

Learn How To Bend

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Learn How To Bend

by [nerdwegian](#)

Summary

"Okay, let's say you see someone, a stranger, but you decide that you maybe want to get to know them better, how would you--how would you go about doing that?"

In which there's terrible dating advice, terrible Starbucks drinks, and a whole lot of denial.

Notes

I'm setting new records for late birthday fics! \o/ Happy superlate birthday, Anna! <333

Thanks to [Laura](#) and [CityofPaperBuildings](#) for the beta!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Bucky's caffeine experiments keep getting crazier, but honestly--how else is he supposed to amuse himself in the future?

(He's not allowed to shoot pigeons from the Tower rooftop anymore; Tony's orders. Bucky normally wouldn't care what Tony thinks, but Steve backed him up, and Bucky does care about what Steve thinks.)

Which is why he's currently braving the lunch rush at Starbucks, waiting at the pickup counter and thinking about nothing much at all.

"Two percent quad Venti two pump caramel one pump vanilla half ice no whip mocha for Tony Stark," the barista calls out, and Bucky makes a vague *here* gesture before taking the cup from her.

"That's funny," a voice says from behind him, "you don't look like Iron Man."

Bucky glances up to find a guy leaning heavily on the counter next to him. He's probably a couple of years younger than Bucky, so thin that Bucky might've thought he was Steve--the old Steve, that is--if it wasn't for the mess of reddish brown hair on top of his head, the multiple piercings across his face, and--is that eyeliner? Bucky stares a little. He hasn't seen any men wear eyeliner for purposes other than camouflage, before.

"Keen eye," Bucky remarks dryly.

"You a groupie or something?" the guy asks, smiling and tilting his head like he wants something. It makes Bucky frown. He's not sure what this guy's after.

"Groupie?"

"Yeah, with the cosplays and the signs and shit?"

Bucky understands, then, thinking about the occasional crowd outside of the Tower, where sometimes there are people dressed up as Tony. There are sometimes people dressed up as Steve there, too. It's fucking weird as hell. Bucky scoffs, vaguely offended that this guy thinks he would do that.

"No. I'm not a groupie."

Bucky's picking up his drink to leave, but the guy's entire body just sort of--*sways* into Bucky's path. Bucky's frown deepens, muscles tensing ever so slightly, but on the plus side, he doesn't punch the guy in the face on reflex. That's progress. He'll have to tell Steve about that later; he'll be proud, Bucky's sure.

"Hey man, I didn't mean to offend, it's just, you know." The guy shrugs a little. "You're hot."

Bucky's not sure what to say. He looks around just in case this is Tony or Clint pulling another lame prank on him, but when he sees nothing, he settles on a hesitant, "Thanks?"

"I'm Jerry. What's your name? Assuming you're not actually Tony Stark, of course."

Bucky has no plans to give this guy his name, so he says, "Clint."

"Hi, Clint," Jerry says, eyes roaming down Bucky's entire body and back up, in a way that makes Bucky feel vaguely like prey being evaluated for a meal. "Man, you must work out a lot. Your body is *banging*. I would love to suck your dick, I bet it's gorgeous."

Bucky, who'd just raised his cup to take a sip, nearly chokes on coffee and chocolate syrup.

An outraged retort is on the tip of his tongue, because what the hell? People can't just say that kind of stuff, can they? But, Bucky realizes, he doesn't actually know if they can or not, and so he quickly reigns in his temper (another thing to tell Steve about later) and says instead, "I don't think so."

He sidesteps the guy and quickly gets out of the Starbucks. This is exactly the kind of shit that makes him question the future sometimes.

*

"Hey Tony, I have a question," Bucky says later that day, wandering into Tony's workshop.

"Is it stupid? Because I don't have time for stupid questions; I'm very busy and important," Tony says, not looking up from whatever he's working on.

Coming to a stop behind Tony, Bucky leans forward to see what Tony's working on. He's fiddling with a screwdriver, attaching legs to a...

"Is that a Hulk toy?" Bucky asks, raising an eyebrow.

"It's a birthday present," Tony answers, closing the panel in the doll-like Hulk figure, and giving one of the tiny Hulk fists a squeeze.

"HULK SMASH!" the toy says menacingly, before it--fluidly and with surprising power--jumps into the air, landing on the floor several feet away, tiny fists first.

"Huh," Bucky says.

"Nailed it! Ace is gonna love it. I'm the goddamn best," Tony brags.

Bucky doesn't know who Ace is, and doesn't really care. Thankfully, Tony seems to be done gloating, because he spins on his chair to face Bucky. "Now, what's your stupid question?"

Bucky's face heats a little, because his question *could* be stupid, he doesn't know. But Steve keeps reassuring him there's nothing wrong with asking about things that confuse him, and he can't exactly go to Steve with this sort of thing, so Bucky figures Tony is his best bet in this scenario. "How do you--?" he starts, and then has to rephrase. "Okay, let's say you see someone, a stranger, but you decide that you maybe want to get to know them better, how would you--how would you go about doing that?"

Tony's eyebrows are almost at his hairline, and there's a wicked grin spreading across his face.

"I'm regretting this already," Bucky says.

"Barnes," Tony says, sounding scandalized. "Are you telling me you have a *crush*?"

"That's not at all what I was saying," Bucky protests, annoyed. Didn't Tony listen to him just now? "Just, there was this fella at the coffee shop, and I just, I thought he was a little..." Bucky trails off and shrugs.

"Oh yeah, what did he say?"

Bucky briefly considers not mentioning anything, but reminds himself that he did go to Tony over any of the others for a reason. He gets the impression it takes a bit to shock a Stark.

"He said he'd like to suck my, uh, suck my dick?"

For a few seconds, Tony doesn't move. Then his shoulder starts to shake, and then he's full-on guffawing. "My god, Barnes, please tell me someone got video, did the store have security cameras? I will find them and hack them, because I *need* to see what your face looked like after that, and I need it more than I need air. Or life itself. No, actually I need it more than I need the *internet*!"

"I'm glad you're amused," Bucky grumbles in a tone that hopefully conveys how not amused *he* is. Crossing his arms, he leans his hip against one of the many workbenches in the shop and scowls at Tony. "You gonna answer my question or what?"

"Ah, sorry, I need another moment to imagine your face," Tony says, holding up a finger and waiting a second. "Okay, I'm done. So, yeah, I have to admit, I really want to give the guy props for having guts. I mean, the direct route isn't exactly uncommon nowadays, or at least so all the single youngsters tell me, but most people would probably have phrased it differently. More sexual innuendos, that sort of thing. Or hey, maybe just started with asking you to dinner and a movie, but what do I know?"

Bucky blinks, because it wasn't quite the answer he'd expected. "So you can just go up to someone and make it clear that you want to--"

"Fuck their brains out?" Tony helpfully supplies.

"*Your* language doesn't shock me anymore," Bucky says, rolling his eyes, and heading out of the workshop.

"Hey, wait, wait," Tony calls from behind him. "Free entry to the workshop means I get to look at your arm, remember?"

Bucky keeps walking, because he doesn't feel like being poked at today, and he doesn't actually care about the deal he'd made with Tony, anyway.

"Don't you want to learn how to properly hit on people?"

"Not from you," Bucky says, and pretends he's not smiling as the door closes behind him.

*

"Hey," Steve says, glancing up from his book when Bucky enters their apartment. "Do anything fun while you were out?"

"I didn't punch a guy in the face," Bucky says, without offering further context.

But Steve just smiles widely and says, "Oh, that's great, Buck!" all happy and proud, like he understands perfectly, anyway. It makes Bucky smile.

"I had more coffee," he offers.

"Starbucks again?" Steve asks, and Bucky nods and makes a small noise of confirmation. Steve chuckles and shakes his head. "When will you realize that just black is still the way to go. Not one of those fancy drinks can measure up to a regular cup of joe."

"That's 'cause you're boring and vanilla," Bucky says with a winning grin, even though so far, Steve's been right. Bucky's not about to admit that, though.

"I'm not boring and vanilla," Steve protests, "and who taught you what vanilla means?"

"Tony. Who taught *you* what vanilla means, Mr. National Icon?"

"We're not talking about me," Steve says, smirking. "Anyway, I'm starting to think Tony's a bad influence on you."

"You're deflecting. Also, you're just jealous he doesn't pay for *your* coffee," Bucky says, smirking right back.

Steve laughs. "Trust me, I don't want him to have any influence over my drink choices, whatsoever. I still don't know how you can drink that crap. Barely one step down from energy drinks, in my opinion."

Bucky tilts his head. "What are energy drinks?" he asks, curious.

Steve goes very, very still. "Nothing."

Bucky just nods like he accepts that answer, and makes a mental note to ask Clint instead.

"The vanilla conversation isn't over," he warns.

Steve doesn't seem intimidated in the least.

*

"So how do you ask someone out on a date nowadays?" Bucky asks Clint the next day, when they're both leaving the shooting range.

"Uh," Clint says, scratching his head. "I guess you just go up to them and ask them for coffee?"

Bucky considers this advice. "What if they don't want coffee? Or what if they don't understand what you mean?"

Clint shrugs. "Tell 'em straight out. 'Hey, you're a pretty cool person, do you want to go on a date with me?'"

Bucky thinks about Tony telling him that the direct route isn't uncommon, and figures that makes sense. "That's not so unlike how we did it," Bucky says, feeling a little less like an alien.

"Why would it be any different?" Clint asks, frowning.

"Oh, I," Bucky gestures, "there was this guy at the coffee shop who was pretty forward, and I didn't think that's how it was done in the future."

Clint grins. "Forward how?"

"He said he wanted to suck my dick," Bucky says, waiting for Clint to laugh at him just like Tony had.

Clint doesn't laugh though, he just nods, like he's heard this story before. "Ah, yeah, I guess that's pretty forward. So, did he?"

"Did he what?"

"Suck your dick?" Clint clarifies. "Did you take him up on the offer?"

That's annoying. Bucky's eyebrows draw together and he makes a face. "Don't see how that's any of your business, but no."

"Sorry, no offense meant, I was just curious," Clint says easily. "It's a hit or miss strategy."

"You sound like you speak from experience," Bucky says, working to conceal his sneer.

"Hey, it worked for me, I have nothing to be ashamed of," Clint says, shrugging, which is not what Bucky was expecting.

"You told someone you'd like to suck his dick?"

Clint grins widely. "And what a beautiful dick it was, too."

"Why is everyone so preoccupied with dicks being pretty?" Bucky wonders.

Clint looks curious. "You're not gonna ask whose dick?"

"I don't really care," Bucky tells him honestly.

"But I like bragging about it," Clint says.

"Let me rephrase that: I don't want to hear about it."

"It was Coulson's," Clint crows.

"Are your hearing aids in?" Bucky asks, scowling. "Are you even listening to me?"

"Hey, you're the one who brought up dicks, okay, I'm just staying on topic."

"I just wanted to know how to ask someone out!" Bucky insists, and then holds up a hand to stop the comment he knows Clint's got on the tip of his tongue. "And no, not for any specific reason or person, but just because I was wondering how it's done in the future."

"Sure, okay," Clint says, "but I have a question for you: When you say it's not for a specific reason or person, are you lying to yourself too, or just to me?"

He has to stop and ponder this for a moment, and Clint gives him a wave as he heads for the elevators. "Well, whatever you decide to go with, let me know how it works out for you. Later, Six Million Dollar Man."

"You know, I get that reference now, and it's not funny," Bucky says.

"It's funny if you're me," Clint responds, disappearing around a corner. Bucky decides he can't just let that kind of behavior go.

*

"I need a way to mess with Clint," Bucky says into Steve's ear, greatly enjoying the way Steve briefly tenses. It's good to know he can still sneak up on Steve if he needs to. Staying in practice is important.

"Why?" Steve asks, turning to look suspiciously at Bucky.

"Do I need a reason?" Bucky asks, arching an eyebrow.

Steve looks like he's considering for several long seconds, before pursing his lips. "Actually, there's a thing that got really popular a few years back. You could probably do something with that."

"Sure," Bucky says, before Steve can even explain. Bucky trusts Steve.

*

"So what do you talk about on a date nowadays?" Bucky asks Sam, three days later when they're running wires along the baseboard of Clint's room.

"Uh," Sam says, sounding a little confused. "I don't know, date stuff? What your hobbies are, what you do for a living... and wow, I'm just now realizing it's been way too long since I got laid, so thanks for that reminder."

"You're welcome," Bucky says dryly, just as he finds what he's looking for near Clint's desk. "It's over here."

"I'm assuming there's a reason you're asking?" Sam says, carefully running their wires to Clint's desk, where Bucky immediately peels back some of the sheathing on the end. He finds the wire connected to Clint's computer that he needs, does the same to that one, before splicing the two wires together.

"Figure it's information that's useful to have at some point or another," Bucky says with a shrug, never taking his eyes off what he's doing

"Is that point in the immediate future, maybe?" Sam asks.

"What if I can't talk about any of that crap?" Bucky asks instead of addressing Sam's question, because it's a dumb, annoying question. "Not like I have a lot of hobbies. And I don't think *I shoot people for a living* is the kinda thing that would get someone all hot and bothered."

"You'd be surprised," Sam mumbles from behind Bucky, before sighing. "How about a movie you saw, or I don't know, anything that interests you? At all?"

"Why?"

"To get to know someone better."

"What if you just want to get laid?" Bucky asks, focusing hard on the wires.

Thankfully Sam, like Clint, doesn't laugh. He also doesn't follow up with oversharing statements about blowjobs, which makes him a way better friend than Clint, Bucky thinks. Then he has to take a moment to realize that he considers them both friends now, and that's a little intense.

"Eh. Most people are more open to jumping into bed with you if they feel like they know you at least a little," Sam says, after considering for a little.

"A guy at the coffee shop wanted to suck my dick," Bucky states, finishing up his wire work and standing up. "Try it now."

"Well, you could try that approach," Sam says, walking to the door and flicking the light switch.

Sound immediately fills the room, and Bucky grins widely. "Nice."

"We gotta cover this shit up," Sam says, turning the light off again and gesturing to the loose baseboards.

"On it," Bucky says, nodding, before going back to their conversation. "I don't think that's really my style. Asking someone to suck my dick, I mean. Plus, Tony said it was too direct."

"I outright refuse to believe that," Sam says, crossing his arms.

"Well, fine, he said it was a little more direct than usual, but he didn't say it was *too* direct," Bucky admits.

"Does it help if you phrase it differently?" Sam asks, and Bucky narrows his eyes at him. Sam looks innocent, but Bucky's not dumb.

"Why does it suddenly sound like you're giving me advice for a specific situation and not just talking about hypothetical dating anymore?"

"I'm not," Sam says, obviously lying through his teeth. "Everything's purely hypothetical here. And I'm just saying, hypothetically, saying something like *I'd really love to have sex with you* might work on some people."

"Everyone thinks I've got someone specific in mind," Bucky grumbles, frowning. "Why does nobody believe me when I say there's nobody?"

"I believe you, buddy," Sam says, in the same tone he might use if Bucky were a small child.

Bucky rolls his eyes, fastens the last baseboard in place, and then heads out of the room. "Don't tattle on us, JARVIS," he warns.

"My security parameters have been temporarily overridden by Mr. Stark," JARVIS responds, confirming Bucky's suspicions that Tony's aware of what they're doing here. Bucky has been assured again and again that JARVIS doesn't actually have any feelings, but for a robot, he sure does a good job of sounding really goddamn amused.

"Who taught you about this, anyway?" Sam asks, grinning as they close the door to Clint's quarters, locking it behind them.

"Steve," Bucky says, and he's not sure why that's funny, but Sam starts laughing so hard his entire body shakes.

Two hours later, when Clint comes storming into the kitchen, screaming, "Barnes, did you fucking rig my entire *apartment* to Rick Roll me?!" Sam laughs so hard he falls off his chair.

*

Bucky finds Natasha in one of the common areas, lounging on a couch with a book, and he briefly considers asking her. She's probably the smartest person in the Tower, Bucky thinks, even accounting for the science geniuses they live with, so her input could be valuable.

However, oddly, he sits down next to her and gets as far as drawing a breath before she rolls her eyes at him and cuts him off. "Oh Christ, are you serious?"

Bucky pauses, puzzled. "I didn't say anything yet."

Natasha sighs in obvious annoyance and stands up, muttering to herself. "Coulda saved myself so much work if I'd had all the variables, я окружена идиотами."

Bucky watches her go, confused.

*

Bucky slams the door to their apartment to let Steve know he's home, and then deliberately slurps his drink loudly and annoyingly when Steve appears in the doorway.

"What is it this time?" Steve asks, with a look that's both fond and grossed out.

Bucky glances at the scribbles in black marker on his cup, right below where the barista has written *Steve Rogers*.

"Fat free Venti double shot four pump caramel flan frappuccino with turtle crunch, chocolate whip, and extra caramel drizzle," Bucky rattles off, enjoying the way Steve gets a little wrinkle right above his nose when he makes a face.

"What's even the point of fat free? Besides the rest of the crap in that thing, you have the metabolism of a--well, me," Steve says, shrugging.

"Just trying something new," Bucky says, shrugging. The frappuccino is actually cloyingly sweet in his mouth, just like all the other crazy drinks he's tried, but Steve's ew-faces are worth it.

"Try coffee. Black," Steve says, walking back towards the living room. Bucky trails after him.

"You should come with me sometime," Bucky suggests, gesturing to Steve's back with his cup even though Steve can't see.

"Where? To Starbucks?" Steve asks.

"Yeah, sure," Bucky says, as they both sit down on the couch, Steve's feet immediately coming up to rest on the coffee table. "Get your feet down," Bucky complains, "were you raised in a fucking barn?"

"Like you're one to talk, Mr. Hair In Every Drain. You're lucky Tony's drains can take it. You and your damn hair."

Bucky self-consciously reaches up to touch his hair, currently knotted in a half-ponytail behind his head. "What's wrong with my hair?"

"You shed like a damn dog, is what," Steve says, arching an eyebrow. "Also, I can make better coffee at home, thanks."

Pulling the hair tie out, Bucky shakes his head and butts it against Steve's shoulder. "Just for you!"

"I hope you get hair in your drink," Steve says. Bucky grins and doesn't mention that it wouldn't make it more undrinkable than it already is.

"Are you trying to say you want me to cut it?" Bucky asks, mock offended.

Steve's smile turns genuine and honest then, and he looks directly at Bucky when he says, "Nah, Buck, not unless you want to? It's your hair. You should keep it how you want to."

Bucky squirms a little and elbows Steve in the ribs.

"You're just jealous of my luscious locks," he says.

"No way," Steve protests, then looks thoughtful. "Thor's, maybe."

Bucky elbows Steve in the side again, for good measure.

*

"I would like to have sex with you," Bucky says to the mirror, testing it out, and then immediately makes a face. It doesn't suit him. At all. His scruff and hair and posture--it all contributes to just making him look creepy as hell. There isn't a soul on the planet who'd agree to have sex with him if that was his opening line, and even if someone could get past all that, there's still the rest of him. His scars, his metal arm, the ugly, jagged place where metal meets flesh.

Maybe if he looked wholesome like Steve, or confident like Tony or Clint (or hell, like that Jerry guy), it could work.

"Stupid," Bucky mutters, leaning on the sink and absentmindedly scratching at the porcelain with a metal finger.

He's not even sure why he's suddenly interested in getting laid. Not like he's needed it for the past seventy-ish years. Why start now?

(Except really? He knows why.)

*

Clint's retaliation for the Rick Roll comes about a week later, when Bucky's walking out of Starbucks early in the morning with his latest caffeine monstrosity.

Six little squid-like things come flying through the air, and Bucky nearly throws his drink at them in reflex, before he realizes that they're harmless; just some of Tony's tiny airborne bots. Then he frowns as they all land on his metal arm, clinging to it through his long-sleeved shirt with all their tiny, little arms, and then immediately starting to flash a happy pink and purple.

"What the--?" Bucky starts, before the bots start crooning at him.

It's not an actual audio file, but instead some chipmunk-like squeaking that the bots look decidedly proud to be able to make. It's startlingly loud, and Bucky recognizes the strains of *My Heart Will Go On* amidst all the squeaking.

Trying to pry the bots off does nothing; they're thoroughly stuck. Magnets or something, probably. Bucky, who's not a particularly big fan of people noticing him, grumbles the whole way back to the Tower, because apparently a dude with a metal arm and singing pink and

purple mechanical squids stuck to him, is enough to make even New Yorkers at the very least glance at him.

When he gets back, Clint laughs so hard he can barely get out, "But Bucky, they *love* you!"

Across the table, Bruce puts his head in his hands just as Tony's entire face lights up like it's Christmas. "Prank war?" he asks excitedly.

"No," Bucky and Clint say firmly all at once, because once Tony gets involved in shit like this, it never ends well. It falls on deaf ears though; Tony's already getting to his feet and actually rubbing his hands gleefully together like a cartoon villain.

"I need to find Natasha, where did she go? She was just here!"

"I think she's on the patio," Clint says, then calmly follows Tony as he practically bounces out through the patio doors, before calmly locking them behind him.

"You're on a roll," Bucky remarks, finally prying one of the tiny bots off his arm as Clint goes back to his seat at the breakfast table.

"I try," Clint says with a shrug, just as Tony knocks on the glass door.

"Not funny," Tony tells them, voice muffled through the glass. "JARVIS, let me in."

"How did you bribe JARVIS?" Bruce asks when the patio doors remain locked.

"I didn't," Clint says, picking up his coffee cup to take a sip. "He might've just decided to get in on the prank war."

"There's a prank war?" Steve asks as he comes walking into the kitchen with Thor. He sounds very intrigued.

"No," Bucky says firmly.

"Oh, okay," Steve says then, accepting it without question. "Are there any bagels left?"

Behind them, Tony knocks on the glass again and Thor glances over his shoulder. "I assume I am not to let Tony back in, but for how long do you wish for him to remain out there?"

"Eh, another ten minutes," Clint says. "Long enough that we can have breakfast in peace."

Natasha appears next to Bucky and steals his drink. "Gross," she declares after tasting it.

Bucky agrees, but still protests when Steve says, loud and exaggerated, "Thank you, Natasha!"

"Have any more people wanted to suck your dick at Starbucks?" Clint asks casually.

The entire room seems to freeze, and then slowly turn to look at Bucky as one. He wishes they wouldn't.

"No," he says, annoyed now. Maybe he can punch Clint in the face, just once? But no, Steve probably wouldn't like that.

Steve is just staring at Bucky with an expression Bucky can't quite interpret, and it's making him a little uncomfortable.

Behind them, Tony knocks on the glass again. "Something's happening!" Tony says, still muffled. "Everyone's all serious. What's happening? JARVIS?"

Bucky slurps his drink and avoids meeting Steve's eye. On his arm, the remaining squid bots snuggle up to him, pink and purple lights flashing steadily.

*

Bucky doesn't hide, because he's not a coward, but--okay, he's hiding. Just a little. He curls himself up in a corner in one of the upper common areas, leaning against the big window and watching the city below, as he carefully lures Tony's bots off his arm, one by one. When the last set of glowing pink and purple arms lets go, Bucky nudges the bot with a finger, just a friendly *Hey*, and the bot chirps at him in obvious delight, before it scurries off.

Bucky watches it fly out of the room, and when his eyes track it to the doorway, they land on Steve.

Steve's leaning on the doorframe with something like a fond smile on his face, and for a long time neither of them speak or move.

"Hey," Bucky finally says, when the silence is getting a little weird.

That seems to rouse Steve, who pushes off the doorframe and walks fully into the room, coming over to sit next to Bucky on the floor. Leaning his elbows on his knees, Steve nudges Bucky with an arm, not unlike the way Bucky had just done with the little bot, before turning to the view.

"So I heard a funny story," Steve says.

Bucky knows what's coming, but he still says, "What's that?"

"I heard," Steve says, like he's telling Bucky a great secret, "that some guy wanted to suck your dick at Starbucks."

"I wonder what Fox News would think if they heard Captain America say *dick*."

"I also heard you've been talking to Tony," Steve says, ignoring Bucky's attempt to deflect. "And Clint. And Sam. And--I think Natasha?"

"I don't think Natasha counts," Bucky says, considering. "No, she definitely doesn't count. Who did you talk to?"

"Natasha," says Steve, making Bucky snort in amusement.

Steve gets serious then, smile fading a little as he turns to look at Bucky with his biggest, most sincere eyes. Bucky has no clue how anyone takes Steve seriously with those eyes; they're ridiculous.

"Bucky," Steve says quietly. "You know you can talk to me about anything, right?"

Bucky doesn't answer, but averts his gaze instead. The city is much safer to look at. It's not the New York he remembers (in bits and pieces, but he does remember it), but it's still New York. It's comforting.

Bucky's not sure why Steve is here, but he'll never turn down Steve's company, so he doesn't say anything about it. They just sit in silence for a while longer, occasionally bumping their arms against each other just because they can.

Eventually, Steve takes a deep breath, and out of the corner of his eye, Bucky can see Steve's own eyes narrowing.

"The only thing I don't get," Steve says, carefully and slowly, "is why you would invite me to Starbucks?"

Bucky tries very hard not to react. He used to be a master at this; it came with the assassin gig. Why is it suddenly so hard to be emotionless?

"Come on, Buck," Steve says, smiling now. "I hate Starbucks. You know I hate Starbucks. You should have asked me somewhere else."

Bucky carefully turns to look back at Steve. His arm bumps Steve's again, and this time they both press closer, rather than pulling back.

"If you got something to say, say it," Bucky says.

Steve's smile grows. "I would love to suck your dick."

Bucky doesn't laugh, but he does smile. Wider than he's used to, even with Steve. It feels weird on his face.

"Man, Fox News would have a heart attack, Cap."

"Fuck Fox News," Steve says, and then leans in for a kiss.

There's something happening in Bucky's chest. He's not sure what it is, but it's making it hard to breathe--but in a way that he really likes. Steve's lips are soft and warm, and for a brief moment all Bucky feels is the difference between them: Bucky's rough and dry lips, his stubble scraping against Steve and probably giving him wicked beard burn, in sharp contrast to Steve, who's big and solid and warm, but still so, so soft. But it only lasts for a second, because then Steve deepens the kiss and pushes his tongue into Bucky's mouth, and then Bucky pretty much feels like he's *won*. Everyone can go home now, he's won. He's just--he's won. At like, life or something.

He doesn't realize he's got both arms wrapped around Steve, fisting in the back of his shirt, until they overbalance and tip backwards, Steve landing on top of Bucky but somehow still not breaking their kiss.

Steve's breathing heavily now, big hands running up Bucky's sides and across his biceps, and then over his chest, fingers scraping across his nipples.

Bucky's hips snap upwards, he can't help it, it feels good when Steve touches his nipples, and the friction, when his crotch presses against Steve's, feels wonderful. Steve makes a little noise, broken and desperate, and then says, "Bucky, Buck," into the kiss, but nothing else.

He gets Bucky's pants open and a hand around Bucky's dick, and then Bucky has to open his eyes (when did he even close them? He can't remember doing it) just to make sure he's not having some sort of crazy sex dream.

Steve uses his other hand to push Bucky's shirt up, but when it's all the way bunched up by Bucky's neck, Bucky's muscles tense up on him. He doesn't mean to, but this is the first time Steve's been this close to--

Steve notices the change in Bucky's body language. Of course he does. Breaking their kiss, finally, Steve looks down at Bucky and then slowly, deliberately, lets his eyes travel downwards, just far enough. He knows exactly what's on Bucky's mind; of course he does.

The place where the metal arm is attached to Bucky's shoulder always looks--rough, Bucky thinks. It's not pretty. He likes his metal arm; it's quite useful. It's a trade-off for his lost limb, a gain, a weapon and a tool. But he doesn't like that spot. It serves as more of a reminder than the arm itself, of what they did to him. Of what they took from him.

He sucks in a breath to say something, but no sound comes out. Steve just looks at him with slightly sad eyes, before kissing him again, gently, just once, and then moving his head down. He peppers Bucky's shoulder and torso with kisses, moving from metal to human skin and back again, and then trailing across his collarbone before dipping down to flick his tongue against a stiff nipple.

Bucky blinks away moisture in his eyes and stares at the ceiling, heart expanding until he thinks he can't take it anymore.

Then suddenly Steve's head is at his crotch and his breath is warm against Bucky's dick, and *that* makes Bucky look down.

"I might be really bad at this," Steve warns, but he doesn't sound hesitant or scared or even nervous, he just sounds--happy.

Bucky doesn't know what to say, so he doesn't say anything, he just runs a hand through Steve's hair, fingertips pressing lightly at the nape of his neck. Not to push him or anything, just as a reassurance for them both. Steve gives him a brilliant smile that kind of makes Bucky's stomach do flips, before he lowers his head and sucks Bucky's dick into his mouth.

Bucky doesn't know when he last got a blowjob. Definitely before he fell. Maybe before the war, even? It's hazy. He doesn't think any of his sexual experiences have ever come anywhere close to this one, though.

Eyes wide open and blinking at the unreal sight, Bucky feels like all the air in the room is gone, and he's instantly dizzy, off-kilter and loving it, because Steve, *Steve*, his Steve, is sucking his cock like he's been hungry for it all his life. Bucky's hand is still resting on Steve's head, fingertips touching his neck, but no longer pushing; he doesn't want to make it seem like he's forcing Steve into doing anything. Steve bobs his head carefully, humming on each downstroke, and uses his hand to hold Bucky steady as he works on taking him deeper.

Bucky's world has become Steve. Maybe always *was* Steve. The pressure builds fast, fast enough that it takes him by surprise when he realizes he's right on the edge of orgasm. For a terrifying second he hangs there, suspended at the cusp of pleasure, and he has the crazy thought, *This is it, no going back now*--but then Steve looks up at him, as always, making sure that Bucky's good, that he's getting what he needs, that he's cared for and loved, and Bucky's vision whites out as he comes.

*

Bucky wishes he had a cigarette.

Lying next to Steve on the floor, staring at the ceiling, various bodily fluids still smeared around, it seems like a situation that calls for a cigarette.

"I don't suppose you got any smokes?" Bucky asks, turning his head to look at Steve.

Steve turns his head to look back at Bucky, and frowns.

"Yeah, I figured," Bucky admits, and looks back at the ceiling.

"You wanna go again?" Steve asks, stretching.

"Do *you* wanna go again?" Bucky asks. Steve had seemed pretty happy with his orgasm, even if Bucky had felt clumsy and insecure, and they're still on the floor in one of the common areas of the Tower, which means in theory, anyone could walk in at any time. But JARVIS would probably warn them if anyone was approaching, and it really would be a shame not to take advantage of their short refractory periods.

"Sure," Steve says, shrugging. "I'll go again."

"Way to sound enthusiastic about it, punk," Bucky accuses, then grins when one of Steve's elbows hits him in the ribs.

"I'll show you enthusiastic!" Steve growls, and does.

*

"You and Steve get your shit together, or what?" Sam asks, two weeks later.

"Yeah, worked out okay," Bucky says casually. "Hand me that brush, please?"

Sam hands over the paint brush Bucky's pointing at, smiling and nodding as he does it, like he's really pleased. "Awesome, man, glad to hear it. What'd you end up telling him that worked?"

It takes a moment for Bucky to realize what Sam's referring to. "Oh, I didn't," he says quickly. "Steve told me he wanted to suck my dick."

Sam's smile drops off his face, "You realize this kind of needless oversharing is how this whole fucking prank war got started in the first place, right?"

"I know," Bucky says, smiling serenely, and then pulls up his sleeves. "All right, JARVIS, I know we have limited time here, so if I don't have time to do the whole thing, just the torso, front and back, how long will it take you to get everything back to normal?"

"Estimated completion time for armor pieces: Chest, upper and back, upper, is two hours and seven minutes, Sergeant Barnes."

"Sounds good to me," Bucky says, and gets to work on painting Tony's armor red, white and blue. "One Iron Patriot, coming right up."

*

"Hey," Steve greets Bucky as he walks into their apartment. "Do anything fun today?"

"Painted Tony's armor to make him look like Iron Patriot. Also told Sam you wanted to suck my dick."

Steve goes bright red, but he still smirks. "Well, you weren't lying."

"You wanna go right now?" Bucky wonders. He doesn't feel particularly horny or frustrated right now, but he'll basically never turn down sex with Steve, he's pretty sure of that.

"Nah, let's do something else," Steve says, smiling. "You wanna catch a movie? Or maybe go spar?"

Bucky considers. "Let's go get a coffee. There's this new thing I want to try."

Steve makes an exaggerated face, but then he stands up and walks past Bucky, stealing a kiss on the way. "Just," Steve says, poking his finger into Bucky's chest, "for you."

Bucky just smiles.

End.

End Notes

EDIT:

я окружена идиотами = I'm surrounded by idiots

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