

Motel Stories

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Motel Stories

by [ExistentialMalaises](#)

Summary

A neon-sign flickered in the distance, catching Steve's gaze behind the steering wheel. Bright shades of pink, purple and blue emanated that there would be a motel up ahead. A vacant one. This was just what they needed.

Steve, Bucky, Natasha and Sam need a proper night of sleep after having been on the run from their government for so long...

The Set-Up

Chapter Notes

This is **the set-up** for the coming six parts, each one will continue right after this chapter... each one will be about a different pairing. I hope you enjoy the read. Don't forget your kudos and comments are invaluable :)

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

A neon-sign flickered in the distance, catching Steve's gaze behind the steering wheel. Bright shades of pink, purple and blue emanated that there would be a motel up ahead. A vacant one. This was just what they needed. Steve, Bucky, Natasha and Sam had been on the road for too long: ever since he released Sam and his other friends from their senseless incarceration at the Raft Prison; something that seemed like a lifetime ago. Everything that had happened seemed so long ago once they got in that small, blue Sedan and kept on driving without any rest, only pit stops that were few and far between. It was time they refueled too, and not just the car. With a screeching sound the obsolete Volkswagen came to a halt on the packed parking lot of the U-shaped motel.

If it weren't for the neon-sign, high up in the air, the area would've passed from Steve's sight. Even now, now that they stood in the dark parking lot, a hazy darkness hung over the motel... the pinks and blues of the sign only casting a strange glow over the asphalt. Silent faces, drained by exhaustion, observed the area until they found the reception.

Steve removed his blue cap from the pocket of his jeans and placed it on his head, pulling the cap down enough, so the receptionist would hopefully not recognize him. He took cautious steps inside, staking the dimly-lit beige room. It was small. There were two chairs on the left, a coffee table with some magazines and a lifeless plant on the right, and the receptionist sat in front of them. Eyes fixated on a small television screen, body obscured by the counter in front of them.

The footsteps of his friends slowed down along with Steve's. Sam fingered the magazines on the coffee table while Bucky hung back in the doorframe, his eyes roaming from the floor to the darkness of the parking lot. Natasha did the same as Steve, staking the place, but she put a swing in her walk, suddenly seeming more awake, and popped a bubblegum. It was her cap. Her diversion. Steve had learned that by now: blending in by standing out. She came to a halt behind the counter of the receptionist, who hadn't bothered to turn their head away from the television screen.

"Howdy, stranger," Nat said with a rural tinge in her pronunciation.

The receptionist looked away from the screen, and their face reddened when Nat leaned on the counter with a big smile. "Ma'am." They glanced behind her to Steve, who nodded and

lowered his face to conceal his eyes even more.

“My friends and I would like some rooms for the night.”

“One night?”

“Yes, please. Four single rooms.”

The receptionist ticked away on what Steve assumed was their keyboard. He couldn’t see.

“I-I’m sorry, ma’am. There’s a hacker convention fifteen miles from here, and since this is the middle of nowhere, we don’t have that many vacancies left. Definitely not many singles.”

“How many?”

“You’re in luck, really, there’s just enough room for all of you. One room with two single beds and one room with a double bed left.”

“Aren’t we just lucky, *hm*.” Nat glimpsed behind her when Steve stood still next to her.

“We’ll take it,” He said to the receptionist, who continued typing after peeking at their television screen.

“Could you fill out these forms? And do you have any identification?”

“Uhh...” Steve took the papers and glanced at Nat, who nodded back quietly.

“Did I hear that right?” Sam came closer to the counter too.

Nat turned around, resting her elbows on the counter, stretching her body. “Mhmm, two of you will have to share.”

“Of *us*?” Sam raised his eyebrow, and Steve shifted the cap on his head, trying to focus on all the bullshit he was filling in. It was based on something... on the story Nat had created for him. A new identity. One for all of them, in case they needed it.

“You heard right,” Nat said with a smile.

The receptionist cleared their throat, and showed them two keys after Steve handed in the forms. “This one is for the room with the single beds and this one is for the double.”

“Thank you,” Steve said and he glanced at the two keys in his hands. How would they deal with this? Who would share the bed?

First pairing coming up: **Steve and Bucky.**

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Steve and Bucky

Chapter Notes

My first time writing slash. My first time writing anything Stucky. Be kind, pretty please. It's very fluffy. Bordeline cheesy, but it's sweet ok?! The story is set after *Captain America: Civil War*... in case that wasn't obvious yet.

Warnings: unprotected and explicit smut.

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

“Yeah, I'll make this easy on everyone. I'm not sharing.” Nat seized the key to the room with the single beds from Steve's left hand, spun around on her heels, and walked away without saying anything else.

“Uhah, what she said.” Sam's voice was serious, but his mouth quirked up into a smirk when he slowly backed away from the reception desk, his face towards Steve, nodding at him repeatedly until Sam disappeared from Steve's sight.

Were they aware of his past with Bucky? That's not something that would've showed up in any of the files Natasha would've been able to have gotten her hands on. And Sam? How could he even know? More importantly, did Bucky remember?

“So, uhh...” Steve heard Bucky say and Steve glanced at the key that was left in his right hand: the key to the room with the double bed.

“Yeah, ok, I think it's this way.” Steve pointed to the right, and he quietly walked through the open hallway, along the parked cars on his left.

Bucky's constant footfall carried an implicit weight with it behind Steve, and he tightened his hold on the key in his hand. Door number eight. Steve had reached their room, and Bucky's steps died down. Steve could feel Bucky's gaze on him, but Steve didn't look his way, he couldn't. Instead he placed the key in the keyhole and opened the door.

A buzzing sound from Steve's left caught his attention. He barely turned his head towards where the noise came from when he caught a glimpse of the flickering lights of the 'vacant' neon sign in the distance. It glittered brightly, even in the pervading dark mist...

Bucky cleared his throat, and Steve walked into room number eight. It was a plain room with red floor covering and unmatching green curtains. Steve removed his cap and closed the curtains immediately when Bucky shut the door behind him, silently observing the rest of their quarters. There was a small beech dresser and chair on one side... and the double bed on the other side.

“I'm gonna hit the shower,” Bucky said, and Steve nodded silently at him.

When Bucky returned from the bathroom clad in nothing more than just his striped boxers, moving a towel over his head, small trickles of water were still running down his tanned chest while he focused on drying his hair.

Steve's body began to tense up, but then Bucky gestured indifferently to the bathroom when their eyes met, "All yours."

Steve got up from the beech chair with a curt nod, closed the bathroom door with a thud, and rested against it. His heart was in his throat, throbbing almost painfully. Seeing him like that, it conjured up vivid memories that made Steve ache, because he wasn't sure if Bucky was aware of them... With a heavy sigh, Steve pushed himself off the door, removed his clothes and took a long, cold shower.

When he walked back into the bedroom, feeling more exposed than he thought he ever would around Bucky, he found him seated on the bed with a magazine in his hands.

"Aren't you cold?" Steve asked him when he got under the covers.

"No, but I turned on the heat for you." Bucky put away the magazine and pulled the sheet over his body too, covering himself up to his hips. "I remember you used to get cold easily."

"Yeah, actually, that was something that occurred before the serum... but thank you. That was thoughtful of you."

"Oh, right." Bucky hunched his shoulders slightly against the headboard of the bed, the muscles on his abdomen pulling taut.

Steve gulped, and looked away... "Where, uhh, where did you get that one?" Steve signaled with his eyes towards the scar on Bucky's waist.

"I don't know. I'm having a hard time remembering where I got any of them."

"Oh, well, this one..." Steve raised his hand, pointing at the linear cicatrix underneath Bucky's right pectoral muscle, and Bucky's chin hit his neck, his eyes lowering to Steve's finger. "You got after the mid-morning recess during classes when that punk — was it Davis? — thought it would be *easy* to take my lunch away."

"So I made it hard for him?"

Steve smiled. "You did..." He leaned towards Bucky, his finger moving to Bucky's bicep. "And now this one you got when you showed that bully at the fair how to talk to other people."

They remained like that for a while, Steve showing Bucky all about how his love for Steve left behind marks on his body... His fingers grazed over a small cut in Bucky's neck, a long gash on his ankle, a minor incision on his lower back, and a lesion in the palm of his hand. Steve held Bucky's hand then, gently caressing the affected area; the ghost of a smile warming Bucky's face.

“That one... I do remember. You're such a handful.” His smile widened and a glint of playfulness appeared behind his eyes.

A flush crept down Steve's neck when he glimpsed from Bucky's eyes to his lips... then back to his eyes. It was true, a fact Steve could not deny, most of the harm done to Bucky's body was from when he was saving Steve's ass. Steve got in a lot of fights, some he sought out and others more or less happened to him, but Bucky always had his back. It explained why Steve had done what he had done, why he had gone against Tony... and his other friends. Bucky always had his back, there was no way Steve wasn't going to have his.

“Do you know what I also remember?” Bucky asked him.

“Hm?”

“The way this hand was able to make me feel...” Bucky brushed Steve's fingers over his lips, softly pressing kisses on the tips.

Steve's body slanted towards Bucky, his eyes big and fixated on Bucky's lips. “You remember?”

“Oh, darling, I remember your kisses too, so soft and hungry.” Bucky smiled, it was one of those small smiles that held so much meaning behind them, and Steve's heart started working in overdrive again.

Steve heard the loud thud reverberate through his body when Bucky came closer, quietly, and pressed Steve's hand on his warm and smooth chest. Bucky's eyes focused on Steve's lips and the thudding became even louder. All of Steve's senses were on alert, and the air was so brittle it could've snapped, but... the moment their lips came together, softly caressing one another, everything else fell away.

Opening his lips, Steve felt Bucky's tongue explore his mouth lightly, dipping, sipping, nibbling, slowly getting reacquainted again after decades of not having touched each other. And Bucky's kisses hadn't changed at all. They were still soft yet intense, lingering and arousing; like he was in the moment and devoted all of his attention to Steve. When their kisses grew deeper, Bucky shifted his weight and hovered above Steve, placing his arms by his head... and Steve, his hand glided from Bucky's chest to the nape of his neck, holding on for dear life.

“This...” Bucky pecked Steve's upper lip, slowing down the kiss. “This comes naturally to me. *This* I could never unlearn.”

Steve nodded intently, a burning sensation penetrating to his nose, and he lifted his head, and pressed their lips together, needing to feel Bucky's kisses again, needing to experience his devotion once more.

And Steve did experience it, through his sighs and low moans, in the soft curve of his neck, on his hardening nipples, down his chest to the small of his back, where Bucky remained to rid Steve of his boxers, springing free his erection. Steve pulled Bucky back to his mouth and

instantly did the same to him, longing to feel the most strapping part of Bucky's body against his skin.

Their hands roamed over each others' bodies, grabbing and squeezing in the bends and arches of their figures. Steve especially appreciated holding on to Bucky's neck, deepening their undying kisses, or the lowest part of his ass while Steve's other hand rubbed over his throbbing cock and Bucky returned the favor. His touch was titilating, and made Steve forget about himself... about the precarious situation they were in.

Bucky added more pressure on the tip of Steve's cock, and he whimpered into Bucky's lips.

Bucky moaned back, "Can we?"

"I want to." Steve pecked Bucky several times before he rolled off the bed and searched through his bag for the square plastic jar of Vaseline that Nat had given him, because he often had chapped lips. "Found it." Steve revealed the container to Bucky, who looked devilishly handsome with that widening grin on his face.

After smearing the slick all over Bucky's cock, and Bucky rubbing it between Steve's ass cheeks, Bucky's wet fingers went in first, readying Steve for Bucky's cock, allowing that sweet ache to build slowly. A smile warmed Steve's face, he licked his lips and gestured Bucky to kiss him again. He craved his touch. Bucky settled himself between Steve's legs, removed his fingers and placed his cock between Steve's cheeks, slowly moving back and forth, sinking inside of him until the movement was smooth and sweet.

A long moan escaped Steve's lips, and he wrapped his tongue around Bucky's and noticed the tension throughout Bucky's body, probably still trying to adjust to the overpowering sensation of being deep inside of Steve... after so long. Bucky rolled on top of Steve, his movements coming in a touch faster yet so unfaltering, their arms enveloping each other, and Steve's hand glided down to the small of Bucky's back... down to his ass, pushing him in further.

The rhythmic rolls of their hips left Steve slack-jawed, quickly overwhelming all of his senses as he looked up at Bucky's half-lidded bedroom eyes.... Bucky was watching him intently. His parted pink lips pushed out low grunts with every thrust inside of Steve, and this warm and desperate tenderness swaddled Steve's heart. He continued to writhe in pleasure underneath Bucky, but he could no longer stop that burning sensation in his nose from penetrating upward to his eyes. Oh, good Heavens, Steve closed his eyes. A lump in his throat weighed Steve down on the bed, and tears pierced his eyes, a couple of them falling down his face.

Bucky slowed down his rolls, "Darling, are you alright?" His fingers caressed Steve's jaw and wiped away his tears.

"I'm fine, Buck. I'm just happy." Steve's voice cracked.

"Me too, Steve. Me too," Bucky whispered the words into Steve's ears, his thrusts coming quicker, and Steve clamped his arms around Bucky, never letting go of him again.

Their rock-hard abdomens caressed Steve's cock on both side, his precome smearing all over, and the smooth friction was bringing him closer to his release. Steve kept his eyes closed, and his tears cleared; he would no longer have to look behind, not when he finally had his past, his present, and his future with him... Right here, in his arms.

Steve was whole again.

The pressure was building quickly with the dual stimulation Steve was receiving — that sweet tingling sensation becoming something maddeningly urgent. It gathered at his loins, Steve's figure freezing underneath Bucky, and Bucky sucked on the sensitive skin of his neck when Steve quivered and his hot come spurted out on both their stomachs.

Bucky quickened his pace after Steve cried out and trembled underneath him, his mouth searching for Bucky's immediately, hungry and needy... just the way Bucky had described him earlier. Steve wanted to feel Bucky come all over, on and in his body. Steve wanted to swallow his whimpers and grunts, meant for his ears only, and savor the moment when the world blurred for Bucky. There was only them, the pulsating motions of their bodies, and nothing else mattered.

Bucky's tense figure slackened on top of Steve, and Steve brushed his fingers through his hair down to the nape of his neck until Bucky rolled off Steve and pulled him into his arms.

“So...” Bucky cleared his throat when they were holding on to each other, their kisses still everlasting. “I, uhh, I still love you, Steve.”

Steve's eyes glistened. “My life couldn't be more uncertain now. Tony was right, I can't carry the shield anymore. For a minute today I wondered who I was without it, but it doesn't matter because I have you back.”—A corner of Bucky's mouth lifted, and Steve's face grew more thoughtful—“I have you back, Bucky, and you... I know, I might be at odds with everything I used to believe in, but with you by my side again... I no longer feel afraid. You're my shield. You always have been.”

“So I take it you love me back?”

“Yes, you meatball.” Steve threw his head back in laughter, and Bucky grinned, pulling Steve's head back to make sure their lips never, ever again, stopped touching.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you give this story some kudos and comments if you're enjoying it. Receiving your feedback makes the experience ten times better! Next pairing: **Bucky and Natasha**

Bucky and Natasha

Chapter Notes

My first time writing BuckyNat! Hope you like it! Please read chapter 1 first (it's the set up to this chapter).

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

Sam scrutinized the keys in Steve's hands. "I know I can't deal with Bucky's snoring anymore, so I ain't sharing a bed with him... or a room for that matter. Sharing the backseat of that tiny-ass car was enough."

"You're such a big baby," Natasha said with an amused smile, and Bucky groaned.

How was she not tired of Sam's yapping? Bucky was exhausted. He hadn't slept well in so long, and not listening to what any of them said—especially Sam who never seemed to not talk—was the only way he was keeping it together after being stuck in a car with them for days on end.

"Then why don't *you* try sleeping next to the big guy."

Natasha shrugged. "Not like it'll be any different from sleeping next to any of you."

"You're going to regret saying that." Sam took the key from Steve, who looked like he was ready to pass out on a bed, and threw it towards Natasha. "Good luck."

Bucky finally decided to intervene. "And do I get to have a say in any of it? I think it'll be better if—"

"Since you asked... No, you don't. Now come on, *big guy*. I've got a point to prove," Natasha said, already walking towards the room with the double bed.

Bucky looked at the other men, and Steve offered to share the room with Natasha instead if Bucky didn't feel comfortable while Sam put his arms together and smiled. "No, it's fine." Bucky rubbed the back of his neck, and Steve was about to protest. "Get some sleep, Steve. You look like shit. I'm serious, *rest*. See you guys tomorrow."

When Bucky entered the motel room he saw Natasha slip into, he heard the sound of water running down. It was coming from what he assumed was the bathroom. She was taking a shower. She didn't talk much to him, and he couldn't blame her. They were all in this mess because of him, and he wasn't sure why they had done that exactly. Even with Steve he wondered whether he had been worth the trouble, but having his pal back... it meant more than he'd dare say out loud.

And Natasha... He had not been decent with her. He shot a Soviet slug through her body to get to his target, he fired a grenade her way with a Milkor MGL... twice, and then he wounded her badly in the shoulder. Yeah, it wasn't him, but he still did it, and the marks still showed on her body. He, uhh, he assumed they showed. The bullets had to have left behind big scars. He really wasn't sure why she would ever do anything to help him...

She came out of the bathroom with her hair up in a messy bun, wearing nothing more than simple panties and a shirt with spaghetti straps. She was rubbing a fruity-scented lotion on her arms, and when her hand pressed upward to her shoulder and neck he noticed the discoloration... showing him what he already knew.

"You're going to shower, right?" Natasha asked, and their eyes connected.

"Uhh, yes."

"Good, because you're kinda..."—Natasha waved her fingers in front her nose—"Ripe."

Bucky raised his eyebrows. "Ok... taking a shower right now."

"And so easy." Natasha smirked and walked past him towards the bed.

With slow and exhausted movements, Bucky relieved himself of his clothing, dumping them in the laundry basket where Natasha had dropped her black getup too, and he stepped in the shower, closing the shower curtain behind him. He turned on the faucet and let the water soak his face and hair, the coldness woke his enervated body, goosebumps appearing everywhere, then he put on the hot water too.

A hot stream of water poured down his body, flushing his skin upon impact. Bucky let out a deep breath, letting go of the tension that he had been holding in for so long, since he started regaining his memories, since he was framed and discovered, since they were on the run. Bucky had woken up so many times from his prison, his body tattered and in discomfort... a bruised eye, a broken shoulder, but he never could never explain why. He would never know why. Not until... Bucky had thought those were dark times, but they were nothing in comparison to knowing, to remembering.

It was one thing to wonder about his own body, but it was another thing entirely to be confronted with what he did to his targets or those who were in his way. It was ruthless, and Bucky was ashamed. He put his arms on the wall in front of him, dropping his head and letting the flow of scorching hot water fall on his neck, down his back, to his ass and legs... so it could maybe wash away some of that guilt that he wasn't able to rid himself off...

"That's better," Natasha said when he sat down on the bed next to where she was lying, her back hunching against the headboard. "You smell like me."

"Yeah, it was the only shower gel around. Hope that's ok."

"Mhmm, I smell great. Can't blame you for wanting the same." Natasha quirked her lips together, a smile forming on them, and Bucky loosened his muscles, trying not to stare.

He rolled his shoulders back, then laid flat on his back, but when his bionic arm rubbed against her warm body, the discomfort settled in again. He leaned on the arm and turned her way, his abdomen twisting... and he caught her glance before her questioning gaze moved to his face.

“Maybe I should sleep on that side.” He pointed to where Natasha was resting, and she lay down in that exact spot, turning his way too while resting her head on one elbow.

“Why’s that?”

“I might hurt you. This arm... it could hurt you.” Bucky gestured to his bionic arm, and Natasha swept her long fingers over them. The metal shifted in its place, Bucky couldn’t help it, he wasn’t used to other people touching it so gently... and certainly not her.

Her voice was as soft as her touch. “*You* haven’t hurt any of us—”

“But I—”

“And I’d never use those words against you. So we’re good.”

Bucky grew silent. He didn’t understand it, he really didn’t, how someone he barely knew would give him this much trust after everything... and show him this much kindness. After weeks of wondering, days of worrying, hours of speculating, he needed to know.

“Why?” He asked, and the tips of her fingers came to a rest on his lower arm. He couldn’t help but glance down oftentimes to make sure they were still there.

“Why what?”

“Why are you so ok with this? With *me*?” He shook his head, still avoiding her eyes. “I did terrible things.”

“So have I.”

“I’m a murderer.”

“So am I.”

“I’m a...”

“A victim,” Natasha said.

There it was. That word. It defined him now. He would’ve chosen a brute, an assassin, a monster... He had so much blood on his clothes, on his body, on his hands, and no matter how long or how blistering hot the shower, the red did not wash off.

“A victim?” He looked at her fingers again, they were curving around the palm of his bionic hand now, and he closed it slowly... holding on to her fingers.

“You were turned into something more against your will. A weapon. A very deadly one.” She squeezed him back. “Like me...”

His eyes snapped back to Natasha’s face. Like her? He knew she was dangerous and deadly, she had demonstrated her abilities many times fighting side by side, and even against each other. She took out many of the men who fought under his command then. But she — Had it happened to her too? She understood the hurt... the blame... the guilt?

“You’re not alone in this,” Natasha said and she laid flat on her back, making herself comfortable on the narrow bed. “So you don’t have to be afraid. I know *you* wouldn’t hurt us. You won’t hurt me.”

Bucky clenched his jaws together, trying to figure out what to do when he felt a nudge. Her hand was still in his, and she tugged at it gently, telling him to lie down next to her, telling her this was really ok, and he... he accepted her words and lay down. He really wanted them to be true. He really wanted to somehow get to a place where things could maybe, someday, be ok.

“How, uhh, how do you live with what you’ve done?”

“For one, I make my own choices now.” Natasha turned on her side, and their entwined hands rested against her stomach. He felt the barely audible breaths she took. It was... comforting, and it made him want to feel more. “And I choose to make amends for the things I’ve done... the things I’ve had to do. Clear the red in my ledger.”

“I’d like to do that too.”

“Then you will,” Natasha said, and her full lips curled into a tender smile. He nodded at her words and gazed at her smile until it disappeared again... Her lips parted as if she was going to say something, but then stopped herself. Bucky raised his vision and noticed her unassuming expression.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to — Uhh, we should sleep.” Bucky untangled himself from her hand, but she held on to him tighter, pressing into her stomach, and moved closer. The bun in her hair was gone, her long, red locks were caressing her shoulders, and the white blanket might have covered her, but it did not conceal her shapely figure. She was a beautiful woman. It was hard to ignore that.

“You didn’t mean to what?” Her tongue peeked out from her mouth and passed over her plump bottom lip, and he fucking gawked again.

“Stare,” Bucky said, and she simpered.

“I don’t mind...”

Her free hand moved to his neck, Bucky watched the movement anxiously, wondering where it was going to lead, hoping it would lead to the place his mind hadn’t gone to in such a long time, and she did not disappoint. Her fingers curved around the nape of his neck and she drew him into her moist lips. Her soft, plump lips... Their heads tilted to the side, and their

kiss grew hungrier when their tongues explored the softness of each others' mouths. She made the sultriest low sound against his lips; it was barely audible, but it awoke an aching appetite deep within him that needed to be quenched.

Natasha let go of his bionic hand and wrapped both her hands around his face, pushing him back on the bed with her small figure. She kissed him harder and that barely audible sound she produced grew stronger, and so did his need for her. After a moment of hesitation he placed his bionic arm on the small of her back, and when she didn't respond to it—but moved down to his neck to make him groan in pleasure—he explored the curves of her shapely body. The softness of her ass, the firmness of her stomach, the strength of her thighs when she straddled him, the roundness of her breasts, the hardness of her nipples when he put them between his lips. He hadn't experienced the warmth and affection of a woman for so long, and hers was captivatingly sweet.

Growing greedy, he wanted to taste her sweetness too. Bucky buried his face between her bare legs, searching for the softness of her thighs and the warmth of her groin while he ground his cock into the mattress for momentary relief. Natasha was so wet for him... her fluids dripped down her ass. He had forgotten how empowering it was to be able to make a woman feel this way. His tongue slid slowly over her pink folds repeatedly, relishing how satiny and sticky she felt, all because of him. Sucking on her softness, he adored her scent and savor, until she grew impatient and straddled him again.

The red locks of her hair twirled around her shoulders with each swift roll and rub of her hips. He was embedded so deep in her, and her warmth was so goddamned satiating, slowly but surely quenching his greedy appetite. Bucky still couldn't wrap his head around why she was *this* good to him. But damn it, Natasha was sensational. Bucky grunted, his own thrusts sped up, and his eyes roamed over her body. Her full breasts bounced up and down, constantly demanding his attention, so he lavished them with his starved kisses, and she rewarded him with sensual moans and groans until they finally fell apart on their cramped, motel bed... the both of them trembling and breathless messes.

And for the first time in a long time, Bucky slept peacefully that night.

Chapter End Notes

Next pairing: Steve and Sam

Steve and Sam

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Fine. Fine. Who’s sharing the bed?” Sam rolled his eyes at Natasha who was already reaching for the key with the room with the singles.

“I’ll share. It’s fine,” Steve said sighing and handed Natasha the key she wanted. She smiled triumphantly. He wasn’t about to have a discussion on this. He just wanted to shower, change into clean clothing, and hopefully get some shuteye. It really didn’t matter if he was sharing a bed and who with. He just really needed to rest his mind.

“Any takers other than Steve? Going once... twice...” Natasha glanced between Sam and Bucky. The former remained quiet and the latter still stared absentmindedly at the parking lot.

“Guess that’ll be me then,” Sam spoke when Bucky didn’t.

“Tsk, ts. Way to make poor Steve feel special.” Natasha shook her head and patted Steve on the arm, then repressed a yawn.

“Go rest, Nat... Buck. Sleep well.”

“Uhah, play nice.” Sam threw a final glance at Natasha, then followed Steve to their room.

Steve stepped inside and could feel himself relax when he saw the bed. Finally. A bed. A shower. A way to rid himself of all the tension his body had accumulated.

Sam closed the door with a loud thud and dropped his bag right there on the floor. “Oh, man. A shower. I’m the happiest man alive right now.” He stretched his body, twisting and turning his waist. “I’d offer for you to go first, but I really don’t want to.”

Steve chuckled and placed his bag on a chair next to a small table. “Go ahead. I’ll go after.”

“Since you’re offering...” Sam rummaged through his bag and headed to the bathroom immediately.

After the door to the bathroom closed, Steve sauntered to the window. He opened the dark curtains and looked at the flickering neon-purple lights of the sign. The endless road, the same songs on the radio, the conflicts he had created broadcasted on the news every single day, the exhaustion he saw in his friends, and felt himself... it was all wearing him thin. Steve saw his faint reflection in the window. His face was gaunt with fatigue. Rest. They all needed it.

“Do you mind watching something on the television?” Steve asked Sam once they were both seated in bed in their boxers with just the dark covers to keep them warm.

Sam grabbed the remote from his bedside table. “TV, Cap. Use the acronym. And sure, my mind’s pretty restless too.”

“Hah, yes, it’s strange.”

“We’ve got a lot on our plates, and we haven’t had any time yet to properly deal with them just yet, so it makes sense.” Sam turned on the *TV*, and flipped the channels.

“You always know what to say.”

“I really don’t. Shit comes out. I pray it makes sense. Somehow it does. God favors me, is all.”

Steve laughed. “You’re just trying to make me feel better.”

“I am. Look, Cap, we all got out strengths. You’re fast. I’m a talker. Accept it.”

Steve chuckled again, nodding in acceptance. “You’re a great listener too.”

“Thanks. Oh, *Brokeback Mountain* is on. Made cinematic history. Wanna watch?”

“Sure, what’s it about?”

“Cowboys...”

The movie was pretty long and slow, but so enthralling... and by the time it was done... Steve didn’t feel any less sleepy, but at least his mind wasn’t focused on all the shit he had caused. It was way too distracted by what he had just seen.

“When you said cowboys I had something else in mind,” Steve said after Sam turned off the TV.

Sam chortled, the lightheartedness of his laughter putting Steve’s worried mind at ease. Right on cue, Sam’s blissful noises died down and he quietly gazed at Steve. Did Steve’s worries show? He didn’t mean to. He meant the opposite. This had been... nice.

“Whatever is making your forehead wrinkle like that, trust me when I tell you it’s going to be fine. We’re all in this together,” Sam said, his usual playful tone missing.

Steve blew out some air, got out of the bed and walked to the table to open a small bottle of water. “I know. All of you. I’m so grateful.” He took a big gulp of water and closed the bottle again.

Sam sat up straight against the headboard of the bed, still gazing at Steve. He could feel it. “I don’t know what it is about you, Steve... this loyalty you invoke in others. In me.”

“I certainly wouldn’t have been able to do this if you didn’t have my back.” Steve walked back to the bed and tried to avoid looking at Sam’s chest. He placed the bottle of water on the bedside table, and stretched his body. A bed was different from a carseat. He would have to get used to it all over again... but Sam understood that.

“Hm, I appreciate you saying that,” Sam said thoughtfully, “I wonder though... what was it all for?”

“What do you mean?” Steve rolled back his shoulders, trying to release some tension, and caught Sam’s glance going down Steve’s figure. The tension did not leave.

“You went through a lot of trouble for Bucky...”

Steve sat down on the side of the bed, his back turned to Sam. “Yes...” Steve knitted his eyebrows in concentration, and looked down at his toes... wiggling them slowly. What did Sam mean? *Did* he mean something... else?

“Why? I get that he’s your friend... but why?”

“He’s, uhh, he’s my pal. I’ve known him my whole life, and he’s always been there for me. He was a victim in all this. I couldn’t just do nothing.”

“*Just* pals?”

“Yes...” Steve turned his head slightly, glancing at Sam over his shoulder. “Bucky loves the ladies.”

“You don’t?”

“No, no, I do. The right ones. If they ever showed an interest in me.”

“Pretty sure they do.”

“Well, *now*... yes. Still, have to be the right ones.”—Steve rubbed the back of his neck—“Is something wrong? You seem different.”

“I’m just wondering... where I fit into all of this. Could I have some water?” Sam pointed at Steve’s bottle, and moved closer to Steve who reached for the bottle, then turned his torso to give it to Sam. “See, I’ve left my home behind. Probably lost it.” Sam swallowed down some water. “I was thrown in jail. I’m following you all over the world. I can’t help but wonder...”

“Yes?”

“Whether you *only* love ladies...”

“I-I, uhhh...” Steve’s eyes widened, and he looked down... down to see Sam sitting next to Steve, mimicking his position. His thick thighs hanging over the bed... his knees leaning towards Steve. Steve gulped. Whether he only loved ladies? What the Hell was Steve supposed to say to something like that? This sort of stuff certainly wasn’t addressed in his world. But things were different now. The movie showed as much.

“...Whether this *loyalty* of mine is just a one-sided thing.”

Steve cleared his throat, trying to find his voice. “No.”

“No?”

“It’s not one-sided.” The second Steve said those words, he felt Sam’s fingers gliding over his own.

Steve looked down at the movement... He sucked in his breath while Sam’s short nails grazed over the top of Steve’s hand. The tension he noticed earlier between the men in the movie now had manifested all over his own body, constricting it, stiffening it. Steve turned his hand, bearing the palm of his hand to Sam and glancing back at him. Sam still hadn’t taken his eyes off of Steve, and their fingers entwined with one another.

“Like I said... We’re all in this together.” Sam said, and squeezed Steve’s hand.

His hand was warm, his fingers soft, and Steve suddenly experienced a strong urge to learn more about Sam’s body. “Thanks, Sam. For everything.” But Steve didn’t know how to.

“You’re worth my loyalty...” Sam’s eyes lowered to Steve’s lip, and Steve’s eyes widened again.

Sam leaned towards Steve, his shoulders turning, and Steve opened his mouth to say something... do something... but nothing came out. He couldn’t move. This was going to happen. It was really going to happen. Steve’s eyes fluttered down to Sam’s chest before he shut them closed, and desire rushed towards his groin. Once Sam’s soft lips were on Steve’s, the warmth of Sam’s tongue burning him up, it finally spurred Steve into action: Steve leaned back on one arm and squeezed Sam’s hand. A sigh fell from his lips. He didn’t meant to, but then he also didn’t know how much he had craved this. Sam’s wet, hot skin on him. His hand moved down to Sam’s inner thigh, where he rested it as he melted further into Sam’s mouth.

All of a sudden there was a soft thud. Sam had dropped the water bottle on the floor, and the transparent liquid spilled on the dark carpet.

“Oh, damn. That wasn’t supposed to happen.” Sam grinned, pulling away from Steve and quickly putting away the bottle. “Guess I got a little carried away.”

“It’s fine. Only water.”

“So...” Sam didn’t bother drying the floor. Steve didn’t bother either. Instead, Sam glanced down at Steve’s mouth again. “Where were—?” This time Steve was ready to make a move. More than ready. He pulled Sam back on his lips, his hand snaking around the back of Sam’s neck.

Sam smiled into the kiss. “Wow there, cowboy.”

“Actually... They’re shepherds.”

“Shepherds?” Sam tilted his head, pecking Steve to hear what he had to say.

“Yeah... In the movie. Weren’t you paying attention?”

“Clearly we weren't watching it for the same reason.” Sam's grin grew, and Steve let out a soft chuckle.

“Right.”

Sam's hand crawled down Steve's tense stomach, making him suck in his breath. “But it sure helped with determining whether you only like the ladies.”

“Oh, *that* you did see?” Steve raised an eyebrow as he brushed his lips over Sam's.

“You're not exactly subtle.”

“Then I ought to work on it.”

Sam pulled back, a serious look on his face. “No... No, this is good.”

“It sure feels that way...”

“Want to feel more?” Sam seized Steve by his boxers suddenly, adding pressure.

“I-I do...” Steve choked on his breath.

“That was easy.” Sam mumbled against Steve's lips against as he rubbed his hardening cock. Thinking was *also* becoming harder. And truthfully, Steve was tired of thinking.

“I'm an easy-going guy.” Steve gasped softly into Sam's mouth when he focused on the tip, then aimed to discover the rest of Sam's body. The nape of his neck. The strength in his arms as Sam worked him. The warmth in his torso, which got increasingly warmer, the lower Steve's hand ventured.

Sam pulled back again, grinning. “No, I said you're *easy*. Not easy-going.”

Steve laughed out loud, then pushed Sam flat on the bed and hovered above him with a grin of his own. “I think it's time for you to stop talking now.”

Chapter End Notes

Next pairing: Sam and Bucky

Sam and Bucky

Chapter Notes

Explicit smut. Getting down 'n dirty with these men. *You're warned.*

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

“I could really use my beauty sleep tonight.” The men turned to Natasha, who appeared to be bored or tired. Sam could never tell with her. “Looks like you *desperately* need it, Steve.”

That got a chuckle out of Steve. “Heh, thanks, Nat. Actually, you’re not wrong.” Steve said, stretching his body, but Sam knew what these two were playing at, and he was not down with it.

“No,” Sam said gravely.

“What does that mean?” Bucky said.

Steve threw the key to the double room to Bucky, and he automatically caught it, looking disappointed with himself for doing so. “It means that you two get a chance to work out your issues.”

“What issues?” Sam raised his arms at the disloyalty. “Bucky and I are best friends!” Sam pointed between Bucky and himself, and Steve nodded cheerfully, then strolled out of the reception with Natasha. “We’re best friends! Damn it!” Sam called after them, but his statement fell on deaf ears.

“Great...” Bucky said under his breath, clutching his fingers around the key.

“Let’s just get this over with...” — Sam started walking to their room — “Where is it exactly?”

“Uhh, room sixty-nine.”

Sam stopped dead in his tracks, “Well, that’s just a bad omen.” He spun around on his heels and walked the other way.

“Where are you going?”

“The uneven numbers are this way,” Sam grumbled.

When they entered the motel room, Sam groaned. It was hideous: the colors and textures weren't matching, there was a questionable stain on the wall with the table next to it, and that bed certainly wasn't able to carry two grown men. Dingy, at best. Wasn't there a certified

decorator involved here? And the bathroom... No, Sam didn't want to think about all the hygienic issues he observed. He just wanted to shower. A long-ass shower to wash down the stink of the last couple of days.

After both broad-shouldered men had gotten rid of their manly-man scents, they managed to fit in the narrow bed. There was some pulling of the covers, Sam found this display of dominance somewhat tiresome, but he really needed a blanket—couldn't sleep without it—so you bet your ass he pulled back. Once they were both disgruntled enough from the tug of war a silence befell the motel room, and an unsuspecting tension and heat grew between them. Sam breathed in deeply, and tried not to focus on Bucky's flesh arm that was right next to his, moving along with the rise and fall of Bucky's chest. The damn man was much warmer than his robot arm let on. Perhaps Sam wouldn't be needing a blanket after all.

"Can we lower the covers? I'm no longer used to this heat," Bucky said.

Speak of the devil. "Yeah..." Sam and Bucky slid the white blanket down to their hip bones, and Sam glanced Bucky's way. His cheeks were flushing, and a similar ruddiness appeared in streaky patches on his neck and pale chest... Light brown spots that were visible on his face, if *one* looked close enough, also marked his strong torso... and seemed to go down to where Sam had to imagine them. "You that hot, huh?" Sam sat up more and admired his own chest, not a sign of color to give away his discomfort, other than the dark man he was. His body didn't give anything away, if he didn't count what was possibly growing in his underwear.

"Normally a car window is open... and we're not that close to each other that I feel your body heat." Bucky sat up too, their arms barely touching, now facing one another.

Sam nodded thoughtfully, "I can imagine that's not the only thing that's hard about being here in bed with me. With what's going on with you, close proximities aren't exactly—"

"I don't want your pity."

"It's not pity."

Bucky sighed. "Wish you'd just go back to treating me like..."

"The asshole who jacked up my car?" Sam raised his voice questioningly, and Bucky let out a laugh that Sam wasn't expecting. A smirk appeared on Sam's face, and he continued to nurture Bucky's uncommonly spirited mood. "And then you fuck up my wings with your little propeller thing. Those were my wings, dawg!" Bucky's grin grew a little, it was a welcoming sight, and Bucky raked a hand through his wild brown hair. "But, nahuh, worst of all, you threw me against your metal lockup *by my chin*. That's just not cool, man. My back hurt for days. *Embarrassing*."

"I'm sorry about that. I didn't—"

"Yeah, yeah, stop apologizing." Sam deadpanned when he noticed Bucky's face turning serious again, despite his soft chuckling. "Suffice to say, I'm glad you're on my side."

"Ok... Thanks, Sam."

Sam leaned closer and elbowed Bucky, his arm coming to a rest next to Bucky's again. "It's just you and me. If you need to, we can talk all night."

"I don't wanna talk." Bucky shook his head, and his eyes lowered to the blanket that was resting on their thighs now. "Got any other therapeutic treatments up your sleeve?"

"There's a couple—"

Bucky tilted his head, "Any that won't make me want to kill you in my sleep?"

"There's only one."

Bucky smiled, "What's that?"

"Sex." Sam kept a straight face. He wasn't sure how, but he did it... but then... he thought of —

"Sex? *Us*?"

Sam's voice raised again, "Makes me feel so fine. It's such a rush."

"It... has been a while."

"Helps to relieve the mind, and it's good for us. *Ohhh*." Sam continued in a singsong voice.

Bucky tilted his head, confusion written all over his face, "Why are you singing?"

"It's a song by — Never mind. Not important right now."

"So sex?"

"Uhah, it could be good for you." Sam raised his shoulders, displaying his indifference. Who in the world would be earnestly indifferent towards sex? It didn't stop him from trying, though.

"I said I don't want your pity," Bucky said, his eyebrows furrowing.

Sam rolled his eyes. "And it'd be good for me too if you shut up about that."

"Fine then." Bucky's jaw clenched.

Sam's did the same. "*Fine*."

And then they looked at each other, quietly, hesitantly, restlessly... *Damn*, Sam never had this much trouble trying to make a move. Screw it. He leaned towards Bucky, and Bucky glanced down his torso. The tension in Bucky's body was even visible in his robot arm, the silver blades shifting, when Sam's hand went to Bucky's powerfully-built abdomen, experimentally tracing the brown marks on his torso... from his v-line to his belly button, from his waist to underneath his nipple, from his shoulder to his neck. Bucky's breathing slowed down, his chest rising and falling deeper, shaky breaths on his lips. Once Sam's hand had reached

Bucky's jawline, Bucky grabbed the back of Sam's head and crashed their lips together, instantly setting the tone for how he wanted his *sexual healing*.

Sam grinned and licked his lips eagerly, wetting Bucky's in the process too, to make their rowdy lip-locking session go smoother. Bucky's tongue explored Sam's mouth, and Sam took delight in tasting him further; he was fresh like spearmint, and he smelled earthy like the smell of rain on a freshly-cut lawn. It was inspiring, rousing Sam's cock. Wanting to rouse it some more, Sam placed a hand in Bucky's hair, yanking it back so Bucky's neck revealed itself to Sam; he sucked and licked his way down, biting ever so often where Bucky let out an appreciative grumble. Sam's cock grew quickly at the sounds, and had Bucky's full attention.

Bucky's robotic hand roamed over Sam's six pack, gentler than his other hand did, but the coldness was a welcome change so Sam leaned into it, encouraging Bucky and giving him more free rein. Bucky shoved Sam back on the bed, and Bucky's lip found Sam's hardened nipples within seconds, suckling and nibbling, until Sam involuntarily thrust upwards with his hips. His chest was a burning mess and now heat was spreading within his groin too. All Sam needed was some damn release. As if Bucky read his mind, his robot hand pulled down Sam's boxer briefs and gripped around his rock-hard cock, tugging at his skin and—

“Ohhhh, *yeahhhh*.” Sam thrust in Bucky's hand, wanting more friction..., and their hungry mouths crashed into one another once more, tongues twirling, lips sucking, and heavy grunts spilling.

“What about our door number?” Bucky asked once Sam had gone breathless.

“Sixty... *hngggg*, sixty-nine?”

“It's actually a favorite.” Bucky grazed his teeth over a sensitive spot underneath Sam's ear and he shivered in response.

“Think I said bad omen?” Sam took off Bucky's boxers, and his hand wrapped around Bucky's balls, teasingly playing with them.

“Mhmm, come 'ere.” Bucky leaned back and tugged Sam on top of him, then Sam turned around... Straddling Bucky's face, his cock hitting Bucky's cheek before he seized it in his hands and kissed it. Licking, flicking, then came the sucking and throating. Bucky spared Sam no mercy.

“Ohhhhhhh... *Uhhhhhhh*.” Sam gathered himself, focusing his attention on Bucky's cock, and Sam licked a sloppy stripe up his tan shaft, pulled down Bucky's foreskin and twirled his velvet tongue around Bucky's slightly darker head. It felt so soft against Sam's lips, so he pressed them together tightly, and coaxed Bucky further into his mouth... doing to Bucky, what Bucky was doing to him so maddeningly well.

Sam panted harshly through his suck and tugs, a wet finger going past Bucky's balls, rubbing on his sensitive skin for a minute, only to open him up... so Sam could enjoy him fully later on. Their arching frames thrust upward and downward, their arms clutched around one another, and Bucky's nails dug into Sam's ass relentlessly. It was a good sign. It meant he was close. Sam took Bucky all the way in, trying not to lose himself in the process, and it was

a matter of minutes then before Bucky was brought to his climax, releasing Sam from his lips, his arching figure limping and quivering underneath Sam, and his cock shooting come uncontrollably between Sam's lips till it trickled down on Bucky's body.

Sam swallowed down the bitter flavor and wiped his face, properly facing Bucky again while his hand steadily stroked his own cock to keep the momentum going.

"Shit, I can't believe I came that fast," Bucky said through his shivers.

"You said it had been a while."

"Give me 10 minutes. I can finish you off in the—"

"Ohhh, no, I'm fucking you first, baby." Sam grinned, he gestured his head forward, and searched for a condom. "Turn that ass around."

Bucky dropped his vision to Sam's cock, his flesh hand soothing his softening cock, then turned around and sat up... his firm, tight ass in full display to Sam.

After putting the condom on, Sam skimmed his nails over Bucky's ass cheek and held onto him, "You got me so hard and willing." Bucky glanced back over his shoulder and smiled, his teeth clinging on to his lips when Sam pushed his cock, coated generously in Bucky's saliva and his precome, inside of Bucky. "And that ass of yours... Ahhhh, *yeahhhh*, feels amazing," Sam said once he was seated deep inside of Bucky, trying his hardest not to come on the spot.

Bucky's arousing grunts and grumbles started up again, his eyes shut tight and his head flicked back every time Sam thrust inside again. Sam wouldn't last like this either, damn it. There was something about bringing this commanding man down on all fours and giving him all Sam got. Oh, and he got a lot. Sam tried to not to nut when he took on a menacing pace, rough thrusts getting him so close, but when all the burning desire in his body centered around his throbbing cock, flooding it with warmth, he knew there was no stopping now.

"Ahhhhhh, I'm.... *Y-y-yeahhhh*..." Sam finally released himself and came undone, falling forward on Bucky's back, and laughed through his moans. "Damn, man. That's some good medicine." His heart thumped violently in his chest. Nothing like the rush from a gratifying orgasm.

Bucky grinned and pushed Sam down on the bed, "My turn."

"Come and get it."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you bless me with your feedback!

Next pairing: Steve and Natasha

Steve and Natasha

Chapter Notes

My bias. Explicit and unprotected smut.

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

“Oh, I'm taking the single, sorry.” Sam grabbed the key away from Steve, before Steve was able to process their choices. “Time to shower, never felt more devoid of necessity.”

Bucky put his hands in his pockets and looked at Steve. “I better sleep alone too.”

“You've been sleeping just fine in the car without murdering anyone.” Nat quirked her eyebrow, a small smile growing on her face, and Steve wondered what that meant.

“Just in case...” Bucky said, and turned to Sam, “Roomies?”

“I only need one bed.” Sam shrugged and Bucky nodded at that.

Nat put her hand on Steve's, her cold fingers dancing over the lines on the palm of his hand, and Steve lowered his head and watched her take the other key. “That's settled.” Her dark lashes fluttered from the key to his face, and he inclined his head slowly.

“Yeah, peace!” Sam said, and he and Bucky walked away.

“Let's get going then.” Nat signaled Steve to follow her out of the reception.

Steve did, tapping his fingers against his hip. “Number two, right?”

“Mhmm. Oh, right.” — Nat stopped dead in her tracks; her vision fell to his hip then went back to his eyes — “Just realized I need something from the car.”

“Oh, here.” Steve searched his pocket for the car key, and they switched keys.

“I guess I'll see you there.” He rubbed his thumb over the key that had gotten colder in her hand, and Nat threw him a smile over her shoulder while her fluid figure, dressed in all black, immersed into the hazy darkness of the night.

Steve sighed when he opened the door and looked around the room. It really wasn't much, but it would be better than sleeping in the car. The lackluster brown tones overrode whatever charm this eccentric little motel could've had, but there was a small wooden table with two chairs, a simple dresser to put away the few things they had, a bathroom to get clean, and the bed... Yeah, that seemed pleasant... but the thought of sharing the narrow bed with Nat... that put him on edge.

Trying to push away the jitters that were building in the pit of his stomach, Steve grabbed clean boxer shorts from his duffel bag and headed to the shower to rid his mind and body of any lingering feelings.

“There's a small laundry room in the back, so we can have clean clothes tomorrow,” Nat said to him after he stepped out of the bathroom. She was standing by the window, hiding behind the heavy red curtains as she peeked at the starless parking lot.

“Oh, that's great,” Steve said, and he wished he had a clean shirt he could throw on his body, especially when Nat neared him with slow and nimble steps. Her eyes conspicuously scanned his dripping torso until she passed him, and went into the bathroom, leaving behind a flushed Steve.

He let out a deep breath, sat on one of the wooden chairs, charged his phone, and read up on the miserable current state of affairs... the ones he had a heavy hand in. Everything was a mess right now, but he stood by what happened. Things could've gone better, but they would've gone down nonetheless. Tony and Steve had the tendency to bring out the best and worst in each other... often the worst. And now he'd lost a friend. Steve needed to explain things to Tony; extend an olive branch, like Tony had tried with him. He'd write him a letter. Tomorrow. For now Steve just needed a good night's sleep to —

Nat opened the bathroom door, and hot fumes emitting a fresh floral scent released into the motel room when she came out. The steam that rose from the shower caressed Steve's shoulders, warming him up again, and he glanced towards her. Tiny drops of water dripped down her arms from her dampened red locks, and her skin had a rosiness to it that must've come from the hot shower. Steve tried not to stare, because she was only clad in her black cotton underwear and camisole that revealed so much...

“You better not hog the covers,” Nat said, walking to the bed, and a wet drop ran down her back until it disappeared from his sight.

Steve gulped, glancing down further. He could feel the blood in his body flowing to the wrong place. “I can sleep on the floor. I've slept worse.”

Nat tilted her head and slid in the bed. “If you prefer the floor, then you're welcome to it, more space for me, but that's unnecessary... I'm not a prude.”

“*I'm* not a prude...” Steve immediately said, sounding more defensive than he meant to.

“Really not the vibe you're giving off right now.” Nat smirked, and Steve got up from the chair and laid down next to her on the bed, pulling up the covers to hide his chest.

She turned, laying on her side, watching him... “Better than a car. You're comfortable, right?”

“I am, Nat. Thanks.” Steve let go of the tension in his shoulders, and he rested his head on one of his arms, smiling back at her. Nat began to talk about the book she had retrieved from the car. She was sorry she hadn't brought more of her favorites, since they were on the road so much. Reading was a better way to spend her time than listening to Sam and Bucky bicker, she joked and Steve had smiled. They'd have to make a stop near a bookstore. Nat was

always so concerned with him, having his back, being his friend. Had Steve told her how appreciative he was of her?

Steve cleared his throat and she quieted down, “I-I don't know what I'd do without you, Nat. D.C., Sokovia, Peggy's funeral... This whole mess.”

“That came out of the blue.” Nat laughed, her voice sounding slightly hoarse.

Steve shook his head, his chest unwittingly leaning towards her, longing for her to understand the importance of his words... of his gratitude. “No, it's long overdue. You've become such an important person in my life.”

“Well, you said you wanted me to be a friend.” Nat canted towards him, resting on her elbow. Her arm brushed against his side, nudging softly, and the corner of her mouth lifted into a small smile...

A tightness formed deep in his stomach.

Steve chuckled, his eyes glided down her bare arm... to where they were touching, and he lit on fire. “I did..., didn't I?”

“You did...” Nat's fingers danced from his side up to his chest, creating burning tingles where her fingers touched his skin. She was so close that he could feel the heat that was coming from her figure... It was pulling him closer towards her. The tension returned to his shoulders, and he watched her carefully when she spoke: “What... what if I said I want you to be *more* than a friend?”

“You do?” She nodded at the question, and Steve freaked out. He'd be lying if he said she was the only one, but he didn't want to ruin what they'd built together. What if it would fall apart? What would he do without his Nat?

But the softness that laid bare behind her soft blue eyes... the one she rarely revealed to him, it made him forget about his worries.

The silence went on too long and Nat made to move away, spurring Steve into action. He placed the palm of his hand on her lower back, and tugged her closer, their figures now pressing against one another...

His heart was thudding forcefully in his throat.

“I-I can be that for you...” Steve spoke softly and his hand slid up to her neck, sweeping away her red locks from her face. Nat looked at him, not saying a thing, reading the intent of his words on his face. “I want that too.”

Nat remained still, but her fingers skimmed up to his strained neck, to his clenched jaw... She was compelling the blood in his body down south again. And when her eyes darted over his mouth, her fingers nearing it, Steve took a chance... and pushed his head up and drew her down, brushing their lips together. Their mouths wetted, their tongues caressed, and their lips bruised.

The touch of her kiss was fiery and somehow incredibly soft, much softer than he had remembered. Her supple figure held down his body, her leg lifting up to his waist... her face disappearing into his neck... her gentle breasts resting on his chest... the warmth of her loins rubbing up against his hip. It seemed like she wasn't delaying anymore, she was going after what she wanted, and it encouraged Steve to explore her figure further.

Her kisses traveled down to his nipples, his abdomen, and as much as he craved her touch, he really wanted to be the one who was touching... Steve flipped her on the bed, and a surprised laugh fell from her lips, and he gave back to her: he kissed her fervently, sucking on the sensitive spots on her neck, down her shoulder, and between her breasts. After removing her camisole, Steve saw how far the rosy flush on her skin went, and he tightened his lips around her tautened pink nipples, his teeth grazing over them gently. He pecked down her sides... and he touched her underneath her underwear until her raspy moans were audible enough for their neighbors to hear.

Steve had never felt more intoxicated as he did in this moment, losing his sense of rationale and logic every time she cried out harder, wanting to bring her that much closer to her finish... The thudding of his heart was palpable throughout his body, and his cock was so hard it was beginning to hurt, but then she flipped him back on the bed... Her velvety tongue roamed passionately in his mouth, and her hands had free reign over his body... offering temporary relief to his cock only to devour him slowly.

She had him begging for *more* within a matter of minutes...

Nat turned around after they removed their clothing, her beautiful bottom towards Steve, and he sat up on the bed with his shoulder blades against the headboard... She straddled his legs, holding up his cock in her small hand, and sank down on him little by little... first just the tip to get used to him, and Steve choked back a moan, but it came out loud and strong when she sat down on him completely and rolled her body.

Steve made small upward rotations with his hips, and their bodies moved together in sync; slick and ardent, the bed creaking against the wall when her movements became more powerful.

“*Ohh*, shit.” Steve gasped, and his arms wrapped around her figure and he drew her against his chest, his mouth flooding her neck with his kisses and his hands going up to her ample breasts for a moment, caressing and squeezing.

“Hmm, you like that?” Nat panted.

“I fucking love it.” He murmured in her ear, and his fingers found their way back to her clit where he rubbed her with added pressure. He intently followed the rhythm of her rolls and grinds, though it was near-impossible for him to concentrate.

The way she tightened around him was making him lose his wits; she sucked him deeper into her intoxicating warmth, her moisture spreading further down to his thighs... And when she moaned louder, telling him not to stop, Steve focused solely on what his fingers were doing until she trembled on top of him, emitting long moans of a pained pleasure, and squeezed the fire out of his body. Flecks of a burned orange and glints of light blurred his vision, and after

his body stopped jerking underneath her, he laid still... mystified and fulfilled, holding on to her spent figure.

Once they both came down from their high, they laid back down on their pillows, both facing each other with tangled arms and legs. Steve's hand rested on her waist, forming small circles on her skin with his nails until she got goosebumps. He sighed out of relief, pulling her closer in his arms, because this was soothing... *safe*.

"I didn't know you thought of me like that," Steve said after some quiet time.

Nat lifted her head, her drowsy gaze meeting his. "I wasn't sure you would of me..."

"Men fall at your feet."

"You didn't."

"Oh, I did..." Steve chuckled, running his fingers through her messy red locks, and she smiled back, leaning into the touch, while a mischievous glint glowed in her gentle blue eyes... bringing back the wild flutter in the pit of his stomach. "You were my friend... I wasn't about to risk that with what I thought were my misplaced feelings."

"Were?"

"Yeah, we're *more* now..."

Chapter End Notes

If you enjoyed it, please share your thoughts!
Next (and final) pairing: **Natasha and Sam**

Natasha and Sam

Chapter Notes

Did you read the first chapter? It's the set-up for every chapter that followed.

Warnings: explicit smut... but there's a twist! You'll see.

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

“Shared bed, huh? I think everyone knows what that means.” Sam glanced around the reception desk with a grin growing on his face.

“Doubt it,” Bucky muttered.

Steve jingled the keys in his hands, “And what’s that?”

“Natasha and I”—Sam winked at her—“will finally be able to resolve *all that sexual tension*.”

Natasha smirked back, shaking her head from left to right, and heard Steve mutter: “Oh, for crying out loud...”

She was grateful for Sam’s lighthearted nature, because Steve and Bucky had the tendency to either be quiet, distant, or unsmiling. She wasn’t that different from them right now, it was because of the situation they were in... She understood it, but all that tongue-in-cheek Sam kept giving, something needed to be done about that.

Tonight was as good a night as any.

“Let’s go then,” Natasha’s fingers glided around Steve’s hands, taking one of the two keys away, and she looked pointedly at Sam.

“What??” Sam dropped his grin, and replaced it with a big, fat question mark on his forehead.

“Get going,” Natasha gestured her head to the door, and Sam lifted his arms—indicating he wasn’t about to protest to that again—and together they walked to door number six.

He kept on talking smack, but when she didn’t respond to any of it and closed the door to their room, his voice became softer and his expression serious... like her other male companions. “Now, you know I’m only playing.” He raised his eyebrows, his eyes growing, awaiting her response.

“Are you?”

“Yeah, we just got a fun flirty repartee going on. It’s cute, it’s funny, it’s *sexy*. Like you and me.” Sam grinned again, bringing back that cheekiness.

“So what you’re saying is you’re really just all talk?” Natasha dropped her bag and the key on the wooden table, her back turned to him.

“You serious?”

Natasha glanced his way, a smile forming on her lips. “Maybe.”

“Then I’ll gladly show you... I can be more than *just* talk.” Sam stood behind her within a couple of steps, his body not touching her yet, he was still trying to hold himself back, but she could feel his body temperature right now... and he was hot.

“Oh, yeah? How’d you do that?” Natasha turned around, meeting his gaze.

“Yeah, you want to hear?” Sam asked, and Natasha nodded silently, her arms folding underneath her breasts, coming into contact with Sam’s abdomen. Sam’s eyes glided down for a second, allowing his teeth to graze over his full bottom lip, momentarily draining it of its deep brown color, before his vision returned to her face. “I’d work you up good.”

“*How?*”

“With these big lips all over that tight body... I’d have you moaning out my name in minutes when I’m sucking on your skin...” Sam took a step closer, glancing down her body again without any pretense, and Natasha smirked. “Your juicy titties, they looking so good right now in this shirt. That sweet ass. Those small hips. *Hmmm*. I’ll find your weaknesses... Even *you* have them. And I’ll make you weak for me.” Sam came even closer, and she pressed a finger in his chest to keep him in his place. She could feel his heart thudding loudly, and she had to admit... hers was speeding up too. “And I’d fuck you so good, stretching you, hitting it just right, until that pink pussy of yours clenches around my thick cock.”

“That right?” Her finger pushed further in his meaty chest and Sam bit on his bottom lip again, nodding when her finger pushed its way down his abdomen. “I think I’m going to take a shower. I might just let my mind run wild with *all that talk*... I might just have my fingers deep in myself when I do that.”

Sam looked at her when she stepped away from him to the bathroom, slack-jawed. “Damn girl, you can’t say shit like that then leave me hanging high and dry.”

“And yet here we are,” she said and shut the door in his wide-eyed face with a satisfied smirk.

The smirk turned into a soft laugh, letting out some of the tension that his words had put in her body. Natasha removed her clothing and stepped into the shower. Sam certainly knew how to talk *good*, but what she was more interested in was whether he knew how to listen and submit.

Coming out of the bathroom, all refreshed and with a newfound energy from the relaxing shower, she found Sam waiting by the door. She smirked again when she noticed him, a stone-cold expression on his face and a towel thrown over his arm. *Casually*. As if his cock hadn't been hard the whole time she was in the shower.

"I'm all done." Natasha leaned against the doorway, allowing him to observe what she threw on for bed for a second or two—just her flimsy tank shirt and purple satin bikinis that barely covered her ass—then pushed herself into the motel room, her hips swinging from left to right.

"Yeah, had a good shower?" Sam scanned her body, his eyes slowly coming back up.

She looked back at him over her shoulder, raising it slightly, "Oh, very satisfying."

"That's great," Sam muttered to himself and closed the door.

Natasha bit her lip to stop herself from laughing loudly while she removed the knot that was holding up her hair, then reached for a book from her bag. Men. They were simple creatures. She shook her hair loose and the soft curls bounced around on her shoulders; it was a warm caress that she craved when it got this cold. She plopped down on the strait bed, ricocheting on the squashy mattress, then found a comfortable position on her belly. She looked at the cover of the book: *The Hunt for Red October*. Natasha loved spy fictions. There was nothing more fun than those simple creatures trying to landscape the intricacies of the secret agent. She was eager to continue with the assiduous process of tearing the book to shreds. Figuratively. Natasha found the small crook she had left in the book, her ankles crossed, and her mind wandered to the fictionalized world of Jack Ryan.

The further she got in the book, the more it became clear to her that the tension was severely lacking. This was a thriller? Her thoughts drifted back to the things Sam had said he'd like to do to her, and she was amused with how confident he had been. *Weaknesses*. She'd show him.

When she no longer heard the water running, but just perceived Sam's singing, she stopped actively reading her story, patiently glancing her eyes over the page until he entered the motel room again. Her skin tingled as she awaited him. Quick and unguarded steps walked out, but she didn't glance his way... her eyes still fixed on the book, then there was a sudden stop, he was lingering... most likely observing the way her ass looked right now, then a slow stroll to the bed, and Sam leaned down next to her on his side.

"Ok, ok, ok. I see you're not done toying with me yet."

Natasha simpered, placed her book on the bedside table, and turned her face to him, her hair falling to the other side. "You think this is about you?"

"It isn't?"

"No, it's about *me*." Natasha rolled on the bed at a slow pace, her lean muscles pulling taut around her abdomen and thighs, then she rested her head on the surprisingly comfortable plushy pillow. "And what *I* want..."

“What do you want?”

She puffed out a breath, her eyes locked on Sam’s, and her neatly-trimmed nails skimmed over her skin from her neck, around the curve of her breasts to the middle of her smooth abdomen... all the way down to her purple underwear.

Sam followed her movements with the focus of a falcon, his lips parting and the tip of his tongue gliding patiently over the upper quadrant of his teeth, waiting her out.

“A good time,” Natasha finally said.

“I can do that...” Sam was leaning in, but Natasha shook her head, her fingers adding more pressure over her folds as she stroked them.

“Not from you, Sam.” She closed her eyes, the ticklish sensation was already manifesting around her clit... His words had had an effect on her. “From *me*.”

Her fingers disappeared underneath her underwear, reaching down to where her moisture was pooling and dragging them back up to drag increasing circles over her clit. Hm, she sighed, relishing the way her body was loosening and tensing up at the same time. Her other hand brushed up the hem of her tank shirt, gradually revealing her creamy stomach, until her nails hit the curve of her breast. She squeezed herself, a shaky breath falling from her lips, and opened her eyes again... Sam was leaning forward, practically hovering above her... arching... aching... to get closer.

“Can I touch you?” Sam asked immediately.

“No.”

“Can I touch myself? Or is that creepy behavior?”

Natasha laughed, pushing her ass deeper into the squashy mattress, so her finger rubbed harder over her clit; she was touching herself next to him and he was worried about *his* behavior. “Yes. No.”

He didn’t need to be told twice. Sam’s hand moved to his tight black boxer briefs, and she focused on the huge bulge... it made her wonder how thick he was exactly. She didn’t have to wonder long. Sam lowered the fabric and his dark cock stood upright, pointing her way, and Sam immediately tugged at it...

When his breathing deepened, he spoke again: “Take off your clothing.”

“No.” Natasha watched the way his eyes dilated, the pitch-black of his irises drowning out the deep brown, and she simpered. “You like it when I say no to you?”

“Yes...” He tugged himself harder, the muscles in his neck straining, and his voice had grown hoarse.

“Why?”

“Shit... Because it makes me want to beg...”

“Then beg.”

“*Damn*, girl... Please.” He sucked on his lip momentarily, his hand focussing on just the tip of his thick cock.

“Say the words...”

“I’m begging you, please take your clothing off. I’ll help.” Sam added cheekily, a grin present on his face, but he made no move. Good. He had learned his place in all of this.

She wriggled out of her tank top and underwear, completely bare in front of him, and her hands returned to their previous positions. One twisting and massaging her hardened nipples, the other rubbing against her swollen nub. It was so sensitive at this point, and breathing began to hurt.

Sam watched her keenly, “Ohhh, I want to fuck you so hard.”

“Too bad,” She panted.

“You’re not going to let me?”

“Nope.”

“Hmm, *fuck*.” Sam thrust into his own hand, mouth agape.

“But if you’re good, I’ll let you have a taste.”

“Ohh, damn, I’m so close.”

Natasha moaned, feeling the sparks of ignition. “Ahh. You come before me and you’re done.”

“What?”

She pointed at herself with her free hand, “You get none of this.”

“Damn it, Natasha.”—He grunted loudly then slowed down his jerks—“Fuck. Shit. Fuck.”

She smirked, inserting two fingers in herself she thrust fast while the palm of her hand still rubbed her clit. She gripped the sheets of the bed.

Ahhh, this was so good.

Natasha removed her fingers out of her cunt and showed him how good, “Do you want some?”

“Yes,” Sam bent forward, but the sole of her foot landed on his chest, blocking and pushing him back into his position.

“Too bad,” She brought her fingers to her lips and passed her tongue over them. Sam groaned painfully. “You can suck on this.” She lifted her foot in front of him, and he grabbed it, his teeth grazing over her big toe... Tickles to her core. Then the softness of his mouth, and she let out a deep, content moan.

“Hmm, shit, Natasha. I’m not gonna last the way you tease me.”

“You don’t last, you know what happens...”

“Fffffuck,” Sam spat out and let go of his cock to prevent himself from coming. His chest was heaving, the twisted torment apparent in his dark eyes. “You’re going to kill me.”

“If you’re lucky.” She simpered and plunged inside, throwing her head back in pleasure at the easy stretch. Fucking harder. Harder fucking. The muscles of her cunt clenched around her fingers, the sparks around her clit fully ignited, her body catching fire... Her breaths came out short and quick, accompanied by fragmented moans, until she fizzled out.

“You can come now.” Natasha signaled with her moist finger near his face and he took it, his warm tongue twirling around it, finally tasting her.

“*Hmmm.*” Sam groaned. “I want more. Can I please have more?”

“How bad you want it?”

“More than anything...”

Chapter End Notes

Fin. Writing out the bed sharing trope six times with only four characters and the same set-up was... challenging. But loads of fun! So I hope you enjoyed it! Please share your thoughts with me ^^

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