, all his toddlers are napping, and he's got another half hour to set up and have lunch. He's got the vacuum all set up in the corner of the room already, for when they inevitably spill the glitter. Bucky doesn't even care that the resulting mess is going to be a total bitch to clean up because this weekend, Steve is taking him to Coney Island!

Bucky has plans. He's going to win all the soft toys at Coney Island by impressing Steve with his amazing sniper powers that he earned from video games and kiss Steve at the top of the Ferris wheel before the day is done. He has The Plan. It means his good mood will carry through having to clean up the glue and tiny shiny things that children can eat.

At 3 PM, he opens his classroom door and herds his sleepy children into their seats and gives them all a small snack to wake them up before breaking out the arts and crafts. By the end of the day, he sends them off with their masterpieces to their parents before staying back to clean up. What a great day leading up to a great weekend!

\*

On the day of the date of his entire life that he has been waiting for since – since birth, Bucky sorta overprepares a little and genuinely contemplates his favourite plug. He eventually decides against it since he and Steve are going to be out the whole day and sitting on some roller coasters. He does bring a packet of lube though.

He walks out as Steve roars up, thick thighs straddling his bike. Bucky's knees tremble and he locks them as Steve climbs off with the grace of god. He's not particularly religious, but he thinks he could start a cult for Steve's everything.

"Hey, Buck!"

Bucky slurps back his drool before he calls out his greeting. Can't look too desperate, he thinks. Gotta play it cool.

"Hi, Steve. You look– " Fucking fantabulous, please take me for the ride of my life! " – good," he says, dragging his eyes away from Steve's thighs.

Steve produces a mini sun on his face. "You look real good too, Buck." Bucky will willingly go blind. "You ready to go?"

He nods. And clambers onto Steve's bike. Thank fuck he didn't wear the plug. He'd probably have like a hundred orgasms on the ride to Coney Island. Without it, he'd have like, one. One really good one though. "Come on, Steve. Take me for a ride." He winks.

Steve blushes and straddles his bike, settling in front of Bucky and pressing his ass against Bucky's dick. He swallows. He might not have thought this through and this is going to be the biggest cocktease he's ever had in his life.

When Steve revs the engine, Bucky wraps his arms around Steve's waist, taking the opportunity to press himself against the warm body and breathe.

Steve gives his thigh a light squeeze and rumbles. "Behave."

"Mmm." Bucky smiles into Steve's shoulder blade.

It is simultaneously the longest and shortest ride that Bucky has ever had in his life. Between the purring engine and Steve's ass, Bucky is rock hard. When Steve finally parks the bike, both of them need a moment. Once he's sure his knees won't give, Bucky climbs off. Steve is breathing hard and when he looks up, the blue of his eyes look almost navy. Bucky licks his lips; mouth drying when Steve tracks the movement of his tongue.

He can't take this. He can't take this.

He drags Steve to the nearest bathroom they see and locks the door. Breathlessly, he pushes Steve against the wall and unbuttons Steve's jeans. "Stop me if you don't want this, okay?" No matter how horny he is, he still needs Steve's consent; which Steve gives through a very enthusiastic nod. He drops to his knees and pulls Steve's pants down. And stares.

Steve is thick and uncut; Bucky's saliva pools in his mouth. He wraps a hand around and gives it a firm stroke from tip to base. Steve rewards him with a full-body shudder. Bucky takes the tip in his mouth, tonguing gently at the slit, moaning when Steve's breath hitches. He grabs Steve's hands and put them in his hair.

It feels so good to give. And Steve, god, Bucky doesn't mind a little hair pulling but Steve doesn't tug. Steve cards gentle fingers through Bucky's hair and scratches lightly at his scalp and wow, how did Bucky not know that felt awesome too?

He goes to town on Steve's dick and swallows around his length. It's sloppy and messy and Steve makes the best noises! Bucky fucking loves it!

Steve tugs lightly when he's about to cum and Bucky doesn't pull off. He swallows everything that Steve gives him and goes to rinse his mouth at the sink. Bucky looks like a slut in the mirror, with his swollen lips and half-lidded eyes. He catches Steve's gaze in the mirror and smirks at Steve's heavy breathing.

Bucky watches as Steve comes up behind him and unbuttons his pants. "Stop me if you don't want this," he says into Bucky's ear and Bucky shivers. He wants.

"Yes, please." His voice is hoarse and he's so hard it hurts.

Steve unzips him and pulls his cock out. "Since you asked so nicely," Steve presses a kiss to his cheek and pump his cock once. "Keep your eyes on the mirror."

Bucky obeys. He's so far gone that he'll do anything for Steve. In the mirror, Steve watches him with dark eyes as his strokes speed up and Bucky is out of his mind with lust as the pressure builds in his belly. Bucky whimpers.

"Come on, sweetheart. Let me see you come for me," Steve growls in his ear and Bucky can't stop his eyes from rolling back as muscles tighten and he comes and comes.

\*

When he comes to, Steve is holding him up against the sink and caressing his cheeks.

"Hey sweetheart, you alright there?" Steve murmurs.

Bucky blinks slowly. "What happened?"

"You blacked out for a few seconds." Steve watches him with gentle eyes.

Oh, Bucky thinks. "It was a really intense orgasm," he says.

Steve laughs softly and kisses his cheek. "Feel good?" he asks.

Bucky rolls his eyes. "As if you don't know." And Steve laughs again.

They clean themselves up and walk out to knowing looks and a wink from a passing couple. It makes them blush and they wave and hurry away to the carnival.

Steve takes Bucky's hand and pulls him over to a booth with teddy bears on every available surface. "I'm going to win you a Bucky bear!" he proclaims.

"Bucky bear, huh?" Bucky grins. "Alright, show me what you got, lover boy."

Steve hands over their tokens and takes the pistol in hand. Bucky kisses his cheek and stands back. There's a faint blush on his cheeks as he steadies himself.

Watching Steve is awesome, Bucky thinks. There's a glint in Steve's eye as he focusses on the balloon targets and pops them all with military precision. He makes a show of blowing the smoke off the barrel when he shoots out nine of ten balloons, gallantly picking the bear in a blue coat and presenting it to a giggling Bucky with a flourish. Bucky takes the bear and more or less throws himself into Steve's arms.

"My turn now," Bucky whispers in Steve's ear before they break apart. Steve is smiling brightly and Bucky hands more tokens to the gamemaster. He hits a perfect ten upon ten and presents a stuffed dog to Steve who cuddles them both immediately.

"Bucky," Steve says adoringly. "That was amazing!"

He preens. "Thank you, I know." Steve laughs.

They move on to the rides and after a few roller coasters, Steve drags Bucky into the Love Tunnel; he blushes when Bucky gives him a knowing grin. He takes Steve's hand and the ride begins. Bucky is in Steve's lap and they are making out like there's no tomorrow when they come back out. The teenager collecting tickets has to cough very loudly.

They share hotdogs and cotton candy and a few more make-out sessions before Bucky pulls them over to the Ferris Wheel for their last ride before dinner. They squeeze themselves into the tiny cabin and snuggle up, Steve pressing a kiss on Bucky's hair as they enjoy their view. At the top of the wheel, Bucky tilts his chin up and Steve kisses him.

It's different at the top of the wheel. Steve kisses him like they are the only two people in the world and in that moment, Bucky is sure that they are. The kiss is sweet. It's soft and Steve licks into his mouth with tiny touches of tongue. He tastes of sugar and popcorn. His hands cup Bucky's cheeks, thumb brushing over his cheekbones. It's perfect and it makes Bucky breathless.

\*

They stop by a diner for dinner and slide into the corner booth. Steve orders three burgers and a milkshake for himself. Bucky is quite honestly surprised by the sheer volume of food; although he shouldn't be, considering Steve's size and muscles.

"Don't worry, Buck. I'll eat anything you can't finish." Steve says this sincerely, but it still makes Bucky narrow his eyes.

"I don't think you'll need to," he responds and orders as much as Steve does.

\*

Steve raises his eyebrows in response to Bucky's acceptance of a challenge he didn't know he had proposed. But the spark of determination in Bucky's eyes has him picking his food up and shoving it into his mouth.

\*

Bucky regrets his competitive nature in the bathroom. He throws up a little in the sink and Steve makes soothing noises and rubs his back while holding his hair. And the date was going so well!

He retches again and takes deep breaths of disappointment. He's so disgusting. Steve may be too nice to leave him in pain, but he's definitely never going to call Bucky and Bucky can never show his face at the precincts ever again. Natasha would be so disappointed in him.

"Sorry," he croaks out.

Steve smiles and asks, "What for?"

"For ruining our date." Duh. Bucky would smile at Steve being nice if he weren't so miserable about obviously destroying a very good day.

"You didn't ruin anything, Buck." And he says it in earnest.

Bucky tears up at Steve's sincerity.

"Oh, baby."

His lower lip wobbles.

"Baby, no. Don't cry." Steve pulls him in for a hug. "It was a great date, I promise."

Bucky sniffs. "Was?" His voice is muffled in Steve's chest.

"Still is. I swear." Steve rubs warm, comforting hands down his back. "I'm having a great time with you."

Bucky looks at him incredulously.

Steve chuckles. "Okay, yeah. But the night ain't over, pal. It doesn't have to end just yet." Bucky can't even stop himself from looking hopeful and Steve laughs. "How about we clean up here and go for a walk?"

He rinses his mouth and splashes some water on his face. Steve hands him a wad of paper towels and lets him dry off before kissing him. Wow, Steve is the best.

\*

Steve drives Bucky home on his bike and they take a stroll around his neighbourhood because neither of them wants the night to be over yet. Eventually though, Bucky stops at his building and turns to Steve.

"I had a great time with you today," he smiles shyly at Steve.

Steve steps closer and takes his other hand. "Me too, Bucky."

He tilts his chin up to meet Steve's eyes. "I'd like to see you again," he whispers.

Steve smiles. "Please," he whispers back. "I can meet you for dinner tomorrow."

"Yeah?" Bucky grins. Steve's eagerness makes him bold. "I can cook dinner if you want to come over."

"I'd like that," Steve says. "I'd also like to kiss you now. Can I?"

Bucky's eyelids flutter as he presses closer to Steve and slides his arms around Steve's neck. "Yes please," he sighs against Steve's lips and Steve finally kisses back.

They kiss sweetly, lips soft and sliding against each other. Bucky wants to make it hot and dirty, but they have work tomorrow and he won't be able to help himself if he drags Steve in. He lets himself gently pull away from Steve's mouth and presses his forehead against Steve's as they breathe each other's air. Steve's arms are warm bands around his waist.

Bucky basks in the sensation and tells himself that good boys wait for their rewards. He brushes Steve's lips with his own once more and bids him goodnight with a smile.

\*

It's Monday, and most people would dread it, but Bucky is pretty excited. He loves his kids and he's got a date lined up after that. With Steve! Thinking of Steve makes him smile uncontrollably. And he's smiled so much that even his kids are especially enthusiastic during arts and craft today.

At the end of the day, he watches over them as the parents come one by one to collect their kids. He's left with one of his favourite children, Peter, by the time Steve roars up on his bike.

"Who's that, Mr Bucky?" Peter tugs on Bucky's sleeve.

"That's my good friend, Steve," he says. "Wanna go say 'hi'?"

"Yeah!" Bucky just loves Peter's enthusiasm. "His motorbicycle is cool!"

Bucky laughs and picks Peter up. "Motorbike. And I know right? You should tell him that!"

They reach Steve as he removes his helmet. Bucky has to grin at Steve's messy hair.

"Your motorbike is cool!" Peter yells.

"Aw, thanks, buddy!" Steve takes it all in stride. "Hi, Buck." He smiles at Bucky whose breath has strangely lodged in his throat.

"I hope you don't mind," he says. "I've got to wait for Peter's guardian to pick him up first before we can leave."

Steve shakes his head. "I don't mind." He grins at Peter. "In the meantime, why don't I let you sit on my cool bike, huh?"

Peter looks to Bucky for permission and Bucky hands Peter over with a roll of his eyes. He crosses his arms as he watches Steve makes sure Peter doesn't fall when he reaches for the handlebars. Steve turns to smile at him.

"How was your day, Buck?"

Bucky doesn't think he will ever be able to not smile back at Steve. "It was messy, as always, but they are such fun to be around. How was your day?"

"So much better now."

Bucky's cheeks burn and Steve presses a quick kiss on his lips. He grins smugly when Bucky glares at him.

Peter's Aunt May comes soon enough and Bucky hands Peter over along with his creation to aunt May. Peter waves goodbye over his aunt's shoulder and they wave back. "see you tomorrow, Peter," Bucky calls.

When May drives off, Steve reels him in with an arm around his waist. Bucky lets him. "Ready to go?" Steve murmurs.

Bucky sucks lightly on Steve's bottom lip. "Yeah, but we need to go to the grocery store first."

"Mm," Steve licks into his mouth. "Whatever you want, doll." Bucky giggles.

\*

They go to the grocery store to pick a few items that Bucky needs for dinner and go back to his place. Bucky doesn't really need Steve to help, but he sets Steve to chopping vegetables up when Steve insists on helping. The domesticity makes his chest warm and tingly. Bucky likes it. He likes it a lot.

A good dinner of meat stew and some rice later, Bucky lets Steve shower first and lends him some clothes. His Henley is a little overstretched across Steve's broad shoulders, but Bucky can't find it in himself to be upset.

He thinks about taking a cold shower because he can't stop thinking about his clothes stretching over Steve's shoulders and wishing those were his legs. Except that they had sex once and Steve already knows what he sounds like. He ends up taking a hot shower and jerks off.

Bucky isn't particularly noisy, but when he comes out, Steve is seated with a cushion in his lap and a faint blush on his cheeks. Bucky grins and brings his blanket to make them a nest. He snuggles up to Steve's side and pulls the blanket around them in a cosy cocoon as they pull up the latest season of Modern Family on Netflix. Steve puts his arm around him and kisses Bucky's hair. The warm tingles intensify.

\*

It gets late enough that Steve shifts when Bucky yawns into his shoulder. He grumbles at the movement but quietens when Steve cards fingers through his hair.

"Hey Buck," he says quietly. "I should go, it's getting late." Fingers still scratch at his scalp.

"Stay," he says. "You can stay over tonight." He tightens his fingers in Steve's Henley.

Steve rubs the hairs at Bucky's nape. "Yeah?"

"I'll let you cuddle me all night."

Steve chuckles warmly. "You sure drive a hard bargain."

Bucky spends his days with children. He's picked up a few things from them. "Stay," he wheedles.

"Alright," Steve kisses his temple. "I'll stay because you promised cuddles."

Bucky smiles up at Steve from his position and Steve leans down to press their lips together. It turns into a pretty heated make-out session and when Bucky pulls away for air, he's almost surprised to find himself in Steve's lap. Steve's big hands are holding his ass.

He goes back in for another kiss and moans in surprise when Steve squeezes. His surprise gives Steve the opportunity to slip his tongue back inside Bucky's mouth and Bucky feels himself go pliant. He loves a man who takes what he wants. Steve grinds his crotch against Bucky's and Bucky whines.

"Oh, yes," he whimpers. Steve is so strong.

He needs skin. Bucky needs to touch Steve like, right now. And he pants and starts tugging his clothes off. Steve takes his hands off Bucky, which makes him whine. He pulls his shirt off and drags their sweatpants low enough to take their cocks out. "Come on, Sweetheart," he growls and Bucky moans. "Give me a hand."

Bucky obeys. He circles his right hand around their cocks as best as he can and clings to Steve with his left. Steve joins him in jerking them off, using the beads of precum to ease the friction. Bucky is so wet.

Bucky has always been sensitive; and right now, he's burning. His cock is leaking a steady stream of precum and Steve's hand on his ass cheek is inching closer to his hole. Gasps ring in his ears. It takes him a moment to realise that it's coming from him. Steve is nibbling at his nipple and Bucky is dangerously close to sobbing.

"Steve, oh!"

When Steve finally presses the tip of a finger into Bucky, he comes immediately, eyes widening as he screams his release. A few more strokes and Steve comes too, their combined seed splashing on their chests.

He blacks out again. Bucky only ever passes out if it's particularly good sex and it probably says something that Steve has had a hundred percent blackout rate since they met. Never mind that they only had mutual orgasms twice. It's still two for two. Either Bucky hasn't been having good sex or Steve is a sex god. He's leaning towards sex god.

When he comes to, they are still on the couch and Steve is rubbing his back gently and cooing softly in his ears. He feels kinda floaty.

"Hey Sweetheart," Steve is so gentle. "Welcome back."

\*

Steve is strong enough to gently manhandle Bucky into the bathroom to clean up; Bucky really likes that. It makes him shiver in a good way.

They grab the blanket from the couch, which has miraculously stayed clean and head to the bedroom. Steve gets them all snuggled up and pulls the blanket up to their ears. Bucky feels great, honestly. He's sleepy and sated and pressed up against Steve, whose body produces heat like a furnace. A few soft caresses down his back and Bucky is out like a light. Steve is the best.

\*

Steve kneads the thigh that Bucky has thrown over him and pulls him closer. Bucky is funny, adorable and really hot and Steve plans to keep him as long as Bucky will let him. He presses kisses into Bucky's fluffy hair and closes his eyes.