

Night at the White Sands Motel

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by [AdamantSteve](#)

Summary

Set during the events of Thor. Clint had hoped their brief stay in New Mexico would mean something of a vacation together, sharing a room and all. But a raging Thor ruining Phil's night puts that plan out in the rain.

Notes

The White Sands Motel is a real motel in New Mexico somewhere!
Thanks as always to [Dunicha](#) for betaing!

They were both soaked through by the time they got to the motel, some hippy on steroids having ruined both Clint and Phil's night. They were on duty, would have been looking at that fucking hammer even without about nine layers of security apparently falling apart because of one crazy man, but Clint had figured the trip might at least have been good for a quiet meal out together and being able to sleep in the same bed for once.

Phil's hand shook as he turned the key in the flimsy wooden door, still dripping with rain. The room smelled of decade-old cigarette butts. It was a smell Clint actually liked, warm memories of one of the better foster homes he'd been in as a kid and later, of smoking after sex, watching smoke curl into the air. "*Great.*" Phil muttered, throwing his wet duffel into the room and stalking immediately to the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. He hated cigarette smoke.

Clint dropped his own duffel and pulled the bedspread off of the bed before fiddling with the thermostat to heat the room a little more. It was hardly the Four Seasons but it was dry and would warm up soon enough. He kicked off his shoes and set them next to the radiator, peeled off everything else and hung it wherever he could to dry. He laid out a couple of hangers for Phil's things and set his toiletry bag on the bedside table.

Naked, Clint slid between the sheets, rubbing his hands together and hoping Phil would come out soon so they could warm up together. They'd barely said two words to one another on the drive to the motel, Phil furious about the fuck up with security and one of his better suits being 'ruined'. It wasn't ruined, it would just mean Mr Louizou the dry cleaner would gripe a bit before caressing it back to perfection when they got back. Clint had seen Phil's suits literally get shredded before and still get brought back to life by that man.

The toilet flushed and Phil walked out, naked but for a scowl. He tossed a ball of wet clothes on the floor at the end of the bed - he really was in a bad mood - before throwing a towel at Clint. "Thanks," Clint said, rubbing his wet hair a little before just wrapping the pillow with it and laying back down. "*C'mere*, Phil," Clint whined, "I'm *cold*, come warm me up."

Phil sat on the edge of the bed facing away from him. He'd rant and rave tomorrow at breakfast - and the thought of breakfast put a warm feeling in Clint's heart - about the day's many screw ups, about who and what would be fired and changed and reported and suspended. But for now, he was still processing everything, still angry and not yet able to pinpoint at precisely what.

Clint let him be for a little while, the feeling seeping back into his fingers and toes, til he slid one foot across the bed to poke gently at Phil's ass. Phil's hand grabbed his foot reflexively and for one brief moment everything was still, but then he turned slightly to grip the foot better and rub it idly. Clint grinned at him with the sheets tucked up over his face, so all Phil could see was his eyes.

Phil heaved a sigh. "You can't go to sleep with wet hair, gimme that." he said, crawling across the bed to pull the towel from under Clint's head and rub him vigorously like a wet dog. Clint let a little laugh huff through his nose, letting Phil do as he pleased. When he was satisfied, Phil was smiling too, leaning down to press still-cold lips to Clint's forehead. Clint basked in it and made grabby hands. "You're cold, Phil, get in the bed."

Phil gave one last rub with the towel before tossing it away and laboriously pulling the sheets out from underneath himself before fitting himself next to Clint. Clint immediately clung to him, one leg over Phil's cold ones, an arm pulling him as close as possible. He started to move his feet and rub with his arm, trying to create friction to warm them both up. "What are you *doing*?" Phil asked, the shade of a laugh in his voice. "I'm warming you up! You aren't about to get a cold on my watch." And Phil just laid there while Clint wriggled around.

The rubs turned into caresses, turned into kisses, turned into different caresses. Phil just took it for a while and that would have been ok - nothing less than what Clint was expecting after such a ball-ache of a day. But when Clint pressed a simple kiss to Phil's neck he suddenly surged up and over, pinning Clint to the bed with still-quite-cold ankles either side of Clint's knees. Phil was kissing him then, hungry and insistent. And hot, very hot, like he was being warmed from the inside out.

Clint had been thinking about this - and so had Phil, it seemed - since they'd spoken over the comms, sassing Phil like the old days. Like the very first time they did this. The subsequent hours of more rain and yelling and ruined suits had made Clint think there was no chance of a re-visit today. Phil breathed, "I want you," in a hot breath against Clint's ear and he arched beneath him, shivering.

"I want you too, Phil." Clint replied, looking into Phil's eyes. "Yeah? You want me?" Phil asked and Clint grinned. "*Yes*. Don't make me *beg*, jeez." Phil looked down at him with a growing fond grin. "You love to beg for it." Which was actually true but no fun to admit. Phil leant down to kiss Clint more and rub against his stomach before rolling off and beating Clint to reach for the toiletry bag. There was a small bottle of lube in there of course - standard

item in Clint's away-bag for going on three years now - and Phil smirked when he found it. "You're such a *slut*, Clint Barton," he said, faux-scandalised. Clint didn't reply, just spread his legs open for Phil to fit between. He pushed Clint's legs back and slicked him up, fast but thorough, sliding in fingers til he figured Clint was ready - he was ready *hours* before - and then slid himself in.

And there it was: the soft roll of Phil's shoulders and the ghost of stress drifting off of him as he bottomed out, eyes shut in bliss. He made a little helpless sound that made Clint's heart ache, and he grabbed at him, trying to grip onto anything to pull him down and kiss that face. His head, that skull of his which contained everything he was, all those words and thoughts and secrets even Fury would never know. Phil's eyes were closed to Clint's attempts to grab him and it took a frustrated whine to get him to realise, but when he did, he grinned and went down easily, let Clint kiss him and hold on to him as he began to move, in and out and *good*. Nourishing. Clint just wanted to hold on, have those arms around him and that good cock inside him and let Phil just be Phil: his hot boyfriend who he loved and liked and thought was amazing.

Phil came with a quiet sigh and a little shiver, staying put til Clint jerked off quickly with Phil still inside him. They were both all grins now, a little bashful even if they had done this hundreds of times. Phil pulled out and Clint went to the bathroom to clean up, came back out to see Phil hanging up his suit after all.

The next day had beautiful New Mexico sunshine streaming in on beautiful still-sleeping Phil, who only woke up when Clint snuck back in with coffee for them both. "There's a diner down the road. You wanna go or..." Clint let the question of "more sex?" hang in the air and Phil grinned sleepily at him. "I don't mind," he eventually said, stretching but not getting up. Clint was quite hungry... hadn't eaten anything proper since stopping at a diner on the way there yesterday afternoon, but that soft morning Phil laid out so serenely was too good to pass up.

"Both," Clint decided with a grin, settling down the coffees before pulling his clothes back off and slipping back into bed.

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