

## there are such things

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# there are such things

by [hantlibrarian](#)

## Summary

James “Bucky” Barnes is many things; a hard working dockhand, a friend, a flirt. Most of all, however, he is a bullheaded son of a gun who is going to make Steve lose his goddamn mind. The man has a multitude of worries, not the least of which being rent, and yet all he can think about is taking girls out dancing. It’s all he ever thinks about, honestly, and it’s grating on Steve’s nerves for reasons he doesn’t quite want to admit because, if he admits it, then he runs the risk of it getting out. No, his little secret is safely kept behind years and years of efforts to ignore it. No one knows and no one will know; it’s better this way. This way, he gets to keep Bucky around.

“Steve, come on!” Bucky waves a hand in front of Steve’s face, trying to get him to pay attention to whatever harebrained scheme he has lined up to trick a girl into dancing with Steve. “Listen to me, pal, or else you’re never gonna get a girl to dance with you tonight.”

“No girl’s danced with me yet and I don’t see that changing any time in the near future, Bucky,” Steve snaps back.

## Notes

I’d been inspired a while ago to write a fic where Bucky teaches Steve to dance and then they both confess during it but I only just recently got around to it. Bee over on twitter (love ya, Bee) got my inspiration going again so I was able to finish this little piece. Enjoy!

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

James “Bucky” Barnes is many things; a hard working dockhand, a friend, a flirt. Most of all, however, he is a bullheaded son of a gun who is going to make Steve lose his goddamn mind. The man has a multitude of worries, not the least of which being rent, and yet all he can think about is taking girls out dancing. It’s all he ever thinks about, honestly, and it’s grating on Steve’s nerves for reasons he doesn’t quite want to admit because, if he admits it, then he runs the risk of it getting out. No, his little secret is safely kept behind years and years of efforts to ignore it. No one knows and no one will know; it’s better this way. This way, he gets to keep Bucky around.

“Steve, come on!” Bucky waves a hand in front of Steve’s face, trying to get him to pay attention to whatever harebrained scheme he has lined up to trick a girl into dancing with Steve. “Listen to me, pal, or else you’re never gonna get a girl to dance with you tonight.”

“No girl’s danced with me yet and I don’t see that changing any time in the near future, Bucky,” Steve snaps back, his patience worn thin by Bucky’s persistence. He shouldn’t be upset with his friend but he is; it’s not his fault girls don’t look twice at a scrawny asthmatic with two left feet. It’s not his fault but he doesn’t have to keep bringing it up like this.

Bucky groans and plops onto the worn couch next to Steve, his arm coming up to wrap around his thin shoulders. “That’s just ‘cause you don’t take me up on my dancing lessons. Once you know how to dance, the girls’ll be falling all over themselves thin’ to get a dance with you.”

In the dim morning light of their shared apartment, Steve can almost ignore the lie but one look in Bucky’s eyes tells him what he already knows. No amount of dance lessons will change his body, change his form to that of the kind of man women want. It’s pointless and yet...

“Fine,” Steve acquiesces, throwing up his hands as he stands. “You can teach me how to dance, but it’s not like you haven’t tried to before. I’m terrible at it, Buck; two left feet.” He points down to his feet, comically large compared to his otherwise small frame. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you when you’re complaining about sore toes and scuffed shoes.”

Bucky lets out a ‘whoop’ and rushes to hug Steve, picking him up and twirling him around easily. “You’ll see, Stevie; one honest-to-goodness dance lesson under your belt and the ladies will come running.”

While Bucky is off at work, presumably more focused on making arrangements for their night of 'fun' rather than his work, Steve is stuck inside their apartment, his wrists aching from drawing. Each drawing he's made, no matter the subject, has turned out looking like Bucky. He's tried time and time again to conjure up some other face but, time and time again, it's Bucky.

"Damn it!" Steve curses as he tosses his sketchbook to the floor. He's no stranger to art block like this, to his mind straying to his friend more often than not, but he's not used to it taking this long to get out of it. If he's not careful, if he indulges thoughts like this for too long, his mind might finally catch up with his heart and realize what he's been trying to hide for so long. "I've gotta stop thinking about him or I'm never gonna- fuck, this ad needs to get done before tomorrow." But try as he might, his thoughts are full of Bucky. Years ago, the thoughts were easier to manage; all he had to do was focus real hard on Bucky's annoying qualities and his thoughts would disappear like smoke in the wind. Now those annoying qualities have turned endearing and thinking on them only brings about more of the mushy thoughts Steve is trying to expel.

Picking up his sketchbook from the floor, Steve settles back into his seat, determined to get these sketches out even if they do look like his best friend. Bucky never minds being the subject of his drawings, especially the advertisements. 'It's flattering to have my mug plastered across town,' he'd say with a smirk. 'It helps me with the ladies. Maybe you should try doing a self-portrait sometime; some girl's gonna see it and swoon right there in the shoe department.' Of course, Steve would never dream of drawing his own face. That would require looking at it himself for longer than it takes to shave the peach fuzz that grows too slowly for it to ever become a beard. He knows that many talented artists do self-portraits, either as a regular form of expression or simply as an exercise in their talent, but he has no interest in it. He knows what he looks like and sees it enough, he doesn't need to be reminded of it. But the thoughts does come to him every so often, especially now that the war is here. If Bucky were to enlist or, hell, get drafted, he could draw something up and give it to him; a little gift to remember him by. But that's what girls do for their guys, give them little portraits to put in their wallets or helmets; a man doing that for another man would toe the line too far, would get them looked at a little too closely for their liking. That puts Steve at risk for his secret being found out. He knows Bucky wouldn't mind it, knows that he's friends with some of the fellas down at the little hole in the wall where his secret would be welcome, not reviled. He knows that he could trust Bucky with it but the thought of being found out still weighs him down.

He's lost in thought, his mind trapped in a seemingly unending loop of being found out, when Bucky walks through the door. He's dressed in his ragged work clothes, suspenders barely holding up pants that are hand-me-downs from Mr. Wilkins across the hall. Despite the grime from the dock and the mismatched sizing of his clothes, Bucky looks dapper, proving, in a

way, what he's been telling Steve all along: it ain't the clothes that make the man but the man that makes the clothes. In other words, his attitude is what gets the women fawning all over him, not his state of dress. That and the soft blue eyes that threaten to send Steve into an asthma attack every time they linger on him too long on cold mornings when they're sharing a bed.

"Get ready to dance your socks off, Steve! Gotta get you all nice and ready for Maggie and her friend Ruth," Bucky says with a lopsided grin. There's a hint of excitement behind the smile and for a moment, Steve feels it, feels a wave of excitement wash over him at the thought of dancing with Bucky. The feeling is gone as quick as it came, though, when he thinks about why he's being taught to dance.

"You sure this is what you wanna be doin' tonight?" Steve asks. He cautiously gets up from his seat and moves toward the window, the sun getting low in the sky. They only have an hour or two before they'll have to head out to meet the girls. "Teaching me how to dance when you could be..."

"Could be what, Steve?"

Bucky is closer to him now, moving silently across the room in moments; he's close enough to touch and Steve's heart races. He's been trying to avoid thinking about Bucky being this close all day, trying to keep his mind in check so he can take Bucky's hand in his and dance without feeling like the world is crashing down around him. But with Bucky this close, to close, he feels the edges of his resolve start to crumble, his mind running wild with thoughts he shouldn't be thinking.

"Could be out having fun, Buck," Steve replies finally, his voice hardly above a whisper.

Bucky leans in even close, his voice lowered until Steve can barely hear it, his good ear straining to pick up the soft tones of his voice. "I always have fun with you, Stevie. Always." A blush starts to rise on Steve's cheeks as Bucky leans back, the grin still plastered on his face. "Now come on," Bucky says, voice suddenly loud in the quiet apartment. "Let's get you dancing!"

"But we don't have any music," Steve states matter-of-factly as he draws the curtains closed. He silently hopes that Bucky will accept this and he'll be free of the possibility of losing

himself in Bucky arms. The two could barely afford rent, let alone a radio or phonograph and without music, what would be the point? “How are we supposed to dance without music?”

Bucky takes Steve’s right hand and places it on his hip, taking his left and holding it loosely, letting Steve take the leading position. “Like this, silly.”

Humming a song that Steve vaguely recognizes, Bucky lets Steve lead him around the living area of their apartment, stumbling over the tune only a few times when Steve steps on his toes. They dance around the room, dodging furniture and the odd shoe left lying around. They go on like this for a while, dancing to songs that Bucky hums from memory until Steve has to stop him. The songs have all been upbeat, swinging kinds that have him nearly running out of breath trying to keep up with the footwork.

“Slow it down, Bucky, or I’m gonna be too tired to dance with all these ladies you say are gonna be falling at my feet!” Steve is out of breath and he knows for a fact that Bucky’s toes must be aching with how much they’ve been stepped on. He stops dancing, letting go of Bucky and laughing as he keeps going on his own. “I’m serious, Bucky, let’s take it slow.”

“Slow?” Bucky repeats as he comes back into Steve’s space, crowding around him and taking his hand again. “You wanna romance me with a nice slow dance, huh, loverboy?”

Steve’s blushing again; he does want to romance Bucky, either with a slow dance or with soft kisses shared in the darkness of their apartment after the world has gone to sleep. He wants to dance with Bucky until his feet are too sore to continue, wants to kiss him in the middle of the night in their shared bed, watching his breath puff into the cold air each time he pulls away. He wants to dig his fingers into Bucky’s shoulders as he spun around and around the room. Most of all, he wants to romance Bucky with words softly spoken in the space between them, with kisses pressed into lips, with hands tangled tenderly together as they lay panting into the cold night air. He wants it; he can’t have it.

“Just hum the song, jerk,” Steve says after a moment, hoping his heartbeat isn’t too loud. It’s pounding in his ear and he prays that his thoughts are easily readable on his face. He’s done a good job of hiding them this long, years at this point, ever since he first had his ass rescued by Bucky; he doesn’t want all of his hard work to go down the drain because of a single slow dance.

“I’ll do better than that.” Bucky bows mockingly, clearing his throat in an exaggerated way before he starts to sing. It’s something he must have heard playing in the dance hall one night. Or maybe it’s from one of the pictures they saw together. Either way, it’s familiar and all at once, Steve really regrets agreeing to this. Bucky’s voice is pitched low, the words falling like a prayer from his lips. He’s off-key and off-tempo and he’s making Steve fall in love with him all over again. Hand-in-hand, they dance in a slow circle, not moving far from where they started as Bucky sings.

*A heart that’s true, there are such things*

*A dream for two, there are such things*

*Someone to whisper ‘Darling, you’re my guiding star’*

*Not caring what you own, but just what you are*

Bucky’s looking down at him and Steve’s heart leaps to his throat, choking him ever so sweetly as he thinks about how many girls Bucky has looked at like this, how many times Steve has seen this look directed at anyone but him and yet here he is, being looked at. His blue eyes are heavy lidded, his eyelashes sitting pretty against his face each time he blinks. Steve wants to reach up and cup his hands around Bucky’s flush cheeks. They’re rosy and look so warm and he wants to taste them. He wants to kiss along the freckles that softly dot his cheeks and he wants to hide. He feels wanted, standing here under Bucky’s gaze; he feels it seep through his bones and into his very being with each second that Bucky looks at him like that until he breaks.

Steve pulls away as Bucky finishes singing, his eyes shutting so he doesn’t have to see Bucky’s teasing look slide onto his face in place of what he thought was want. He steps back, turns around, and makes some joke about being late. He walks away from Bucky, desperately trying to quell the tears that threaten to fall but then there’s a hand on his shoulder.

“Don’t,” Bucky says softly, the words a soft puff of air against Steve’s neck. They don’t move, don’t speak, they just stand in silence, Bucky one step behind Steve, his hand burning hot against the cool temperature of Steve’s body.

He’s been found out; that’s what had to have happened because nothing else could ever make sense. That look Bucky had given him had been him practicing for Maggie tonight, it had to be. No one could look at Steve like that, not when he’s like this. But, a tiny voice in the back of his mind tells him, what if he had? What if he had looked at Steve like that, had been

looking at him like that for years and Steve had just been too hard in the head to see? The hand on his shoulder slips down and takes his hand, tugging him backward, turning him around.

“Stevie, you gotta know I-“ Bucky starts before bringing Steve’s hand up to his lips, brushing the lightest of kisses to his fingertips. “You just gotta know, these dames, all of ‘em, they don’t mean nothing, okay? They don’t mean nothin’ to me and never have. It’s always been you, since we were kids. I thought that running with all these girls would protect you but I can’t do it anymore, not when you look at me like that.”

“Like what?” Steve’s voice is small, as small as he is, and he feels he already knows the answer but he wants to hear it out loud.

“Like you love me.”

His secret is out now and Steve has never felt so weightless and so weighed down at the same time. He wants to fall into Bucky’s arms, to wrap himself up in the man that he loves but there’s something that holds him back. He pulls away from Bucky again, heart falling at the pain on his friend’s face. This is something that he can’t have; he won’t have Bucky ruining his chance at a good life for someone like him.

“Steve, please,” Bucky pleads with him. “Don’t walk away; you never walk away, not from a fight and not from me. So don’t, honey, don’t walk away.”

Bucky steps closer but Steve puts a hand up, stopping him. “You deserve to be happy, Bucky.” The words are flat and tasteless on his tongue. “You deserve a girl who you can take out dancing, take out and show off. A girl who you can love on in public and marry and have babies with. You deserve a lot more than what I could ever give you.”

“But I don’t want any a’ that, Steve,” Bucky says, pressing forward again until his chest is resting against Steve’s outstretched hand. “I want you. I want you in the mornings when we’re just waking up and you’ve got that sleepy grin like you just had the best dream. I want you in the midday when we’re scrambling, tryin’ to find something to eat that ain’t beans but it’s the weekend and it’s all we got. I want you in the evening when you’re drawing and I know you’re drawing me and I sit still and put on my best face ‘cause I want you to have an easy time of it. I want you, Steve. Nobody else but you.”



“I don’t care what I deserve, ‘cause Lord knows I don’t deserve much,” Bucky continues, his voice husky as he grips onto Steve’s hand tight like it might float away, like he might float away if he’s not held down by ropes and ties and Steve’s love. “But I know what I want and that’s you. So why can’t I have you, sweetheart?”

And it’s that that breaks him, that question that comes out so heartbroken that Steve nearly cries. He surges forward, his hands tangling in the loose material of Bucky’s shirt, pulling him down into a messy kiss. It’s all teeth and bite and fiery need but it’s so perfectly them that they sink into it.

Pulling back just for a moment, Steve gasps out, “You have me, Buck, you have me forever and ever, ‘til the end of the line, ‘til hell freezes over and we’re standing here watching the world go to shit. You have me and you’ll never be rid of me, no matter how much you try.” He’s pulled into another kiss then, this time softer and more like how he’s seen Bucky kiss the girls he takes out dancing. Steve finally knows what it’s like to be on the receiving end of a Bucky Barnes kiss and he keens, his heart fluttering out a dangerous pattern in his chest as he tries to hold on as his world is rocked, shaken and shattered in a simple movement of lips.

Bucky slips his hands around Steve’s waist and lifts him up, wrapping his legs around him securely before kissing, hot and wet, down his throat. He can’t leave marks, the world can’t see any evidence of all that Bucky feels for him, but Steve feels them all the same, feels what could be bitten into his skin if only this world wasn’t so cruel.

“I love you,” Bucky breathes into each kiss he places along Steve’s jaw. “I love you, Steve.” And with each admission, the fire in Steve’s chest is renewed and with each kiss, that fire moves deeper into him, past his heart, past his lungs, deep into his soul.

Steve wants to stay in Bucky’s arms forever, wants to bask in the knowledge that he is loved by this ridiculous man, but they’re on a time limit and he knows what he wants. “Bucky,” he moans as his lover ghosts his teeth over an earlobe, pressing down so gently it sends shivers down Steve’s spine. “Take me.”

He feels Bucky’s grip on him tighten, feels his breath quicken against the tender skin of his neck. “You want me to-” Bucky grits out, his nose buried into the space where shoulder joins

neck. “Want me to make love to ya? Want me to take you apart with my hands, with my mouth?”

Staying silent because he doesn't trust his voice anymore, Steve nods, wrapping his legs tighter around Bucky's waist. He feels Bucky hardness press up into his ass as Bucky starts walking them over to the couch. Sighing sweetly, Steve brings his mouth to Bucky's, kissing him long and deep as he's laid down on the tattered thing they had bought off their landlord for a handful of change. It isn't comfortable but Steve doesn't care about that right now; all he cares about is the weight of Bucky laying on top of him, careful not to press too hard into him. He slips a knee between Bucky's thighs and grinds his legs up, grinning like the cat who got the cream when Bucky lets loose a moan that would make even a call girl blush.

“You're teasing me, Stevie,” Bucky gasps out. “It ain't nice to tease a fella, you know.”

“I know,” Steve says cheekily, his knee grinding up again and again as he watches Bucky struggle to form a coherent thought at the wave of pleasure running through him.

“C'mere.” Bucky pulls Steve in by his shirt, fingers working desperately to strip him of it. Once it's off, Bucky presses kisses into the soft expanse of his chest, biting bruises as gentle as he can into the milky white skin. “Gonna suck you off real nice, honey. Want you to come in my mouth, fill me up 'til I can't take no more.”

“Bucky,” is all Steve can say in response, his eyes rolling back in his head as Bucky pulls down his trousers and frees his hard, dripping cock. He should be embarrassed, he knows, but right now all he can think about is Bucky wrapping his lips around him and sucking sweet kisses into the hard flesh. And that's exactly what Bucky does.

He wraps his lips around Steve's length, sucking him down halfway, breathing deep through his nose. Bucky lets his tongue hang loose in his mouth, letting it caress Steve's cock as he bobs his head, his hands kneading at the thin thighs beneath him. Pulling back, he takes a harsh breath, his tongue laving at the bead of pre-cum threatening to drip from the tip of Steve's cock. Bucky's hand comes up to stroke him and Steve moans, his head dropping back at the tight heat of it.

“Bucky, please-” Steve starts but he's cut off by Bucky sucking him down again, this time drawing his cheeks tight to get the right amount of tightness. Groaning, Steve tangles his

fingers in Bucky's hair, tugging at it with each pull of his mouth. Steve doesn't ask where Bucky learned how to do this; he doesn't care. All he cares about is Bucky's mouth and his tongue and the wet slide of it all against his hard cock.

It's intoxicating, the feel of Bucky's mouth on him. He wants to keep him down there, wants to pull him back up and have that tongue down his throat. He wants his lips on him everywhere, wants his teeth to leave marks against his skin. With each drag of lips against his hot and wanting flesh, Steve feels himself coming to the edge and he nearly cries with need. He needs to come, needs to see Bucky swallow him down, needs Bucky to tell him that he tastes like heaven and sweat and all the things he's ever dreamt of hearing. When he feels like he's getting close, he taps the side of Bucky's head, tells him to pull off but Bucky doesn't, he just keeps sucking him down until Steve can't do anything but come with a shout, his come shooting down Bucky's throat.

Bucky pulls off with a grin, his tongue poking out between his teeth. "Goddamn, sweetheart, you got me-"

He's interrupted by Steve pulling him up into a searing kiss. He tastes of sex and come and everything Steve ever dreamed of. He slides a hand to Bucky's pants, struggling to unbutton them while his other hand grips onto Bucky's hair, keeping him in place. He wants his hand on Bucky's cock. Now.

"Slow down, Stevie," Bucky says when he's finally able to break away. "I ain't going nowhere. Take your ti- ah, fuck."

At last, Steve was able to undo Bucky's pants and slide his hand down to wrap around Bucky's cock. It's hot and heavy in his hand and it's clear he's been turned on for a while now with how wet it is from the pre-cum that's dripped down. Steve strokes him experimentally, twisting his wrist just slightly, changing up his rhythm until he hears Bucky gasp. He keeps his hand like that, just tight enough to drag those gasps and moans out of Bucky as he strokes him. Soon enough, Bucky's hips start thrusting up into his hand, shakily keeping time. Steve whispers to Bucky all the things he'd like to do to him, to have done to him. Filthy things, all of them. He tells him how he wants Bucky to fuck his mouth 'til he comes hot and wet down his throat. He tells him how he wants him to fuck him like he does all the girls he takes out, wants him to make a mess of him. Finally, he tells him how much he wants Bucky to come all over him, to cover him in his come and it's that that sends Bucky over the edge til he's coming in hot, white stripes across Steve's chest and stomach.

Breathing heavily against each other, Steve and Bucky collapse into each other's arms, wrapping themselves up in their mess. They lie there, hearts racing in time with the other, until Steve groans from the weight of Bucky on top of him. Bucky peels himself off of Steve, grimacing at the wet mess on his stomach as he sits himself down on the floor.

"What now?" Steve asks, his voice quiet in the air around them.

"Now," Bucky says as he struggles to get up, tugging Steve up to stand with him, their pants around their ankles still. "Now we clean ourselves up, take those girls out dancing, and then come back here and do that again. And again. And again. 'Cause I've loved you for most of my life so far, Steve Rogers. I ain't done loving you yet."

Steve smiles, soft and sweet as he stands on tiptoe to kiss Bucky one more time. "I'm not done yet either. Let's go show those girls what I've learned today. Well," he pauses, his smile turning wicked, "maybe we won't show them everything I learned."

Bucky laughs out loud into the expanse of their apartment, filling it with the sound. "You're damn right not everything. All that's just for me now."

"And all you's just for me," Steve replies, his eyebrow cocked in a challenge.

"I'm all yours," Bucky whispers as he leans down and kisses Steve. "All yours."

## End Notes

the song in the fic is "There Are Such Things" which was sung by Frank Sinatra back in 1942!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!